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MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF 'THE WRECK OF THE GROSVEAUX,' ETC.

CHAPTER I. — DOWN CHANNEL.

We had left Gravesend at four o'clock in the morning, and now at half past eight o'clock in the evening, we were off the South Foreland, the ship on a taut bowline heading on a due down Channel course.

It was a September night, with an edge of winter in the gusts and blasts which swept squall-like into the airy darkling hollows of the canvas. There was a full moon, small as a silver cannon ball, with a tropical greenish tinge in its icy sparkling, and the soul came sweeping up over it in shreds and curls and feathers of vapour, sailing up dark from where the land of France was, and whitening out into a gossamer delicacy of tint as it sailed into and fled through the central silver splendour. The weight of the whole range of Channel was in the run of the surge that flashed into masses of white water from the ponderous bows of the Indiaman as she stormed and crushed her way along, the tacks of her courses groaning to every windward roll, as though the clew of each sail were the hand of a giant seeking to uproot the massive iron bolt that confined the corner of the groaning cloths to the deck.

The towering Foreland showed in a pale and windy heap on the starboard quarter. The land ran in a sort of elusive faintness along our beam, with the Dover lights hanging in the pallid shadow like a galaxy of fireflies beyond them a sort of trembling nebulous sheen, marking Folkestone; and on high in the clear dusk over the quarter you saw the Foreland light, like some wild and yellow star staring down

upon the sea clear of the flight of the wing-like sail.

The ship was the *Countess Ida*, a well-known Indiaman of her day—now so long ago that it makes me feel as though I were two centuries old to be able to relate that I was a hearty young fellow in those times. She was bound to Bombay. Most of the passengers had come aboard at Gravesend, I amongst them, and here we were now thrashing our way into the widening waters of the Channel, mighty thankful those of us who were not sea sick, I mean—that there had come a shift of wind when the southern limb of the Goodwin Sands was still abreast, to enable us to keep our anchors at the cathead and save us a heart-wearying spell of detention in the Downs.

The vessel looked nobly by moonlight; she was showing a mantopgallant sail to the freshening wind, and the canvas soared to high aloft in shadowy spaces, which came and went in a kind of winking as the luminary leapt from the edge of the hurrying clouds into some little lagoon of soft indigo, flashing down a fiery rain of silver fires, till the long sparkling beam travelling over the foaming heads of the seas, like a spoke of a revolving wheel, was extinguished in a breath by the sweep of a body of vapour over the lovely planet. I stood at the rail that ran athwart the break of the poop, surveying this grand night-picture of the outward-bound Indiaman. From time to time there would be a roaring of water off her weather-bow, that glanced in the moonshine in a huge

fountain of prismatic crystals. The figures of a couple of seamen keeping a lookout trudged the weather-side of the fore-castle, their shadows at their feet starting out upon the white plank to some quick and brilliant hurl of moonlight, clear as a sketch in ink upon white paper. Amidships, forward, loomed up the big galley, with a long-boat stowed before it roofed with spare booms, on either hand rose the high bulwarks with three carronades of a side stealing out of the dusk between the tall defences of the ship like the shapes of beasts crouching to obtain a view of the sea through the port-holes. A red ray of light came aslant from the galley, and touched with its rusty radiance a few links of the huge chain cable that was ranged along the decks, a coil of rope hanging upon a belaying pin, and a fragment of bulwarks stanchion. Now and again a seaman would pass through this light, the figure of him coming out red against the greenish silver in the atmosphere. A knot of passengers hung together close under the weather poop ladder, with a broad white space, of the quarter deck sloping from their feet to the lee waterways, whence at intervals there would come a sound of choking and gasping as the heave of the ship brought the dark Channel surge brimming to the scupper holes. The growling hum of the voices of the men blended in a strange effect upon the ear with the shrill singing of the wind in the rigging and the ceaseless washing noises over the side and the long-drawn creaking sounds which arise from all parts of a ship struggling against a head sea under a press of canvas.

Aft on the poop, where I was standing, the vessel had something of a deserted look. The pilot had been dropped off Deal; the officer of the watch (the chief mate) was stumping the weather-side of the deck from the ladder to abreast of the foremast skylight; the dark figure of the captain swung in a sort of pendulum-tramp from the mizen rigging to the grating abaft the wheel. Dim as a distant firebrand over the port quarter, windily flickering upon the stretch of throbbing waters, shone the lantern of the lightship off the South Sand Head; and it was odd to mark how it rose and fell upon the speeding night sky to the swift yet stately pitching of our ship, with the figure of the man at the helm somehow showing the vaguer for it, spite of the shining of the binnacle lamp flinging a little golden haze round about the compass stand, abaft which the shape of the fellow showed vague as the outline of a ghost.

Ha! thought I, *this* is being at sea now indeed! Why, though we were in narrow waters yet, there was such a note of ocean yearning in the thunderous wash of the weather billows sweeping along the bends that, but for the pale glimmer of the line of land trending away to starboard, I might easily have imagined the whole waters of the great Atlantic to be under our bow.

It was a bit chilly, and I caught myself hugging my peacoat to me with a half-formed resolution to make for my cabin, where there were yet some traps of mine remaining to be stowed away. But I lingered—lover of all sea-effects, as I then was and still am—to watch a

fine brig blowing past us along to the Downs, the strong wind gushing fair over her quarter, and her canvas rising in marble-like curves to the tiny royals; every cloth glancing in pearl to the dance of the moon amongst the clouds, every rope upon her glistening out into silver wire, with the foam, white as sifted snow, lifting to her hawse-pipes to the clipper shearing of her keen stem, and not a light aboard of her but what was kindled by the luminary in the glass and brass about her decks as she went rolling past us delicate as a vision, pale as steam, yet of an exquisite grace as determinable as a piece of painting on ivory.

I walked aft to the companion hatch and entered the cuddy, or as it is now called, the saloon. The apartment was the width of the ship, and was indeed a very splendid and spacious state-cabin, with a bulkhead at the extremity under the wheel, where the captain's bedroom was, and a berth alongside of it, where the skipper worked out his navigation along with the officers, and where the midshipmen went to school. There were also two berths right forward close against the entrance to the cuddy by way of the quarter-deck, occupied by the first and second mates; otherwise, the interior was as clear as a ballroom, and it was like entering a brilliantly illuminated pavilion ashore, to pass out of the windy dusk of the night and the flying moon-line of it into the soft brightness of oil-flames burning in hand-some lamps of white and gleaming metal, duplicated by mirrors, with hand-paintings between and polished panels in which the radiance cloudily rippled. A long table went down the centre of this cuddy, and over it were the domes of the skylights, in which were many plants and flowers of beauty swinging in pots, and globes of fish and silver swinging trays. Right through the heart of the interior came the shaft of the mizen-mast, rich with chiselled configurations, and of a delicate hue; a handsome piano stood lashed to the deck abaft this trunk of giant spar. The planks were finely carpeted, and sofas and arm-chairs ran the length of the glittering saloon on either side of it.

There were a few people assembled at the fore-end of the table as I made my way to the hatch whose wide steps led to the sleeping berths below. It was not hard to perceive that one of them was an East Indian military gentleman whose liver was on fire through years of curry. His white whiskers, of the wire-like inflexibility of a cat's, stood out on either side his lemon-coloured cheeks; his little blood-shot eyes of indigo sparkled under overhanging brows where the hair lay thick like rolls of cotton-wool. This gentleman I knew to be Colonel Raminister, and as I cautiously made my way along—for the movements of the deck were staggering enough to oblige me to tread warily—I gathered that he was ridiculing the medical profession to Dr Hemmeridge, the ship's surgeon, for their inability to prescribe for sea-sickness.

'It is der nerves,' I heard a fat Dutch gentleman say—afterwards known to me as Peter Hemskirk, manager of a firm in Bombay.

'Nerves!' sneered the Colonel, with a glance at the Dutchman's waistcoat. 'Don't you know

the difference between the nerves and the stomach, sir?"

"Same thing," exclaimed Dr Hemmeridge soothingly; "sea-sickness means the head, anyway; and pray, Colonel, what are the brains, but—"

"Ha! ha!" roared the Colonel, interrupting him; "there I have you. If it be the brains only which are affected, why, then, ha! ha! no wonder Mynbeer here doesn't suffer, though it's his first voyage, he says."

But my descent of the steps carried me out of earshot of this interesting talk. My cabin was well aft. There was a fairly wide corridor, and the berths were ranged on either hand of it. From some of them, as I made my way along, came in muffled sounds various notes of lamentation and suffering. A black woman, with a ring through her nose and her head draped in white, sat on the deck in front of the closed door of a berth, moaning in a sea-sick way over a baby that she rocked in her arms, and that was crying at the top of its pipes. The door of a cabin immediately opposite opened, and a young fellow with a ghastly face putting his head out exclaimed in accents strongly suggestive of nausea: "I thay, confound it! thotop that nothe, will you? The rolling ith bad enough without that thindy. Thitward!" The ship gave a lurch, and he swung out, but instantly darted back again, being indeed but half-clothed: "I thay, are you the thitward?"

"No," said I. "Keep on singing out. 'Somebody'll come to you.'"

"Won't they thimother that woman?" he shouted, and he would have said more, but a sudden kick-up of the ship slammed his cabin door for him, and the next moment my ear caught a sound that indicated too surely his rashness in leaving his bunk.

I entered my berth, and found the lamp alight in it, and the young gentleman who was to share the cabin with me sitting in his bedstead, that was above mine, dangling his legs over the edge of it, and gazing with a disordered countenance upon the deck. I had chatted with him during the afternoon and had learnt who he was. Indeed, his name was in big letters upon his portmanteau—"The Hon. Stephen Colledge;" and incidentally he had told me that he was a son of Lord Sandown, and that he was bound to India on a shooting tour. He was a good-looking young man, with fair whiskers, white teeth, a genial smile, yet with something of affectation in his way of speaking.

"It's doocid rough, isn't it, Mr. Dugdale?" said he; "and isn't it raining?"

"No," said I.

"Oh, but look at the glass here," he exclaimed, indicating the scuttle or porthole, the thick glass of which showed gleaming, but black as coal against the night outside.

"Why," said I, "the wet there is the sea; it is spray; nothing but spray."

"Hang all waves!" he said in a low voice. "Why the dickens can't the ocean always be calm? If I'd have known that this ship pitched so, I'd have waited for a steadier vessel. Will you do me the kindness to lift the lid

of that portmanteau? You'll find a flask of brandy in it. Hapn me if I like to move. Sorry now I didn't bring a cot, though they're doocid awkward things to get in and out of."

I found the flask, and gave it to him, and he took a pull at it. I declined his offer of a dram, and went to work to stow away some odds and ends which were in my trunk.

"Don't you feel ill?" said he.

"No," said I.

"Oh, ah, I remember now!" he exclaimed; "you were a sailor once, weren't you?"

"Yes; I had a couple of years of it."

"Wish I'd been a sailor, I know," said he. "I mean, after I'd given it up. As to being a sailor—merciful goodness! think of four, perhaps five months of this."

"Oh, you'll be as good a sailor, as ever a seaman amongst us in a day or two," said I encouragingly.

"Don't feel like it now, though," he exclaimed.

"Let's see: I think you said you were going out to do some painting?—Oh no! I beg pardon: it was a chap named Emmett who told me that—" "You—you!"—He looked at me with a slightly inebriated cock of the head, from which I might infer that the "pull" he had taken at his flask was by no means his first "drain" within the hour.

"No," said I, with a laugh; "I am going out to see an old relative up country. And not more for that than for the fun of a voyage."

"The fun of the voyage!" he echoed with a stupid face; then with a sudden brightening up of his manner, though his gloomy countenance quickly returned to him, he exclaimed "I say, Dugdale—beg pardon, you know; no good in mistaking a chap that you're going to sleep with for four or five months—call me Colledge, old fellow—but I say, though, seen anything more of that ripping girl since dinner? By George! what eyes, eh?"

He drew his legs up, and with a slight groan composed himself in a posture for sleep, manifestly heedless of any answer I might make to his question.

I lingered awhile in the berth, and then filling a pipe, mounted to the saloon and made my way to the quarter-deck to smoke in the shelter of the recess in the cuddy front. Colonel Bannister lay sprawling upon a sofa, holding a tumbler of brandy grog in his hand. There were other passengers in the cuddy, scattered, and all of them grimly silent, staring hard at the lamps, yet with something of vacancy in their regard, as though their thoughts were elsewhere. As I stepped on to the quarter-deck the cries and chorusing of men aloft came sounding through the strong and hissing pouring of the wind between the masts and through the harsh seething of the seas, which the bows of the ship were snuiting into snowstorms as she went sullenly ploughing through the water with the weather-leech of her maintopgallant-sail trembling in the green glancings of the moonlight like the fly of a flag in a breeze of wind. They were taking reef in the fore and mizzen topsails. The chief mate, Mr Prance, from time to time would sing out an order over my head that was answered by a hoarse "Aye ay, sir," echoing out of the gloom in which the fore-part of the ship was plunged.

I lighted my pipe and sat myself down on the coamings of the booby hatch to enjoy a smoke. I was alone, and this moon-touched flying Channel night-scene carried my memory back to the times when I was a sailor, when I had paced the deck of such another vessel as this as a midshipman of war. It seemed a long time ago, yet it was no more than six years either. The old professional instinct was quickened in me by the voices of the fellows aloft, till I felt as though it were my watch on deck, that I was skulking under the break of the poop here, and that I ought to be aloft jockeying a lee yardarm or dangling to windward on the flemish horse.

Presently all was quiet on high, and by the windy sheen in the atmosphere, caused by the commingling of white waters and the frequent glance of the moon through some rent in the ragged clouds, I could make out the figures of the fellows on the fore-descending shrouds. A little while afterwards a deep sea-voice broke out into a strange wild song, that was caught up and re-echoed in a hurricane chorus by the tail of men hauling upon the halliards to masthead the yard. It was a proper sort of note to fit such a night as that. A minute after, a chorus of a like gruffness but of a different melody resounded on the poop, where they were mastheading the top-sail yard after reefing it. The combined notes flung a true oceanic character into the picture of the darkling Indianman swelling and rolling and pitching in floating launches through it, with her wide pinions rising in spaces of faintness to the sea, and the black lines of her royal yards shearing to and fro against the moon that, when she showed, seemed to reel amidst the rushing wings of vapour to the wild dance of our mastheads. The songs of the sailors, the clear shrill whistling of a boatswain's mate forward, the orders uttered quickly by the chief officer, the washing noises of the creaming surges, the sullen shouting of the wind in the rigging resembling the sulky breaker-like roar of a wood of tall trees swept by a gale—all this made one feel that one was at sea in earnest.

I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and went on to the poop. The land still showed very dimly to starboard, with here and there little oozings of dim radiance that might mark a village or a town. You could see to the horizon, where the water showed in a sort of greenish blackness with some speck of flame of a French lighthouse over the port quarter; the September clouds soared up off the edge of the sea like puffs and coils of smoke from a thousand factory chimneys down there, now and again a bright star glancing out from amongst them as they came swiftly floating up to the moon, turning into a silvery white as they neared the glorious planet.

There were windows in the cuddy front, and as I glanced through one of them I saw the captain come down the companion steps into the brightly lighted saloon and seat himself at the table, where in a moment he was joined by the fiery-eyed little Colonel. Decanters and glasses were placed by one of the stewards on a swing-tray, and the scene then had something of a homely look spite of the cuddy's aspect of comparative desertion. Captain Keeling, I think, was about the most sailorly-looking man I ever remember meeting. I had heard of him ashore,

and learnt that he had used the sea for upwards of forty-five years. He had served in every kind of craft, and had obtained great reputation amongst owners and underwriters for his defence and preservation of an Indianman he was in command of that was attacked in the Bay of Bengal by a heavily armed French picaroon full of men. Cups and swords and services of plate and purses of money were heaped upon him for his conduct in that affair; and indeed in his way he was a sort of small Commodore Dance.

I looked at him with some interest as he sat beside the Colonel with the full light of the lamp over against him shining upon his face and figure. There had been little enough to see of him during the day, and it was not until we dropped the pilot that he showed himself. His countenance was crimsoned with long spells of tropic weather, and hardened into ruggedness like the face of a rock by the years of gales he had gone through. He was about sixty years of age; and his short-cropped hair was as white as silver, with a thin line of whisker of a like fleecy sort slanting from his ear to the middle of his cheek. His nose was shaped like the bowl of a clay-pipe, and was of a darker red than the rest of his face. His small sea-blue eyes were sunk deep, as though from the effect of long staring to windward; and almost hidden as they were by the heavy ridge of silver eyebrow, they seemed to be no more than gimlet holes in his head for the admission of light. He had thrown open his peacoat, and discovered a sort of uniform under it, a buff-coloured waistcoat with gilt buttons, an open frock-coat of blue cloth with velvet lapels. Around his neck was a sativ stock, in which were three pins, connected by small chains. His shirt collar was divided behind, and rose in two sharp points under his chin, which obliged him to keep his head erect in a quite military posture. Such was Captain Keeling, commander of the famous old Indianman *Countess Ida*.

I guessed he would not remain long below, otherwise I should have been tempted to join him in a glass of grog, spite of the company of Colonel Bannister, who was hardly the sort of man to make one feel happy on such an occasion as the first night out at sea, with memory bitterly recent of leave-taking, of kisses, of the hand-shakes of folks one might never see again.

•THE LABOUR COLONIES OF HOLLAND.

THE great problem of Society has always been, and probably always will be, what to do with the poor and the vagrant classes. And of all the many experiments which have been made towards a solution, certainly one of the most interesting is that which is still in progress in the Labour Colonies, as they are called, of Holland. Without attempting any economic discussion, we invite our readers to follow us in a visit to institutions which are unique in the history of philanthropic effort.

Some seventy years ago—namely, in 1818—the 'Society of Beneficence' in the Netherlands proclaimed the belief that pauperism might be diminished, if not prevented, by providing both agricultural training and employment for able-

bodied persons who while destitute might be also deserving. It is but right to say, however, that the Society adopted the idea from a Dutch philanthropist, General Van den Bosch, who, again, seems to have had it suggested to him by Robert Owen. It seems, at anyrate, that a scheme of Robert Owen's for the employment of pauper populations was brought to the attention of the Dutch Government by their ambassador in London. This was in 1816; but several years previously Van den Bosch had been experimenting with pauper labour on barren soils upon a farm which he had in Java, where he was governor. Coming home in 1816, the General seems to have seen Owen's scheme, to have applied to it his own experience, and then to have developed the plan which has since been followed out with various modifications.

The objects which he had in view may fairly be stated in the words of Sir John McNeill, who in 1853 made a special visit to, and report on, the Dutch Labour Colonies, for the information of the Board of Supervision for the Relief of the Poor in Scotland. McNeill says: 'General Van den Bosch appears to have set out from the position that if the savage man, without having instruction, implements, habitation, or capital provided for him, could make the earth yield him the means of living, much more would the indigent classes of civilised men, provided with all these advantages, be able to maintain themselves by tilling the soil. He thence inferred that able-bodied indigent persons of good character could be made self-sustaining by employing them to reclaim waste land, provided funds could be obtained to purchase the waste land and to maintain the families upon it until it became productive. He believed that by occupation in agricultural labour, under the training and discipline of a well-regulated establishment, the moral character and the habits of the class of persons might be greatly improved, and that they would give employment to industry in supplying their wants, instead of being, as they then were, a burden upon the community.'

These were the objects with which the Society was at length organised, with a membership subscription of 260 guilders (4s. 4d.) per annum. Its organisation was ratified by the king in 1818, and members joined rapidly. Within twelve months there were over twenty thousand members, and the amount subscribed was over £4500 (55,000 guilders). With this comparatively small capital-fund the Society had an ambitious programme. It included the formation of Colonies for the repression of mendicity, Colonies for indigent persons and veterans, Free Colonies, Colonies for inspectors of agricultural works, Colonies for agricultural instruction, and Colonies for orphans and foundlings. As a matter of fact, however, the Society was only able at first to found two Colonies—one at Frederiksoord, near Steenwijk, where some one hundred families were located to cultivate the waste land, and a second, about the same size, called Willemsoord, after the then Prince of Orange. By the year 1821 four more Colonies were formed, and the management of the whole was placed under a director with one assistant, three under-directors, and other officers. Each Colony was divided into districts of twenty-five farms each, under a

district-master, with two subordinates, whose duty was to give instruction in agricultural work to the colonists. Each allotment was laid out in a rectangle, with a brick house of the familiar Dutch pattern at one end, and a wooden house for byre and barn. The houses were better built and better furnished than those of the independent labourers of the district, and the whole organisation of the Colonies was very symmetrical. But the Society was never a success from a financial point of view; its expenses were too heavy, and there were many defects in its whole system which we need not go into just now. In fine, Commissioners were appointed by the king to examine into its affairs and to afford it some assistance by loans and otherwise.

In 1859 the whole scheme was reconstructed. There were then the three Free Colonies of Frederiksoord, Willemsoord, and Wilhelminsoord, comprising about two thousand nine hundred and sixty persons; and the two Beggar Colonies of Veenhuizen and Ommerschans, with a population of about six thousand. The entire capital expended upon them had been six hundred and four thousand pounds, of which about four hundred and sixty thousand pounds was borrowed, and remained as a debt upon the Society. The Government now agreed to wipe off this debt and take over both the Beggar Colonies, with their lands, buildings, &c., as a 'going concern,' and thus to enable the Free Colonies to make a fresh start.

So much by way of history; and now for a brief visit to each of these two classes of Colonies.

And first, the Free Colonies, which may be described as private philanthropic organisations for the relief of the poor. To the visitor, Frederiksoord appears as an oasis in a desert, a smiling district some sixteen miles long, set in the midst of the dreariest moorland one can conceive. Frederiksoord was itself a waste before General Van den Bosch began his work. Now, it is a settlement of compact fertile farms, joined together by good roads, shaded by fine trees, peopled by an apparently contented and certainly industrious peasantry. If ever wilderness was made literally to blossom as the rose, it was at Frederiksoord. The Colony now comprises five thousand acres of land, including six large model farms employing some ninety labourers, and two hundred and twenty-four small farms, each capable not only of supporting a family, but also of affording a margin, in the way of rent or contribution, towards the support of the new arrivals and the infirm. There are five schools, each with accommodation for over one hundred children; a College for gardening; two Protestant churches, with houses for the ministers; one Roman Catholic church, with a house for the priest; and a Jewish synagogue and teacher's house.

The total available land of the Colony is divided into two parts. The Society retains about two thousand five hundred acres, appropriated for the large model farms, each about two hundred acres, which are worked by the Society with the labour of the colonists; for workshops, managed on the same principle; and for churches, schools, dwellings, woods, &c. The colonists have among them fifteen hundred acres,

appropriated to the 'free farmers' and 'labourer colonists,' as we shall presently explain. The population averages annually between seventeen and eighteen hundred, being mainly composed of 'free farmers' and their families, and labourers and their families; but there is also a proportion of orphan boarders, and also the officials and their families, to be provided for.

It is a cardinal rule of these Free Colonies that candidates for admission must be destitute, and must have some knowledge of farm-work or craft or business. Families are preferred, and a normal household contains two adults and four children. When there are less than four children, boarders may be taken into the house.

When a family first arrives in the colony, the head is employed as a labourer, at a wage which is decreed not to be higher than the market-rate of the district. In general, the rate for field-work is about eightpence per day in winter and one shilling in summer; but some of the handicraftsmen may earn one-and-sixpence or one-and-eightpence per day. If the work is bad, the wages are stopped or a fine imposed. After serving two or three years as a labourer, the colonist may be made a 'free farmer' if he has behaved and worked well; and as a 'free farmer' he receives about seven and a half acres of land to himself, a cow on easy terms, a supply of potatoes and seed, and a certain quantity of manure, which he has not to pay for until the expiry of the year. This farm he has to work for the benefit of himself and family, but under the supervision of the authorities. He may work for wages outside the Colony if he likes, as many do; but he is not allowed to send hay, straw, and manure out of the Colony. If he does not succeed as a farmer, he may return to the condition of labourer. Both labourers and 'free farmers' are provided with houses and gardens, and with an outfit of clothes, utensils, and furniture. All this is provided at the cost of the district, but remains the property of the Society.

A labourer pays for rent of house about sevenpence per week; for medical fund about one farthing per head per week; for clothing fund about twopence per head per week; and for his garden such rent as may be agreed on. A free farmer pays for rent from three to six pounds a year; for cow about twelve-and-sixpence a year; for medical fund eleven-and-sixpence a year; and an agreed sum for insurance of furniture, &c. If a colonist falls into arrears, he is not charged interest; but no help is afforded to the lazy. Liqueur is not forbidden, but it is not sold in the Colony. There are shops in the Colony, but the colonists are free to make their purchases outside if they prefer. There is no uniform, and they can buy clothes from the Society, who make cotton cloth and shoes, and import other articles. Once there was only 'token' money; but now the ordinary Dutch currency circulates. The old and infirm are pensioned off, usually at from five to six shillings per week.

There is no steam-power in the Colony; but in the Society's workshops employment is afforded to carpenters, smiths, besom-makers, basket-makers, mat-makers, tailors, shoemakers, bakers, &c. The surplus produce of the agricultural and miscellaneous labour is exported for sale in the open markets.

All the farms at Frederiksoord have the neatness peculiar to Dutch farms. Cattle and implements alike look in good order and well cared for. The houses are clean and comfortable; the fences are well kept up; the land is kept free from weeds. The general appearance of the Colony gives one the impression of good cultivation and of orderly industrious living. There are 'black sheep,' of course, in the community, and there are both offences and punishments; but the general conduct is reported to be excellent. The colonists are never forced to leave except for drunkenness or misconduct; but they are compelled both to educate their children and give them some technical training. Great attention is paid by the Society to the condition of the young ones, whether they are to remain in the Colony or to be placed in situations outside. The 'College for gardening is said to have been a great success.

We have taken Frederiksoord as a type of the Free Colonies; and now we will pay a visit to Veenhuizen, as a type of the Government or State Beggar Colonies.

This settlement lies in the province of Drenthe, and to reach it we have to leave the railway at Assen, and travel along the canal-banks through a plain and uninteresting country. As we near Veenhuizen, however, the scene improves, and meadows and gardens and smiling corn-fields cheer the eye. Yet this was all once, and not so long ago, a barren, dreary, unproductive waste.

One does not pass through any formidable walls or guarded gateway to enter this Government preserve; but one soon perceives that the inhabitants are on a different footing from those we have just left at Frederiksoord. They are all clad in a uniform kaki-coloured mixture of wool and cotton cloth, which is woven in the Colony; and they all wear the same wooden shoes. Here, also, we find three separate establishments—one for women; one for men working at handicrafts; and one for men engaged in farm-work. In the second establishment there are carpenters, cabinet-makers, smiths, &c.; but the principal work is in making mats and sacks for export and clothing for the Colony. All the Government plantations in the East Indies are supplied with bags for coffee, sugar, &c., from the Beggar Colonies.

At Ommerschans there are now no women, and the Government are gradually transferring the whole of the Colony to Veenhuizen. At Veenhuizen the population has averaged about fifteen hundred, one-fourth being women; at Ommerschans the population has been heretofore about nine hundred. Nearly the whole of these have been sent to the Colonies for the offence of 'begging, but some for drunkenness, and there are also some who have gone of their own accord.

In some respects these Beggar Colonies are really penal settlements; but yet they are very different from the penal settlements which we used to maintain across the seas. When first organised by the Society of Beneficence, the object of them was to create places of work where the mendicant who is willing to work can be provided with healthy labour, good food, and moral surroundings. By the law of 'Holland,

mendicancy is punishable by imprisonment; but since the Government took over these Colonies mendicants are sent thither instead of to prison. Yet there is a prison in the Colony, and at Voerhuizen a guard of soldiers is thought to be necessary. It is said, however, that the inhabitants rarely attempt to escape; while, on the other hand, there are repeated instances of men who have served their term deliberately offending, by public begging, for the express purpose of being sent back. Indeed, life in the Colony seems to unfit the beggars for any other life.

The usual term of sentence is two years. During that time the men receive a small weekly wage, not as remuneration for the work they do, but by way of encouragement. It varies from sevenpence to one-and-eightpence per week, and they are obliged to deposit one-third of it to make provision against the day of their release, by which time it may amount to a pound or two. The rest they can spend as they please. Otherwise, they are well lodged, well clad, and have a liberal allowance of plain food.

On the farms of the Colony are grown rye, potatoes, beans, oats, and fruit; but pauper labour is not estimated highly in agricultural matters. According to Sir J. McNeill's calculation, it takes about fifteen colonists to do the work of one good field-labourer. In the workshops, weaving employs some forty or fifty men, and about the same number are usually employed in straw-plaiting and mat-making. In the carpentry department there will be twenty or thirty men at work making tools, household furniture, &c. The men all sleep in one large building, with tiled floor and whitewashed walls; and they sleep in hammocks, which are folded up during the day. The arrangements and amenities of the Colony are decidedly pleasing, and in many respects attractive.

This, indeed, seems to be the fault of the system. The Colonies are too comfortable, and men and women beg in order to be sent to them, or to be sent back to them after they are released; and thus there is just as much vagrancy in Holland as ever.

On the other hand, the mendicants who are sent to these penal settlements do really make some return to the State. They work, and they are not adding to the vagrant population, because they are compulsorily separated from their wives while undergoing probation. The Beggar Colonies, nevertheless, cost the government about thirty thousand pounds a year; for they include many persons too old to work, and many who are sick; while hospitals and churches have to be provided, and a large effective establishment maintained. The Colonists are not allowed to employ their labour in manufacturing things in competition with outside labour; and it has been urged that if these restrictions were removed, the Beggar Colonies would be self-supporting.

Whether the Free Colonies are or are not self-supporting it is difficult to say, as they receive large contributions from outside for special purposes.

With regard to the social and reforming effects of these Colonies, opinions greatly differ. They have certainly not been an unqualified success; and we believe the feeling in Holland is that if they had them not on hand, they might be better

without them; but having got them, it is wiser and better to continue them than to give them up, and so to lose the results of all the labour and expenditure of the past. It is not our purpose, however, to discuss here the social and economic aspects, but to point social reformers generally to a series of experiments from which they may derive much instruction if they care to study them.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

By the Author of 'THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.'

CHAPTER I.

On a Saturday afternoon in the middle of the London season a concert was held at Grosvenor House for the benefit of a Children's Hospital. Patronised by royalty and supported by 'Society,' the event was, at least, from a financial point of view, a great success; but although a Princess took part in a duet and a Duchess played on a violin, and other ladies of high rank contributed their accomplishments with more or less conspicuous effect, the great triumph of the occasion, long afterwards haunting the memory of those who were present, was the singing of two homely songs by the governess of the Countess of Southfort's family.

When Miss Neale—a delicate, very pretty, and very modest-looking young woman—concluded *Robin Adair*, there was deep silence of a full minute's duration: an effect in striking contrast to the prompt appreciation awarded to the 'classical' performances which preceded. It was so odd and impressive that the singer herself, instead of courtesying off the stage, stood, unconsciously, half shy and half embarrassed, staring at the silent audience. Then the spell was removed, and, blushing to the eyes, she retreated before the applause.

Could that have been the old melody with which they had all been familiar from childhood? It was a revelation of hidden sweetness which produced that silence of enchantment; a surprise not often experienced.

To bring Miss Neale forward again was not easily done, but the audience would be satisfied with nothing less. This time she was fluttered and nervous; the applause had frightened her—and, to look at her changing colour and wondering timid eyes, you could well have believed she did not know why they had applauded. And now, statuesque save for the motion of her lips, and the rise and fall of her bosom, and the tender and plaintive melody that flowed tremulously from her sweet throat, she sang *Auld Robin Gray* as it seemed never to have been sung before. She touched a chord of enthusiasm in the untutored and cultivated audience which no prima donna could have reached with all her power.

Amongst those present at the concert was a young man who went there as a press representative. He crossed the road after leaving the great

mansion, and was walking thoughtfully and rather slowly along the footpath beneath the trees in Hyde Park, when an umbrella touched him on the shoulder.

'Oh—is it you, Mr Clayton?' he said, slightly confused, to a middle-aged gentleman who now walked on with him. 'I hope Mary is quite well? I saw you at the concert.'

'Mary is quite well. But you seem to have forgotten us, Frank.'

'I have been busy; I work very hard now,' he answered, looking away with the blood mounting in his face against an unjust reproach.

'I know you do, Frank; it is all you have to look to now. You are turning your work into money too.'

'I suppose so; I really don't know exactly.'

'But I know—exactly,' said the banker laughing. 'I don't, as a rule, look at the current accounts of the bank's customers; but you know I have always had a special interest in yours. You ought to invest a little now.'

The young man put away the subject by an impatient and somewhat disdainful gesture.

'I hadn't fancied my affairs to be so flourishing,' he dryly observed; 'but perhaps I may call some day at the bank and see one of your people about it.'

Nothing further was said for a minute or two, till Mr Clayton inquired: 'How are you going to describe Miss Neale's singing, Frank?'

The young man did not answer at once. 'I am not going to describe it,' he then said shortly. 'How could I describe it? I never before heard anything like it.'

'I tell you what, Frank,' said Mr Clayton, striking his umbrella on the path, 'I would give a hundred pounds to hear her sing those two songs again!'

'Doubtless, Mr Clayton; but, you see, there are things money cannot command.'

'Do you mean that Miss Neale would not sing these songs for a hundred pounds?'

'I don't know to what extent such a sum would influence her—perhaps a great way. But then, the effort might mar the execution. Didn't you notice that she was quite unconscious of the effect she was producing? I believe myself, Miss Neale was not listening to her own voice while she sang.'

'I shall never forget it,' said the banker.

They were now near to the statue of Achilles, and there was the usual block of carriages in the road. The younger man wanted to get across to Piccadilly, while the other's way was down by Albert Gate. But as the former was about to retrace his steps and cross the road farther back, Mr Clayton put his hand on his arm. 'Frank,' he said very earnestly, 'I want you to call on me on a very special matter. I suppose it would be too much to hope that you would dine with us—this evening?'

'Thank you, Mr Clayton; but it is quite impossible,' he answered, powerless to conceal a look of pain. 'A literary friend of mine is out of town, and I am doing his work for him—we go to press this evening.'

Mr Clayton did not suggest another evening, for he understood it all. 'Well, well, Frank,' he said with a sigh, 'could you look in at any

time? For just a few minutes with myself?' he added.

'Yes. Would half-past eight do?'

'That will do.—Why, there is our carriage, standing not thirty yards off. That is my sister, Mrs Morant, who is with Mary; you must come and speak to her.'

'A thousand pardons, Mr Clayton; I would rather not,' the young man quickly replied. 'I know you will understand.'

'They have seen you, Frank,' Mr Clayton remarked gravely, and then said no more; for now he, too, observed—what had immediately caught the other's eye—a young man in the carriage opposite to the ladies.

'I will make any apology for you, Frank, that you wish,' said Mr Clayton. 'But I am sorry for all this. You are too hard on Claude Faune, I think.'

'Do you remember, Mr Clayton, calling me into your private room at the bank one day when I was drawing money there? You gave me an emphatic opinion of Claude Faune then.—I do not recall it now,' he added, with a proud flash of his eyes, 'to suggest that you were right then, and that you are wrong now, but merely to justify my own right to change my opinion—and to make you understand how entirely I am able to appreciate your present feeling. What has taken place is only what I might have looked for, so that I am not surprised.'

'If you expected it, why did you bring him to my house and aid him with all your influence?'

'I did not say I expected it. I was not thinking of such results.—But no matter, Mr Clayton,' he said, laughing, as they approached the carriage. 'I owe reproaches to nobody, and am well reconciled to life as it is.'

Was he? Mr Clayton just glanced in his face when he broke into that unreal laugh, and saw a great deal there. Other eyes were looking too, and the fairest face in that throng of fashion grew pink with some other feeling as well as surprise.

Frank Holmes stepped over the low railing and shook hands with the ladies very composedly for all the war that was within his breast.

'I am very glad to see you again, Mrs Morant.—I hope you are well, Mary?—I am so busy a man now, Mrs Morant, that I never meet a friend except by accident.—I am sorry you have not been to the Grosvenor House concert.'

'We thought of going, at first,' the younger lady observed, but stopped abruptly, in some embarrassment, and merely said, in a hesitating way: 'Was the singing very good?'

'Your father will tell you about it, Mary. It was *Robin Adair* and *Auld Robin Gray* that worked the enchantment.—Is that too strong a term, Mr Clayton?'

'Was it a Princess or a Duchess that enchanted?' Mrs Morant asked.

'Neither; it was only a governess.—Fancy that, Mrs Morant! But I am sorry you missed it.'

'So am I, now.—Mr Faune,' she said, addressing the gentleman opposite, whom Frank Holmes

had merely nodded to without looking at him, 'you are answerable for this. It was you who dissuaded us from going.'

'Because concerts as a rule are a bore, Mrs. Morant. One cannot foresee surprises,' he replied languidly.

Holmes shook hands with the two ladies again, and was turning away, when Faune, with a smile, held out his hand to him. Mary Clayton made an unconscious movement, as if to prevent the meeting of the two men's hands, for she knew how one had done the deadliest wrong to the other, and was filled with superstitious fear that something would happen. But nothing apparent happened; Holmes, after a moment's curious hesitation, touched the offered hand, looking as he did so a proud challenge in the other's effeminate eyes, which the latter lacked the courage to meet. Then taking off his hat to the ladies, he walked away.

Mary Clayton's gray eyes followed the tall retreating figure with a silent pathetic look, such as no true-hearted woman could have withheld on witnessing a brave and loyal man struck down for her sake. Such are the ashes that sometimes fall on orange blossoms.

The perfidy of the friend whom you have loved with your whole heart, and whom you have been generously loyal to in spite of disappointments, is less merciful than death, which at least leaves consolatory memories to soften the pain of loss. As Frank Holmes drove to his Adelphi lodgings, he felt that even resentment would have a wholesome and stimulating influence upon him; but there was no case for resentment—it was too bad even for that.

At Rugby, he had formed a deep and singular attachment to this schoolfellow, Claude Faune. The boy was the younger son of an Earl; but he was an orphan, and his relations, though aristocratic, were poor. Faune was a lad of girlish gentleness of manner—the robust boys contemptuously called it effeminacy—yet a certain winsomeness, which he could exercise when he had opportunity or occasion, was hard to resist by natures partial to such blandishments. Holmes, having championed the delicate lad in one or two school quarrels, gave way to the potent influence of Faune's grateful gentleness, and grew to love the boy with more than the affection of a brother for a favourite sister. And Holmes had no brother or sister to dispute the place won by Claude Faune.

Holmes's father died while the young fellow was at Rugby, and after this event Frank did not go back to the school except to say good-bye. Faune shed tears as freely as a girl at parting from his friend. Holmes came up to London to settle matters with his late father's solicitors, and found himself left with six thousand pounds in the bank of Messrs. Clayton and Clayton as his entire worldly wealth. By the advice of Mr. Clayton, his father's old friend, this sum was invested so as to give an income of two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Holmes took lodgings in town, and for a good while did nothing. Mr. Clayton's house was always open to him; but Mr. Clayton was a busy man and a widower, and his society in the evening, though good-natured, was not cheerful. Mr. Clayton's daughter was away at school, and

when she had holidays, spent them in the country.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure of Frank Holmes during his first idle year in London came from his correspondence with Claude Faune. Sometimes he saw him; but the happiest days Holmes ever spent were the three or four which his school-friend passed with him before entering Sandhurst. Faune resembled in one respect the sex to which his character bore so close an affinity—he was expensive to amuse. Frank Holmes had just received his half-year's income; and after parting from his friend, he found that, what with amusements and expensive presents during these few days, he had but twenty pounds left.

Holmes was surprised, but not annoyed; he was half sorry, not to have had more money to spend on Claude Faune. A very pretty letter of thanks in a day or two, more than compensated for all. But the incident had one important effect; to earn money now became necessary, and the first work that Holmes put his hand to proved so successful as to decide his career—if such a term is suitable to an occupation taken up and left aside by irregular starts. This first effort, unconsciously inspired by a singular knowledge he had acquired in the course of an idle but observant year in the streets of London, was a series of magazine contributions illustrating the unravelling and detection of supposititious crimes. These attracted so much attention that when he wanted money he had now enough opportunities of earning it.

In due course Faune obtained his commission, in a regiment which was on service in India. After a few months at the depot, the young officer was ordered to join his corps. One week of the preparatory leave he spent with his friend in London—the last week in England. The parting of the two young men on board the white troopship at Portsmouth was more like the parting of lovers than of friends. Frank Holmes returned to his London lodgings with a heavy heart. He had never before felt the depth of his attachment for his schoolfellow as he did in the loneliness that fell upon him now.

Always solitary and thoughtful in his habits, Holmes, after Faune's departure from England, worked less and walked more. Being observant and full of interest in human life, he acquired, almost unconsciously, an exceptional knowledge of the highways and byways of London existence. In this way, following the bent of his talents already indicated, Holmes became deeply interested in the study of crimes. He made a name for a morning newspaper in this department. Disdaining vulgar sensation and coarse detail, he went out of the beaten track of policemen and reporters, and twice in the course of a few months startled the professional acumen of Scotland Yard by the light of fairly directed intelligence which he threw upon dark and baffling tracks. Detective officers came to know and respect him, and he had the offer of more literary work than he cared to undertake.

These occupations supplied him with sufficient interest to fill up to some extent the void occasioned by the absence of his friend; and as Faune, for the first few months, wrote to him

almost every mail, these letters were delightful incidents in his solitary life. Faune had the gift of writing charming letters.

And now there arose upon the life of Frank Holmes another brighter and purer influence, which was destined to change all things for him. This was Mary Clayton, the banker's only child.

But at this point Holmes began to detect from time to time a note of trouble in his friend's letters. They grew shorter and less frequent; sometimes weeks passed without one, until an apparent sense of delinquency brought home a longer letter, than usual, full of pretty penitence and sparkling all over with bright things. But the sky did not keep clear: the note of trouble came again. At last a letter arrived, which would have proved an awakening blow to another man. It was only a passing trouble to Frank Holmes. Faune had got into difficulties in India—he did not clearly indicate how—and he had drawn upon his friend for five hundred pounds. The money to meet this draft had to be obtained by realising a portion of Holmes's capital. Mr Clayton looked grave; but the thing was done; and then Holmes wrote a kindly letter to Faune to inform him that the draft had been honoured, making no further reference to the matter. Nor did Faune further refer to it beyond expressing effusive thanks.

It was a day or two after the transaction of the draft that Mr Clayton called Frank Holmes into his private room at the bank and had that conversation which is referred to in the early part of the present chapter.

'Frank,' he said, 'who is Mr Claude Faune?'

'Oh, Claude Faune?' replied Frank Holmes, laughing: 'he is an old schoolfellow, and the dearest fellow in the world.'

'He costs you a good deal, Frank. Now, my dear boy, what I would wish to put to you is this: Is Mr Faune worth it?'

The young man was astonished. 'Worth it, Mr Clayton? Why, I would give him my right hand!'

'And probably—if it were any value to him—he would accept the gift,' said the banker dryly. 'I hope I am not misjudging your friend, Frank, and I know you will understand why I mention this matter.'

'Of course I understand, Mr Clayton; I know your regard for me too well,' he answered sincerely.

'I do not know Mr Faune, and have never seen him,' continued Mr Clayton, gravely. 'I judge him only from the point of view of a man of the world. I see that you give him a large part of your income—and you remember what you had to do a day or two since. I am afraid your good-nature is being deceived.'

It was a difficult thing to answer Mr Clayton—the facts were with him.

'All the same, Mr Clayton,' he said after a pause, generously warming with the words, 'if you knew Claude Faune as I do, you would be won by him just the same.'

The banker shook his head.

'You couldn't help it, Mr Clayton. Faune has no money, and has expenses; and in giving him what I don't require for myself I give more pleasure to myself than to him.'

'I quite understand that, Frank. But it does not alter the case, or alter my opinion of Mr Faune.'

'Some day, Mr Clayton,' the young fellow answered, laughing, 'when you know Claude Faune, you will change your opinion. And I shall not forget to remind you of it.'

'Very well; do so,' said Mr Clayton with a sceptical smile.

The reader knows how Frank Holmes 're-minded' the banker in the Park. The incident was full of food for reflection to both of them.

'By the way,' Mr Clayton observed as Holmes was leaving the bank, 'Mary has come home to me for good. Run over to Cadogan Place; she will be glad to see you.'

'I will go at once,' he said, flushing with new pleasure. 'I suppose we shall hardly recognise each other now!'

'You had better try,' replied Mr Clayton good-humouredly.

CURIOSITIES IN OUR ANCIENT CHURCHES.

In many of our ancient churches there are objects preserved that are curiosities in every sense. In some few instances, as in the case of whispering galleries, they form part of the fabric; in others, though incorporated with the buildings, they are independent of any necessity in their construction, as in the matter of the Dutch cannon-balls built into the tower of St Clement's Church, Hastings, as memorials of the attack upon the port under De Ruyter, and the horses' heads built into the belfry of Eldon Church, which were probably placed there only for the purpose of improving the sound of the bells; and again, in others they are movable and not connected by any link with their situation, except by association of ideas in a remote degree, as in the case of the plain wooden chair of the Venerable Bede, so reverently preserved in Jarrow Church; and in that of the Scone Coronation Stone, on which so much store is set in Westminster Abbey.

Before passing to a consideration of examples of any of these varieties of curiosities we may mention two fine whispering galleries: one in St Paul's, London, and the other in Gloucester Cathedral. The former, like every other feature in Wren's masterpiece, from his grave in the crypt to the golden ball at its summit, is well known; the latter is less so. It was, however, described by a writer in the early days of George I. as 'a remarkable curiosity in the cathedral of Gloucester, being a wall built so in an arch of the church that if a man whispers never so low at one end, another that lays his ear to the other end shall hear each distinct syllable.' And it is still pointed out, admirably, to visitors.

Beacon turrets on churches are curiosities of the description that form part of the fabric. They are small turrets rising above the roofs for the purpose of displaying beacons, and are not to be confounded with the stalwart church towers on the Northumbrian and Scottish border that were used for defence, and were provided with narrow window-openings and battlements, and, sometimes with corbelled out parapets, of which there are many examples. Beacon turrets are of very rare occurrence. There is one at Hadley Church,

and another on the south-east angle of the chancel of Alnwick Church. The example at Hadley had, till recently, and probably still has, the iron receptacle for the blazing beacon raised on high so as to show over the battlements. This has disappeared in the Alnwick turret. There is a narrow winding stone stair leading up to it, with access through a low narrow door in the south-east angle of the interior of the church, and those who ascend step out on to the roof, where there were formerly indications of a small chamber, and whence there is a wide prospect of country from which a lighted beacon could be seen for many miles.

Another curiosity forming part of the fabric is a hearse-house. In some few country parishes extending over large sparsely-inhabited districts, it has been found expedient in some old time to build hearse-houses against the churches for the convenience of keeping a hearse for the use of the parishioners. There is one built against the shady north side of the chancel of Eldon Church, in Northumberland, and another against the old Saxon church of St Peter's, Bywell, in the same county. The latter stands likewise on the north side of the chancel, only it is closer into the angle formed by the chancel and the east end of a chantry chapel. On Easter Monday, 1701, a rate of a penny per pound was laid on the parish for making a hearse and for building a house for placing the hearse in. In Llanbedr Church, Merionethshire, stands a bier, which though belonging to a different category, is also intended for the convenience of mourners.

We have not so many 'galilees' but that they may be looked upon as rarities. The words, 'He goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall see him,' have been quoted as an explanation of this term. In two of our examples of galilees they are placed at the west end of the nave, a third is at the west side of the south transept, and a fourth is on the north side of the nave, which facts prove that the exact position was of no material consequence. The galilee forming part of Lincoln Cathedral is a porch on the west side of the south transept, with an upper chamber. The galilee of Beverley Minster is also a porch with a chamber above it, in which the porters of the monastery had a bed that he might be within call of the unfortunates seeking the 'safety' of sanctuary. Ely galilee is now also a porch or entrance. The galilee at Durham is a vast chapel which extends along the west front, and is divided into a central avenue with two aisles by rows of richly ornamented arches on clustered columns. In a conspicuous position in it is an altar tomb, with an inscription recording that the bones of the Venerable Bede rest below it.

Sepulchre chapels are still rarer. There is one at the north side of the nave of Kingsland Church, Herefordshire, to which access is gained through the north porch. This contains a tomb-like erection between five and six feet in length, that would also serve as an altar-table. Besides window openings in the north-east walls of the chapel, the north wall of the nave is perforated with four lancet openings, so that any one in the chapel can see into the end of the nave, and persons in that end of the nave can see into the chapel. Here, it is supposed, a commemorative service was annually performed, whilst the faith-

ful assembled in the nave assisted in its celebration. The positions of the very few examples we possess of these chapels differ, showing, as in the case of galilees, it was more a matter of convenience than consequence. It is possible that more of the small chapels adjoining from ancient churches may have been made for such celebrations than we have ascertained, and that some that are called anchorages were in reality sepulchre chapels, or Easter sepulchres.

A stirrup-stone or mounting-block at a church door must now be looked upon as a curiosity, though in former times, when there was less wheeled traffic, they may have been common. There is one adjoining the porch on the north side of Edlingham Church, by means of which, doubtless, many a hardy Borderer has dismounted and then mounted again at the conclusion of the services he has attended, having perhaps his wife or daughter on a pillion behind him, with several miles of mossy, boggy, heathery moorland between him and his home. There is also a mounting-block remaining at the gate of Duddingston Church, near Edinburgh.

Sun-dials on church porches are of more frequent occurrence. They are not ecclesiastical features; but the terse mottoes upon them of warning and incentive, and their general air of tranquil serenity, have charms that put out of question any doubt as to their propriety. There is a solemn yet placid-looking gray church standing in a green churchyard by the roadside near the mouth of the river Alne. It is Lesbury Church, and Lesbury is a wide, neat, and new-looking village, though in reality it is of hoary Saxon antiquity, but is in good hands and has no marks of the decay of age about it. There is a strong steeple at the west end of the church about twenty feet square, with a low slate spirelet surmounted by a weathercock. All the window-openings are narrow and small and plain and long like lancets, and there is a massy chancel arch, very heavy and hoary, in the centre of the interior, which makes the chancel as long as the nave. The whole aspect of the venerable edifice is that of peaceful strength, and on the gable of the porch on the south side, a sun-dial adds to the genial though mute invitation to enter. On the south side of Pitlington Church, Durham, there is a very ancient dial, divided into six divisions of daytime, which is deemed a reminiscence of dialling when the time of day was indicated by blocks of stone arranged in a circle on the ground. Kirkdale Church, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, has a sun-dial made in the days of Edward the Confessor.

The purpose of the openings generally known among antiquaries as 'low-side windows' has often been a matter of conjecture. These features are generally found low down on the south side of the chancel, though in some very few instances they occur on the north side. That they were not intended for additional light is evident from the circumstance that they are placed in positions in which the extra light that is gained by them falls chiefly on the church floor. We have therefore to accept an explanation that has been made which suggests that they must have been intended for the purpose of being opened easily from within, to admit of some person, appointed to do so, ringing the Sanctus bell out of them, so that those

parishioners who were not able to attend the services might be aware of the exact moment when the supreme part of them was taking place. One of these low-side windows in Wensley Church, Yorkshire, is actually appended below another window which forms part of a set at the usual height. But for the most part they stand alone, as in another example in the old parish church in Morpeth. In some ancient churches the Sanctus bell was hung in a turret specially made for it over the chancel arch. In Brancepeth Church, Durham, for instance, the little turret for the Sanctus bell is still standing.

As hagiocopes occur so seldom, they may also be accounted curiosities. These are narrow slits, sometimes called squints, made through walls and piers in a slanting direction, so planned, that persons on one side of the masonry can obtain a view of what is passing on the other side at a considerable distance from it. They appear to have been made to enable people to direct their gaze to the altar without entering the chancel, as they are always directed to the eastern part of the building. In Morpeth Church these curious slanting slits are to be seen piercing both jambs of the chancel arch, and must have been intended, consequently, for the use of worshippers already in the building. In Staindrop Church, Durham, there is a small square-headed opening, divided into three trefoiled lights, high up in the north wall of the chancel, the mullions of which are cut not square, but slantwise, which must have been made for the use of spectators in some upper chamber, adjoining the church, which no longer exists. In Bridgewater Church there is a hagiocope that passes through three walls in the same direction. Sometimes a sedile is found thus pierced; and in other rare instances chantry piscinae may be met with through which hagiocopes have been opened.

Anchorages in churches have been mentioned. They were not always, as might be supposed, the residence of anchorites, but were, at all events in some cases and at some times, used for the housing of widows and paupers. The churches of Warwick, Thirsk, Gateshead, and Chester-le-Street have interesting examples. They are generally adjoining the chancel. The Chester-le-Street anchorage, though, is in the nave, and access to it is placed in the porch. There is an opening from it into the church through which the anchorite could speak or in other ways communicate with those within; and there is also an ambry or cupboard in it where food could be kept, and a place where a lamp could be hung. In the Thirsk example the only access is from within the church. This is also the case in a similar chamber attached to Warkworth Church. In the old church at Morpeth there is likewise a small chamber opening out of the chancel, with no external access save a small quatrefoiled aperture which is made slantwise like a hagiocope.

Among the curious items preserved in churches, that are no part of them, we may mention fridstools, or seats of sanctuary. Three of these old stone seats of peace and safety are known to have been in York Cathedral, Beverley Minster, and Hexham Abbey Church respectively. The two last mentioned are still to be seen in their accustomed places. They are low squarish stone chairs

with low backs and solid sides or arms. In the lofty structures in which they stand, with vistas of columns and arches and beautiful traceried windows appealing to the eye on all sides, and vaulted roofs springing above them like high canopies, and floors spread around them full of memorials of noble knights and their dames, and of other local worthies and their wives, they seem in their archaic sturdiness and sparseness of ornamentation to be but little more than a rude fashioning of seats out of the great boulders to be chosen from myriads more on the nearest hillside amongst the bracken, ferns, and heather. If Durham had one, and it most probably had, it has disappeared, as that at York has done.

Among minor curiosities may be numbered the tongs kept in some old country churches for the purpose of pulling dogs out of the hiding-places in which they wished to ensconce themselves, that they might be near their masters. There is a pair of oak extending tongs, with nails in the claws, in the little church at Gyllylling, in Denbighshire. And finger-stocks may still be met with.

Most churches have their ancient carved or elaborately iron-bound oak chests for the custody of the parish books and registers, but few can boast the preservation of the large flat semicircular receptacles for ancient vestments known as cope-chests. In this particular, Wells Cathedral is fortunate, for out of everyone's way, quietly reposing upon the reputation of its usefulness in the old times when religious observances and ceremonials were a part of everybody's daily occupations, and esteemed, too, for the beauty of the iron scrollwork with which the hinges are strengthened and beautified, it is a fine example.

In a secluded spot in Westminster Abbey, in careful keeping, are preserved some of the effigies of our kings and queens that, according to old custom, formed part of the pageantry of their state funerals. Some of the very oldest, perhaps of Plantagenet times, are stripped of their robes; but some others that are not much more than two hundred years old are still invested with the antique clothing with which they were made to represent the forms of the royal dead to their sorrowing lieges. As a realisation of history, teeming as our ancient churches are with testimony, these relics must be regarded with surpassing interest. They are memorials of seasons in which the land was stricken with a great awe, and no man knew what the day might bring forth.

JIM THE TRAMP.

He was a bad lot! Magistrates, jail chaplains, and police had all at various times told him so, and he quietly accepted their judgment, knowing to be pretty near the truth. An outcast from his very babyhood, what chance had he ever had? Left by an unfeeling mother to die in a roadside ditch, he had been taken to the nearest Union, to be brought up a workhouse foundling, until he was old enough to be bound apprentice and the guardians could wash their hands of him entirely. A drunken saddler covenanted to clothe, board, and teach him his trade; and at his hands poor Jim had a dog's life, until, goaded to madness by every species of ill-

treatment, he struck his master and fled. For a while he tried hard to get work in the villages through which he passed; but no one would take on the strange friendless lad, and so he made up his mind to enlist for a soldier.

If only he had reached York an hour or two earlier, Her Majesty's army had gained a useful recruit, and poor Jim would have had a chance to rise and become a credit to the service. But ill-luck would not let him go. He was routed out of an old stable by a zealous member of the city police, and charged next day with sleeping out at night or some equally heinous crime, the result being that he was committed to prison for seven days. This broke down his last shred of self-respect; and when that happens to man or boy, Heaven help him, for his doom is sealed.

Jim came out of jail utterly reckless, with a wild hatred of everybody and everything. He thought no more of soldiering or getting work, but let himself drift resolutely to the bad. He soon got into vicious company, and before many weeks were over was again in the clutches of the law. The downhill road is an easy one and the pace always rapid, and so at thirty years of age he was pretty widely known to the authorities as a confirmed rogue and thief who would not stick at trifles when once he was roused.

Yes; there was no doubting it, he was an out-and-out bad lot! And he looked it, too, as he slouched along the country lane with hands deep in his empty pockets and his head bent to meet the rain which the November wind drove in his face. But he was too much used to discomfort to heed the weather, and plodded sullenly on through the puddles in the deepening gloom, half asleep, and so utterly careless of everything around that he never heard the beat of hoofs until a cheery voice cried: 'Now, my good fellow, if you do not want the whole road to yourself, perhaps you will let me pass.'

Jim never looked round, but slunk closer to the dripping hedgerow, expecting the horseman to ride on without another word, but something quite unexpected happened, for the cheery voice said 'Thanks!'

It was the first time any one had ever thanked the good-for-nothing, and he stared up in blank amazement, and saw a man of about his own age, in red coat and top-boots plentifully bespattered with mud, looking down at him from the back of a weight-carrying hunter without the least gleam of aversion or suspicion on his pleasant fresh-coloured face.

'You look rather done up; been long on the road?'

'A week an' more!' The reply was surly enough, not that Jim resented the question, but simply because he was so used to insults and rough speaking that the idea of a 'blooming swell' speaking civilly to such as he took him utterly by surprise.

'Going home?'

Jim gave a contemptuous grunt. 'Never chaffan, guv'nor!'

'Poor chap! But you live somewhere, I suppose?'

'Oh yes'—with a grim chuckle—'I lives some-where—anywhere. I see not like some folks, must have everything tip-top. No; that's not my style. Ye've a big house, in course, and lots of slaveys to wait on ye. I lives just as I can, and the way I can is by being a tramp. Look out.' He tossed a

can, and has to fend for nymself, and don't often get my meals reg'lar.'

And the cruel contrast between himself and his companion filled the tramp's heart with bitter thoughts. Why have some folks all the good things of life and others none of them? Here was a man no older than himself with fine clothes on his back and a horse to carry him; whilst he, poor fellow, had to trudge along ankle deep in the mud with scarcely a whole thread to cover him. Why, the very horse was a long way better off and more cared for; it at least had a warm dry stable and plenty of food waiting for it, whilst he had never a resting-place nor a crust of bread to eat.

Again the cheery kind tones startled him: 'But you have friends somewhere, I suppose?'

'No; not me! There's never a single soul, guv'nor, in this wide world as cares a rap for me; and when I ligs down some day and dies in a ditch, there'll noan be, nan, woman, or child, as'll miss me. None'll be sorry, 'ceptin' the parish bums as'll have to put me underground, and they'll grudge doing of that even.' Jim gave a short ugly laugh and alonched on, the water squish, squish, squishing out of the gaping rents of his old boots at every step. He quite expected the 'swell' to ride off now and leave him to the rapidly-deepening gloom and the wild cheerless night; but the horse was kept steadily alongside of him, and his rider spoke again.

'Can't you get into regular work and leave this tramp business?'

'No; there's none'll have the likes of me. I don't look respectable enough.'

'Nonsense, man. Don't get down on your luck, but pick yourself up. Now, look here; I will give you a chance myself, if you will take it.'

Jim could not believe his ears. Some one actually talking to him as if he was an honest man, and not some sort of vermin or venomous beast. A real 'tip-top gentleman' too. He must be muddled. But the brown eyes were looking coolly enough at him and their owner was saying: 'Well, what do you say?'

'Yer don't know what I be; I'm a bad lot! I've been in quod oft enough,' blurted out Jim, feeling somehow he could not take his new-found patron in.

'I daresay you have, and deserved it too. But I believe you can pull round yet if you like; and as I said, I will give you the chance of regular work and pay. Will you take it?'

In the depth of Jim's warped nature there glimmered something like a spark of gratitude and a dim longing after a new life, for a moment; but old habits were too strong for him, and the clouds closed darker again as he shook his head and said in tones which tried to be civil: 'No, guv'nor; yer mean well; but it's no go now. I'm no good for anything but cadging and tramp-ing, an' I noan want to work for any master—an' won't neyther.'

He expected an angry lecture and round abuse for refusing; but the other said quietly, stroking his boot with the handle of his hunting-crop: 'That is a dangerous way of thinking, my friend, and will get you into trouble again. You are a fool not to try and pull up a bit; but you know your own affairs best.—Well, here is supper and a bed for you. Look out.' He tossed a

half-crowns to Jim with careless easy good-nature, and shaking up his horse, trotted off with a nod and 'Good luck.'

How costless a word or two of sympathy are, and yet how priceless they may become. How easy to be gracious, and yet how far-reaching the results. We scatter kindly greetings here and there as we journey on Life's roadway, and lo! they spring up bright flowers to gladden some sad weary wayfarer. We perform thoughtlessly now and again trivial services of courtesy and forget them; but they shine in lone loveless hearts as glittering stars to cheer the midnight sky.

Hugh Boynton, smoking his high-priced Havana after dinner that evening in the luxurious ease of his favourite lounging-chair, had utterly forgotten all about the few words and the silver coin which he had thrown to the tramp whom he had overtaken as he rode home from hounds. Jim, curled up under the lee of a clover rick, turned the half-crown over and over in his hand, and thought of how for once in his life he had been spoken kindly to by a real gentleman.

Five dreary years passed over Jim's luckless head, their monotony broken by police-court, prison-cell, and vagrant-world experiences. He had wandered up and down some dozen counties, and seen the inside of most of their jails, and now, as Christmas drew near, had drifted towards York; not that he had any particular reason for getting there, but because it lay in his way north, and he happened to be making in that direction; why, not even he himself knew, for north, south, east, and west were alike to him. He had had a run of bad luck lately. Once or twice he had found a casual's welcome and slept under cover; but he had a rooted objection to its concomitants, and chose rather the cold and exposure of the open air. He had scarcely tasted food for a week, and had almost forgotten the feel of a copper coin; for somehow the near approach of the festival of peace and good-will seemed to have shut up men's pockets, and sharp refusals and scornful silence were all he got from those of whom he asked help.

The afternoon was closing as he found himself in the long straggling village of Marston, footsore and done up. The lights at the grocer's shop threw a broad band of brightness across the road, and Jim could see a man in a white apron busily piling up a pyramid of loaves which a boy had just brought in crisp and hot from the bakehouse. The sight was too much for the famished fellow, and he pushed his way into the shop. 'Now, then, what is it?' cried the shopman sharply as he scanned Jim's tattered appearance.

'Will yer give me yan ov them little ups, guv'nor? I'm nigh clemmed,' and he nodded towards the bread-pile.

'No, certainly not; I never give to beggars or tramps.'

'I've not tasted bite nor sup this blessed day, God knows.'

'Can't help that! Come, get out of the shop—do you hear?—or I'll set the constable on to you. The likes of you ought not to be allowed to go about the country. Come, off with you!'

So the social outcast went forth into the night hungry and insulted, and the sleek tradesman

rubbed his hands and stacked his loaves, congratulating himself the while on his refusal to countenance a worthless vagabond, who, regarded from the lofty stand-point of political economy, had no right to live on the earth. And yet Mr Jonathan Birmer was wont to pose on political platforms as the heaven-sent champion of the masses. Then, indeed, his sympathy flowed out in such a mighty torrent towards the universal brotherhood of man that there was not so much as a drop left to give a crust or even a civil word to a starving tramp at his door.

Three times did Jim try his luck down the length of the village street, with no better success; and then he gave it up and bitterly left the houses of his fellow-creatures behind him and faced the bleak open country again. He dragged himself along for a few weary miles, then opening a gate, crawled into a half-ruined cowshed and flung himself down upon some bracken and straw litter in the farthest corner, and dozed off. When he woke up, the moon had risen, and was shining in through the chinks of the roof, and Jim could see the country-side was white with snow. He shivered, and buried himself completely in the bracken and tried to sleep again and forget the cold and his hunger. He had almost succeeded, when the sound of voices came to him on the still night-air, and a minute later three men entered the shed.

'Curse the cold!' growled one as he drew back just within the shadow.

'Curse him, you mean,' said another, as he leaned a thick oak cudgel against the wall and began to blow upon his numbed fingers.

'I'll do more than curse him when th' time comes,' answered the first speaker.

'Ay, he'd best not have taken us i' hand. Says he, when with the rest of t' beaks he sentenced Tim and Jeff: "The poaching rascals shall be stopp'd, if I have to do it single-handed."

'Well, he'll be single-handed to-night anyways, for he's no groom wi' him. So he can try what he's good for wi' three ov us; eh, Jack?'

'He'll find it a tough job, I'm thinking.'

'Is t' wire right, Bob?'

'Surely! His mare steps high; but I've fowed for it, and she'll catch beautifully. It's past twelve now; he oughtn't to be long.'

'Hist! mate: there's wheels. Now for't. Come on.'

The three men went out quickly, and Jim following to the door, saw them leap into the road and hide in the hedge on the opposite side; then he stole down to the gate, out of mere curiosity to watch what their game was. In a few minutes the ring of hoofs grew louder, and a high-wheeled dogcart spinning round a corner came rapidly down the lane. It was occupied by one figure only, the red glow of whose cigar gleamed in the frosty air; and just as the scent of it reached Jim he saw the horse suddenly plunge and stagger forward. The wire-snare had done its work, the animal fell heavily, and the driver, thrown off his balance by the shock, shot out on to the snow. Before he could rise, the men were upon him; but somehow he managed to shake them clear and struggle to his feet. He faced them boldly, and met their rush with a right and left hander

which sent one to ground, but the other two closed in upon him.

Jim looked on with languid interest. Evidently it was some magistrate waylaid by three men who had a score to settle against him. It was no business of his, anyway, and though three to one was hardly fair, he was not going to interfere. The gentleman fought well, whoever he was, and again sent an assailant backward with a well-got-in blow. But the odds were too heavy and the cudgels told. He began to stagger and give ground, and a blow on the head beat him down. 'Give it him, lads, if we swing for't,' cried the tallest of the three villains, jumping upon him, mad and blind with rage.

A ray of moonlight fell upon the upturned face of the fallen man: it was that of the gentleman who five years ago had talked with Jim in the lane! In an instant he was over the gate and at the men like a tiger-cat, and so sudden was his onset that they gave ground; then, seeing he was alone, they rushed at him with oaths and threats. Weak from want of food and half dead with cold, poor Jim had never a chance. For a few seconds he held up doggedly against the shower of blows; then feeling he was done for, stooped suddenly, flung his arms round the senseless Squire, and with one last effort managed to roll into the deep ditch, keeping himself uppermost. The brutes jumped down and strove to make him lose his hold of their victim; but stunned and blinded with blood, he clung fiercely to Hugh Boynton, sheltering his body with his own.

The world began to spin round—another and another heavy blow—a chiming of far-off bells—a hollow buzzing—and then—black night for ever!

Next morning, they were found together in the trampled blood-smeared ditch—one living, the other dead.

Hugh Boynton often wonders, as he looks at the white cross which he put up over a nameless grave, who his preserver was. But the recording angel will one day tell how Jim the Tramp, the 'out-and-out bad lot,' gave his life for the man who once spoke kindly to him.

COMPLIMENTS.

To be addressed in words of rank flattery is not really gratifying to right-minded people; but a neatly-expressed compliment, that has in it the backbone of truth, is a very different affair. It has been said that 'politeness is the oil which makes the wheels of society turn easily;' and a witty, happily-conceived compliment has often been found to assist the process. It is well sometimes for people to be put in good-humour with themselves as a means of making them in good-humour with their surroundings. There is often despondency in quarters where it is least suspected, and a few gracious, appreciative words—especially from a superior—may give hope and encouragement at a moment when they are much needed.

We propose to give a few instances of happy compliments, some of which may be called historical, though perhaps they are not so widely

known as they ought to be. It is related of Dr Balguy, a celebrated preacher, that after having preached an excellent sermon in Winchester Cathedral on the text 'In much wisdom is much grief,' he received the following extempore compliment from Dr Watson, then at Winchester School:

If what you advance, dear Doctor, be true,
That wisdom is sorrow, how wretched are you!

The following compliment, though delivered in plain prose, must have been quite as acceptable to the brave soldier to whom it was addressed as the above couplet was to the learned preacher: When Frederick the Great of Prussia dined with the Emperor of Germany on the occasion of their meeting at Neiss, General Landolm, who with other officers had been invited to join the party, was about to place himself on the side of the table opposite the king; but Frederick prevented his doing so, and pointing to a seat beside himself, exclaimed: 'Come and sit here, general, for I have always wished to see you at my side, rather than facing me.'

Boswell tells a very characteristic story of Dr Johnson and George III. Johnson was allowed the privilege of reading in the royal library. On one occasion, the king hearing of his presence there, entered the room in order to see and converse with the great author. After much interesting conversation about books and the universities, the king asked him if he were writing anything. He answered that he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The king replied: 'I do not think you borrow much from anybody.' Then Johnson said he thought he had already done his part as a writer. 'I should have thought so too, if you had not written so well,' retorted His Majesty. Johnson observed that 'No man could have paid a handsomer compliment: and it was fit for a king to pay.' When some one asked him if he made any reply to the king's speech, he answered: 'Sir, when the king had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign.'

In a conversation between George IV.—when Prince Regent—and Sir Walter Scott, the Prince, knowing the Jacobite tendency of the author of *Waverley*, asked him if he would have joined the Jacobites. 'It would have been wretched taste of me,' said Scott, when relating the anecdote to Thomas Moore, 'to have said I would; and I merely answered that I should at least have wanted one motive against doing so in not knowing his Royal Highness.'

With all his faults Louis XIV. knew how to conduct himself as a great king; among his other qualities he was a master of the art of paying noble compliments. On one occasion he stood at the top of the grand staircase to receive the heroic Condé after the battle of Seneff (1674). The Prince, then in his fifty-fourth year, was troubled with gout, and ascended the stairs slowly. When he had reached the top, he apologised for keeping His Majesty waiting so long. 'My cousin,' replied the monarch, 'make no apologies; one who is so laden with laurels as you are cannot move quickly.'—On an interview with the celebrated preacher Massillon, Louis remarked: 'I

have heard many great preachers, and the effect they produced on me was that I felt thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I have heard you I have been dissatisfied with myself.

Perhaps one of the grandest compliments ever paid by one human being to another was that rendered by Nicholas the Emperor of all the Russias to Mademoiselle Rachel, the celebrated French actress. When she was introduced to him she knelt; but the Emperor raised her, and himself falling on one knee, said: 'Thus should the royalty of rank pay homage to the royalty of genius.'

There is another form of compliment, not so delicate in quality as the foregoing, though often very amusing, and which may be termed the hyperbolic. The exclamation of the dustman to the 'beautiful Duchess of Devonshire' is a case in point. 'Lord love your grave,' said the man; 'let me light my pipe at your eyes!'

Though so different, still of the same class are the following polished lines, said to have been written by the father of the late Lord Palmerston on presenting a white rose to a lady:

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
It on thy bosom wear,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

Or if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.

Compliments which express high approval by implication are especially noteworthy. When the great Duke of Wellington said 'He always slept well when Stapleton Cotton was on guard,' he paid a sterling compliment, which must have gratified that officer—if he heard of it—as much as a promotion in rank would have done.

Sailors have rather a happy knack of saying pretty things to ladies. We remember long years ago spending a week at Plymouth in the company of a lady who was especially enthusiastic about maritime affairs. Ships, that is to say the great men-of-war, if not so redoubtable as they are at present, were certainly more beautiful, and we were enchanted with naval sights, and especially with going over the *Et Vincit*. We had established quite an acquaintance with the boatmen employed by us on various occasions, and these were delighted with the enthusiasm of our companion. One day, when helping her to step ashore, the more loquacious of the two men exclaimed: 'Ah, you ought to be an admiral's lady!'

Some time ago we were in Greenwich Park with a very beautiful American lady. It was the time when there were still many Greenwich pensioners to be seen lounging about, old men who remembered Nelson and talked of Trafalgar. Mutilated heroes they often were, who richly deserved the repose they had found. They always loved talking, and appreciated good listeners, and with one of them the fair American got into animated conversation. She listened well, but spoke well also, telling the pensioner what she was and many things about America. After the good-bye had been said, he looked at her so oxaminingly that she could not but pause a moment by the gate. Then the old sailor said,

as if he had just made a discovery: 'They've sent you over for a show; they are not all like you.' At which we laughed and hurried off.

A little absurdity about a compliment often gives it point. A Spanish lover is reported to have said to his mistress: 'Lend me your eyes; I want to-night to kill a man.'

Mrs Moore, the wife of the poet, was noted for her benevolence to the poor in the vicinity of their cotnury residence. On one occasion a guest observed: 'I take it for granted that no one is dying in our neighbourhood, or we should not be favoured with Mrs Moore's company.'

Not long ago, when a brief matrimonial engagement was broken off, a near relation of the gentleman, one who fully appreciated the high qualities of her from whom the sometime lover was sundered, said to the young lady: 'You have only lost an ideal; he has lost a reality.' A very sweet compliment this, under the circumstances, it seems to us.

One more little anecdote we will give, and it is a husband's compliment to his wife. They were visitors for a few days at a country-house, and on being shown into their room, the lady, who was nearer forty years of age than thirty, prepared to take off her bonnet. Now, be it observed that looking glasses vary very much in quality; some distort, and some flatter the countenance. These different qualities in glass-making are no new things, for we may remember that when Queen Elizabeth was dying she asked for a *true* glass, into which she had not allowed herself to look for twenty years. The glass that was on the dressing-table on the occasion to which we refer was a delightful one—that is to say, a 'flattering' one, and as the lady saw herself reflected in it she merrily exclaimed: 'Oh, what a charming glass! I look about eighteen in it.' 'It is just like my eyes, then,' the husband promptly replied.

On the whole, we think that well-expressed, well-applied compliments have their uses, and that society would be very dull and life very bleak without them.

WAITING.

'In winter, Earth wears a pathetic aspect, because she is waiting for Spring, and this is better than Autumn, which looks so kopeless.'

'BETTER calm death than dying life,' I thought,
As on the sodden earth the brown leaves lay,
Or, fluttering from the boughs, day after day,
Were still by wandering winds in legions brought,
And cast on fields and woodland ways, and tossed
From hedge to plain—and buck in wild unrest.
Now, in this scene, by silence all possessed,
No leaves appear, for, swept away and lost,
Those sapless forms and dry no more are here,
But yielding their sweet lives (once deemed so fair),
Give nurture to the flowers and roots, and wear
Themselves to dust, that in the New-born year
Fresh beauty may arise: thus Nature weaves
A crown of glory from her own dead leaves.

J. C. HOWDER.

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LEPERS IN CANADA.

THE pathetic story of the late Father Damien's life and work amongst the lepers of Molokai has excited a world-wide interest in that large and unfortunate portion of our race, numbering many thousands, who suffer from the dreaded and hopeless disease of leprosy in India, South Africa, the Sandwich Islands, and elsewhere. It is not, we think, so generally known that the fair Dominion of Canada has also its Molokai at Tracadie, in the province of New Brunswick.

Sixty years ago, a missionary priest of the Roman Catholic Church, while on a short visit to the members of his church in Tracadie, buried a woman who was commonly said to have died of some strange disease, to which none of her neighbours could give a name. Hearing of the case, a physician resident in one of the New Brunswick towns went to Europe and searched its hospitals if by chance he could find a patient suffering from the same malady; but in vain. Before returning to Canada, however, he visited Norway, and almost by accident he found several parallel cases on the shores of one of its fjords. Upon his arrival in the Dominion he presented a Report to the Canadian Board of Health, whose members unanimously agreed that the disease which had killed the unfortunate woman in Tracadie was unmistakably that of leprosy.

The body of this the first leper of New Brunswick was carried to the grave upon the shoulders of four fishermen; and as the weather was warm, one of them was in his shirt sleeves. The weight of the coffin upon his shoulder was so great that it cut through his shirt into the skin, and a poisonous discharge from the ill-made coffin entering the punctured flesh, the disease was communicated to the unfortunate bearer, who, not very long afterwards, died a leper. In the space of sixteen years from the date of this funeral, Tracadie possessed twenty lepers, who were at that time placed by the Provincial Government in a miserable building little suited to the wants and pitiable condition of the patients.

So terrible, it is said, were the sufferings of this stricken band from cold, hunger, and dirt, that the Lazaretto was deliberately fired and burned to the ground by one of them.

In the summer of 1849, the lepers, who had now increased to the number of thirty-one, were transferred to a similarly comfortable building near the seashore, where, for three years, as a recent writer states, 'death and disease stalked triumphant,' until October 4, 1852, when, as before, one of the patients to whom the condition of himself and his companions in disease had become intolerable, driven to despair, burned their living tomb to the ground. This ill-judged proceeding on the part of the poor frantic leper could have but the one effect of increasing the miseries and privations of himself and his criminally-neglected fellow-martyrs. Accordingly, the lepers, now numbering thirty-six, were huddled together with no regard whatever to age, sex, or relationship, in a miserable outhouse of but two apartments (the entire dimensions of which were thirty-two by thirty), where their sufferings were tenfold greater than ever before. There was no nurse to attend to their wants, to alleviate their agonies, or to soothe their sorrows; and, to make matters worse, they were allowed but two changes of clothing in the year, with what result the reader may be left to imagine. Their only friend at this time was Father Gauvreau, a devoted French Canadian priest, whose exertions and privations on behalf of the lepers for a long period have been known to few. An old patient at that time, who is still living, relates that the good cure one day found a dying girl in such a state of filth, that with his own hands he took a sponge and dressed her sores before administering to her the consolations of religion.

In the following spring the Lazaretto was rebuilt; but the condition of the lepers was in no sense thereby or therein ameliorated. The windows were filled with iron bars, and the yard in which the poor sufferers were permitted to take their daily exercise was enclosed by a high wall, while an armed sentry paced outside

the entrance. Worst of all, there was neither work, recreation, nor amusement for the inmates of this gloomy prison, to whom, therefore, day and night were alike, unwelcome and cheerless. Thus, terrible to relate, did the condition of the Tracadie Lazaretto, with its constantly increasing number of inmates, continue from year to year until 1866, when a brighter day dawned for the poor lepers.

In this year, as the result of certain representations which were made in Montreal, by Dr Bayard of Tracadie, relating to the wants and condition of the Tracadie lepers, the good Sisters of the Hôtel Dieu in that city, headed by their noble and heroic Superior, asked to be permitted to undertake the sole charge of the Lazaretto. This offer was laid before the authorities in New Brunswick, and, of course, immediately accepted. The next step in this noble effort was taken by Dr Rogers, Roman Catholic Bishop of Chatham, who, instructed by the Provincial Government, formally invited the Sisters of the Hôtel Dieu to enter upon the sole charge of the Lazaretto. Dr Hingston thus describes the scene at the Hôtel Dieu, Montreal, upon the arrival of the Bishop's invitation: 'The Superior submitted the matter to her community. She laid before them the dangers of the undertaking, and dwelt on the hardship and privations to which they would be exposed. She then asked for three volunteers. How many do you think responded to her appeal? The quarter or the half of those present? No; every one of them came forward! Three were chosen, one of whom was my clinical assistant, Sister St John. The Superior accompanied them, and remained there four months to arrange matters. The others returned only when failing health rendered their recall necessary. Sister St John remains there still. Who knows their names? Have the papers ever spoken of their self-sacrifice? Are they ever mentioned as examples of charity worthy of imitation? I may safely say that, with the exception of my own words, the names of those heroines and of the others who have voluntarily replaced them, have never been mentioned outside of this building.'

The good Sisters arrived in Tracadie on the 29th of September 1868, and as their fame had preceded them, the welcome they received was most demonstrative and hearty. The Board of Health still maintained and managed the affairs of the Lazaretto; but compulsory entrance was abandoned, the bars were taken from the windows, the walls surrounding the yard raised to the ground, and the stately armed guard was given his *congé*. Everything in and around the Lazaretto was changed under the chaste and gentle though firm and vivifying régime inaugurated by the brave women of the Hôtel Dieu. The sexes were separated, needles and thread provided for the women, and a garden laid off for the purpose of affording employment for the men. So long, however, as the Board of Health held the reins of government the work of the Sisters was much impeded by red-tapism and the farming-out of contracts. This was all remedied in November 1880, when the Lazaretto was wholly transferred to the Dominion Government, and made subject to the Department of the Minister of Agriculture, 'who placed unhesitat-

ingly in the hands of the Sisters the entire charge and administration of the money voted for the maintenance of the hospital.'

Since this eventful period, matters have permanently improved for the inmates of the Tracadie Lazaretto, and looms, carpenters' tools, a fishing-boat, and several violins, have been provided for the recreation and employment of its inmates. The total number of lepers who have died in the Lazaretto since it passed into the hands of the Sisters of Charity is seventy-six. There were twenty patients when they arrived, since which time forty-one men and forty women have been admitted. Of these, seven have left the hospital, which now contains eight men and ten women. The fact that eight years ago the inmates numbered twenty-seven is a proof that the preventive measures adopted by the Government against the spread of the dread disease are effectual.

In an interesting article recently published in the Montreal *Star*, some amusing instances are given of the devotion inspired by the good and heroic Sisters in the hearts of the country folk of the neighbourhood, with a few examples of which we may fitly conclude.

Some days after the arrival of the nuns, a woman rang the bell at the entrance to the Lazaretto and demanded to see the Superior. Sister Pagé went to the parlour; and the poor woman, untying the corner of her handkerchief, took from it twenty-five cents, which she handed to the nun. 'What is this for?' asked Mère Pagé. 'Do you want some medicine?' 'Oh no,' replied the woman; 'I give you that just in return for the pleasure of seeing you.'

Again, a poor woman having brought to the Sisters her little boy, aged ten years, who had cut his finger badly with a fish-bone, said to the child, who was afraid to allow his wound to be examined: 'Do not be afraid, dear; you know that the Sisters are next best to God!' Another little boy, who was a leper, had a rather startling habit of genuflecting every time he met a Sister.

Lastly, on another occasion one of the community was escorting an aged clergyman from Montreal to the entrance door, when an old man appeared at the grating. He paid not the slightest attention to the priest, but fell on his knees before the nun, saying: 'C'est la confiance qui m'amène à votre sainteté.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER II.—THE FRENCH LUGGER.

My pipe was out; the quarter-deck bulwarks hid the sea, and so I mounted the poop ladder to take a look round before turning in. Away to port, or *larboard*, as we then called it, was a full-rigged ship rolling up Channel under all plain sail, with such a smother of white yeast clouding her bows, and racing aft into the long line of her wake, which went glaring over the dark throbbing waters, that it made one think of the base of a waterspout writhing upwards to meet the descending tube of vapour. She was the first object that took my eye, and I

hurriedly crossed the deck to view her. Mr France, the chief-mate, stood at the rail watching her.

'A noble sight!' said I.

'Yes, sir, an English frigate. A fifty-one gun vessel, apparently. Upon my word, nothing statelier ever swam, or ever again will swim, than ships of that kind. Look at the line of her batteries—black and white like the keys of a pianoforte! What squareness of yard, sir! Her main-royal should be as big as our top-gallantsail.'

He sent a look aloft at the reeling fabric over our heads, with a thoughtful drag at a short growth of beard that curled upwards from his chin like the fore-thatch of a sou'-wester. The noble ship went floating out into the darkness astern, and her pale heights died upon the gloom like a burst of steam dissolving in the wind.

'What is that out yonder upon the starboard bow there, Mr France?' said I.

He peered awhile, and said: 'Some craft reaching like ourselves—standing as we head—a lumpish thing anyhow. What a blot she makes, seeing that she has no height of spar!'

'We are overhauling her,' said I.

'Ay,' he answered, keeping his eyes fixed upon her. 'Doesn't she seem a bit uncertain, though?' he muttered, as if thinking aloud.

I had wonderfully good sight in those days, and after straining my eyes awhile against the heap of scarce determinable shadow which the craft made, I exclaimed: 'She'll be a French lugger, or I'm greatly mistaken.'

'I believe you are right, sir,' answered the mate.

He drew a little away from me, as a hint, perhaps, that he desired to address his attention to the vessel on the bow, and suddenly putting his hand to his mouth, he hailed the forecastle in a sharp clear note. An answer was returned swift as the tone of a bell to the blow of its tongue.

'Show a light forward! Smartly now! That chap ahead seems asleep.'

There were no side-lights in those days. Some long years were to elapse before the Shipping Act enforced the use of a night signal more to the point than a short flourish of the binnacle lamp over the side. In a few moments a large globular lantern in the grip of a seaman, whose figure showed like a sketch in phosphorus to the illumination of the flame, was rested upon the forecastle rail, with the light beyond him looking the blacker for the rising and falling point of fire. The hint seemed to be taken by the fellow ahead, and the mate walked aft to the binnacle, into which he spied looking, afterwards going to the rail, at which he lingered, staring forwards.

I crossed over to leeward to watch the milky white race of waters along the side. The foam made a sort of twilight of its own in the air. Under the foot of the mainsail that was arched transversely across the deck the wind stormed with a note of hurricane out of the huge concavity of the cloths, and made the rushing snow giddy with the whipping of it, till the eye reeled again to the sight of the yeasty boiling. Never did any ship raise such a smother about her

as the *Countess Ida*. Our speed was scarce a full five miles, and yet, looking over to leeward, when the huge fabric came heeling down to her channels to the squid of a sea and to the weight of the wind in her canvas, you would have supposed her thundering through it a whole ten knots at least.

On a sudden there was a loud and fearful cry forward. 'Port your hellum! port your hellum!' I could hear a voice roaring out with a meaning as of life or death in the startling vehemence of the utterance.

'Starboard! starboard!' shouted Mr France, who was still standing aft: 'over with it, me, for God's sake, before we're into her.'

Next instant there was a dull shock throughout the ship; a thrill that ran through her planks into the very soles of one's feet, while there arose shrieks and shouts as from three-score throats under the bows, and a most lamentable and terrifying noise of wood-splintering, of canvas tearing, of liberated sails flogging the wind. I bounded to the weather rail and saw a large hull of some eighty tons wholly dismasted—a wild scene of wreck and ruin to the flash of the moon at that moment shining down out of a clear space of sky—gliding past into our wake. The dark object seemed filled with men, and the yells left me in no doubt that she was a Frenchman—a large three-masted lugger, as I had supposed her.

In an instant our ship was in an uproar. There is nothing in language to express the noise and excitement. To begin with, our helm having been put down, we had come round into the wind, and lay pitching heavily with sails slatting and thundering, yards creaking, rigging straining. The sailors rushed to and fro. All discipline for the moment seemed to have gone overboard. The captain had come tumbling up on deck, and was calling orders to the mate, who re-echoed them in loud bawlings to the quarter-deck and forecastle. Lanterns were got up and shown over the rail, and by the light of them you saw the figures of the seamen speeding from rope to rope and hauling upon the gear, their gruff harsh chorusing rising high above the terrified chatter of the passengers—many of whom had rushed up on deck barely clothed—high also above the storming and shrilling of the wind, the deep notes of angry waters warring at our bows, and the distracting shaking and beating of the sails.

But a few orders delivered by Mr France, whose tongue was as a trumpet in a moment like this, acted upon the ship as the sympathetic hand of a horseman upon a restive terrified thoroughbred.

'Haul up the mainsail—fore clew garnets—back maintopsail yard—tail on to the weather-braces and round in handsomely. Mr Cocker (this was addressed to the second mate, who had tumbled up with the rest of the watch below on feeling the thump the *Countess Ida* had given herself, and on hearing the uproar that followed), 'burn a flare—smartly, if you please! Also get blue-lights and rockets up.'

I ran aft to see if the vessel that we had wrecked was anywhere about. The moon was shining brilliantly down upon the sea at that time, and the swollen Channel waters were

lifting their black heights into creaming peaks in an atmosphere of delicate silver haze, that yet suffered the eye to penetrate to the dark confines of the horizon. The wake of the planet was a long throbbing line of angry broken splendour in the south; but the tail of it seemed to stream fair to the point of sea into which the lugger had veered, and I was confident that if she were afloat I should see her.

'Who is that to leeward there?' called the captain from the other side of the wheel in a tone of worry and irritation.

'Mr Dugdale,' I replied.

'Oh, beg pardon, I'm sure,' he exclaimed; 'do you see anything of the vessel that we've run down?'

'Nothing,' I responded.

'She must have foundered,' said he; 'yet though I listened, I've heard no cries after the wreck had once fairly settled away from us.'

Here the mate came, aft hastily, and, with a touch of his cap, reported that the well had been sounded, and that all was right with the ship.

'Very well, sir,' said the captain. 'I shall keep all fast with my boats. The calamity can't be helped. I'm not going to increase it by sacrificing my men's lives. The poor wretches will have had a boat of their own, I suppose. — Show blue-lights, will ye, Mr Prance, and send a rocket up from time to time.'

They were burning a flare over the quarter-deck rail at that moment—some turpentine arrangement, that threw out a long flickering flame and a great coil of smoke from the yawning mouth of the tin funnel that contained the mixture. There was a crowd of terrified passengers on the poop, some of them ladies, hugging themselves in dressing-gowns and shawls; and out of the heart of the little mob rose the file-like notes of Colonel Bannister.

'These collisions,' I heard him cry, 'never can take place if a proper lookout be kept. It is preposterous to argue. I'd compel the oldest seaman who contradicted me to eat his words. Why, have I been making the voyage to India four times'— But the rest of his observations were drowned in cries of astonishment and alarm from the ladies as a rocket, discharged close to them, went hissing and sheering up athwart the howling wind in a stream of fire, breaking on high into a blood-red ball, that floated swiftly landwards, like an electric meteor, ghastly against the moonshine, with a wide crimson atmosphere about it that tintured the very sea.

'What has happened? Everybody is so excited that one can't get at the real story.'

I turned quickly, and saw the tall figure of a lady at my side. She was habited in a cloak the hood of which was over her head, and darkened her face almost to the concealment of it, saving her eyes, which shone large, liquid, with a clear red spot in the depths, from the reflection of the flare at the quarter-deck bulwark.

I briefly explained, lifting my cap as I gave her her name—Miss Temple—for I had particularly remarked her as she came aboard at Gravesend, and asked who she was, though I had seen nothing more of her down to that

moment. I ended my account pointing to the quarter of the sea where the lugger had disappeared.

'Thanks for the story,' she exclaimed, with a sudden note of haughtiness in her voice, while she kept her eyes, of the rich blackness of the tropic night-sky, fixed firm and gleaming upon me, as though she had addressed me in error, and wanted to make sure of me. She moved as though she would walk off, paused, and said: 'Poor creatures! I hope they will be saved. — Is our ship injured, do you know?'

'I believe not,' said I, a little coldly. 'There may be a rope or two broken forward perhaps, but there is nothing but the French lugger to be sorry for.'

'My aunt, Mrs Radcliffe,' said she, 'has been rendered somewhat hysterical by the commotion on deck. She is too ill to leave her bed. I think I may reassure her?'

'Oh yes,' I exclaimed. 'But yonder, abreast of the wheel there, is the captain to confirm my words.'

She gave me a bow, or rather a curtsy of those days, and walked aft to address the captain, as I supposed. Instead, she descended the companion hatch, and I lost sight of her.

A disdainful lady, thought I, but a rare beauty too!—marvellous eyes, anyhow, to behold by such an illumination as this of rockets and blue-lights, and flying moonshine, and the yellow glimmer of flare-lins.

All this while the ship lay hove-to, her main-top-sail to the mast, the folds of her hanging mainsail sending a low thunder into the wind as it shook the cloths, the seas breaking in stormy noises from her bow; but now there fell a dead silence upon the people along her decks: nothing broke this hush upon the life of the ship saving the occasional harsh hissing rush of a rocket piercing the restless warring noises of the sea and the whistling of the wind in the rigging. The bulwark rail was lined with sailors, eagerly looking towards the tail of the misty wake of the moon, into which the black surges went shouldering and changing into troubled hills of dull silver. The captain and two of the mates stood aft, intently watching the water, often putting themselves into strained hearkening postures, their hands to their ears. Most of the lady passengers went below, but not to bed, for you could catch a sight of them through the skylight seated at the table talking swiftly, often directing anxious glances at the window-glass through which you could see them. There was one majestic old lady amongst them with gray hair that looked to be powdered, a hawk's-bill nose, and an immense bosom. The lamplight flashed in diamonds in her ears, and in rubies and in stones of value and beauty upon her fingers. She was Colonel Bannister's wife, and was apparently not wanting in her husband's fiery energy and capacity of taking peppery views of things, if I might judge by her vehement nods and the glances she shot around her from her gray eyes. It was a cabin picture I caught but a glimpse of—standing out upon the eye amidst the wild dark frame of the seething clamorous night. All at once there was a loud cry. I rushed back to the weather rail.

'There's a boat heading for us, sir—see her, sir? Away yonder, this side o' the tumble of the moon's reflection!'

'Ay, there she is! It'll be the lugger's boat. God, how she dives!'

Twenty shadowy arms pointed in the direction which had been indicated by the gruff grumbling cries of the sailors. The second mate, Mr Cocker, came hastily forward to the break of the poop.

'Stand by, some of you,' he shouted, 'to heave them the end of a line. Make ready with bow-lines to help them over the side.'

I could see the boat clearly now as she rose to the height of a sea, her black wet side sparkling out an instant to the moonlight ere she sank out of sight past the ivory white head of the surge sweeping under her. She seemed to be deep with men, but I could count only two ours. She was rushed down upon us by the impulse of the sea and wind, and I felt my heart to stand still as she drove bow on into us, whirling round alongside in a manner to make you look for the wreck of her in staves washing away under our counter. She was full of people, with women amongst them—poor creatures, in great white caps and long golden earrings, the men for the most part in huge fishermen's boots, and tasselled caps and jerseys that might have been of any colour in that light.

There was no magic in the commands even of British officers to British sailors to put the least element of calm into the business. It was not only that at one moment the boat alongside seemed to be hove up to the Indianman's covering-board and that at the next she was rushing down into a chasm that laid bare many feet of the big ship's yellow sheathing: there was the dreadful expectation of the whole of the human freight being upset and drowning alongside in a breath; there were the heart-rending shouts of the distracted people; there was the total inability of captain and mates to make themselves understood. How it was managed I will not pretend to explain. By some means the boat was dragged to the gangway, grinding and thumping herself horribly against the Indianman's rolling, stooping, massive side; then bowlines and ropes in plenty were dangled over or flung into her; and through the unshipped gangway, illuminated by half-a-dozen lanterns, and crowded by a hustling mob of sailors and passengers, one after another, the women and the men—most of the men coming first!—were dragged inboards, some of them falling flat upon the deck, some dropping on their knees and crossing themselves; a few of the women weeping passionately, one of them sobbing in dreadful paroxysms, the others mute as statues, as though terror and the presence of death had frozen the lifeblood in them and arrested the very beating of their hearts. Two of them fell into the sea; but they had lines about them, and were dragged up half dead. They were all of them dripping wet, the men's sea-boots full of water; whilst the soaked gowns of the women flooded the deck on which they stood, as though several buckets of brine had been capsized there.

Old Keeling's pity for them would not go to the length of introducing the wretched creatures into the cuddy, to spoil the ship's fine carpets and

stain and ruin the coverings of the couches. They were accordingly brought together in the recess under the break of the poop, where at all events they were sheltered. Hot spirits and water were given to them along with bread and meat, and this supper the unhappy creatures ate by the light of the dimly-burning lanterns held by the sailors.

There never was an odder wilder sight than the picture the poor half-drowned creatures made. Some of the women scarcely once intermitted their sobs and lamentations; the men talked hoarsely and eagerly with many passionate gestures, which suggested fierce denunciation. The mate coming down to the booby hatch, stood looking a minute at them, and then sent a glance round, and seeing me, asked if I spoke French.

'Yes,' said I, 'but not such French as those people are talking.'

'We have three passengers,' said he, 'who, I am told, are scholars in that language; but the steward informs me they're too sea-sick to come on deck.—Just ask these people in such French as you have, if their captain's amongst them.'

As he said this, a little old man seated on the hatch-coaming, with a red nightcap on, immense earrings, and a face of leather puckered into a thousand wrinkles like the grin of a monkey, looked up at Mr France, and nodding with frightful energy whilst he struck his bosom with his clenched fist, cried out: 'Yash, yash, me capitaine.'

'Ha!' said the mate, 'do you speak English, then?'

'Yash, yash,' he roared: 'me speakee Ang-leesh.'

Happily he knew enough to save me the labour of interpreting; and labour it would have been with a vengeance, since, though it was perfectly certain none amongst them, saving the little monkey-faced man, comprehended a syllable of the mate's questions, every time the small withered chap answered—which he did with extraordinary convulsions and a vast variety of frantic gesticulations—all the rest of them broke into speech, the women joining in, and there was such a hubbub of tongues that not an inch of idea could I have got out of the distracting row. However, in course of time the leathery manikin who called himself captain made Mr France understand that the lugger belonged to Boulogne; that she had the survivors of another lugger on board, making some thirty-four souls in all, men and women, at the time of the collision, of which seventeen or eighteen were drowned. After he had given Mr France these figures, he turned to the others and said something in a shrill, fierce, rapid voice, whereat the women fell to shrieking and weeping, whilst many of the men tore their hair, some going the length of knocking their heads against the cuddy front. It was a sight to sicken the heart, the more, I think, for the unutterable element of grotesque farce imported into that dismal tragedy by their countenances, postures, and behaviour; and having heard and seen enough, I slipped away on to the poop.

But long before this, our rockets, blue-lights, and flares had been seen; and a moment or two after I had gained the poop I spied the figure of

Captain Keeling with a few male passengers at his side standing at the rail watching a powerful cutter thrashing through it to us close-hauled, with the water boiling to her leaps, and her big mainsail to midway high dark with the saturation of the flying brine. In less than twenty minutes she was rising and falling buoyant as a seabird abreast of us, with a shadowy figure at her lee-rail bawling with lungs of brass to know what was wrong.

'I have run down a French lugger,' shouted Captain Keeling, 'and have half her people on board, and must put them ashore at once, for I wish to proceed.'

'Right y' are,' came from the cutter; but with a note of irritation and disappointment in the cry, as I could not but fancy.

Then followed some wonderful manoeuvring. There was only one way of trans-shipping the miserable French people, and that was by a yardarm whip and a big basket. Hands sprang aloft to prepare the necessary tackle; France meanwhile, from the head of the poop ladder, thundered the intentions of the Indianman through a speaking-trumpet to the cutter. I could see old Keeling stamp from time to time with impatience as he broke away from the questions of the passengers, one of whom was Colonel Bannister, into a sharp walk full of grief and irritability. Meanwhile they had shifted their helm aboard the cutter and got way upon the fine little craft. She came tearing and hissing through the billows as though her coppered forefoot were of red-hot metal, and when abreast of our lee quarter, put her helm down, and swept with marvellous grace and precision to alongside of us, clear of our shearing spars, and there she lay.

It was hard upon midnight when the last basket-load had been lowered on to her deck. There was no hitch; all went well; a line attached to the basket enabled the cutter's people to haul it fair to their decks; but the terror of the unfortunate Frenchmen was painful to see. The women got into the basket bravely; but many of the men blankly refused to enter, and had to be stowed in it by force, our Jacks holding on till the order to sway-away was given, when up would go poor Crapeau shrieking vengeance upon us all, and calling upon the Virgin and saints for help. In its way it was like a little engagement with an enemy. Some of the Frenchmen drew knives, and had to be knocked down.

Then, when the last of them was swayed over the side and lowered—'Are you all right?' shouted Captain Keeling to the cutter.

'All right,' responded a deep voice, hoarse with rum and weather. 'I suppose your owners'll make the job worth something to us?'

'Ay, ay,' answered the captain.—'Round with your topsail yard, Mr France.—Lively now! this business has cost us half a night as it is.'

In a few minutes the great yards on the main, were swung slowly to the drag of the braces with loud heave-yees from the sailors as the ship, feeling the weight of the wind in the vast dim hollow of her topsail, leaned with a new impulse of life in her frame and drove half an acre of foam ahead of her. We had resumed our voyage; and with a sense of supreme weariness in me following the excitement of the hour, and chilled to

the marrow by my long spell on deck and incessant loiterings in the keen night-wind, I entered the saloon, called for a tumbler of grog, and made my way to my berth.

HOW OUR DRUGS ARE IMPORTED.

It would be impossible in a short paper on this subject to give even a brief description of the manner in which the bulk of our drugs are imported, so we must content ourselves with a few notes on some of the more commonly used of these commodities.

Barbadoes aloes is usually imported in gourds or calabashes, into which receptacles the juice is poured when in a semi-fluid condition. Each gourd when filled weighs from ten to thirty pounds, according to size. Socotrine aloes comes to us from Zanzibar, sometimes in skins and casks; but now more generally in kegs, containing from seventy-five to one hundred pounds; or chests, holding from fifty to seventy-five pounds. When a vessel puts into the island of Socotra and aloes is asked for, as the drug is not kept ready for sale, the leaves of the plant are forthwith cut and the juice allowed to drain into goatskin sacks. These are taken on board and fastened to the mast, or elsewhere, in such a position that they are constantly exposed to the sun. By this means the process of drying is facilitated.

The bulk of medicinal barks are imported in bales and serons. We need, however, only make mention of the cinchonas. The South American barks are first of all cut up into lengths and made into bundles of nearly equal weights. These are then sewn up in specially prepared canvas of a coarse texture, and conveyed to the depots on the backs of donkeys. There they are further enveloped in coverings of fresh hides; and by the drying of these, hard compact packages, called serons, are formed, varying in weight from one hundred and fifty-six to one hundred and seventy-six pounds. The East Indian or 'Druggists' quill bark is now largely imported in cases or chests, each containing about one hundredweight and three-quarters.

The various flowers, such as arnica, chamomile, Palmaria, and lavender come from abroad packed in pressed bales, varying in weight up to three hundredweight. Most of the gums are imported in cases; gum-thus, however, comes in barrels, and gum-arabic, sorts, in bales. Gum-benzoin mostly comes by way of Singapore or Bombay, though it is collected in Sumatra. The Sumatra benzoin is packed in chests containing about one and a half to two hundredweight each, and occurs in squarish blocks, on which the impressions of a mat are visible, and which are covered with a thin white cloth made of cotton. The Siam variety has not this covering. Gum-myrrh is procured in Arabia and the north-east coast of Africa. Thence it is shipped to Bombay, and there reshipped in cases or chests, each containing about two hundred and fifty pounds. It used to be imported by way of Turkey, and thus gave rise to its common title, 'Turkey' myrrh. Camphor reaches our markets in barrels containing about two hundred pounds, or in boxes of one hundredweight each.

Manna comes principally from Palermo and Messina in deal boxes. Each box is divided into

compartments, and, not infrequently, these are lined with tinfoil. Nutmegs are dried by a special process, and then packed in tight casks, which on account of the liability of the nutmeg to the ravages of insects are smoked and painted over internally with a coating of fresh linewash. They are imported from Banda Island and the Malay Archipelago.

There are several varieties of opium, the official ones being the 'Smyrna' and the 'Constantinople.' Although the former variety is imported from Smyrna, it is collected in Asia Minor, and comes to us thence *via* Turkey (hence called 'Turkey' opium) or the Levant. It is packed in cases, each containing one hundred and forty pounds. It occurs in irregularly rounded flattened masses, varying in size, and seldom exceeding two pounds in weight. Each cake is enveloped in poppy leaves, and studded with reddish-brown chaffy fruit of certain species of rumex or dock. Constantinople opium occurs in smaller masses, and the midrib of the poppy leaf which envelops the cake is placed over the centre of the mass.

Aconite, buchu, and senna leaves are imported in bales; those of Timbivelli senna weigh from two and a quarter to three and a half hundred-weight; of Alexandrian, about two hundred and fifty pounds.

Oils, such as caraway, anise, bergamot, lemon, and capcut are imported in tins, coppers, lead tins, or bottles. Oil of roses comes in vases holding from fifteen to fifty ounces; Malaga olive oil in barrels of from forty to sixty gallons, or in stone casks of five-gallon capacity.

Tamarinds are shipped in kegs or barrels holding from a half to three and a half hundred-weight. Vanilla beans are packed in tins. Each tin contains twenty-four bundles, each bundle weighing eight ounces.

Quick-silver comes in iron flasks, some weighing twenty-five, others seventy-seven pounds; while calomel is imported in one-pound bottles, of which fifty are packed in each chest.

Of the roots, aconite, alkanet, gentian, liquorice, orris, and others are imported in bales, ippecacuanha in serons; calumba, East Indian and African gingers in bags; Cochin and Jamaica gingers in barrels. The jalap plant, from which the tubercles are obtained, grows in Mexican woods at an elevation of six thousand feet. It obtains its name from Xalapa, or Jalapa, a city of Mexico. The tubercles, commonly called roots, are imported in bags or bales, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds. The roots of Jamaica sarsaparilla being lengthy, are folded up and packed into bundles from one foot to a foot and a half long, and four or more inches broad. These untrimmed bundles are then tightly packed into bales to the weight of about a hundredweight and a half.

Several varieties of rhubarb root are brought into English markets, the cases varying in weight from one hundred and sixty to three hundred pounds. The best known is the so-called 'Turkey' rhubarb. This is imported from Russia, but collected in China. The root is dug up, washed, bored, threaded on string, and hung up in the sun to dry. It is then taken in horse-hair sacks to the dealers, whence it is conveyed in chests to the Russian depots, each chest being coated on the outside with pitch, and enveloped in hempen cloth

and a hide; and on each is fastened a paper label, having the year of collection and contained weight of root printed on it. The Russian Government has a ten-yearly contract with the Bucharians, engaging to purchase (by barter) all that they can produce.

Of the perfumes, civet is brought over in cows' horns. The opening is covered over with skin, on which are marked the number and weight. Each horn is wrapped up in a coarse cloth, and contains from one to three pounds.

Shanghai exports the bulk of Tonquin musk. It reaches our buyers in boxes which are known as 'caddies.' This term is derived from the Chinese weight catty, which is equivalent to about one pound and a third. The boxes are made of brown cardboard, and usually measure nine by five by six inches. Externally, they are covered with the usual silky paper of Chinese manufacture, and, as might be expected, the designs upon them are gaudy in colour and very quaint. The colours most in use are red, blue, and green. Each box contains a soft leaden receptacle; in this are placed the musk pods, severally wrapped in rice-paper. About twenty-five to thirty, of these pods are packed in each caddy, the weight being from twenty to thirty ounces net. Some idea of the immense value of this importation may be gained from the fact that from Shanghai alone, in 1887, two thousand three hundred and forty-four caddies of musk were exported, the market value of which would be nearly one hundred and sixty thousand pounds.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK HOLMES made his way to Cadogan Place. With this charming girl, who blushed red with pleased surprise on seeing her old playfellow in London, Frank Holmes quickly resumed in the most natural and unconscious way his former familiar relations. Not that in resuming the friendship of childhood they thought of love or marriage; but all the world knows how such relations end. On the part of one of them at least the result was coming as surely as flowers in June.

Meanwhile, it was not long until the patent affection of Frank Holmes for his absent friend grew to be a subject of curious interest to Mary Clayton. Holmes talked about him on every suggestion, described his appearance, and read his letters to her, until she knew as much about Faune as Frank Holmes himself did. Frank was too honest himself to pause and think whether he was acting wisely. Miss Clayton could not help being deeply interested in this young man from hearing so much about him—and, as already hinted, Faune was a charming letter-writer, a gift which goes further with women than might be supposed. If Frank Holmes had been wiser or less generous, he would have felt the danger of creating so much interest in this girl for a man who might some day come back—especially when, as was inevitable, Holmes himself was already in love with her.

After that affair of the draft for five hundred pounds, all went well for some time. At length, one morning when Frank Holmes was looking for a letter by the Indian mail, instead of a letter came Claude Faune to him in person.

The first surprise of his friend's unexpected appearance over, Holmes advanced with open arms.

The glow faded quickly from the other's face, and his hands dropped by his side. 'Frank,' he said slowly, 'I ought not to be here. I ought to be at the bottom of the sea—where I should be now, only for a longing, which I could not resist, to look in your face once more.—And now, Frank,' he added, bowing his head, 'I am ashamed to look at you!'

The story was soon told. Mr Claude Faune had got into troubles in India—had, to put it with a plainness which Frank Holmes generously refrained from adopting, fallen into disgrace. He had been compelled to leave India and resign his commission. The manner in which he made the confession presented many suggestions of excuse, and these Holmes was willing to make the most of. He thought himself in a manner responsible for this weak being, who had gained such a hold upon him.

The worst of the matter was—and it was the last of it confessed—that Faune, before he was permitted to leave India, had to draw upon his friend again. This time it was for three thousand pounds!

It was a staggering blow to Holmes, and it was wonderful that he bore it. He did bear it, however, and even recovered from it. If Faune had been less prostrated and apparently hopeless with the sense of his disgrace, the affection of his friend might not have withstood so severe a test. But he could not look upon Faune's condition without raising him up. For a few days he suffered keenly, and then shook it off. His stronger character softened towards his friend's weakness. He defended him bravely to Mr Clayton when he had to see that gentleman about procuring the three thousand pounds—defended him so warmly that the banker's interest was strongly moved as to the manner of man this Faune must be to inspire such feeling in Frank Holmes.

And so the matter ended, and was soon forgotten. But that which might have been expected soon came to pass. Faune was introduced by his friend to Mr Clayton's house; and having all his time on his hands, he availed himself of the privilege with a zest that gave pleasure to Frank Holmes. And the pleasure grew to a feeling of friendly triumph when the engaging ways of Claude Faune thawed even the banker's prejudice against him.

That Faune employed all his arts to win his way in the house in Cadogan Place was undoubted, and the generous and confiding friend to whom he owed everything was delighted with his success. Coincident with his introduction of Faune to Mary Clayton, Holmes realised for the first time the strength of his own love for the girl. Faune was quick to discover it, and the way in which he spoke about it was characteristic.

'What a charming girl Miss Clayton is, Frank!'

he exclaimed one night after they had both dined there. They were smoking in the Adelphi lodgings of Frank Holmes; Faune had rooms in the more aristocratic quarter of Mount Street.

The words seemed ingenuously spoken, and Holmes was pleased.

'Are you in love with her already, Claude?' he asked, laughing.

'No,' he answered; and then added, with a certain shy hesitation that was interesting, 'but—may I say so, Frank?—I know who is!'

Frank Holmes blushed to the temples and laughed again. 'I am not sure,' he said, 'how it is with me exactly. You see, Miss Clayton'—and here we may remark, as worthy of note, that without specially meaning it, Frank Holmes never spoke of her to Faune as 'Mary'—'you see, Miss Clayton and I have known each other since we were little children; and the recollections of those old days are the most frequent and interesting subjects of chat that we have even still. It is hard to know where one feeling ends and another begins—or, in fact, whether there is another at all.'

'Oh, I don't know,' exclaimed Faune doubtfully. 'Of course, you might not notice it so soon in such a case—yourself; but that would not prevent others from seeing how it was.'

Holmes did not care to discuss the subject further; he certainly would not encourage Faune to give his opinion as to the young lady's sentiments, interesting as it would have been to know. But Holmes had not yet had the serene course of his love disturbed by the possibility of rivalry. Once or twice, indeed, he had reasoned with himself that it was natural he should love her, but not necessarily that she should cherish any such sentiment towards him; there was all the difference in the world between the two things. So he was content as matters were, and would so continue until he saw her love going to some other man.

The subject dropped, and left only two thoughts with Frank Holmes after Faune's departure. The first was, that perhaps it was as well that Faune knew so much—Mary was so lovable a girl, and he was now aware that he must take care of himself. The second thought was that it would be good for Faune if he did fall in love with some girl like Mary Clayton, and win her for his wife.

A bare six weeks after the prodigal's return, Frank Holmes made a discovery which petrified him: Faune was laying siege with all his powers to Miss Clayton. At first, he distrusted his senses. It was incredible that Faune could be so false to him. But it was true.

The shock was a terrible one to Holmes. He believed in his soul that no woman, or man for that matter, could resist Faune's charms of person and manner, and when quickened to closer observation by the discovery of Faune's purpose, there was no reason to doubt that Mary Clayton and her father were won—as he had been. But he had not believed in the possibility of such perfidy.

Holmes, a proud and bitterly wounded man, withdrew in silence. In the solitude of his lodgings he groaned and threw up his hands. The trial had more than the agony of death in it, for it was not an ordinary tragedy. He rushed

into work with an energy that astonished his friends. It was marvellous the quantity he got through. He was making a name for himself without knowing or caring. The work gave him occupation and an excuse for keeping away. For he was not the man, now that he had retired, to be drawn back again so much as an inch by any delusive hope. He kept out of their way, especially out of the way of Faune; and Faune made this easy to do. Frank's withdrawal seemed to have been understood and accepted even by Mr Clayton and his daughter.

Only once, some weeks after his last call at Cadogan Place, Frank Holmes accidentally saw Mary Clayton in her carriage in the street. She smiled to him, pink with embarrassment or surprise, and he raised his hat and passed on. There had never been aught between her and him to give him the right to an explanation; and as the maiden was free, he went his way and left her to her own.

And so matters went on till that Saturday after the concert.

Had he known the business on which Mr Clayton wanted him, he assuredly would have spared himself the pain of again entering that house.

While the footman took in his card, Holmes heard Mary's sweet familiar voice in the drawing-room, singing; she stopped suddenly after the servant took up his card. Then Mr Clayton came down, shook hands with him, and said: 'Come into my study first. We can join them afterwards.'

Frank saw at once how the matter stood. Faune had good birth and aristocratic connections, and for these Mr Clayton probably thought it was worth while giving some of his money. But he kept his thoughts to himself, and followed the banker. Mr Clayton, as soon as the door was closed, opened the business kindly and promptly. 'Frank, I don't affect not to know why you have dropped us. I have been sorry for it; but perhaps you were right. If things had turned out otherwise as I once fancied they would—perhaps I would have been better pleased; no matter about that now.'

'No matter at all, Mr Clayton, only it is good of you to say as much. Of course it is no matter at all now. But I presume—I am to understand that you have decided to accept Claude Faune in a new relation?'

'I have so decided, Frank; I have given him my sanction to address Mary. I suppose there will be no difficulty there. Only,' he added wistfully, 'it would be very gracious of you, Frank—for sake of auld lang syne—to say a kind word to her. I fear Mary thinks that—I don't understand these things—that she has not repaid you for your friendship.'

'The indebtedness was all on my side, Mr Clayton. Of course Mary shall have some little token of my good wishes on the occasion of her marriage.'

'Thank you, Frank. I suppose that will do. I will tell her of it.'

Holmes, who had not changed a feature or varied the steady tone of his voice, now waited for Mr Clayton to proceed, which that gentleman had evidently a slight difficulty in doing.

'Faune is very uncomfortable concerning you,

Frank,' he said; 'but there is one matter at least which can be put right. He is most anxious to pay back the money you have so generously given him—before he marries my daughter—and of course I will enable him to do so.'

'I would rather he waited till after his marriage, which would be quite time enough. But he can do as he pleases.'

'Very well.—And now, Frank, that I have got you here,' said Mr Clayton, rising and placing his hand on the young man's shoulder, 'will you come in and see them both? You do not know how they, and I, will appreciate it.'

Frank Holmes rose too; but he declined this invitation in a manner which made Mr Clayton regret having given it.

'Will you not even see Mary?'

'There is no occasion. Give her my best wishes, Mr Clayton.—I must go now, as I have work waiting.'

Of course the prime object which Mr Clayton had had in view was that indicated in his concluding invitation. He was sorry he had failed; because, in truth, he was secretly not quite at ease in regard to the replacement of Frank Holmes by Claude Faune. Faune was very winning; but there was an immense difference between the two young men; and Mr Clayton now clearly saw—what before he had only feared—that poor Holmes was mortally wounded.

It took Holmes half an hour to reach the adjoining thoroughfare of Knightsbridge. The interview had given him enough to think of—more than enough—and, rooted to the flags of the neighbouring square, he had slowly and silently drained the last of the bitter draught, with his eyes on the stars above Hyde Park. The chiming of the quarter after nine on a public clock awoke him with a start, and he passed on slowly to Albert Gate. Here he halted a moment, as though deliberating on his next movement, when a young man crossed the road behind him, hesitated, and stopped within four yards of him. Holmes glanced at him, and recoiled.

'If you have followed me, Faune, you have done an unworthy act. If this is merely accident, I wish it had not happened.'

'I can quite understand your sentiments; but it is quite an accident. I have not followed you. I am glad at the same time to have met you—if you will let me explain.'

'I desire no explanations from you.—Go your way; it is not for your own worthless sake I keep my hands off you,' said Holmes, with deep passion.

Faune coolly regarded him for an instant, and then burst into a laugh. It was a revelation which stung Holmes to the verge of madness. He made a quick movement forward, and then as quickly drew back again, locking his hands behind him.

'Go out of my path! That I should have wasted my friendship on so perfidious a scoundrel will be a humiliation to me while I live. Go out of my path, man! and for the rest of your worthless life keep out of it!'

Faune only shrugged his shoulders. Then he lightly stepped away, and passed through the gate on the way to his lodgings in Mount Street across the Park.

'Strong words them, Mr Holmes,' said a man

who now stepped out of the shadow close-by. Holmes started, and looked hard at the intruder, whom he immediately recognised.

'Is that you, Burton?—Yes, as you say, strong words,' he observed, rolling a cigarette in his fingers. 'A deeper-dyed scoundrel doesn't live.—But no matter about him.'

'I know him well, Mr Holmes; he often comes this way.'

'Ay, so he does.—How is your child, Burton?'

'Much better, sir; many thanks.'

'Perhaps I'll call to see her some time to-morrow. I've been very busy lately. Good-night.'

The young man disappeared rapidly up the street in the direction of Hyde Park Corner, leaving the detective officer—for such he was—to his thoughts, which, it may be noted, revolved round the general conviction that 'there was a woman in it.'

But neither the detective officer nor any other person concerned in the foregoing narrative ever forgot that quiet summer night of the 10th of June.

The Sunday newspapers came out next morning with their regular supply of popular news and sensation; but they were too early to catch the mysterious influence which moved the crowds in the fresh and sunny Park during the day. What was the explanation of the small groups of men everywhere visible eagerly discussing, forgetting even their pipes in the absorption of the topic? Women stood outside those knots of men, listening in silence, and children left their play. From the Serpentine and the favourite gardens adjacent, from the western glades and distant Kensington, came the general movement eastward; meeting on the way with quickening interest excited parties returning, and impenetrable policemen looking straight before them over people's heads. The fountain, which stands in a circular hollow within the Park opposite the top of Mount Street, was the objective point of the mysterious movement. Numbers stood round the railings, staring down. There was nothing unusual to be seen; but there was a wild report, uncontradicted so far as was known, all over west London of an awful tragedy in the hollow by the fountain, only discovered by the police at day-break that morning.

A MEMORABLE GAME OF CHESS.

FIFTY years ago, in Mehemet Ali's time, Suleiman Pasha—a naturalised Frenchman—was commander-in-chief of the Egyptian artillery, and universally acknowledged to be the best chess-player in Cairo. As a soldier he stood in high favour with the court as well as with the people; for in the war waged by the Sultan of Turkey against Mehemet Ali in 1839, the Egyptians owed their victory in the notable battle of Nisib to the prompt decision and strategy of Suleiman Pasha. The Egyptian army had already taken to flight, carrying its commander, the heroic Ibrahim Pasha, away with it, when suddenly, as if by magic, the battle took a favourable turn, changing the fleeing masses into pursuers, who succeeded in completely vanquishing the Turkish troops. This blow proved fatal to Mahmoud, the unhappy Sultan, whose supreme power hitherto had been unquestioned. He took the loss of his

brave army so much to heart, that he died of grief barely a week afterwards.

When peace had succeeded war, Suleiman Pasha returned to the city of the califs to enjoy there his favourite pastime of chess. Punctually every afternoon he made his appearance in a café situated on the banks of the Nile, where, on the terrace, under the shade of mighty palm-trees, a seat was specially reserved for him, and there he fought a daily battle with the venerable Ulema, Reshid Aga. The field upon which the battle was fought was the sixty-four black and white squares of the chessboard, where ivory armies strove with each other, each trying hard to decoy his opponent into some hidden trap. They only ceased fighting when the evening twilight descended, and when the cry of the muezzin from the minaret of the mosque called the faithful to prayers, to resume it again the next day, and to continue for weeks and months until one of the combatants was defeated. But it was never the Pasha who was beaten, though Reshid Aga was not only highly considered on account of his great learning, but also far famed for his masterly playing of chess.

The two masters were generally surrounded by all the best players of Cairo, who followed their moves with eager and attentive looks. One afternoon, while Suleiman Pasha was waiting for Reshid Aga, a stranger stepped up to him and addressed him as follows: 'Pasha, may I propose a game of chess to thee?'

The persons who as usual had gathered round the latter were so much startled by this unexpected proposal, that their chibouks nearly dropped from their grasp, while a gray-bearded Cadi was almost choked in the act of gulping down his Mocha. For who could be so daring as to venture to challenge the conqueror of Reshid Aga?

Suleiman Pasha, however, only casting a searching look upon the stranger, quietly replied: 'I am at thy service.—What is the stake thou art accustomed to play for?'

'For nothing the first time; for a great stake the next. But it is for thee, Pasha, to name the stake now.'

'A hundred ducats won't be too much then?' Suleiman Pasha replied, again looking inquiringly at the stranger, whose face remained quite unmoved while he calmly took his place.

The board was brought and lots were cast for colours: the Pasha drew Black, the stranger White.

A great crowd of enthusiastic spectators soon collected round the players. After the very first moves it was clear to all that they had a master-player before them. The ivory figures seemed to grow into life in the hands of the stranger; it was as if real soldiers moved on the black and white squares, blindly obeying the commands of their leaders. Suleiman Pasha also soon became aware of the crushing power of his adversary; he felt as if the grip of an iron fist held him in bonds. In vain he tried to shake off his opponent; vain was his sacrifice of Knight and Castle; the stranger's power did not seem to weaken a bit. The Pasha sat in deep earnest thought; opposite to him the stranger, calm, but with a proud look, like the marble statue of a commander-in-chief. A gleam

of joy spread suddenly over the Pasha's features; he saw the chance of a capital move, and, quite excited, he placed his Queen right in front of his opponent's Queen. A murmur of discontent arose amongst the spectators; the game seems lost for the Pasha; he must have overlooked that his Queen is left unprotected. The face of Reshid Aga, who also looked on, beamed with pleasure; at a glance he had thoroughly mastered the combination of his friend. The stranger took a much longer time to consider than usual before he slowly lifted his lean hand.

'No doubt he will take the Queen,' the spectators whispered to each other.

'Then he will be mate in eight moves,' Reshid Aga said, gleefully rubbing his hands.

'And if he does not take her?'

'Then he will lose his own.'

For a moment the stranger appeared undecided; but suddenly like lightning his hand descended on the board. Quietly and calmly he moved one of his pawns a square ahead.

All looked surprised at each other, muttering: 'To lose the Queen is losing the game!' while Suleiman Pasha, smiling triumphantly, removed the hostile Queen from the board.

The onlookers, who mostly sided with the Pasha, breathed as if they had been relieved from a heavy load. In their opinion the game was decided, for White could not hold out without the Queen. Several of them were already on the point of withdrawing, when they were suddenly startled by the clear ringing voice of the stranger, who called out: 'Mate in twelve moves.'

Suleiman Pasha's looks grew dark—the smile died on his lips. A change had as suddenly overcast the features of Reshid Aga; almost beside himself, he jumped on a seat to follow the game from a more elevated point, while the spectators, barely daring to draw breath, counted the moves as they followed each other.

With masterly skill White now led his force into the field, encircling the hostile King in a powerful grasp and keeping him within an iron ring. At the tenth move the Pasha tried to break through the blockade by sacrificing his Queen, but in vain. White declined to accept the sacrifice, and moved his Knight with 'Check to the King.' Eleventh move! The spectators, whose excitement had nearly reached fever-heat, now saw that their Pasha, never before vanquished, would be checkmated the next move. Suleiman's King was compelled to withdraw into a corner, and with the twelfth move, as he had predicted, the stranger pronounced 'Check-mate!'

A murmur of admiration was heard from the spectators, while the Pasha sat there with bent head, as if trying to search in his memory, when suddenly, as if a thought had flashed upon him, he turned upon the stranger. 'Once already in my life,' he said, 'I have seen chess played in the manner in which thou hast played to-day. Thy masterly moves are not unknown to me, but I was unable to resist them. The game, however, which was then played before my eyes was a great deal more beautiful even than to-day's. Guns of the heaviest calibre represented the Castles, fleet cavalry were the Knights, and in place of the Pawns well-armed infantry

formed the vanguard. And when the guns on the one side thundered their "Check" to the other, the ground beneath our feet seemed to shake, as if burning lava was thrown from a volcano. At that time we stood opposed to an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, a terrible number, which, led by the genius of a single man, threatened to crush us completely. And this man whose genius made our brave soldiers take to flight, and whom it was impossible to withstand, was a son of the cold North. It was only to the recklessness of Hafiz Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, who envied the youthful genius his brilliant success, and who, though fully warned, wildly pursued the Egyptians, that we owed the victory of Nisib, which otherwise we never should have gained.'

The Pasha stopped, and casting a long and penetrating look on his adversary, suddenly cried out enthusiastically: 'Stranger, thy incomparable play of to-day recalls to my memory afresh the game of chess at Nisib and its skilful player. Only one man can play like that, and that man is—Colonel Moltke!'

'Thou hast hit it, Pasha,' the stranger calmly replied. 'My name is Moltke.'

This indeed was Count von Moltke—alive still, and with the reputation of the greatest soldier in Europe. While a young man he went to the East, and was in the service of Sultan Mahmoud from 1835 to 1839. He was present at the battle of Nisib, when, as above said, the Turkish commander-in-chief, jealous of the great abilities of the young soldier, refused to follow Moltke's advice, and so lost the battle.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN-HATER.

COLONEL FREDERICK CHALMERS was not a marrying man. Society in Little Belmister had long ago given up all hopes of him; and his sisters, Miss Sophia and Miss Janet, sighed deeply whenever the subject was broached by their elderly maiden friends, and shaking their gray corkscrews sadly, replied that 'it was a pity, certainly, but poor dear Frederick had such very peculiar ideas.'—'Indian climate, you know,' they would add mysteriously, looking knowingly at each other as they spoke. And their elderly friends would try to look knowing too, although not one of them quite understood how the climate of India had anything to do with the Colonel's views on matrimony. The society of the severe-looking spinsters with whom his sisters associated did not tend to remove the Colonel's aversion to marriage or his dislike to the weaker sex generally. If he detested all women, his sisters excepted, he treble detested his sister's friends. 'A parcel of gossiping old women,' he said contemptuously.

Report had it that one Miss Barbara Pratt, a maiden of fifty-eight, had once, kindly ignoring her eight years' seniority, contemplated taking the recreant Colonel in hand and finally marrying him. But the Colonel saw through her little scheme, and fled precipitately to Boulogne, where he remained in hiding until he heard that the fair Barbara was safely married to the senior curate, an anxious careworn widower with three children, and a stipend of two hundred a year and expectations. Colonel Chalmers had never cared for the senior curate before; but when he

heard of his marriage with Miss Pratt, he positively loved him, although he expressed contempt for a man who allowed himself to be caught a second time—and by such a woman,' he added mentally.

But alas for the unfortunate Colonel's peace of mind! When he returned from his Boulogne trip, expecting to find life going on as peacefully as before, his sisters greeted him with the information that the house next door had been taken by a widow with a large family of children, most of them quite young. 'And really,' added Miss Janet plaintively, 'fond as I am of children, I cannot stand the annoyance of having them continually in our garden—it does spoil the beds so!'

The Colonel, who was eating his supper, looked up angrily, for he hated children, although, having no nephews and nieces, he knew very little about them. 'Have they been walking over my flower-beds?'

'No, no, dear Frederick,' broke in Miss Sophia. 'Janet doesn't mean that.—Do you, Janet?'

The corkscrews at the other side of the table nodded an emphatic negative, and Miss Sophia continued: 'We were only thinking of those dreadful children of Mrs Hildersley's who were here five years ago. And I am sure,' she added consolingly, 'these look re-markably nice children, re-markably nice.'

'Humph!' ejaculated her brother; 'I hope so, I'm sure.' And with that he extended his hand to each of the ladies in turn as they prepared to retire. He never by any chance kissed them; even when a boy, he was not demonstrative; and when Miss Janet sometimes sighed over this 'peculiarity of dear Frederick's,' and contrasted him with other people's brothers, Miss Sophia rebuked her sharply. 'Would you have Frederick slobber over us in public as that odious Mr Green does over his sisters?' she would demand sternly, squashing Miss Janet's murmured 'Only in private, you know,' with the unanswerable argument: 'Men can't see when to do a thing, and when not to do it; and Frederick, my dear, is no better than the rest.'

As far as the Colonel could judge during the first two or three weeks after his arrival home, the conduct of the children next door certainly bore out Miss Sophia's statement that they were 're-markably nice children.' They never disturbed him as he sat in the garden by uttering those unearthly shrieks and yells which he imagined were the chief amusements of youth; nor did they chase his sisters' cat, nor roll their balls along his trimly-kept gravel paths. Indeed, he was fain at length to acknowledge that 'for children' they were not bad; and he speedily forgot their existence.

The fact of the matter really was that the children were busy at their lessons during the greater part of the day, and their governess, an orphan who lived almost all the year with them, did not permit any shirking of duty, so that the combined effect of strict lessons and a wholesome awe of their crotchety neighbour served to keep the children from disgracing themselves in his eyes.

We do not think Colonel Chalmers would have feltattered if he had known the feelings of fear and awe with which the children regarded him.

'The Ogre' they called him among themselves; and although their mother and Miss Grant always rebuked them if they heard them speaking of him as such, yet even they looked upon him as a most peculiar and decidedly disagreeable neighbour, and kept the children as much as possible out of his way.

But lessons do not last for ever; and about a month after Colonel Chalmers' return, Mrs Tracy told Miss Grant that it would be as well to begin the Christmas holidays. The children were wild with glee at being let off their studies, and began elaborate preparations for Christmas, which occupied them so well that they were quieter than ever.

Mrs Tracy was relieved. She had feared that, freed from restraint, the children would begin to annoy their neighbours, but so far they were as good as gold. It was therefore with a mind quite at ease that she set off the day after New-year's day to pay a long-promised visit to her sister, leaving Miss Grant in sole charge. Her last injunction to the children was to be very good; and certainly they looked very demure as they bade her farewell at the garden gate. Miss Grant, having something to do in the town, went with her, and they were left to their own devices.

It was a cold day, but not snowy, and Colonel Chalmers was taking a constitutional up and down the gravel path, reflecting as he did so on the corrupted state of the army at that time, always a pet grievance of his, and now doubly so since his young cousin, Geoffrey Markham, was always sending him accounts of how 'things were done now,' which made him boil with rage. The children could just see the top of his hat as he marched slowly up and down by the dividing-wall; but after a whispered remark that 'the Ogre was cooling his Indian temper again,' they took no notice of what was becoming a daily occurrence, and devoted all their attention to a new game of ball, which Jack, the eldest boy, who was home from school, had taught them. It was not a noisy game, and although occasional ripples and bursts of laughter were wafted over the wall, the Colonel found them rather soothing than otherwise, so that so far everything seemed to go all right. But, alas! this state of things couldn't last long, and an extra hard hit from Jack's racket sent their only ball flying right into the centre of the Ogre's lawn. The children looked at each other in consternation. Here was a pleasant state of things and no mistake! At last Molly said in a low tone: 'The Ogre has gone indoors; I can't see his head any more. We might get it if we climbed over.'

Jack looked at her, and the others stood round in anxious suspense to hear what he would say; for thirteen-year-old Jack was considered an oracle by his six brothers and sisters. 'There was silence for a minute, and then the oraclesaid mournfully: 'We can't all go, you know; the Ogre might catch some of us. Besides, what's the good? No; I threw it over, so I suppose I must fetch it.' Then turning to Molly, he bade her bring him a chair from the school-room, and not to dawdle on the way. 'The Ogre might come back, you know,' he said gravely, 'and I don't want to be nabbed.'

Molly flew indoors, and returned with a high chair, which they succeeded in planting firmly

against the wall. Jack clambered up. 'I must jump, I suppose,' he said, after surveying the land on the other side; 'it won't do to spoil his flower-beds.' With that he gave a spring and alighted on the path just as the Colonel, who had gone to get a cigar, re-entered the garden. His rage knew no bounds: he seized the astonished Jack by the collar and gave him a good shaking, much to the terror of that worthy's partisans, who were watching the scene in silent dismay from some steps on the other side. 'You young scamp you!' he exclaimed at length when he had recovered his breath, 'how dare you come into my garden like that?'

'I wanted our ball,' muttered Jack, who felt sore both morally and physically from the shaking. 'It came over here.'

'It had no business to,' returned the Colonel, picking up the offending article; 'and since it's here, I'll keep it, I think.—And now, be off with you, d'you hear?—No; not that way,' as the boy made for the wall. 'Can't you see the gate?'

And through the gate Jack went, feeling highly indignant with the Ogre for his rude reception of him, and fully persuaded that he was quite the martyr the others thought him.

But the Colonel was not disturbed by any remorse. In his eyes, other people's boys were a nuisance; he did not understand them, and felt decidedly aggrieved if they were allowed to trouble him. So he lit his cigar and walked thoughtfully up and down, as if no such person as Jack existed. He had completed ten turns in undisturbed peace, and was walking towards the house for the eleventh time, when a slight noise behind him made him turn round. To his utter astonishment he beheld, standing in the middle of the path, a little boy. The Colonel was too much taken aback to speak, but stood staring at his small visitor in speechless amazement. He was not a pretty little boy, but he had a dark attractive face, and grave wondering eyes, which seemed to scan the tall Colonel from head to foot. 'So,' he said at last when he had finished his scrutiny, 'you are the Ogre, are you?' Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued, 'Well, you are not pretty. Are all ogres so ugly, I wonder?'

'Upon my word!' ejaculated the astonished Ogre, letting his cigar fall from between his fingers—'upon my word!'

'And you are jolly unkind,' continued his small accuser—'jolly unkind,' he repeated, eyeing the object of his remarks gravely. 'You hurt Jack awfully, and you priggish his ball. I call that mean.'

'But it came into my garden,' protested the Ogre. 'I had a right to keep it.'

'You hadn't,' exclaimed the small boy; 'you hadn't any right. Jack bought the ball with his very own money, and you stole it.'

'The Ogre blushed beneath his sunburn.

'Yes,' repeated his tormentor impressively, 'you stole it! And mother says it's wrong to steal.—Perhaps, though,' he added suddenly, 'you haven't been told that; perhaps ogres don't have mothers. Do they?'

A far-off memory of a little fellow hardly older than this one saying his prayers at the knee of a sweet-faced gentle woman he called 'mother' rose

before the Colonel's mind, and his voice faltered as he answered slowly: 'I had a mother once; but she is dead: she died long, long ago,' and a mist rose before his eyes, and he was obliged to rub his gold-rimmed eye-glasses with his handkerchief.

A little hand was laid on his arm, and a little voice cried sorrowfully: 'Poor, poor Ogre!—Don't cry, please. Of course you are cross if you have no mother; for she can't comfort you if you are sad. But Jack won't mind when I tell him; so, please don't cry.' And as the Colonel stooped to pick up his fallen cigar, a pair of soft childish arms were pressed round his neck, and a warm kiss was imprinted on his rugged cheek.

He raised the child in his arms and said softly: 'Never mind, little one; you shall comfort me. Will you be my friend?' And then, as the tightened clasp of the hands round his neck told of the child's acquiescence, he continued: 'Here is Brother Jack's ball. Give it to him from me, and tell him I am sorry I was cross, but I am only a gruff old Ogre who doesn't know any better.—And now,' he added, 'will you stay and talk to me a bit?'

The child nodded; and setting him down on the ground, the Colonel walked along beside him, becoming every moment more astonished at himself for being interested by the childish prattle of his companion, whose name he learnt was Norman Francis Tracy—'After grandpapa,' the boy added proudly. He was just in the midst of a story of their aunt's cat, 'who is called Manky 'cause she's got no tail,' when the garden gate opened and a tall lady-like girl came quickly up the path. It was Miss Grant, who, on her return, had found all the children in a great state of excitement, for they said 'Norman had gone to the Ogre's, and had never come back.' They implored Miss Grant to go and see what had happened at once, 'or he may be half-roasted,' they cried; for, having retired indoors on Jack's return, they knew nothing of what was happening.

Poor Miss Grant looked aghast; not that she imagined the child would come to any harm, but the idea of his going to Colonel Chalmers and bothering him was a dreadful one. So, depositing her parcels, she rushed off, then and there to the 'enchanted castle,' as the children called it.

The Colonel looked rather alarmed as he saw a fresh visitor approaching. Had Miss Sophia or Miss Janet been at home, he would probably have rushed indoors for them; but, unfortunately, they were both out, calling, and as he couldn't leave a lady standing in the middle of his path without addressing her, he advanced courteously, hat in hand, towards her, hardly reassured by Norman's whispering, 'It's only Miss Grant; she's come for me.'

'I beg your pardon, I'm sure,' exclaimed his visitor, almost as much disconcerted at the sight of the renowned Ogre as he was at the sight of her. 'I have been out; and when I came home the children told me Norman had come here. I am so sorry he should have troubled you;' and she looked reproachfully at the culprit, who looked up penitently. 'Did I bother you?' he inquired.

'Not at all—not at all,' returned the Colonel, patting the dark head reassuringly.—'I assure

you, madam,' he continued, turning to Miss Grant, 'I have enjoyed having him immensely. He is quite a companion.'

'It is very kind of you to say so,' answered the girl. 'I was afraid he had been in your way.—No; I won't come in, thank you,' in reply to the Colonel's polite invitation to come in and rest. 'It is time for tea, and I must be quick.—Come, Norman.'

The Colonel bent down. 'Well, good-bye, little man,' he said kindly. 'Come and see me again soon, eh! Perhaps mother will let you come to tea with me to-morrow and bring Master Jack too.—May they, d'you think?' This to Miss Grant, who was waiting very much astonished at the sight of the Ogre allowing Norman to kiss him, and not only allowing, but evidently enjoying the process. 'Oh, certainly,' she answered, 'if you care to have them.'

The Ogre walked to the gate with them, and as he bade them good-bye, he said suddenly: 'I hope my sisters will call on you all soon.' Then, lifting his hat, he retreated into his garden, saying to himself as he walked slowly up the path: 'Nice girl that, very—a sensible nice girl.'

His sisters on their return were electrified by his announcing casually that he had invited some boys to tea the next day. 'And you'll have to get some cake or jam or something,' he added; 'for I believe that is what children eat.'

Miss Sophia paused in the midst of pouring out the tea and gazed in astonishment at her brother. 'Do you feel quite well, Frederick, my dear?' inquired the elder lady, while her sister looked anxiously at his eyes, to see if they were rolling insanely.

It was the Colonel's turn to look amazed. 'Quite well?' he echoed. 'Of course I feel quite well. Why shouldn't I?—Sophia, I should like my tea, if you please.—Why shouldn't I feel well?' he continued.

'Of course there's no reason why you should not,' replied Miss Janet; 'only, it's very odd, you know;' and the two sisters looked despairingly at each other.

Their brother stared. 'Well,' he said at length, a grim smile playing over his features, 'it is odd, I suppose. But you see I didn't know before how nice boys were.'

Whatever their feelings were upon the niceness of boys in general, his sisters did not express them; and greeted the boys very kindly when they appeared the next evening washed and brushed into a state of Sunday tidiness; and certainly the little fellows, when the first shyness wore off, were very amusing. They told their hosts that 'mother' had gone away for a fortnight, and they were afraid Miss Grant found it very dull at home. 'We don't know many people, you see,' Jack explained, 'and of course she must get tired of talking to us sometimes.'

When Miss Janet had taken the boys into the dining-room to get some cake before going home, the Colonel turned to Miss Sophia: 'You had better ask that girl in here sometimes,' he said quietly; 'it would do her good.'

'But I thought you objected to girls?' exclaimed his sister.

'Not to girls like that. I don't like old women. Besides, I can go to my study when I like.'

The result of this was that Leslie Grant, as

she was called, became a frequent visitor at the enchanted castle, and very soon shared the boys' opinion that the Colonel was 'an old buck,' and his sisters 'two of the jolliest old girls in the world.' Indeed, when Mrs Tracy came home, she was very much astonished at the degree of intimacy which had sprung up between her family and the neighbours. So great, indeed, had this intimacy become, that when Colonel Chalmers was tied to the fireside with a bad cold, the children were always running in with little gifts and words of consolation; while the two sisters found Leslie's help invaluable in the matter of chess-playing, reading aloud, and otherwise amusing the invalid, who gradually came to look for her coming and to feel that she was as necessary to his comfort as his sisters. He never owned this feeling even to himself, for he would have considered it disloyal to those good sisters who were so devoted to him.

The winter drew to an end. The Colonel's cold had departed, but his affection for the children did not vanish with the snow. They were so constantly running in there, that Mrs Tracy grew quite uneasy lest they should worry the Chalmerses, and Miss Sophia could hardly persuade her that they enjoyed having them. 'Dear Frederick' was so much brighter since he had known them, she assured her; and indeed no one would have believed that the courteous, pleasant man who sat chatting with the four ladies almost every evening was the same man as the Frederick Chalmers of a year ago.

One morning, as he sat reading his papers and letters at the breakfast table, he looked up, saying: 'Here, Sophia; I've got a note from Geoffrey. He is coming here for his furlough, if we can have him. Shall I write and tell him to come?'

'Of course, my dear Frederick,' replied his sister. 'I see no reason why he should not come. We are quite prepared to have him.'

And thus it came to pass that a few days later, when Leslie came in, in the evening, to speak to Miss Sophia she found a tall handsome youth seated on the drawing-room sofa. She was rather surprised, and began retreating towards the door. 'I thought Miss Sophia was here,' she said hastily. But the young soldier sprang up, saying: 'Pray, don't go. Allow me to call Cousin Sophia to you.' Then, as the light from the lamp fell on the girl's face and figure, he exclaimed joyfully: 'Why, it's Mary's friend, Miss Grant, isn't it?'

'Mr Markham!' exclaimed Leslie. 'This is indeed a surprise. How did you come here?'

'By the train,' he replied gaily. 'The fact is, Mary is away in Scotland, and so, having no one to go to, I volunteered a visit to my cousins—at least my mother's cousins they are really.—I'm awfully glad I came, though,' he continued.

'Oh,' said Leslie demurely; and at that moment the door opened and Miss Sophia came in.

'I hope, my dear Geoffrey,' she began; but catching sight of Leslie, she stopped. 'Has my cousin been introducing himself?' she inquired pleasantly.

'Oh no,' answered the young man; 'we are old friends.—Aren't we, Miss Grant?'

'Very,' returned Leslie, smiling; and then, seeing the look of surprise on Miss Sophia's face, she explained that she and Mary Markham had always

been great friends, and thus she had become acquainted with Mary's brother, Geoffrey. Then, having delivered her message from Mrs Tracy, she went off home, to ponder over the strange chance which had brought her old friend and playfellow into her neighbourhood.

Of course, after this the intercourse between the two houses became greater than ever. The Colonel was a great gardener, and he used to go out long rambling walks with his cousin in search of rare ferns or plants, and very often Miss Grant and her charges were of the party. Needless to say the children stuck by their friend the Colonel, and thus their governess was forced to accept the companionship of Geoffrey.

The Belminster ladies said Mrs Tracy was very wrong in letting her children torment 'that poor Colonel Chalmers'; while they strongly disapproved of the 'fast conduct of that Miss Grant' in going out so often with two gentlemen; and they sincerely pitied 'those poor dear Miss Chalmerses for having such an eccentric brother—'such a peculiar man, my dear! Used to hate women, now positively worships them.'

Had the Belminster ladies seen the adoring glances which Geoffrey cast at Leslie when no one was looking, not even herself—had they seen the girl's happy smile as she sat at night by her bedroom window and recalled the hundred little tokens of a certain person's admiration, they would probably have been still more horrified. The fact of the matter was that Geoffrey was growing more and more in love every day. He had always secretly admired his sister's friend; but by the time his furlough was drawing to an end, he knew that he loved her honestly and sincerely, and he could not bear the idea of going away without knowing his fate. So one day at dinner he announced casually that he would run in next door to take Norman some soldiers he had promised him and to borrow a song from Mrs Tracy. 'I shan't be very long, I don't suppose,' he added as he donned his hat, and the next moment he was gone.

About an hour after this, Colonel Chalmers suddenly bethought himself that he ought to give Mrs Tracy a book he had promised her; and not caring to trust the work, a valuable one, to the servants, he strolled across himself. 'Mrs Tracy in?' he inquired.—'Yes; in the drawing-room, sir,' replied the maid.—'Oh, well; I'll just take this up myself;' and he ascended the softly-carpeted stair to the first floor. The drawing-room door was slightly open, and lifting the heavy crimson *portière*, he glanced in to see if Mrs Tracy were indeed there. But the sight which met his eyes drove all thoughts of Mrs Tracy and her book from his mind; for there, standing with their backs to the door, and thus unable to see the intruder, were Geoffrey and Leslie. The head of the young man was bent over the fair girlish one which leant trustfully against his shoulder, and a low whispered, 'My darling, do you really and truly love me?' smote on the ear of the astonished Colonel. He did not wait for the answer—that was legible enough in the confident attitude of the bent golden head, and in the movement of a little white hand into the strong brown one near it. Softly he let fall the curtain and turned towards the stairs with a half-stunned feeling, for that short glimpse had shown him

that for him at least the world only contained one woman, and she was the affianced of another.

'Fool, dolt that I have been!' he murmured as he turned down the garden path. 'Why did I let her think me nothing but a crusty old bachelor! Why, oh, why didn't I find out how dear she was before. Geoffrey came between us!'

By the time he reached home, after a wild and apparently aimless walk, he had come to view the matter from a more rational point; and although his heart was aching as much as ever, he yet managed to summon up a smile and a gruff, 'Wish you joy, lad,' when his cousin came to him with the good news.

But he did not stay in Belminster; he felt he couldn't; and when, a day or so afterwards, he found Miss Sophia suffering from her old enemy rheumatism, he declared that it would be a good plan for them all three to go off to some German baths. So naturally did he make the proposal, that no one except Miss Janet suspected anything; and she having suffered the same sorrow in her time, probably had sharper eyes than the rest.

Very sorry were the children to bid good-bye to their old friend, whom they were never to see again; for about a month afterwards they got a letter from Miss Janet telling them that 'dear Frederick' had passed away, the cause of his death being a cold which had attacked his lungs. To the utter surprise of all Belminster, and of the Misses Chalmers themselves, it was found that after legacies to one or two people, and the sum of five thousand pounds to each of his sisters, the bulk of Colonel Chalmers's fortune, which was not inconsiderable, was bequeathed to Leslie Grant, to be by her received on the day she married Geoffrey Markham.

Only Miss Janet, by the light of past experience, read between the lines of this unexpected will, and very tender was she to the girl her brother had loved. It was she who, at her own request, arrayed the girl in her glistening bridal dress when about a year later Geoffrey led her, a happy and contented bride, to the altar of St Margaret's, Belminster; and it was she who, when the ceremony was over, gathered up a few of the flowers which had carpeted the bride's path and placed them secretly upon a quiet grave in the churchyard hard by, two or three tears trickling down upon their snowy petals as she thought lovingly of 'Brother Frederick.'

THE VACQUERO.

A GREAT many people even in the West confound Vacqueros with Cowboys, some even supposing that the only difference between the men known by these names is that of locality of the country in which they work; in other words, that a man working with range-cattle is a cowboy in the North and a vacquero in the South. Such a mistake, however, is only made by people unacquainted with range-work, because as a matter of fact there is a vast difference between the occupations in which these men are engaged. It is true every vacquero may become a cowboy; but every cowboy cannot possibly become a vacquero.

The name and the occupation it denotes are both of Spanish origin. It is a matter of history that the first horses brought to America were from Spain; and the cow-ponies used in Texas and Old and New Mexico are to-day mongrel descendants from the pure-bred Barbs landed on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico over a century since. The same is true of the *vaquero*, for he is invariably a Mexican, sometimes the descendant from a pure Castilian family; but more often a 'Greaser' or half-breed, having the blood of the Castilian and Indian mixed in his veins. His occupation is handling and breaking wild horses, and while he inherits the hot-tempered impetuous disposition together with the reckless bravery of his Spanish ancestry, he has also coupled with it the cunning and treachery of his Indian forefathers, in as noted a degree as the wild descendants of those pure-bred Spanish palfreys have inherited their high spirits, speed, and endurance.

In his dress the *vaquero* gives the strongest outward evidence of his ancestry and occupation. The heavy broad-brimmed sombrero, ornamented with gold or silver braid and cord; the fancifully decorated and embroidered velvet jacket and trousers, with buckskin shirt and gaily-coloured sash, long-legged boots and big spurs, form invariably the dress adopted by him, no matter how poor he may be or how old and worn his garments.

In choosing his outfit, his saddle and bridle, he is more careful than the ordinary cowboy, and gives less thought to the expense; especially so is this the case with regard to the trappings of his saddle, which are often fastened in place with silver-headed rivets, the heads being frequently as large as a crown-piece, and engraved with monograms, or brands, or any other device which may catch his fancy. His bridle is usually of his own manufacture, of plaited horse-hair of different colours so combined as to give evidence of his natural artistic taste. It differs from the ordinary bridle in being so constructed as to be adapted for use with or without bits, and when used in the latter shape is called a 'hackamoor.' It is in this shape the *vaquero* invariably uses it the first time he saddles and mounts a wild horse, because then the bits are useless, and only irritate the animal; the first lesson the *vaquero* desires to teach it being to go ahead without any regard to direction, the hair-cord which passes around the nose and jaws being sufficiently strong to stop its wild race, if such a course is necessary. The lasso or lariat used by the *vaquero* is, like the cowboy's, made from plaited raw hide or horse-hair, about thirty feet in length, and so heavy that none but a very strong wind is able to alter the course of the noose when thrown at a fleeing animal.

This outfit entire is often worth hundreds of dollars, and represents the *vaquero's* stock in trade, being as indispensable as a lawyer's or physician's library. We have often seen such an outfit girthed, or 'sinched' as they say, on a horse not worth many more cents than the outfit was dollars. The *vaquero* takes more pride in the completeness and quality of his outfit than the ordinary cowboy.

Rarely do you ever see the *vaquero* change his occupation; he is apparently born in the saddle,

reared in the saddle, and not unfrequently falls dead from the saddle. He is more accomplished with the lasso than the cowboy, and no *vaquero* is considered a thoroughly competent lasso-thrower, or roper, unless he can catch a horse funning at its utmost speed by any one of its four feet, or its two front or hind feet. Merely to be able to throw a lasso over the horse's head is no qualification for a *vaquero*. Then, too, an efficient *vaquero* understands thoroughly the art of brailing horse-hair or raw hide and making therefrom bridles, riding-whips or 'querts,' and lassos or lariats. Every portion of his large and heavily-rigged saddle has its proper Spanish name, which is unknown to the ordinary cowboy of the present day, although some years since, when Southerners were engaged exclusively in that business, most of those were familiar with the Spanish name of each portion or section of the saddle.

Of course, the main difference between the *vaquero* and cowboy is that the former is employed exclusively with range-horses, while the latter's charges are horned creatures. Besides this, the thorough *vaquero* is rarely seen in the North. In other respects, however, his life and habits are very similar to those of the cowboy; but he is better paid, and actually his life is in greater danger; for, while the cowboy may have occasionally to break a broncho or half-wild horse, that is the *vaquero's* regular occupation, and he may be called on to ride five or six a day for weeks at a time.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

You rhyme in praise of my golden hair;
Ah, but the gold will turn to gray.
You vow that no maiden with me may compare;
Yes, but the Spring-time will pass away.

Though my eyes be blue as the deep-blue sea,
Blue eyes can fade through the mist of years;
What if the end of your rhyme should be
Blistered and spoilt with salt, sad tears?

'Then I must find rhymes for snow-white hair,
Dear, if the gold should turn to gray,
For never another with you may compare,
E'en though the Spring-time be passed away.

'If your eyes, now blue as the deep-blue sea,
Should fade, beloved, through the mist of years;
What care I, so together we be;
Only, sweetheart, let me dry those tears.'

F. P.

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THE BELLS OF LONDON.

THE bells of London have undoubtedly a significance all their own, as high above the bustle and roar they pour forth a merry peal or solemn strain: The city-man, be he simply performing his allotted task, or entirely intent on money-getting, can in neither case ignore the bells. Ringing and clanging in the high tower above, attention is not only demanded but gained. But it is not every one who gives them a ready ear, for some there be who would, if they could, silence them for ever.

Bell-ringing as now practised is of comparatively modern growth—change-ringing having been introduced little more than two hundred years ago. *Chiming* was, of course, in vogue long before, and the use of bells for various purposes is most ancient.

But as regards change-ringing, it must not, of course, be supposed that present-day 'methods' sprang into existence all at once. At first, only rounds and call-changes were rung—the elaboration therefrom being mainly due to Fabian Stedman, of Cambridge, known as the 'father' of change-ringing. It was in 1677 that Stedman's method was rung at St Benet's, Cambridge, the ringers being the 'College Youths.' These youths were members of a Society of Bell-ringers. This Society was founded in 1637, and is known to-day as 'The Ancient Society of College Youths.' The Society is a strong one, and has members in all parts of the country and of all grades of society. Another old Society of ringers is 'The Royal Cumberland Youths.' The 'College Youths' were in the habit of ringing at St Martin's, College Hill, until that church was destroyed in the Great Fire of London. Lord Brereton was one of the first members of this Society.

Now for some reference to the churches where bell-ringing obtains.

Those massive structures which meet one at every turn in the city—its churches—are *par excellence* the home of the bells. These churches

are in many instances hidden from view; but for all that, a masterpiece of Wren may here and there be found. But it is not intended to describe the churches, but to glance mainly at the belfry and the bells. Strange it is, too, in this connection, that it was not until the year 1878 that St Paul's Cathedral had its peal. This peal consists of twelve bells. The key is B flat. The tenor bell weighs three tons. The ringers divide amongst them some hundred and fifty pounds a year. This is for ordinary work; extra attendance meaning, of course, additional pay. St Bride's, Fleet Street, one of Wren's finest churches, has a fine peal of twelve hung in its splendid tower. They are in D. A noteworthy circumstance in connection with St Bride's is that it had the first peal of ten bells (afterwards a peal of twelve, two being added) in London. The bells date from 1710. The tenor weighs twenty-eight hundredweight. The 'Bow Bells' of Chepe, that is Bow Church, Cheapside, so famous in London's annals, date from 1761. They are a fine peal in C. The tenor weighs fifty-three hundredweight; the total weight of the set of twelve being upwards of eleven tons. Where would the structures of to-day be with such a weight as this to support? When these bells are ringing there is considerable vibration in the tower. St Botolph's, Bishopsgate, has a peal of eight bells. They are in E flat. The tenor is just a ton in weight. Capital tower here; roomy, square, and sturdy, but not so large as St Bride's. St Botolph's was built in 1732, and the peal of bells was fixed in 1783. The steeple-keeper here has been bell-ringing for fifty-four years, and loves it as much as ever. He is not a clever player, but for all ordinary ringing he is first-rate. He can take a bell for most of the 'methods'; but he has not studied the *technique* of the thing as one would wish. St Giles' Church, Cripplegate, has a fine peal of twelve bells; tenor weighs thirty-six hundredweight. There is a carillon here for playing the bells. A very musical peal of bells is to be found at St Michael's, Cornhill. Twelve bells; tenor, forty-

one hundredweight. The bells of St Saviour's, Southwark, are very fine in tone. The key is B flat; tenor, fifty hundredweight.

It is impossible to enumerate within reasonable limits one-fourth of those bells with which the writer has a personal acquaintance, so only a few more can be referred to, and that briefly, or the remarks on the ringers must be left out altogether.

Shoreditch Church has a peal of twelve bells, key of D; tenor, thirty-two hundredweight. Tower vibrates considerably when bells are in play. Carillon here, but out of order just now. St Martin's-in-the-Fields has a peal of twelve—perhaps the oldest in London. (St Bride's peal of twelve was not all hung at once; ten were at first hung, and two subsequently. The ten were up before St Martin's, but not perhaps the last two. St Martin's twelve were hung at once.) The bells are of fine tone, and the belfry very large. The key is D; tenor, thirty-two hundredweight. Whitechapel Church has a peal of eight bells, key of G; tenor weighs just a ton. St Clement Danes has a peal of ten bells and carillon.

There are scores of other peals in London; but what has been mentioned will suffice as types of the rest.

Outside the city and its environs, peals of twelve are not numerous; for it must not be overlooked that peals are not only very expensive, but require much room, and besides this, towers of great strength. A peal of eight will weigh some five tons, and require some eighteen square feet for their accommodation. Added to the weight of the bells is the weight of the frame, usually of solid English oak, and of great strength. The cost of a peal of eight would be from five hundred to one thousand pounds; so this is usually as much as can be spent, except by richly endowed churches, or unless well-to-do persons come forward. But what of the ringers? An evening in the belfry with them must suffice, and some remarks *en passant* as to matters connected therewith.

Entering the belfry of some old city church, and gazing at the ringers as they are engaged at their arduous task, one cannot refrain from pondering over the many changes that have rung without and within since the bells which ring above were hung. Without, kings and queens have come and gone; within, ringers of several generations have passed away, and their death-knell has been rung by their successors. The changes in the position and power of the people since the first change vibrated in the tower above; the many rectors that have preached in the old pulpit; the many happy pairs that to merry peals have passed through the porch, looking at the, to them, all-bright vista of the future: these and a host of thoughts of a kindred character are conjured up in the mind as one stands watching the ringers of the bells.

But, ascending above the ringers and groping up the narrow stone staircase, the bells themselves may be reached. And standing just above the framework in which they are fixed, and when they are being rung, is a sight which lives in the memory. It is night, and the glimmer of an old lantern only serves to light the dark

masses of metal in such a way as to make them look weird and uncanny. It is with difficulty their shape is made out, as one peers at the ever-moving loud-tongued monsters just below. The ringers are now out of sight, and only their work is apparent. But, forgetting them for a moment, it would really seem that some wondrous, magic power, not of earth, was at work. The ringing and the clanging; the revolving wheels and bells; the deafening roar; the gloomy tower; the absence of all other sound or sight: these excite the feelings and the senses in such a way that the onlooker may give play to fancy as he will. But there is little to tempt one to stay in such close proximity to the bells, and the ringers below are not without interest. It may therefore be well to return to them.

The ringers of London are, in the main, working-men. It would not do to depend upon their earnings as ringers except in a few exceptional cases. The members of 'The Ancient Society of College Youths' may be considered the *élite* of the class. Their members ring at one church or another once or twice every week. Their chief place of meeting is St Saviour's, Southwark. Members ring here and at certain other churches on a fixed night; many churches besides these being taken for ringing at uncertain intervals. 'Grandsire Triples,' 'Oxford Treble Bob,' 'Kent Treble Bob,' and many other 'methods' are rung by this Society, and a very high standard has been reached. It should be mentioned here that 'Peal Boards' will be found in most of the city churches recording feats in change-ringing by members of this and other Societies. 'Grandsire Triples' is the favourite change—five thousand and forty changes being usually rung in a few minutes over three hours. There are, of course, scores of 'methods' of change-ringing—the 'method' usually taking its name from its inventor or from the town where first rung. There are, for instance, the 'London Surprise,' 'Cambridge Surprise,' and several named after Stedman and others.

Bell-ringing is not altogether safe work or child's-play. Ringers can furnish particulars of cases where men, from want of care or knowledge, have been killed. The bell-rope requires the nicest manipulation, or the ringer may be carried upward with its upward movement, and receive his deathblow from the ceiling above. Several cases of this kind have occurred. A bell-ringer once met his death by the rope getting round his neck, and before his comrades could help him he was strangled. The hanging rope looks the simplest thing in the world to bring into play; but there is the heavy mass above to be considered.

Although bell-ringing is rather popular just now, the 'red-letter days' of the city in connection therewith are not so frequent as of yore. Weddings at most of the churches are few and far between; and the days of public rejoicing come but rarely. There are, of course, ringings for special occasions of various sorts—anniversaries and the like. But with the departure of the city residential population, there is little of local interest—interest, that is, which calls for bell-ringing in connection therewith. A ringer usually receives four shillings for ringing; but several weeks may pass without his services

being required. The steeple-keepers at most of the churches are ringers. They receive their payment for their duties in connection with the steeple—perhaps twenty pounds per annum—besides any sums for special ringing with the other men. The steeple-keeper rings, of course, for the services of the church as part of his duty. But it does not follow from this that he is a 'change-ringer,' though in most cases he is qualified in this way also, but not often found in the very front rank so far as ability in ringing 'methods' goes.

The London ringers are of varying ages—one man now ringing is eighty-three—an exceptional case; but many are of considerable age. Others are not out of their teens, or barely so. They work at their trades in the daytime and practise in the evening. There are postmen, masons, sawyers, bricklayers, shoemakers, gardeners, and, in fact, almost every class of worker. And one cannot help remarking how much better it is to see men spending their leisure in this way than simply wasting time and money in the public-house. Besides ringing at the church, many of the ringers have hand-bells and are no mean performers on them. An adept may make these latter a source of income, especially in the winter, when such ringers are in request for entertainments. This is, indeed, in many instances the case; and to those possessing the necessary ability, there is ample opportunity, not in London only, but in all parts of the kingdom.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER III.—MY FELLOW-PASSENGERS.

It blew a hard breeze of wind that night. Soon after I had left the deck they furled the main-sail and topgallantsail, reefed the maintopsail, and tied another reef in the mizen-topsail. In fact it looked as if we were to have a black gale of wind, dead on end too, with a sure prospect then of bearing up for the Downs afresh. How it may be in these steamboat times, I will not pretend to say; but my experience of the old sailing-ship is that the first night out, let the weather be what it will, is on the whole about as wretched a time as a man at any period of his life has to pass through.

Mr Colledge was sound asleep in his bunk, his brandy flask within convenient reach of his hand. It was certain enough that he had heard nothing of the disturbance on deck. I undressed and rolled into my bed, and there lay wide awake for a long time. The ship creaked like a cradle. The full dismalness of a first night out was upon me, and it was made weightier yet—how much weightier indeed!—by the recollection of the wild and sudden tragedy of the evening.

I fell asleep at last, and was awakened at half-past seven by the steward, who wished to know if I wanted hot water to shave with. The moment I had my consciousness, I was sensible that a heavy sea was running.

'No shaving this morning, thank you,' said I,

'unless I have a mind to slice the nose off my face.—How's the weather, steward?'

'Blowing a buster from the south'ard, 'sir,' he answered, talking with his lips at the venetian of the closed door, 'and the ship going along 'andsomely as a roll of smoke.'

Here somebody called him, and he trotted away.

Mr Colledge awoke. 'By George!' he exclaimed, 'I've had a doocid long sleep.'

'How d'ye feel?' said I.

'In no humour to rise,' he answered. 'I suppose I can have what breakfast I'm likely to eat brought to me here?'

'Bless you, yes,' I answered.

'Any news, Mr Dugdale?' he asked, his voice beginning to languish as a sensation of nausea grew upon him with the larger awakening of his faculties.

'We ran down a French lugger last night,' said I, 'and drowned a lot of men. That's all.'

He eyed me dully, thinking perhaps that I was joking, and then said: 'Well, there it is, you see. Yesterday, you were talking of the fun of a voyage; and the very earliest of the humours is the drowning of a lot of men.'

'And women,' said I.

'Poor beggars!' he exclaimed.—'Will you hand me a bottle of Hungary water that you'll find in my portmanteau?—Much obliged to you, Dugdale: and will you kindly tell the steward as you pass through the cabin to bring me a cup of tea?'

But a very few of us assembled at the breakfast table. Colonel Bannister was there, a very ramrod of a man, with a Bengal-tigerish expression of face as he glared round about him from betwixt his white wire-like whiskers. There were also present Mr Emmett, an artist, who was making the voyage to the East for the purpose of painting Indian scenery, a man with long hair curling down his back, a ragged beard and moustaches, a velvet coat, and lyronic collars, out of which his long thin neck forked up like the head of a pole through a scarecrow's suit of clothes; Mr Peter Hemskirk, who looked uncommonly fat, pale, and unfinished in his attire this morning; two young Civil Service fellows—as we should now call their trade—named Greenhew and Fairthorne; and Mr Sylvanus Johnson, a journalist, bound to Bombay or Calcutta (I cannot be sure of the city), to edit a newspaper—a bullet-headed man, with a sort of low-comedian face, very blue about the cheeks where he shaved, a nose of the shape of a woman's thimble, and small-keen restless black eyes, full of intelligence, whose suggestion in that way was not to be impaired or weakened by an expression in repose of singular self-complacency. Captain Keeling, at the head of the table, sat skewered up in his uniform frock-coat in stiff satin stock and collars. Mr Prance occupied the other end of the table. He, too, was attired in a uniform resembling the dress worn by the skipper. He had a pleasant brown sailorly face, with a floating pose of head upon his shoulders that made one think of a soap-bubble poised on top of a pipe-stem. There were no ladies. Once I caught a glimpse of Mrs

Colonel Bannisters Roman nose, and gray hair ornamented with a large black lace cap, fitfully hovering for a moment or two in the wide hatch past the chief-officer's chair, down which the steps led that went to the sleeping berths. But the apparition vanished with almost startling suddenness, as though the old lady had fallen or been violently pulled below. When, later on, I inquired after her, I learnt that she had betaken herself again to her bunk.

It was a mighty uncomfortable breakfast. The ship was rolling violently and convulsively upon the short snappish Channel seas—the most insufferable of all waters when in commotion, making even the seasoned salt pine for the long regular rhythmic heave of the blue ocean billow. The fiddles hindered the plates from sliding on to our laps; but their contents were not to be so easily coaxed into keeping their place; an unusually heavy lurch shot a large helping of liver and bacon on to Mr. Hemskirk's knees; and the ship's surgeon, Dr. Hemmeridge, came perilously near to being badly scalded by Mr. Johnson, the literary man, who, in reaching for a cup of tea, tilted the swinging tray. There was not much talk, and what little was said chiefly concerned the incident of the previous evening.

'Captain,' cried young Mr. Fairthorne in an effeminate voice—he was the gentleman, it seems, who last night had been calling upon anybody to smother the ayah—'whath to become of thotho poor Frenchmen?'

'Sir,' answered Captain Keeling in a manner as stiff as a marine-spike with his dislike of the subject, 'I do not know.'

'Frenchmen,' cried Colonel Bannister in a loud voice, as though he were directing the manoeuvres of a company of Sepoys, 'are the hereditary enemies of our country, and it never can matter to a Briton what becomes of them.'

'Boot, my tear sir,' remarked Mr. Hemskirk, 'you are a Briton, yes—and you are a Christian too, und der Franchman iss your broder.'

'My what?' roared the Colonel. 'Tell ye what, Mr. Hemskirk: it is a good job that you cannot pronounce our language, otherwise you might happen sometimes, sir, to grow offensive.'

Mylnheer, who seemed to have had some previous acquaintance with this little bombshell of a man, dried the grease upon his lips with a napkin, and cast a wink upon Mr. Greenhew, whose face of resentment at this familiarity caused me to break into such an immoderate fit of laughter that there was nothing for it but to bolt from the table.

The second mate warmly clad paced the weather side of the poop, sending many a weathery glance to seaward, with a frequent lifting of his eyes to the rounded iron-hard canvas; whilst against the brilliant white wake of the ship, roaring and boiling upwards, as it seemed, to the stoop of the Indianman's huge square counter, the figures of the two sailors at the big wheel stood out clear-cut as cameos, with the braw brass band upon the circle dully reflecting a space of copperish light in the sky over the weather mizzen-topsail yard-arm, and the newly polished hood of the binnacle gleaming; a though sun-touched. A couple of midshipmen in peacocks and brass buttons, curly-headed young rogues, with the spirit of mischief bright in every glance they sent, patrolled the

lee-side of the poop; and up in the mizzen top were two more of them, with yet another long-legged fellow jockeying a spur of the cross-trees, with his loose trousers rattling like a flag; but what job he was upon I could not tell. The planks of this deck were as white as the trunk of a tree newly stripped of its bark. Four handsome quarter-boats swung at the davits. Along the rail on either hand went a row of hencecoops, through the bars of which the heads of cocks and hens came and went in a winking sort of way, like a swift showing and withdrawing of red rags. On the rail, for a considerable distance, were stowed bundles of compressed hay, the scent of which was a real puzzle to the nose, coming as it did through the hard sweep of the salt wind. The white skylights glistened through the intricacies of brass wire which shielded them. Aft the wheel, on either side of it, their tomponed muzzles eyed blindly by the closed ports meant to receive them, were a couple of eighteen-pounders; for in those days the Indianman still went armed; not heavily, indeed, as in the war-times of an earlier period, but with artillery and small-arms enough to enable her to dispute with some promise of success with the pirate who was still afloat, whose malignant flag the burnished waters of the Antilles yet reflected, and whose amiable company of assassins were as often to be met with under the African and South American heights as in the Channel of the Mozambique, or eastward yet on the broad surface of the Indian Ocean.

I crossed the deck to where Mr. Cocker was stumping, and asked him if he could tell me off what part of the English coast our ship now was.

'Drawing on to the Wight, sir,' he answered with a sort of groping look in the little moist blue eyes he turned over the lee bow into the thickness beyond.

'Well, we're blowing through it, anyway,' said I. 'I shouldn't have allowed these heels for any conceivable structure born with such bows as the *Countess Ida*. What is it?' I asked with a glance at the broad dazzle of yeast dancing and whipping and slinging off the Indianman's tall side against the hurl of the weather surge.

'It'll be all right,' answered the second officer: 'it would be ten had she worked herself loose of the grip of the stevedores. She wants the main-sail and foreto'garn'sail. These old buckets are manufactured to creak, and whilst they creak, they hold, it is said.'

His face crumpled up into a grin that made him look twenty years older under the thatch of his sou'-wester curling to his eyebrows, with the broad flaps, over his ears like a nightcap for his sea-helmet to sit upon.

'Pray, Mr. Cocker,' said I, 'was any damage done to the ship by the collision last night?'

'There wasn't so much as a ropeyarn parted,' he answered. 'I looked to see the spritsail yard sprung, for it'll have been that spar, I reckon, which dragged the lugger's masts overboard by the shrouds of them. But it's as sound as anything else aboard the ship.'

He shifted uneasily, as though to make off, and turning my head, I spied the captain looking into the binnacle. So, having had already enough of the deck, I stepped below for a smoke

in the cuddy recess, where I found Mr Emmett in a long cloak, such as mysterious assassins and renegade noblemen used to wear at the Coburg Theatre, sucking at a large curled meerschaum pipe, and arguing on the subject of longitude with a little man almost a dwarf, an honest and highly intelligent pigmy, with the head of a giant supported on the legs of a boy of six, an amiable earnest little creature, with a trick of looking up wistfully into your face. His name was Richard Saunders; and I afterwards understood that he was proceeding to India on behalf of some Pharmaceutical Society, to collect information on and examples of Hindu and other medicines, drugs, charms, and so forth.

Well, all that day it continued to blow a very strong wind. The ship's plunging increased as the Channel opened under her bow and admitted something of the weight of the Atlantic in the run of its seas. There was a constant sharp-shooting of spray forward over the forecastle, and the wet came sobbing along the lee scuppers to where the cuddy front checked it under the poop ladder. Very few of us assembled at lunch or at dinner.

During the progress of this last meal Colonel Bannister left the table and went below, and after an interval, uprose through the hatch, with his large distinguished-looking wife holding on to him. Mynheer Peter Hemskirk, on seeing her, cried out: 'Ah, Mee-trees Bannister, boot dot iss vot I call plooky!' and Mr Johnson came near to breaking his neck whilst starting to his legs to stand as she passed. She took a chair next her husband, and sat grimly staring around her, her lips pale with the compression of them. She shook her head to every suggestion made by the steward, and then, being unable to hold out any longer, seized hold of her little ramrod of a husband and went staggering and rolling below with him. When he returned, he tossed down a glass of wine with an angry gesture and a fierce countenance, and looking at Hemskirk, cried out: 'I've a great respect for my wife, sir, and she's a fine woman in every sense of the word.' The Dutchman nodded.—'But,' continued the Colonel, clenching his fist, 'if ever I go to sea with a woman again, be she wife, aunt, or grandmother, may I be poisoned for a lunatic, and my remains committed to the deep. This is the fourth time I've sworn it—my mind is now resolved!'

Out of all this sort of thing one could get a laugh here and there; but on the whole it was desperately weary work, and continued so till we had blown clear of soundings. Altogether it was as ugly a down Channel run as any man would pray to be preserved from; the atmosphere gray, the seas a muddy green, the howling blast chill as a November morn, often darkening to a squall, that would sweep between the masts in horizontal lines of rain sparkling like steel, and with spite enough in the lancing of them to compel the strongest to turn his back. Now and again a lady passenger would show in the cuddy; but though there were some twenty-eight of us in all, not reckoning a couple of ayahs, and a Chinaman in the garb of his country, who acted as nurse to one Mrs Trevor's baby, never once in those days did above seven of us, barring the skipper and his mates, sit down to a meal.

The thick weather lay heavily upon the captain's mind, held him in fits of abstraction whilst at table, dismissed him after a brief sitting to the deck, and kept him heedful and taciturn whilst there. He had had one collision, and wanted no more; and you would notice how that tragedy had served him, by observing him when in the cuddy to prick up his ears to the least unusual noise on deck, to glance at the tell-tale compass over his head, as though it were the sun which he had been patiently waiting for a chance to 'shoot,' to swallow his food with impatient motions to the steward to bear a hand, and to bolt up the cabin steps without a smile or syllable of apology to us for quitting the table.

But there came a change at last. Ushant was then many long leagues astern, and the night had been dark but quiet, with a long Biscayan swell brimming to our starboard quarter and a play of sheet-lightning off the lee bow, and wind enough to send the Indiaman through it at some six knots with her royals and cross-jack furled and the weather clew of her mainsail up. This was as the picture showed when I went to bed at five bells—half-past ten—and on opening my eyes next morning I found the berth brilliant with sunshine, bulkhead and ceiling trembling to the glory rippling off the sea through the large round scuttle or porthole, and the action of the ship a stately gliding, with a slow long floating heave that raised no sound whatever of creak or straining, and that, after the long spell of tumefaction, was as grateful to every sense and to all wearied bones as the firm unrocking surface of dry land.

Mr Colledge was shaving himself. I lay eyeing him for a few minutes, admiring the handsome high-born looks of the youth, and thinking it was a pity that such manly beauty as his should lack the consecrating touch of an intellectual expression to parallel his physical graces. He saw me in the glass in which he was scraping himself.

'Good-morning, Dugdale. I feel all right again, d'ye know. I am going to eat my breakfast in the cuddy and then go on deck.'

'Glad to hear it,' said I, putting my legs over the side of the bunk.

'I suppose there'll be some girls about this morning,' said he. 'Who the dooce are the passengers, I wonder? Anybody very nice aboard, not counting that ripping young lady with the black eyes?'

'Nearly everybody's been as sea-sick as you,' said I; 'and the few who have put in an appearance are males—your friend Emmett, the fat Dutchman, and two or three others.'

'Oh, you mean Mynheer Hemskirk, the corpulent chap, whose voice sounds like that of a man inside a rum puncheon talking through the bung-hole.'

'I asked him if he could tell me anything about Miss Temple, the black-eyed lady.'

'Some one told me at Gravesend,' he answered—'but I don't know who it was—that she's a daughter of Sir Conyers Temple. I think I've heard my father speak of him as a man he has hunted with. If he's that Sir Conyers, he broke his head four years ago in a steeplechase.'

'Who accompanies the young lady to India, I wonder?' said I.

'Her aunt, I believe; but I don't know her name.—But I say, though, what makes you so inquisitive?'

'Oh, my dear Colledge,' said I, 'one is always inquisitive about one's fellow-passengers on board ship. The girl came up to me on deck the other night when the row of the collision was in full swing. I see her big eyes now—black as ebony, yet luminous too, with the flame of a flare-tin at the side reflected in each magnificent orb in a spot of crimson which made her pale hooded face as mystical as a vision of the night.'

He turned to stare at me, and broke into a laugh. 'So! you are the poet amongst the passengers, eh? as Emmett's the painter! What's to be my walk?—Oh, there goes the first breakfast bell! Heaven bless us, what a delightful thing it is not to feel sea-sick!'

We continued to gabble a bit in this fashion; he then left the berth, and a little later I followed him.

The large cuddy wore an aspect it had not before exhibited. The sunshine sparkled upon the skylights, and the interior was full of the blue and silver radiance of the rich and welcome autumn morning outside. The long table was all aglow with the silver and crystal furniture of the white damask, and through the glazed domes in the upper deck you could see the canvas on the mizzen swelling in a milky softness from yard to yard as the sails mounted to the height of the tender little royal.

The passengers came from the deck or up from below one after another; the change in the weather had acted as a charm, and here now was the whole mob of us, one old lady excepted, with a glimpse to be had of the two ayalas sunning themselves on the quarter-deck. The skipper, looking a bit stale, as with too much of all-night-work, but smart enough in the gingerbread trickery of his uniform, made a little speech of compliments to the ladies and gentlemen from the head of the table. 'There was a courtliness about the old fellow that gained not a little in relish from a sort of deep-sea flavour in his manner and varying expressions of face. I liked the quality of the bow with which he accompanied his answer to any lady who addressed him.

I sat at the bottom of the table on the port hand of the chief-officer, and was able to command a pretty good view of the people that I was to be associated with, as I might suppose, for the next three or four and perhaps five months. There were several girls amongst us—two Miss Jolliffes, three Miss Brookes, Miss Hudson, and four or five more. Miss Hudson was exceedingly pretty—hair of dark gold, and a skin delicate as a lily, upon which lay a kind of golden tinge too—oh, call it not freckles! though I dare say the charming effect was produced by something of that sort. Her eyes were large, moist, violet in hue, with slightly lifted eyebrows, which gave them an arch look. Mr Sylvanus Johnson, who sat next me, after staring at her a little, muttered in my ear in a dramatic undertone: 'Perdita has expressed that girl, sir:

Violeta dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath.'

'If that be her mother next to her,' said I,

'fix your attention upon her, Mr Johnson, and Perdita's fancy will exhale!'

And indeed Mrs Hudson was a very extraordinary, and I may say violent contrast to her daughter: a puffy lady of about fifty, with a heavy underlip, puffed-out cheeks of a bluish tint, and a wig the youthful hue of which defined every trace of age in her countenance, till one thought of her as being some score years older than she really was.

But the interior was wonderfully humanised by these ladies. Their dress, the sparkle of jewels in their ears, on their fingers and throats, here and there a turban seated high on some motherly head—it was the age of turbans and feathers—the soft notes of the girls running an undertone of music through the deeper voices of the matrons and the growling of us males grumbling conversation across and up the table, whipped the fancy ashore, and made one think of drawing-rooms and guitars and Books of Beauty.

THE GIANT SUN.

To those unacquainted with the marvels of astronomy the above title may appear a little strange. For surely our sun must be considered a giant, 'giant in size,' as Sir John Herschel says, 'and giant in strength, but withal a benevolent giant, being the almoner of the Almighty, the delegated dispenser to us of light and warmth, the immediate source of all our comforts, and indeed of the very possibility of our existence.' Is there, then, any orb in the heavens superior to our sun, and more worthy to be styled a giant?

In comparing things on earth, we look upon this our planet as a giant, relative to the size of anything terrestrial; our highest mountains, our deepest oceans, are but specks compared with the huge mass of the earth. Then look at Jupiter, the noblest of the planets, acting as a subordinate sun to his system of satellites. This globe is hundreds of times larger than our world, and its mass even exceeds the combined mass of all the other planets. Yet vast as is the bulk of Jupiter, he seems dwarfed into insignificance compared with the sun's magnificent globe; a thousand Jupiters would not make up the volume of the sun nor outweigh his mighty mass. To speak of any other orb as being a giant sun, would seem to imply that there exists in the universe a globe bearing some such proportion to the sun as the sun does to Jupiter, or Jupiter does to our earth. Inconceivable as the idea of such a globe may be, it is, however, such a globe that I now wish to describe. As the late Richard Proctor said: 'Mighty as is the globe of the sun, there is an orb more than a thousand times vaster. Grand as is the scheme ruled by the sun, and inconceivable as are the forces exerted by the sun upon the orbs which circle round him, there is a sun which exerts forces many times more mighty on orbs which themselves probably exceed our sun in mass and volume. Magnificent as is the conception that our sun with his attendant family of planets is sweeping through space at a rate of two or three hundred miles every minute, the sun of which I speak carries a far mightier train through space at a rate many times greater.' Look towards

the south any clear night during the winter months, and you will see, low down, a star which will immediately arrest your attention, not only by its superior brightness, but also by its constant change of colour, at one moment red, at another, green, at another white. This is Sirius, the famous Dog-star of the ancients, the most brilliant star in the heavens, and the largest known orb in the universe. It is difficult to conceive, that this beautiful star is a globe much larger than our sun; yet it is a fact that Sirius is a sun many times more mighty than our own. That splendid star, which even in our most powerful telescopes appears as a mere point of light, is in reality a globe emitting so enormous a quantity of light and heat, that were it to take the place of our sun, every creature on this earth would be consumed by its burning rays.

Sirius shining with a far greater lustre than any other star, it was natural that astronomers should have regarded this as being the nearest of all the 'fixed' stars; but recent investigation on the distances of the stars has shown that the nearest to us is Alpha Centauri, a star belonging to the southern latitudes, though it is probable that Sirius is about fourth on the list in order of distance. For though there are about fifteen or twenty stars whose distances have been conjectured, the astronomer knows that in reality all of them, save three or four, lie at distances too great to be measured by any instruments we have at present. Astronomers agree in fixing the distance of the nearest star at twenty-two million of millions of miles; and it is certain that the distance of Sirius is more than three and less than six times that of Alpha Centauri, most likely about five times; so that we are probably not far from the truth if we set the distance of Sirius at about a hundred million of millions of miles! What a vast distance is this which separates us from that bright star; words and figures of themselves fail to convey to our minds any adequate idea of its true character.

To take a common example of illustrating such enormous distances: it is calculated that the ball from an Armstrong hundred-pounder quits the gun with a speed of about four hundred yards per second; now, if this velocity could be kept up, it would require no fewer than ten million years before the ball could reach Sirius! Again, take the swiftest form of velocity of which we have any knowledge, light, which travels at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles per second, or about twelve million miles a minute, yet the distance of Sirius is so vast that it takes nearly twenty years for its light to reach us; so that if Sirius was suddenly to become extinct, we should not be acquainted with the fact till twenty years hence.

Now, the work the astronomer has to do in order to calculate these distances is one of the greatest problems he has to solve, and the manner of his investigation may not be out of place. By way of illustration, take a room having two windows looking in the same direction; now stand at one window and select a certain object, say a tree, and notice the position in which it stands in relation to its surroundings; then look from the other window at the same object, and you will find that its surroundings have slightly changed; they have apparently shifted their

position, owing to your having observed them from a different point of view. This is precisely what an astronomer does to determine the distance of a star; the earth in her wide circuit round the sun is in winter on the opposite side of the sun to what she was in summer, and consequently the earth's distance from the sun being about ninety-one million miles, we see the stars from two different points of view, one hundred and eighty millions of miles apart. But vast as is this base-line, any change in the position of a star is, with one or two exceptions, altogether inappreciable, and Sirius stands barely within the limits of any approximate estimation. In fact, this star, viewed from the two extremes of the earth's orbit, shows a displacement of position equal to about the five-thousandth part of the moon's diameter, so that it is almost impossible for astronomers to determine the distance or dimensions of Sirius by this means.

Bright as the Dog-star appears to the naked eye, in the telescope it appears as a mere point of light; and even in the largest telescopes constructed, though its light is greatly increased, a definite disc or outline, as is seen in the planets, is quite undiscernible; for if the power of a telescope was sufficient to 'raise a disc' on the star, it would be almost an impossibility to distinguish it, owing to its great brilliancy; for as Sir William Herschel tells us, when Sirius was about to enter the field of view of his forty-feet reflector, 'the light resembled that which announces the approach of sunrise;' and when the star was in the field of view 'it appeared in all the splendour of the rising sun, so that it was impossible to behold it without pain to the eye.'

Now, if astronomers could measure the disc of Sirius, they could from that determine its distance and measure its dimensions; but as no outline is appreciable, they resort to comparing the light received from this star with that which we receive from the sun, and by this means they are able to form some conclusion as to its probable size. After the most careful comparison of the light of Sirius, the sun and other stars, astronomers agree in fixing the volume of Sirius as exceeding our sun nearly five thousand times, and his diameter as exceeding our sun's seventeen times, so that the diameter of this giant orb is probably no less than over fourteen millions of miles!

To the philosophers and scientists of the last century, it must have appeared incredible that at any future time scientific discoveries would have enabled us to tell with certainty the composition of the stars. Yet during the last fifty years the science of spectrum analysis has so far advanced, as to give us undeniable proof of the existence of certain elements in the sun and also in the stars, similar to those with which we are acquainted on earth. As Dr Huggins says: 'We now need not teach our children that little couplet "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are!" because we really know; we have in the place of wonder, knowledge.' Of this method of ascertaining the composition of a distant body by its light, it is sufficient here to remark that it is due to the fact that, when a ray of light has by means of the spectroscope passed through a glass prism, it is spread out into a broad band comprising all the colours of the

rainbow. This band or spectrum is in the case of the sun and other similar bodies crossed by a number of fine dark lines, which correspond to the various elements present in their constitution. Now, if certain gases, such as hydrogen or sodium, be burnt and their spectra examined, lines similar to those in the sun's spectrum will be found; and if the two are compared, the presence or absence of such elements in the sun may be inferred. By this means of spectrum analysis it has been found that the sun contains a large number of terrestrial elements, including hydrogen, iron, sodium, magnesium, zinc, lithium, copper, oxygen, and many others; of these, the first four mentioned have been discovered in Sirius; and doubtless most of the others exist also, as the spectrum of this star resembles that of our sun in all essential respects, though it cannot be observed under the same favourable conditions.

By means of the spectroscope a very wonderful discovery has been made respecting Sirius. Astronomers had noticed that this star was in rapid motion through space, as it was found that year by year it was changing its position in the heavens, traversing in about fifteen hundred years a space equal to the apparent diameter of the moon, at a velocity of no less than twenty miles per second. Of course, by actual observation the only motion capable of being detected would be that which was square to the line of sight, so that although Sirius appears to us to move across the heavens, he may really be travelling in a slanting direction, either towards or from us. No one would ever have expected to be able to tell whether a star was approaching to or receding from us, yet even this seemingly insolvable problem has of late years been accomplished by the spectroscope. Dr Huggins, our greatest authority on this subject, having identified certain lines in the spectrum of Sirius as those of hydrogen, found on comparison that these were displaced in such a manner as to indicate that the star was receding from us. It has been estimated that this recession combined with the thwart motion of twenty miles per second, gives as the actual movement of Sirius in space a speed of about thirty-three miles per second.

These, then, constitute some of the chief items of information about Sirius at present within our knowledge.

There seems to be no reason to doubt that in common with other suns he has his system of planets circling round him after the manner of our own sun; and what a system! Vast as ours appears, it is dwarfed into insignificance compared with a system whose ruling orb is five thousand times larger than that which does duty for us. There seems also no reason to doubt that these planets are intended to be the abode of life; it may be that at the present moment none of them present any signs of life; but I think we may safely infer without improbability, that each one of those worlds has a destined period in its development during which, life, similar to that which now prevails on our planet, would, be in existence. What a world such an one would be, in size perhaps not inferior to that of our sun, himself a million times larger than our earth; and it may be that as this Sirian world is so vastly superior to ours in size, its inhabitants would be on a scale in proportion to its dimensions, a race

of beings of such intellect and civilisation, compared with whom we are but savages.

Such systems as these may possibly belong to a higher order of existence, a state of things to which we can never attain, and a degree of perfection to which we can never hope to arrive. Be this as it may, we have sufficient evidence to prove that Sirius is a sun of the highest order of creation, and an orb well worthy to be titled 'the giant sun,' for of all the stars of which we have any knowledge, none other more worthily deserve distinction than this the great Dog-star, the king amongst suns.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER III.

THE circumstances of the murder—for such it undoubtedly was—were so cruel and exceptional, that a thrill was sent through London when the newspapers were delivered on Monday morning. The victim was Margaret Neale, the Countess of Southfort's governess; and her body had been discovered by a constable, soon after dawn, at the bottom of the flight of steps leading down to the fountain from the side next Park Lane. On first seeing the body, he had thought, from its attitude, that it was a woman sleeping there; but on descending the steps, the constable perceived without touching her that she was dead. On a surgeon being quickly brought to the spot, he pronounced life to have been extinct for several hours; and from the dew upon the dead woman's clothing and certain other appearances, the body must have lain there all night.

The authorities had had all Sunday to prosecute inquiries before the murder became public in the next morning's papers; but as far as could be gathered, they had not found much light. First of all, the identity of the victim in itself made it difficult to get at a clue. She had gone back to Lady Southfort's house in Grosvenor Square after singing at the concert, and had certainly not left the house up to the hour of dinner (half-past eight). At what hour she went out, nobody could say; but it must have been during dinner, because, when sent for by Lady Southfort after dinner to come to the drawing-room, to the general surprise she was nowhere to be found. But a constable who was on duty in Park Lane had seen a lady of the same height and similarly dressed hurriedly cross the road from Mount Street and enter the small gate of the Park at a quarter past nine; he noticed that she went straight across the road towards the fountain. At ten o'clock the gate referred to was always closed for the night.

There was little doubt that this was Miss Neale; but the identification did not go far. She had never been known to leave the house before, except for some well-known purpose and at a usual hour; and the fact of her stealing out—as she must have done—added to the mystery. All her papers and effects were examined; but nothing was discovered to suggest an explanation of her conduct. She was not believed to have any acquaintance in London,

and was shy and retiring in disposition. To Lady Southfort, who knew the governess so well, it was incredible that she should have been in Hyde Park after dark—incredible and incomprehensible, the lady declared; until she saw with her own eyes the lifeless proof of it.

So much the newspaper reports, in substance, contained on Monday morning. During the course of the day many people applied for admission to view the body. To some it was allowed, and to Frank Holmes among others. As he stood, silent, gazing on the white placid face of the murdered girl, Mr Clayton the banker came beside him. They were both listening again, in fancy, to the notes which had moved them so singularly a few hours before the hand of a swift and cruel death silenced her sweet throat for ever.

'It is awful, Holmes,' said the banker in a whisper. 'Only think of her, on Saturday afternoon—and—look at her breast!'—They turned away, and left the place. On the street, Mr Clayton stopped, and laying his hand heavily on the younger man's shoulder, exclaimed: 'Frank, if the murderer is not caught within the next twenty-four hours, I will offer two thousand pounds reward over my own name for his arrest!'

Holmes listened without comment. The banker was powerfully excited; but the other, more experienced, though not less moved, had his faculties cool and under control. He was profoundly interested in this tragedy, not alone on account of the character of the poor victim, but by reason of the dark cloud of mystery which enveloped the deed. He knew privately that the police—for the present—were literally at fault. Miss Neale's manner of life had been so simple and regular and retired, and her character in Lady Southfort's house—outside of which she was not known—so gentle and winning, that even imagination was at a loss to suggest a motive for her death. It seemed possible to be accounted for only as a mistake in the dark; but nobody in Lady Southfort's house or out of it could throw the faintest light upon the unprecedented act of the governess privately leaving the house and at such an hour.

The ever enterprising and eager evening papers failed to add one iota to the information already made public. This was to many a disheartening sign; and the inquest, to take place the next day, was awaited with anxious interest.

The brevity of the proceedings in the coroner's court was significant of dearth of information. Only two witnesses, or at most three, demanded special attention. The first was the police constable who had made the discovery; he was passing near the fountain at half-past three on Sunday morning when he saw the body of a well-dressed young woman lying at the bottom of the steps. At first, he thought she was asleep; but on drawing near, he saw that she was dead—murdered by a wound in the breast. Except some blood upon the stones where she lay, no marks were visible. A surgeon was brought; and a close and extensive examination of the vicinity made, but without result.

The doctor who made the post-mortem examination deposed that a sharp instrument (a knife or dagger) had penetrated the heart, and that death

must have been instantaneous; the face retained the calm expression of sleep.

The Countess of Southfort, who was several times deeply affected in the course of her evidence, made some interesting statements. Questioned as to the history of the deceased, she said that Miss Neale was the only child of a clergyman, now dead, and had been in her family as governess for four years. Lady Southfort knew nothing of the girl's relatives—she had no near relations, and had never corresponded with any. As far as she, Lady Southfort, knew, Miss Neale had had no acquaintance outside her own doors. She had habitually avoided strangers, and had been very remarkable in that respect.

Then the following passed:

'Was it from constitutional shyness that she avoided strangers?'

'Yes, to a great extent. Miss Neale was very shy.'

'She sang at a concert on the day of her death?'

'It was a private concert, and I had to use considerable persuasion before I could induce her to sing.'

'Was she in the practice of singing in your own drawing-room for your guests?'

'No; I never asked her to do so, except when the guests were special friends whom she was well acquainted with.'

'I infer from a previous answer,' said the examining solicitor, 'that there was something else besides constitutional shyness which caused the deceased to shrink from notice. Was that the case—to your Ladyship's knowledge?'

Lady Southfort hesitated, and the silence of deepening interest made her hesitation more significant. 'There was something,' she said at length, in a low and distinct voice, 'known only to myself, and involving a painful secret of Miss Neale's life. I do not see how it bears upon the case at all—and I would fain preserve the poor girl's secret still.' There was a minute's silence. 'It was nothing to be ashamed of,' the Countess added, 'or it would not have been Miss Neale's.'

'We have no doubt as to that,' observed the coroner; 'and every person in court sympathises with your Ladyship. But we cannot pass the point over. If you would make known to me, privately, the character of the secret in question, I would decide whether or not it should be disclosed in evidence.'

Lady Southfort inclined her head; and amid deep silence, wrote a few words on a leaf of a memorandum book, tore the leaf out and passed it, folded, to the coroner.

He read it with attention, and pausing a moment, said: 'I thank your Ladyship. After reading what you have been good enough to communicate to me, I much regret to say that the information may have a very important bearing upon Margaret Neale's death.'

The solicitor then continued his examination.

'Pray, what was the secret, Lady Southfort?'

'Miss Neale was married.'

'To whom?'

'I do not know. Her husband married her, over five years ago, under the name of Vernon—Julius Vernon. But it was an assumed name.'

'Where were they married?'

'At a Registry Office. (Giving the address.) 'I inspected the register myself, when she told me of it.'

'How do you know that Julius Vernon was an assumed name?'

'After their marriage her husband entered the army. I do not know which branch of the service; but there was no officer of that name in the Army List.'

'Did the wife not know the branch of the service to which her husband belonged?'

'No; she had no idea. He went abroad soon after obtaining his commission, and she never saw him again.'

'Do you mean, deserted her?'

'She never regarded it so. He was poor, and unable to maintain her until he got promotion. She was willing to maintain herself until then. It was her hope that five years' foreign service would be sufficient to enable him to come back to her. Meanwhile, she was very sensitive of observation, and secluded herself as much as possible.'

Pressed further on the point, Lady Southfort admitted that she believed the wife to have been deserted. The man never wrote a line to her after leaving England, or sent her any evidence of being alive and remembering her. Whether any fear of desertion had crept into the wife's breast, Lady Southfort could not say; she was bravely holding on to the hope of the five years, notwithstanding his silence and neglect. Asked if she had noticed any alteration in Margaret Neale's manner of late, she answered in the negative; she had been a little flustered after the applause she won at the concert, but that had passed away in an hour.

'Now, Lady Southfort, kindly think before you answer. Can you remember anything which would throw light upon her leaving your house that evening?'

'No; nothing whatever. I have been constantly thinking upon it since. It was the only time she had ever done such an act, and I could hardly credit it, until there was no room for doubt. She always breakfasted with me; the letters were distributed at the table; Miss Neale had not received a letter for weeks except one, which was from a 'music-seller. She never appeared to expect a letter, and always took a morning paper to look through.'

'Do you know if her husband is still living, or where he is?'

'I have not the slightest idea.'

This concluded Lady Southfort's evidence. It was deeply interesting, in the dearth of other information; but did it lead any one to a clue to the secret of the girl's death? Nobody could believe so. However, it gave the police something to work upon, and anything was better than nothing, though it was not easy to form a theory from the melancholy revelation made by Lady Southfort. There was still a strong prevalence of opinion that Miss Neale had been murdered by mistake.

Following the report of the inquest next morning in every London newspaper was the offer, printed in large type, of a reward of Two Thousand Pounds, by Mr Clayton, the banker, for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer. Before evening, the sum was

increased to more than Five Thousand Pounds by the subscription of others.

It was a remarkable circumstance that, although the most careful and exhaustive search was made both in town and country, no photograph, no letter, no trace whatever of the dead woman's husband was discovered—save the record of the marriage of Margaret Neale, spinster, and Julius Vernon, bachelor, at the Registry Office. The registrar before whom the marriage took place was dead. There was only one noticeable point about the record—the signature of Julius Vernon was much sprawled, as though it had been written with a bad quill, or there had been a hair in the point of the pen. The date of the husband's departure from England it was difficult to fix with any precision. Miss Neale had been four years in Lady Southfort's service, so that she had been a year married when she became governess to that lady's children. A detective officer had an interview with the Countess for the purpose of obtaining further and more definite information than the coroner's inquiry had elicited. When Miss Neale entered her service, Lady Southfort knew nothing of her marriage. It was long afterwards—the Countess could not say exactly how long, but thought it was about two years afterwards—when the governess made the confession to her. What was still more regrettable—from a policeman's point of view, at least—was that her ladyship—who was always a much preoccupied leader of town and country society—could not remember whether the governess's husband had already gone abroad at the time of the confession, or went abroad after that date. Lady Southfort, on reflection, was inclined to the latter supposition, founding her opinion upon the recollection that it was only within the last two years that Miss Neale's avoidance of society had become so noticeable. All this was very perplexing and unsatisfactory. If the identity of the husband could be established, the police would be better able to see exactly where they were.

As usual, some arrests were made on suspicion, which for a week or ten days kept the public excitement going. Then, from dearth of fresh incidents and the supply of new topics of daily interest, the murder began to pass out of the public mind; but not out of the thoughts of those more immediately interested in the deceased governess. Frank Holmes had it constantly in his mind, for more than one reason. While the public dropped the tragedy with the unsatisfactory conclusion—where there was a conclusion at all—that Miss Neale was the victim of a blow meant for some one else, he, more experienced in such matters, formed no such opinion. We cannot say that as yet he had sufficient grounds for any opinion; but in connection with the tragedy he was somewhat puzzled by the interest felt by Mr Clayton, one of the most practical and unemotional of men. Almost every day brought him an inquiry from that gentleman as to whether anything had been discovered yet. One morning there lay among other letters on his breakfast table one in Mr Clayton's handwriting. Conjecturing its contents, Holmes left it unopened while he glanced through the morning papers. For two or three days past there had been hardly an allusion to the murder in Hyde Park, which a week ago

had been in every one's thoughts; therefore, he received a surprise this morning to read, under a prominent heading, that the police were now very probably on the track of the murderer, and that within the next twenty-four hours it was expected they would have him in custody.

IN A REGIMENTAL ORDERLY-ROOM.

As its name indicates, the orderly-room of a regiment is the centre from which the commanding officer and his chief working subordinate the adjutant promulgate 'orders' or instructions of all kinds. In a word, it may be accurately described as the 'office' of a corps. Here the regimental books are kept, and a variety of correspondence is transacted. Would-be recruits are from time to time ushered in, with—to the eye of the 'trained soldier'—sometimes a very diverting awkwardness of gait and manner, to be 'finally approved' by the colonel; while a few minutes later, perhaps, one or more men may be marched before that potentate to be 'discharged' on the completion of their period of service. Delinquents, too, are here dealt with, or, in barrack-room parlance, 'weighed off'; and it is probably superfluous to note that by such soldiers the orderly-room is by no means regarded as a very attractive quarter.

In the newer barracks there has been some attempt to introduce into orderly-rooms a more luxurious style of furnishing than was previously considered necessary. One of the chief steps in this direction is the laying of floors with linoleum or matting by way of a carpet, a circumstance which may be of interest to etymologists, as these inquirers have long disputed over the origin of the saying, 'To be on the carpet,' or being 'carpeted.' This term, however, has been in use probably from time immemorial among soldiers to describe an involuntary visit to the orderly-room, and the 'carpeting' of the floor has rendered it somewhat more applicable than of yore.

But the typical apartment of the variety in question presents a rather bare and unadorned appearance. Nearly in the middle stands an ordinary barrack table covered with a green cloth. On this, among other things, lies a written paper headed 'Scale,' to which we will refer later on. At one side of the room is another table, covered, not with green baize, but with books and writing materials, as well as by the innumerable ink-stains left on the wood by a long succession of orderly-room clerks. Three or four chairs, of the plain design, commonly seen in the kitchens of the outer world, stand beside each of these tables, of which latter, the central one with the green cloth, is the position whence the commanding officer issues his decrees. The remaining contents of the room do not perhaps call for much notice. They consist of shelves whereon are piled books of ledger-like appearance; and the bareness of the walls is in some degree relieved by lists of names, inscribed in a neat style of calligraphy, which hang

here and there. One of these lists is entitled 'Sergeants by seniority,' another 'Corporals by seniority,' and so on. A row of pegs, not in themselves very remarkable, runs along a portion of one wall. A civilian, however, on casually glancing round the place might occasionally have his attention attracted to the pegs on seeing suspended from one of them the belt and 'side-arms' of a sergeant; it is quite within the bounds of possibility that he might even notice an officer's sword monopolising one of these commonplace-looking pins. The sergeant, or officer, on being placed under arrest is disarmed; and the weapon which is symbolical of his rank as a combatant is hung up in the orderly-room; hence the military idiom, 'To be on the peg.'

The orderly-room clerk, who can usually be found at the side-table, is a sergeant who requires to be a very accomplished calligraphist; and he must be able to 'frame' properly the official letters which he afterwards places before the colonel for signature. He is allowed an assistant, a young corporal who has displayed the necessary qualifications, and who is employed on the less momentous kinds of work. The corporal, from much practice, is an adept at the inscription of 'order-boards' for guardrooms and sentry-boxes: he knows precisely where to use black ink and where red, and this is an accomplishment not to be acquired in a day. A stranger, on looking over the corporal's shoulder, might be amused to see him write in red ink on the top of a completed list of orders, 'To be hung up in a dry place and kept clean;' for damp is very injurious to order-boards; and it is quite common to hear a sentinel, on the point of being 'relieved,' report to his successor that the article in question is 'defaced.' Both the orderly-room clerk and his assistant are 'struck-off' duty; they attend no parades, and do no 'duty,' such as guards, pickets, or the like. But they are very fully occupied; and at certain stations, notably at the Tower of London, the corporal will find plenty of 'defaced' boards of orders awaiting renewal.

In the early morning, the orderly-room is put in a state of tidiness, the fire lit, and the ink-bottles carefully filled by the commanding officer's orderly, who, though rejoicing in a somewhat high-sounding title, is merely a private soldier acting as a messenger. Before long, the clerk arrives. He at once proceeds to open the communications which have arrived by post, and having perused them, places the papers in a neat pile on the table with the green cloth. Then he inspects the long quill pens which the colonel and adjutant use, and consigns those which have become unfit for further service to the waste-paper basket. Afterwards the sergeant begins to make out railway warrants, the 'state' of the regiment which is to be despatched to the Horse Guards, or perhaps a 'requisition for stationery,' which no doubt includes a demand for some bundles of quills; and with these matters he is helped by the corporal, who has meanwhile appeared.

If the course of an hour or two the sound of drums announces the return of the battalion from morning drill. Very soon the colonel arrives, accompanied by the adjutant, and closely followed by the sergeant-major. The officers

take seats at the table, and look over the correspondence; while the sergeant-major stands a little to one side and assumes what may be described as an expectant demeanour. After a little delay, the colonel waves his hand—a gesture which puts the warrant-officer in motion towards the door, where he calls out, in tones of extraordinary power, 'Sound orders!' A bugler who has been hovering about in the vicinity quickly executes this mandate; and in a short space of time a considerable number of non-commissioned officers and men assemble in front of the orderly-room, where they are arranged by companies by the orderly sergeants.

The sergeant-major receives from each company a number of printed forms, filled up in certain parts by handwriting, and, returning to the room, he places these in a heap before the adjutant. Known as 'passes,' the forms are applications for leave; and the adjutant proceeds to append his signature to each of them, not with a quill, but by means of a stamp, which very greatly expedites the process. Meantime the 'major,' as he is familiarly termed, again withdraws, and shouts, in the stentorian tone peculiar to his rank, 'March in!' The various soldiers who have to appear before the commanding officer are now brought up in succession. For example, several men have been an hour or two 'absent.' The colonel glances at the 'scale' and awards the amount of extra drill which each case deserves according to its gravity. Then a sergeant is marched in: he has perhaps been guilty of some neglect of duty 'while in the execution of his office;' but merely gets a gentle reproof from the colonel; and as he retires, his sword, which has been hanging on a peg near by, is handed to him by the sergeant-major. Next comes a corporal, who is alluded to in flattering language by the adjutant. He is there and then promoted to the rank of sergeant, *vice* the man who follows, a sergeant to be 'discharged.' When the latter appears, the adjutant turns to the clerk and inquires if the 'parchment' is ready, meaning the certificate of discharge, which is always made out on that kind of material.

'Orders' at length are completed; the officers leave the apartment; and the clerks, who have been in a somewhat highly-strung condition during the past hour, slightly relax the assiduity with which they have been wielding their pens. The sergeant-major, too, casts off the more rigid part of his professional air and relieves himself of his belt and sword; then he takes down from a shelf the 'detail-book,' in which he makes out the roll of non-commissioned officers for duty on the morrow. At the same time the senior clerk is copying into the 'order-book' the instructions which have been given him by the adjutant; and, among a variety of matter, here appears the promotion of the corporal whom we saw marched into the orderly-room.

Towards the evening the sergeant-major can be heard hailing the bugler once more. 'Orders' having been sounded, all the orderly sergeants and corporals assemble in the room and take down from the sergeant-major's dictation the mandates of the day, beginning with the 'parole,' generally the name of a town. This occupies some little time, as a few of the corporals in particular are not very expert penmen, and,

moreover, sometimes take diverting liberties with the spelling of the Queen's English. But when all have finished writing, the sergeant-major closes his book with a bang, and as he puts on his forage-cap calls out, 'Dismiss!'

FUGITIVE FACTS FROM NORMANDY.

If an untravelled Briton possessing the smallest powers of observation were suddenly dropped into a French street, say the Rue Jeanne d'Arc in Rouen, at four o'clock on a summer morning before the town was awake, he would instantly recognise that he was not in England, and at the same time be utterly unable to explain how he knew it. Apart from the nomenclature on the shop-fronts, there is a 'je ne sais quoi' about the general aspect of the houses that is essentially foreign and beyond the power of words to define. We have never been able to decide wherein the difference lies: and as familiarity blunts one's perceptive powers, we are less able to do it now than when we came here a month ago. We therefore present the puzzle in its unanswered entirety for somebody else to cope with and solve, if he can.

The first thing that arrests the stranger's attention in a Norman street is the peculiarity common to drivers of all vehicles. On the morning of our arrival we were awakened at ten o'clock by what sounded like a fierce duel with revolvers just outside the hotel door. 'An adventure already!' we exclaimed, and sprang out of bed and rushed to the window, picturing a sanguinary conflict between bloodthirsty Frenchmen on the pavement. The reality was disappointing: a traveller had arrived in a cab, and the driver was cracking his whip in what we have since discovered to be the orthodox fashion, to call the attention of the hotel *conciierge*. The proficiency and perseverance displayed by cabmen and carters in whip-cracking are remarkable; they have made a fine art of this innocent pastime. At one time we imagined that the instrument which emitted such pistol-shots must be a masterpiece of its kind, and made an early opportunity of examining one. We found that the Norman *jehu* constructed his plaything out of an old billiard cue, five feet of frayed clothes-line, and a piece of string; whereat we marvelled greatly, and became lost in admiration of the skill evinced in its manipulation. We have called the Norman's whip a plaything; so it is. When a horse falls down, or commits any other equine misdeed, his owner does not beat him, as that would spoil the whip. No; he lavishes upon his erring slave a torrent of opprobrious epithets, and sits down to wait till the animal feels inclined to get up, or until a *sergent de ville* hints that it would be advisable to remove the obstruction to traffic. Then he puts the whip carefully aside, uses more drastic language, and kicks the horse. Such severe measures are not often resorted to, however, for your Norman

carter is a kind-hearted man; and if his horse happens to lie down in an unfrequented road, he permits him to remain in a prostrate position till the animal wants to go home himself. This, however, by the way.

It is when the team, numbering from one to five, is in full career, jangling its bells and shaking proudly the blue door-mats that adorn its harness, that the whip comes into liveliest play. Then the carter is in his element; he ties red and blue rags to the handle, making it a thing of unrivalled beauty, and rides along fulminating cracks that fill his simple soul with a deep ineffable joy. A very sceptre is this whip to the man who wields it, and without it he is disconsolate indeed. Disconsolate! He is no longer a *viturier*; he has lost his caste. We have seen men in various depths of despair from time to time—men who had ruined themselves on the turf in a single day—men whose lives had just been blighted for ever by her final 'No'—and men chasing their best hats along Princes Street through a sea of mud. But we never fully grasped the magnitude of possible human misery until last Wednesday. We were taking a walk on the Bon Secours road, and about five miles from Rouen came upon a burly individual in a blouse, sitting under the hedge in an attitude that betokened the profoundest woe. Drawn up near him on the roadside was a cumbersome country wain with three horses, the latter standing patiently in the sun fighting the persistent flies. We do not know much French; but seeing that the face of the burly man was haggard and pale, we stopped and asked him if he was ill. He thanked us in broken tones, but said he was not ill. He groaned heavily. We inquired if he had, then, a pain. No; he had not a pain; but even as he spoke, he groaned a groan that seemed to come from his boots. He was obviously getting worse; so we drew nearer and begged him to say what afflicted him; why he thus sat here, so *désolé*, so *triste*. Then he fixed his sad eyes on ours, and confided to us the sorrow that ate his soul. He could not drive all the way to Rouen those three fine horses, for from his whip the lash had departed! He paused when he had said this; but seeing the sympathy which we had not French words to express, continued. He was not able to conceive, he said, where the lash had taken itself; he had searched, *parbleu!* he had searched the road and the grass and the ditches and the hedges and the cornfields beyond; but he could not recover the lash—could not recover it! And as his own words brought home to him the terrible reality of his loss, his voice trembled, and he brushed a tear from his cheek with the back of his hand.

We were deeply moved; but happily, most happily, it lay in our power to alleviate his pain. We turned out our pockets, and discovered a small piece of string, diffidently asking if it was of any use. The violence of his joy and gratitude alarmed us, and for a moment we dreaded his relapse into hysterics; but he grew calm ere long, and at our request proceeded to mend his whip. The operation was important enough to demand his full attention, and as the flood of grateful but incomprehensible Norman-

French subsided, we attempted to steal away. The movement brought forth another torrent of heartfelt thanks; and when we bade him adieu, he seized both our hands and wanted to kiss us; but that we could not permit. We firmly believe that that fragment of string saved a fellow-creature from suicide.

Among other municipal regulations in Rouen, there is a stringent bylaw which threatens beggars with awful penalties and pains. Frightful things ought to happen to men who beg in the streets; but they don't. At every corner is stationed a man more or less anatomically incomplete who sits hat in hand soliciting charity from the passers-by. Every church of note is furnished with an old blind man, who sits on a stool at the door, rattling a son in a pint mug with one hand and holding his beads in the other. Sometimes he tells a few beads, mutters an Ave or a Pater by way of a change; but the mug is always handy, and never empty, though, as a matter of policy, he never rattles more than one coin in it at a time. The pavements and public gardens swarm with ragged boys, who appear to emulate Indian fakirs in seeking through dirt the path to Paradise. But one and all make a good livelihood. We gave our pity for them pecuniary shape occasionally, until a wooden-legged man taught us a lesson.

We had been out for a long walk one day, and were hurrying home to escape the rain. We reached the Boulevard where the trams run, and walked on slowly, intending to take a car home. It was raining heavily when we passed the beggar with the wooden legs, and, reflecting how wet the poor creature was getting, met his petition for alms with a ten-centime piece and went on. A few moments later the car passed, and we jumped in. French cars are divided into first and second class, and being of necessity economical, we went in the latter. That compartment was crowded; but there were only two people on the luxurious cushions of the first class. One was our begging acquaintance; he recognised us with a kindly but patronising bow, and resumed the perusal of his evening paper! Of course it might have been that the conductor gave him a seat there out of regard for his inability to stand, and it is more than possible that some one's charity took the form of a copy of *La Presse* which he had read and done with. We say that may be; but nevertheless, since that day we have resolutely closed our ears and pockets to all begging appeals.

Few of this population of beggars make any pretence of doing or selling anything; we must do them the justice to say that they are for the most part transparently honest in their idleness; though even as we write this there rises to our mind's eye the picture of an aged lady who sits at the top of the Rue Jeanne d'Arc trying to sell a match-box. She has offered us that match-box regularly every day for the past six weeks, and now we look forward to seeing it as we do an old friend, we know it so well. We wonder if she would part with it? We should like to buy it as a curiosity, and shall try to make ourselves master of it before we go away. How surprised she will be when we ask the price!

There is one little matter we want to say a word about; but we approach it with diffidence, as people are apt to look askance at a man who admits that he takes any interest in affairs connected with drinking. We use 'drinking' in its most literal sense of assuaging thirst, for in Normandy our 'national sin' is comparatively unknown. We do not wish to qualify the praise that is due to national sobriety, and if it had not been for a certain statement made by M. Max O'Rell in *Friend Macdonald*, we might have passed the subject by unnoticed. M. O'Rell, speaking of whisky as the national drink of Scotland, couples it with the Irish spirit, and says, 'both are horrible.' They may be. Whisky is an acquired taste, and one we are all ready to admit best left unacquired. But the process of acquiring a taste for the French national drink, *vin ordinaire*, is so laborious and the results so unprofitable, that we feel quite justified in stigmatising it as worse than horrible. It has nothing to recommend it; it is sour, and doesn't satisfy one's thirst; its only good point is that the lightest-headed man could drown himself in it before he got intoxicated. If the Gaul wanted an equivalent to whisky, we do not doubt he could supply himself; but he does not, so let us give credit where credit is due. Still, here in Normandy at the height of summer, the pampered British throat does crave at times for something wet that is not nasty. When first we came, the luxuries promised on the hotel wine-card deceived us; and one afternoon we set out for a twelve-mile walk, bent on seeing the country and getting up a splendid thirst. We did our twelve miles in three hours, and came back with a thirst which in India we would not have taken ten rupees for. During the last half-mile, we earnestly weighed the question, What shall we drink? The beer, the *vin ordinaire*, and the whisky were all bad, and we put a black mark against them. We were very hot when we got in, and the waiter, who is a thoughtful man, remarked it. He said: 'Monsieur would enjoy doubtless some *cider glace*.' It sounded promising, and we said we should. A stranger who saw the bottle set before us told us not to 'ave that stuff—it was 'orrid;' but advice without 'his' had no weight with us, and we ignored it. We drank a glass of the cider straight off, for it dimmed the tumbler, and fizzled, in a wickedly deceptive way. Then we dropped the glass and made a dash for the water-jug: when it was empty, we could breathe again; but it was hours before we got rid of the taste of that sweet beer and sand, which appear to be the ingredients of Norman cider.

It is a waste of time to cultivate a thirst in this country unless, like the 'Marchioness,' one has the power of 'making-believe very much.' Personally, we should much prefer that historic small servant's orange-peel and water to cider and *vin ordinaire*. They make far more of the latter beverage than they can drink in France, and turn the surplus to various useful purposes for which it is more or less adapted, notably vinegar and ink. We are not romancing, we assure you. It makes very tolerable vinegar, but the most shockingly bad ink; it clogs in the bottle, and dries in lumps on the pen, as if determined not to be degraded from its first intended sphere. We don't know whether they ever reconvert ink into wine; we

have no information on this point, but we think it not unlikely, after tasting several different brands.

The Frenchman of the labouring class is at heart a sportsman, and in default of any other means of gratifying his taste, endeavours to satisfy it by fishing. Take a stroll any fine evening along the quays that confine the Seine at Rouen, and you will find scores of patient men dangling their legs over the water, watching with pensive interest their red quill floats. The humble follower of *le sport* does not embarrass himself with elaborate tackle—indeed, his engine of would-be destruction is simplicity itself. A long slender stick, a few yards of string, the float aforesaid, and a hook baited with a fragment of toast, complete his outfit. We noticed one evening an angler going down to the quay with a sack neatly folded over his arm, and in our ignorance supposed that it was destined to convey home the finny spoil; but we were wrong; our deductions very often are, we find. The angler had a prejudice against hard stones, and wanted the sack to sit upon. And indeed, after spending many evenings watching the fishermen, while smoking our pipe, we are regretfully compelled to record that a very small sack would contain the entire catch made in a week on all the quays in Rouen. We admire patience, are fond of fishing, and should be glad to see better success attend the assiduous angling we witnessed every night. Where the fault lies we cannot determine; perhaps the fishes of the Seine are not addicted to such luxuries as toast. It is quite within reason to suppose, that the Norman's occasional practice of beguiling *le sport* with song has a deterrent effect. Looking at the waters of the river itself, one might doubt whether a fish-having regard for personal cleanliness would reside in such a stream, it is so woefully dirty.

We do not know whence the supply is brought, but our fish-market is always bountifully stocked with eels. The most prominent feature upon every stall is a large shallow tub, into which a thin trickle of water is kept running from a tap, and wherein a slithering, squirming, wallowing mass of live eels awaits the destroying hand of the fish-woman. Selling eels is not a sedentary occupation by any means; that aquatic reptile may be a peaceful creature in his free state; but in captivity he is the most restless and quarrelsome of created beings, and when he is not crawling out of the tub himself, he is sure to be busily engaged in evicting a neighbour. The natural consequence is that the pavement of our fish-market is the scene of an interminable eel-hunt; and everybody who has caught, or tried to catch and retain, a wild eel can easily picture the result. You can't stand still for three minutes near a fish-stall without finding one of the slippery escaped prisoners coiling under and round your boot, apparently seeking refuge up the leg of your trousers. We don't know whether there is anything peculiar in our appearance that attracts eels; but we do know that we never pass through the market without being chased by one or more. We say 'chased,' because we make it a point of honour to run away when an eel comes after us; having discovered that unwritten law demands that every citizen within hail shall turn to and help to recapture the fugitive. We like eels stewed; but

they have no charms for us when in full enjoyment of life and health. Latterly we have avoided that sphere of industry altogether, and don't intend to be lured back again.

SOME PREDICTIONS AND COINCIDENCES.

WRITING of predictions, other than divine prophecies, Bacon wisely observes: 'That that hath given them grace, and some credit, consisteth in three things: first, that men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss; as they do, generally, also of dreams. The second is, that probable conjectures, or obscure traditions, many times turn themselves into prophecies. The third and last, which is the great one, is, that almost all of them, being infinite in number, have been impostures, and by idle and crafty brains merely contrived and feigned after the event passed.' Nevertheless, in the same Essay he admits that they may well serve 'for winter talk by the fireside,' and therefore records a few 'only of certain credit, for example.' These include the following singular prediction, which was fulfilled in the lifetime of the great philosopher: 'The trivial prophecy, which I heard when I was a child, and when Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was—

When Henrie is spun,
England's donec;

whereby it was generally conceived, that after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of the word Henrie, which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip (her consort), and Elizabeth, England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified only in the change of the name, for that the king's style is now no more of England, but of Britain.' The king referred to is of course Elizabeth's successor, James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, under whom the two kingdoms were united.

In the good old times, however, omens, predictions, and the like were plentiful as blackberries, and are the less worthy of attention in proportion to their number. But with the dawn of the nineteenth century, people awoke to the realities of scientific marvels, and there arose an impatient scorn of occult mysteries. Remarkable coincidences and fulfillments of predictions are therefore now comparatively rare; and the following instances, which relate to or have occurred within the limits of the present century, will perhaps be the more interesting on that account.

Some curious manipulator of figures discovered a rule for determining the duration of the reigning pope's life during the earlier half of the present century. The rule is, to add to the pope's number that of his predecessor, to the total of which add 10, and the result will give the year of his death. Thus, Pius VII. succeeded Pius VI. in 1800: $6 + 7 + 10 = 23$, and Pius VII. died in 1823. Leo XII. succeeded Pius VII.: $12 + 7 + 10 = 29$, and Leo XII. died in 1829. Pius VIII. succeeded Leo XII.: $8 + 12 + 10 = 30$, and Pius VIII. died in 1830. So far the rule holds good; but even in this instance it is best to follow the advice given more than two hundred years ago by Sir Thomas Browne to 'study prophecies when they become histories.' For the next pope, Gregory XVI.,

ought, according to the rule, to have died in 1834, whereas he did not actually vacate his seat until 1846; while his successor, Pius IX., reigned until 1878, and thereby disposed of a well-known ancient tradition which forbids the hope of any of St Peter's successors reigning twenty-five years. Except in the case of the late pope, the longest reign appears to be that of Pius VI., who reigned twenty-four years, six months, fourteen days.

From popes we naturally come to princes, whose lives and deaths the celestial bodies have been supposed to hold in their keeping. Thus Shakespeare tells us that

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes;

and prophetic almanacs founded on this and kindred beliefs have a wide circulation even at the present day. Before the days of cheap literature, the largest impressions ever sold of any single book were those of Moore's Almanac, which often reached four hundred and fifty thousand copies, and this when the price was two shillings and threepence per copy, which included a stamp duty of fifteenpence. About the year 1820, the editors made the experiment of discarding the monthly column containing the moon's supposed influence on the members of the human body; but after printing one hundred thousand copies, the omission was detected, and nearly the whole edition returned on their hands; thus obliging them to reprint the favourite column. This almanac claims to have predicted the death of Selim III., Emperor of Turkey. In April 1807, referring to him, it said: 'If he can save his life, let him. I gave him fair warning.' The Emperor was deposed on May 29, 1807, and murdered on July 28, 1808. But for prophesying the deaths of princes the palm must be given to Zadkiel, whose almanac is to-day perhaps the most valuable property amongst these remnants of superstition. In Zadkiel's Almanac for 1861 occurs the following entry: 'The stationary position of Saturn in the third degree of Virgo in May . . . will be very evil for all persons born upon or near the 26th of August; among the sufferers I regret to see the worthy Prince Consort of these realms. Let such persons pay scrupulous attention to health.' Now, the Prince Consort's birthday was on the 26th of August, and he was in perfect health until towards the close of the year, when he suddenly sickened, and died on the 14th of December. The prediction apparently referred to May, in which case the event was not a fulfilment, but as an approximation it caused a great demand for the almanac for the next two years.

M. Arago, who was not indisposed to favour popular notions, once observed that 'whatever may be the progress of the sciences, never will observers who are trustworthy and careful of their reputations venture to foretell the state of the weather.' Nevertheless, 'weather almanacs' are even now common enough, and in the multitude of their predictions they have sometimes hit the mark very exactly. Thus, in 1838, Murphy's Almanac contained the following entry against the 20th of January: 'Fair. Prob. lowest degree of winter temp.; and by a happy chance that day proved to be one of the coldest of this century.'

It is not generally known that the great 'Tichborne trials' followed upon the fulfilment, in a manner, of a prophecy respecting that ancient

family said to have been made more than seven hundred years before. The story briefly told is as follows: The Tichbornes date their possession of the manor of Tichborne from so far back as two hundred years before the Conquest. When the Lady Mabella, Tichborne, wife of the Sir Roger who flourished in the reign of Henry II., was lying on her deathbed, she bequeathed her husband to grant her the means of leaving behind her a charitable bequest in the form of an annual dole of bread. He accordingly promised her the produce of as much land in the vicinity of the park as she could go over while a certain brand was burning; he supposing that, as she had been bed-ridden for years, she would be able to go round only a small portion of the property. But when the venerable dame was carried out upon the ground, she seemed to regain her strength, and to the surprise of her anxious and, let us hope, admiring lord, crawled round several rich and goodly acres, which to this day retain the name of 'The Crawls.' Being reconveyed to her chamber, Dame Mabella, summoning her family to her bedside, predicted its prosperity as long as the annual dole was observed, and left her solemn curse on any of her descendants who should discontinue it, prophesying that when such should happen, the old house would fall and the family name become extinct from failure of heirs-male. Further, that this would be foretold by a generation of seven sons being followed immediately after by a generation of seven daughters and no son. The custom of the annual dole was observed for six hundred years on every 25th of March, until, owing to the magistrates and local gentry complaining that vagabonds, gypsies, and killers of every description swarmed into the neighbourhood under the pretence of receiving the dole, it was discontinued in 1796. Strangely enough, Sir Henry Tichborne, the baronet of that day, had issue seven sons, Henry, Benjamin, Edward, James, John, George, and Roger. His eldest son Henry, who succeeded him, had seven daughters and no son, namely, Eliza, Frances, Julia, Mary, Katharine, Lucy, and Emily. The prophecy was apparently completed by the change of name of the possessors of the estate to Doughty, in the person of Sir Edward Doughty, who had assumed the name under the will of a relative from whom he inherited certain property. Finally, 'the Claimant' appeared, and instituted one of the most costly lawsuits ever tried, in which the Tichborne estate was put to an expense of close upon one hundred thousand pounds.

Curious coincidences associated with dreams are common enough; but the following incident in connection with the assassination of Mr Perceval, the Prime Minister, on the 11th of May 1812, although well authenticated, is little known. On the night of the assassination, Mr Williams, of Scorrier House, near Redruth, Cornwall, dreamt that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man with a pistol shoot a gentleman, who had just entered the lobby, and who was said to be the Chancellor. The next morning Mr Williams related the dream to his friends, upon which one of them, Mr Benjamin Tucker, of Trematon Castle, observed that it would do very well in a dream to have the Chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but that he was not likely to be there in reality. When, however,

Mr Williams described the appearance of the gentleman assassinated, his friend observed that it was not at all a description of the 'Lord' Chancellor, but very exactly that of Mr Perceval, Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom Mr Williams had never seen. Late on in the day, a messenger arrived from Truro announcing the assassination of the Prime Minister by Bellingham at about the time of the occurrence of the dream, and exactly in the place indicated.

Anagram-makers are given to prophesying after the event, and have sometimes succeeded in wresting very significant deductions from the names of their heroes. These literary conceits have, however, fallen upon evil days, being now mostly relegated to the corners of children's magazines in company with rebuses, enigmas, and charades. But in times gone by, distinguished literary men considered the making of anagrams a pleasing and elegant recreation; and even during the present century, Southey in *The Doctor*, and D'Israeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*, have entertained their readers by dissertations on this subject. The latter author states that 'Plato had strange notions of the influence of anagrams when drawn out of persons' names. . . . Chimerical associations of the character and qualities of a man, with his name anagrammatised may often have instigated to the choice of a vocation, or otherwise affected his imagination.' The following is an instance of the possible truth of such a conjecture. When George Thompson, the eloquent anti-slavery advocate, was solicited to go into parliament with a view to his more efficiently serving the cause of negro emancipation, he submitted the matter to the consideration of his friends, one of whom found the following answer in the letters of his name: 'O go—the negro's M.P.' This was perhaps as ingenious as the celebrated anagram made by the Rev. Wm. Holden, rector of Chatteris, when the news of the victory of the Nile reached England: Horatio Nelson: 'Honor est a Nilo' (Honour is from the Nile). One of the most appropriate anagrams ever written is that upon the name of Florence Nightingale: 'Flit on, cheering angel.'

A WINTER DITTY.

No green may show thro' drifted snow,
No frozen flower may peep;
• The buds that blossomed long ago
Have folded up, and gone below
To sleep.

The seed men sow, and never know
Whose hand may chance to reap;
In frosty fallows lying low,
• All softly, golden grain! and so
To sleep.

Chill airs that blow so keenly now
Across the roaring deep—
Poor gnatamlet, frozen as you flow,
Farewell a while! We meadows go
To sleep.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

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ABOUT COMMON COLDS AND THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

BY A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

THERE hangs around what are popularly called 'Colds,' and the catching of these colds, so deep a mystery that one is more than half-inclined to saddle that broad-backed nightmare the 'bacterium' with their origin and cause. The question, When, where, or how does a person catch cold? is one which it is somewhat difficult to answer definitely. The question puzzles laymen, and on it doctors themselves differ. The supposed causes of colds are of course too numerous to mention here, though we may instance one or two. A sudden chill, it is said, drives the blood from the surface of the body towards the interior, to be spread out on the mucous surface of the bronchial or lung tubes, causing erythema (redness) and a consequent discharge, which is increased by a very bad fit of coughing. Hence, a cold in the chest, and a cold in the head, in the nose, eyes, &c., is explained by the same physiological reasoning. But how seldom do we remember anything about this particular chill, or when we began to sneeze or cough. A sceptic might turn to the doctor and say: 'I take a cold bath every morning all the winter through, and surely that is a sudden chill, yet I never catch cold.'

It would really seem that a slow chill—as when one leaves a warm room to sit or stand inactive for some time in a cold one—is far more dangerous than any sudden chill, for it acts as a depressant on the nervous system. But supposing that out of a dozen people so exposed three were ill after it, only one perhaps of the three would be attacked by 'cold'; the others might have a kidney or bilious attack; for in cases of slow chill it is always the weakest organ of the body that is sought out and affected.

Sitting in a draught when hot. There is something of the bugbear about this assigned reason for cold-catching. A man has run half a mile to

catch a train, for instance, but it does not follow that he is sure to catch cold if he sits at the open window for a time. In fact, the cooling down will do good, so long as it is not carried to excess. A man has been spurring at boating; he is in a bath of perspiration, and hurries on thick jacket and wraps as soon as he gets on shore. Here the bugbear again appears; it would be better far to enjoy the tonic bracing cool air a short time, before hurrying on the nerve-depressing heavy clothing.

If we believe, then, that it is the slow chill rather than the much-dreaded quick chill that is apt to induce colds, we have a finger-post pointing to many dangers we must avoid if we are to keep free of them.

We mentioned the cold bath. This is a sudden chill at first, and a glorious tonic for mind and body; but stay not in the water a moment longer than necessary, or the consequences may be disagreeable, to say the least. On the other hand, if the bath, even on a bitter wintry morning, has been brief, the thorough rough-towelling, if done, remember, by one's own hands, not only restores surface circulation, but combines the good effects of dumb-bell exercise and massage. Is the back a little weak or inclined to lumbago?—rub the loins extra hard. Is the chest liable to be attacked by trifling colds or hoarseness?—rub the front and along the neck and between the shoulders till red.

A damp bed will produce the slow chill in the strongest constitution. So will a damp room. It matters but little how cold the bedchamber is, if we are tolerably young and fairly healthy, so long as it is not actually damp, and so long as the bed is comfortable, and that portion of the back between the shoulder-blades kept protected.

The slow chill is produced also from damp or wet clothing or feet; not while we keep moving, but after we sit down or stand about, especially if the stomach be empty. Colds are ten times more easily caught if one be fasting.

On the other hand, those who sleep in too warm beds or in overheated rooms, and who wear

heavy clothing to walk in, or those dangerous abominations called waterproofs and goloshes, weaken the nervous system, make hothouse plants of themselves, and open the door not only to colds but a variety of other complaints.

The best way to cure a cold is to prevent it. But when one has got it, wise is he if he tries to banish it right away at once. Bed, for rest, may well be enjoined; and an aconite mixture taken every two or three hours, with but little food—though soda water may be drunk—will usually frighten off the disagreeable visitant in a single night. When there is shivering or a feeling as if cold water were coursing down the spine, three drops of the essence of camphor every half-hour till relief is experienced often act like magic.

Then there is the old-fashioned but good treatment by the liquor of the acetate of ammonia. This may often be adopted with success. But we have our doubts of the efficacy of the hot-drink, extra blanket, and mustard-and-water-to-the-feet method of cure, especially in cases where the sufferer has to go to office next day.

After acute symptoms have been banished, probably by the aconite mixture, and a chronic bronchitic cough remains, there is nothing better than inhalations of medicated steam or spray. The efficacy of such treatment lies in the fact that the drug so applied goes directly to the seat of the trouble itself. An ordinary water-jug or decanter, or, better still perhaps, an earthenware teapot, may be used. The water should be about one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit. Fifteen drops of the tincture of iodine or the same of laudanum added to a pint of water makes a good inhalation. The steam is simply breathed about five times to a minute, the inspirations and expirations being deep and long. The remedy may be used three times a day. The compound tincture of benzoin, usually called Friar's Balsam, is used in the same way; a dessert-spoonful to a pint will be enough. In all druggists' shops, proper inhalers are sold, and these are best.

We rather deprecate self-doctoring as a rule; but the simple remedies we are now mentioning may save much suffering, or life itself, when medical men are not at hand. There are two instruments, then, that no family living away in the country, and no sailor, captain, or yachtsman, should ever be without. The first is the clinical thermometer. It is so easily used; and a rise in temperature to one hundred degrees, or a degree or two over, means danger. Grief pain in the side, for example, with a normal temperature, may be caused by neuralgia or pleurodynia; but with a great rise of temperature it means inflammation, and we are to treat for this. The other instrument alluded to is Dr Siegle's spray-dispersing apparatus. The spray is slowly inhaled, the face being some eighteen inches from the nozzle. Breathing, for instance, a warm medicated spray of ipecacuanha wine, one part to three of water, may at first cause a little irritation and coughing; but if this remedy is not 'rushed,' and if used, say, twice a day, relief will nearly always result. It is well to keep to the house for an hour after each inhalation.

We purposely dwell longer on the subject of inhalations than we should otherwise have done,

because they are useful in the treatment not only of common colds but of the New Epidemic that may now be said to have gained a footing on our shores, and which was at first called the Russian Influenza. What we have now to say concerning it we shall put in the form of replies to questions that we daily hear from every one's mouth.

What is it, at all? On this question doctors are inclined to disagree somewhat. We ourselves hold neither with those who designate the ailment 'a simple influenza rather more rife than usual,' nor with those who consider it a modified species of the West Indian Dengue fever. This last has at various times prevailed in South America, and even in the East Indies, and is not entirely unknown in our own country.

Dengue—called also Breakbone Fever, Dandy Fever, and Rheumatic Scarlatina—begins rather suddenly, as a rule, with nausea and chilliness, pains in the limbs, and headache. There may be swelling of the glands of the throat and other glands, and also of the joints—the knees, toes, and fingers being most commonly affected. Pain in one eyeball or in both may accompany the headache; there are also severe cramps of various groups of muscles; aching of the body; the skin, though generally hot and dry at first, may afterwards be bathed in profuse, sometimes cold, perspiration: the pulse is rapid, feeble, and even intermittent, and the tongue very foul. Prostration ensues about the third day; exacerbation of the pains and an efflorescent rash about the fifth; and about the eighth, improvement takes place, and gradual recovery goes on, though the patient is terribly weak.

Influenza—so called because in Italy a person suffering from it was supposed to be under some evil *influenza* caused by the stars—has broken out in an epidemic form half-a-dozen times at least in this country during the present century; and in this Russian Epidemic or French 'La Grippe' we behold its return.

What is it caused by? This question is difficult to answer. For our own part, we are inclined to the bacterian theory, the extraordinarily rapid spread of the disease being favoured by exceptionally damp and mild weather; and just as on a day even in winter we sometimes see the air filled with dancing midges, so may the bacteria of influenza spring into life and activity in numbers that there is no name for, and be disseminated speedily over continents, and carried by ships to distant lands.

Probably, in Russia these bacteria exist always; the insubstantial arrangements, the overcrowding and under-feeding prevalent in towns there, night at any time cause the ailment to leap at one bound from the mere sporadic to the epidemic form.

There is no actual proof, we think, that certain soils of geological formations favour the outbreak of epidemic influenza, or that either ozone or electricity has much to do with it. It is strange, too, that the disease spreads as rapidly against the wind as with it. It has been noted, also, that thick and strangely-smelling fogs have often prevailed during its commencement.

Is it infectious or contagious? We are inclined to believe that its terribly rapid spread throughout the length and breadth of large cities is due rather to the prevalence of the same influences,

whatever they may be, than to contagion or infection. We cannot really isolate influenza in a house, as we may scarlatina and smallpox. Its appearance, however, at different places—distant from each other in the same country and at the same time—may be due to the fact that ships may have carried the infectious influenza thither.

When thinking about this remarkable Epidemic, people must remember that there always is in this country in spring, autumn, and winter, a so-called influenza cold; and we must not therefore put all such cases down to the account of the Russian visitant. Their symptoms are more mild, not so sudden, and free from the complications of the graver complaint.

Is this New Epidemic dangerous to life? To some extent; yet the mortality is very low, being put down at about two per cent., or even less. It should be borne in mind, however, that not only to the young and to old people is the disease a serious one, but to those whose health is below par, and especially so to persons suffering from the general debility and want of tone caused by the abuse of alcoholic stimulants.

What are the symptoms of the complaint? These will not be difficult to diagnose, should the disease become firmly rooted for a time in our midst. To be sure, nervous people will give themselves many a needless alarm, and suffer from an imaginary attack perhaps three or four times in a week. Probably one of the most characteristic symptoms of influenza is the suddenness of the attack, and general feeling of prostration of mind and body from the very outset. The spirits, indeed, are grievously depressed. At the same time symptoms of an aggravated cold set in, with tenderness and running at the eyes; running of acid water from the nose, heat or actual pain in throat, sneezing, headache, hoarseness, cough, tightness of chest, and oppression of the breath. There will be also at first a hot dry skin, that after a time becomes clammy and moist, foul tongue, nausea or vomiting, with loss of taste and appetite, and a general feeling of what is called soreness all over.

There may be in bad cases complications of a grave nature, such as bronchitis, or even inflammation of the pulmonary tissues, or rheumatism in those inclined to this disease. Although the percentage of deaths is so very low, still, owing to the complications, &c., the ailment must, on the whole, be looked upon as a grave one.

And now as to the treatment? A medical man had best be consulted at the outset; yet, for many reasons, it is well that the public should know how to guide a case to a successful termination, as well as how the complaint may be probably steered clear of. In Berlin, antipyrin or quinine has been given with marked advantage at the outset. This antipyrin, however, should hardly be placed in the hands of the amateur physician. It is to be bought in one-dose tablets in the shops. One, or at most two doses are all that it is safe to give or take without skilled advice. For three days, at all events, the patient had better be in bed; on the fourth, the sofa will suit; but he should be in a well-ventilated room, and chills must be avoided for fear of inflammatory complications. If solid food

cannot be taken, milk and soda water, milk alone, beef-tea not too hot, with toast, and a little sherry wine whey will do good. It is so important that the strength be kept up, sometimes port wine, or even brandy, will be necessary. As soon as the fever is abated, food must be taken, and nourishing broths with alcoholic stimulants. Inhalations of steam may be used several times a day, medicated by the addition of a few drops of chloroform, for the cough is at times most distressing.

It will be well that an aperient or antibilious pill should be taken at night on the commencement, and this may be followed in the morning by a draught of Pullna water, to secure good action of the bowels. The calomel pill does good service, or gray powder for children. The salicylate of sodium is sometimes administered with marked advantage. Sinapisms to the chest, and even a hot-air bath, would do good. The after-treatment of this complaint differs in no way from that of convalescence from any acute disorders. Medicinally, tonics, notably bark infusions with phosphoric acid, nourishing food, and a run to the seaside, or brief residence in mountain air.

The spraying of sulphurous acid near the nostrils and about the room has in several instances cut short an attack. It should be slightly diluted and a little eau-de-Cologne added. If we believe in the Germ theory as applicable to this Epidemic Influenza—and the writer does—this sulphurous-acid-spray treatment is one that has reason on its side, and is certainly worth trying.

In conclusion, we warn our readers to keep their health up to par, and not to neglect hygienic laws and rules.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER IV.—LOUISE TEMPLE.

THERE was one lady who held my eye from the start. She was Miss Louise Temple, and I cannot express how deep was the admiration her charms excited in me. I told you that I had caught a glimpse of her at Gravesend; but, down to this moment, I had been unable to obtain a fair view of her. Her hair, that, to judge by the coils of it, when let down, would have reached to below her knees, was of a wonderful blackness without either gloss or deadness. She wore it in a manner that was perfectly new in those days: in twinings which heaped it up to the aspect of a crown; whilst behind, it was brushed up in a way to exhibit the lovely form of the head from the curve of the neck to where the beautiful tresses lay piled. Her face was perfectly colourless, the complexion clear, and the skin exquisitely delicate. Her mouth was small, the upper lip slightly curved, and there was the hint of a pout in the faint scarce perceptible protrusion of the under lip. Her nose was perfectly straight, like a Greek woman's; but it had the English indent under the brow, and therefore had the beauty which to my fancy no Greek profile ever yet possessed.

But her eyes? How am I to describe them?

What impression can I hope to convey by such terms as large, black, soft, and fluid? The lids were delicately veined, the eyelashes long, and between these fringes the eyes shone of a dark liquid loveliness, full of the light, as it seemed to me, of a high intelligence, with spirit and haughtiness in every glance. They were the most dramatic, by which I do not mean theatric, pair of twinklers that ever sparkled star-like under the beauty of a woman's brow; created, you might have thought, for the interpretation of the Shakespearean imaginations, with all capacity in them of surprise, scorn, resentment, melting tenderness, and of every fine and noble passion. She was attired in a dress of black cloth, simple as a riding-habit of to-day, and so fitting her figure as to express without exaggeration every point of grace in the curves and fullness of her tall but still maidenly form.

I caught her glance for a moment; I am sure she remembered me as the passenger she had addressed on the poop; yet there was not the faintest expression of recognition in the full, firm, swift stare she honoured me with. She looked away from me as haughtily as a queen, with flashing inspection of the others of the row of us that confronted her, though it seemed to me that her gaze lingered a little on the Honourable Mr Collodge, who was seated immediately opposite.

'I reckon now,' whispered Mr Prance, leaning to me in his chair from his athwartship post at the foot of the table, 'that yonder Miss Temple will be about the handsomest woman that was ever afloat.'

'There have been many thousands of women afloat,' said I, 'since Noah got under way with the ladies of his family aboard!'

'I have been sailing in passenger-ships,' said he, 'for nineteen years come next month, and have never before seen such a figurehead as Miss Temple's. What teeth she has! Little teeth, sir, as all women's should be; and where's the whiteness that's to be compared to them?'

'Who is that homely, pleasant-faced woman sitting by her side?'

'Her aunt, Mrs Radcliffe,' he answered.

'What errand carries that stately creature to India, do you know, Mr Prance?'

'I do not, sir.'

'Not very likely,' I continued, 'that she's bound out in search of a husband?'

'No, no,' he muttered. 'The like of her have a big enough market at home to command. No need for her to cross the ocean to find a sweetheart. She's the daughter of a dead baronet, a tenth title, so the captain was saying; and her mother has a large estate to live on. Captain Keeling knows all about them. Her Ladyship was seized with paralysis when her husband was brought home with his neck broken, and has been a sheer hulk ever since, I believe, poor thing. We brought Mrs Radcliffe to England last voyage. Her husband's a big planter up country, and worth a lakh or two. I expect Miss Temple will be going out on a visit—nothing more. Her health may need a voyage. Those choice bits of mechanism often go wrong in their works. She wants a stroke of colour in her cheeks. 'Tis the scent of the milkmaid that she lacks, sir.'

He gave me a pleasant nod, quietly rose, and went on deck by way of the cuddy front, to relieve the second officer, who was watching the ship for him whilst he breakfasted.

At such a first meal as this, so to speak, when, barring one, we had all come together for the first time, there was no want of British reserve and shyness. We chiefly contented ourselves with staring. Colonel Bannister alone talked freely; he was loud on the subject of army grievances, and was rendered indeed intolerably fluent and noisy by the respectful attention he received from a gentleman who sat over against him, one Mr Hodder, a tall, thin, nervous yellow-faced man, with a paralytic catching up of his breath in his speech, who was going to India to fill some post of responsibility in a college. Mrs Bannister with her hawkbill nose, gray hair, and full figure, sat bolt upright, eating with avidity, and sweeping the faces round about her with a small severe eye.

I watched little Mrs Radcliffe with attention. It was not hard to guess that she was an amiable fidgety anxious body, of elastic properties of mind, easily but only temporarily to be repressed. She talked in a quick way to her niece, darting what she had to say into the girl's ear, with an abrupt withdrawal of her head, and an earnest look at Miss Temple's face. The other would sometimes faintly smile, but for the most part her air was one of haughty abstraction. Indeed, it was easy to see that so far as her opinion of her fellow-passengers went it was not quite flattering to the bulk of us.

Very soon after breakfast the poop was filled, and I marked the Jacks forward staring aft at the sight of us all. It was not hot enough for an awning, and there was still too much edge in the breeze, warmly as the sun looked down, to suffer the ladies to sit for any length of time. The picture was a cheerful one, full of movement and life and colour. The white-headed skipper, skewered up in his buttoned and belaced flock-coat, patrolled the weather side of the deck with Mrs Radcliffe on his arm. Mr Emmett paced the planks with Mrs Jolliffe and her daughters, and I could hear him bidding them admire the contrast between the violet shadowing in the hollows of the sails and the delicate sheen of the edges against the blue, as though at those extremities they dissolved into pure lustre. Little Mr Saunders trotted alongside the orbicular form of Mynheer Heemskirk, who showed as a giant as he looked down into the earnest, upstaring face of the big-headed little clasp. Three Civil Service youths lounged upon a hencoop, looking askant at the young ladies, and laughing under their breaths at what one or another of them said. Near the foremost skylight stood Mr Johnson and Colonel Bannister. One did not need to listen attentively to understand that the Colonel was falling foul of the calling of journalism, and that Mr Johnson was endeavouring to defend it by repeating over and over again: 'Granted—I admit it—I'm not going to say no; but give me leave to ask: where on earth would your profession be, sir, if its actions were not chronicled?' These remarks he continued to reiterate till the Colonel was in a

white-heat, and I had to walk away to conceal my laughter.

As I passed the companion hatchway, which you will please to understand is the hooded entrance to the cuddy by way of the poop, Miss Temple came up out of it, closely followed by Mr Colledge. There was something like a smile on her pale face, and he was talking with animation. She wore a black hat, wide at the brim, with a large black feather encircling it, and a sort of jacket with some rich trimming of dark fur upon it. I was close enough to overhear them as they emerged.

'I quite remember my dear father speaking of Lord Sandown,' she said, coming to a stand at the head of the companion steps, and sending a sparkling sweeping look along the decks.—'Is not Lady Augustus Fitzjames an aunt of yours, Mr Colledge?'

'Oh yes. I hope you don't know her,' he answered. 'She writes books, you know, and fancies herself a wit; and her conversation is as parching as the seedcake she used to give me when I was a boy.'

'I have met her,' said Miss Temple. 'I rather liked her. Perhaps she neglects to be clever in the company of her own sex.'

'Ever been to India before?' he asked.

'No,' she answered in a voice whose note of affability somehow by no means softened her haughty regard of the passengers as they walked past. 'I am entirely obliging my aunt by undertaking the trip. My uncle is very old, and too infirm to make the passage to England, and he was extremely anxious for my mother and me to spend some months with him. Of course it was a ridiculous invitation as far as poor mamma is concerned. You know she is a hopeless cripple, Mr Colledge.'

'Oh, indeed. I didn't know. I am very sorry, I'm sure,' said he.

'I shall not remain long,' she continued; 'most probably I shall return in this ship.'

'By George, though, I hope you will!' he exclaimed. 'I'm booked to come home in her, too. There'll be more shooting in three months than I shall want, you know. I mean to pot a few tigers, and try my hand on a wild elephant or two. By Jove, Miss Temple, if you'll allow me, you shall have the skin of the first tiger I shoot!'

'Oh, you are too good, Mr Colledge,' said she, with a smile trembling on her parted lips, lifting her hand as she spoke to smooth a streak of hair off her forehead with fingers that sparkled with rings; but her eyes were brighter than any of her gems; they turned at that instant full upon me as I stood looking at her a little way past the mizzen-mast, and there seemed something of positive insolence in the brief stare she fixed upon me; the faint smile vanished to the curl of her upper lip as she turned her head.

That, my fine madam, thought I, may be your manner of regarding everything which is not to be found in the Peerage.

Colledge, who had followed her glance, saw me.

'Oh, Dugdale,' he cried, 'can you tell me anything about tigers' skins—how long it takes to doctor them into rugs and all that sort of thing, don't you know?'

'I can tell you nothing about tigers' skins,' said I curtly. 'I have never seen a tiger.'

'Know anything about lions' skins, then?' he sung out with a half-smile, as my temper fancied, meant for Miss Temple.

'The ass in the fable clothed himself in one, I believe,' said I, 'but his roar betrayed him.'

'Now I come to think of it,' said he, 'I believe there are no lions in India;' and he looked from me to the girl with a face of interrogation so full of good temper as to satisfy me that at heart he was a kindly-natured young fellow.

'I think I shall walk, Mr Colledge,' said Miss Temple.

They joined the folks promenading the weather-deck, and I went to the recess under the poop to smoke a pipe.

The Chinaman nurse, in a gown of blue, and wide blue trousers, and primrose-coloured face, and a gleaming tail like a dead black serpent lying down his back, leaped against a carronade, tossing the little baby he had charge of till the plump little sweet crowed again with delight. On the warm tarpaulin over the main-hatch sat the two ayahs, crooning over the infants they held, often lifting their eyes, like beads of unpolished indigo stuck into slips of mottled soap, to the poop, where the mothers of their youngsters were. There was a taste as of a hubble-bubble in the air, with the faint relish of bamboo chafing-gear and cocoa-nut ropes. The hubble-bubble, I daresay, was a fancy wrought by the spectacle of those black faces, and helped by a noise of parrots somewhere aft.

A length of sail was stretched along the waist, and upon it were seated several sailors, flourishing palms and needles as they stitched. They talked together in a low voice that the mate of the watch should not hear them. At one of the fellows who sat with his face towards me, I found myself looking as at a curiosity that slowly compels the attention, spite of any heedless mood you may be in. Many ugly mariners had I met in my time, but never the like of that man. His right eye had a lamentable cast; his back was so round that I imagined he had a hunch. He had enormously strong long arms, with immense fists at the ends of them, and the sleeves of his shirt being rolled to above his elbow, exposed a score of extraordinary devices in India ink writhing amongst the hair that lay in places like fur upon the flesh. The bridge of his nose had been crushed to his face, and a mere knob with two holes in it stood out about an inch above his hare-lip. Though manifestly an old sailor, salted down for ship's use by years of seafaring, his complexion was dingy and dough-like as the skin of a London baker, with nothing distinctive upon it saving a number of warts, and a huge mole over a ridge of scarlet eyebrow dashed with a few gray hairs. His hair, that was of a coarse brick-red, hung down upon his back, as though, forsooth, the ship's cook had made a wig for him out of the parings of carrots. Indeed, he was as much a monster as anything that was ever shut up in a cage and carried about as a show.

I was watching him with growing interest,

wondering to myself what sort of a life such a creature as that had led, what kind of ships he had sailed in chiefly, and how so grotesque an object had been suffered to 'sign-on' for an Indianan, in which one might expect to find something of a man-of-war uniformity and smartness of crew, when Mr Sylvanus Johnson came out from the cuddy, rolling an unlighted cheroot betwixt his lips.

'See that chap sitting upon the sail yonder?' said I—'a good subject for a leading article, Mr Johnson.'

'Oh confound it, Mr Dugdale; no sneers, if you please. Let me light this cigar at your pipe.

—That fellow is in Emmett's way, not mine.—Quite a triumph of hideousness, I protest.—But what's the matter with you, this lovely morning? You look a bit down in the mouth, Mr Dugdale. Not going to be sea-sick, I hope, now that all the rest of us have recovered?'

'Down in the mouth! Not I. But I'll tell you what, Mr Johnson—when you take charge of your newspaper, will you be so good as to inform the world that there is nothing under the broad sky more consumedly insipid than the chattering of a young man and a young woman when they first meet?'

'Why, how now?' said he.

'Oh, my dear sir,' cried I, 'hear them. The unspeakable drivel of it—the *reallys* and *oh dears* and *yes quites*!—'

'Yes,' said Mr Johnson, looking at the ash of his cigar after every puff; 'I think I know what you mean. But it is the effect of politeness, I believe. A young gentleman and a young lady who desire to please will begin very low with each other, lest they should prove disconcerting. But what d'ye say?'—he lowered his voice—'to the drivel, as you call it, of a man of advanced years?'—here he looked into the cuddy, then took a step forward to peer up at the poop—'of a person who has seen the world—of a Colonel, in short? I wish to be on good terms with my fellow-passengers; but if that man Bannister goes on as he has begun, I'm afraid—I'm afraid it will end in my having to pull his nose.'

He sent another nervous look into the cuddy and frowned upon his cigar end.

'Has he been offensive?' said I.

'Well, judge,' he exclaimed, 'when I tell you that he said there wasn't a respectable man connected with journalism; that the calling was distinctly a tipsy one; that his idea of a journalist was that of a man lying in bed till his only shirt came from the wash, and inventing lies to publish to the world when the washerwoman enabled him to clothe himself.—"And pray, sir," said I, sneering at him, "what would the country know of your military achievements if it were not for the journalists? You army gentlemen profess to despise him; but you will get up very early to buy his paper if you have a notion that there will be any mention of your doings in it."—That was pretty warm, I think?'

'Rather,' said I; 'and what did he say?'

'Oh, he gave utterance to a few of his fire-eating imprecations.'

'Well,' said I, 'I hope the passengers may prove a companionable body, I am sure.'

'I see,' said he, 'that your friend Colledge has hooked himself on to Miss Temple. I should

say he needs to be the son of a nobleman² to make headway with such a Cleopatra as her ladyship. Fine eyes, perhaps; but a little pale, eh? Give me Miss Hudson. I don't admire the sneering part of the sex.'

'Nor I,' said I.

'But every woman,' said he, 'has a way of her own of making love. Some simpler themselves into a man's affection, and some triumph by scorn and contempt.—Do you remember how the Duchess of Cleveland made love to Wycherley? She put her head out of the coach window and cried out to him: "Sir, you're a rascal, you're a villain!" and Pope tells us that Wycherley from that moment entertained hopes.'

All that day the weather held fine and clear; indeed, we might have been on the Madeira parallels; and I said to Mr Prance that it was enough to make one keep a bright lookout for the flying-fish. The sky was of a wonderful softness of blue, piebald in the main, with small snow-like puffs of cloud flying low, as though they were a fog that had broken up. A large black ship passed us in the afternoon. She was close hauled, and being to leeward, showed to perfection when she came abreast. Her sails seemed to be formed of cotton cloth, and mounted in three spires to little skysails, with a crowd of fleecy jibs curving at the bowsprit and jib-booms, and many staysails between the masts softly shadowed like a drawing in pencil. The lustre lifting off the sea was reverberated in a row of scuttles, and the flash of the glass was so like the yellow blaze of a gun that you started to the sight, and strained your ear an instant for the report.

She was too far off to hail. The captain, standing in the midst of a crowd of ladies, said that she was an American, and told the second officer, who had the watch, to make the *Countess Ida's* number.

'Oh, what a lovely string of flags!' exclaimed Miss Hudson, who stood near me, following with her languishing violet eyes the soaring of the many-coloured bunting as it rose to the block of the peak signal halliards like the tail of a kite. 'Is there anybody very important in that ship that we are honouring him with that pretty display?'

'No,' said I, laughing, as I let my gaze sink fair into the sweet depths of her wonderful peepers. 'By means of those flags the *Countess Ida* is telling yonder craft who she is, so that when she arrives home she may report us.'

'Oh, how heavenly! Only think of a ship being made to tell her name! Oh mamma,' she cried, making a step to catch hold of her mother's gown and to give it a tweak, as the old lady stood at the rail gazing at the American vessel from the ambush of a large bonnet shaped like a coal-scuttle; 'imagine, dear: Mr Dugdale says that the *Countess Ida* is telling that ship who she is. How clever men are—particularly sailors. I love sailors.'

Her melting eyes sought the deck, and the long lashes drooped in a tender shadow of beauty upon the faint golden tinge of her cheeks.

'La, now, to think of it!' cried Mrs Hudson.

'Well, those who go down into the sea, as the saying is, do certainly see some wonderful things.'

Here Mr Colledge, who did not know, I suppose, that I was conversing with these ladies, came up to me and said: 'By the way, Dugdale, what was that joke of yours about the lion's skin this morning? Miss Temple says it was meant for a joke; but hang me if I can see any point in it.'

'What did I say?' I asked.

He repeated the remark.

'Oh yes; the young lady is right,' said I, sending a look at her as she stood near the wheel by her aunt's side—the pair of them well away from the rest of us—gazing through a pair of delicate little opera-glasses at the Yankee; 'it was a joke.—What a capital memory you have! But as to point, it had none, and the joke, my dear fellow, lies in that.'

'Well,' said he, 'it makes a man feel like an ass to miss a good thing when a lady is standing by who can see it clearly enough to laugh at it afterwards.'

'Yes,' I exclaimed; 'very true indeed.—What a fine picture that ship makes, eh? There goes her answering pennant! Let them say what they will of Jonathan, he has a trick high above the art of John Bull in shipbuilding.'

I watched his handsome face as he peered at her. He turned to me and said: 'D'ye know, there's a dooid lot of humour in the idea of the point of a joke lying in its having no point; and with that he went over to Miss Temple, whose haughty face softened into a smile at his approach; and there for some time the three of them stood, he ogling the American (that was slowly slipping into toylke dimensions upon our quarter) through the girl's binocular; whilst she talked with him, as I could tell by the movement of her lips, Mrs Radcliffe meanwhile looking on with fidgety motions of her head and frequent glances at her niece, the nervous interrogative slightly-troubled character of which was as suggestive to me as to how it stood between them, as if she had come to my side and whipped out that she was really afraid that Louise's character would make the charge of her a worry and a perplexity.

The moon rose late, but it was a fine clear starlit dusk when eight bells of the second dog-watch floated along the decks and echoed quietly down out of the wind-hushed spaces of the canvas. The sea swept black to its confines where the low wheeling stars were hovering like ships' lights in the immeasurable distance.

By-and-by a bell rang to summon the passengers below to such refreshments of wine and biscuits and strong waters as they chose to partake of. The promenaders in shadowy forms melted down the companion hatchway, and two or three of us only remained on deck. Mr Colledge was one of them. He came over to me, staring in my face, to make sure of me, and exclaimed: 'I wish they would allow a man to smoke up here. What is the evil in a pipe of tobacco or a cheroot, that you must go and sneak into a dark corner to light it?'

'How is it that you are not below with Miss Temple?' said I.

'Oh,' said he, laughing, 'I want to make her last me out the voyage, and that won't be done, you know, if we see too much of each other.'

'You are to be congratulated,' said I, 'on the compliment she pays you:

Favours to none, to none she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, and oftener still offends.

That's not exactly how the poet puts it, but it is apter than the original.'

'Oh well, you know, Dugdale, she has met some of my people. I don't dislike her for holding off. It shows that her blood and instincts are English; though, faith, when I first saw her I took her to be a Spaniard.—Between you and me, though, the golden-headed girl's the belle of the ship. What's her name?—Ah! Miss Hudson. Look at her as she sits in the light down there! Why, now, if I had your poetical turn, how would I spout whole yards about her fingers like snowflakes, and her lips like— But see here, there's nothing new in the shape of imagery to apply to a pretty woman.—Oh yes! Miss Hudson's the ship's beauty. But Miss Temple is ripping company, and, my stars! what eyes!'

'Take care,' said I, laughing, 'that you don't do what many other men have done—we'd the wrong one. Choose correctly at the start.'

He burst into a laugh.

'I am already engaged to be married,' said he. 'What single man of judgment would dare adventure a voyage to Bombay without securing himself in that fashion against all risks?'

I stared into his grinning face, as we stood at the skylight, to discover if he was in earnest.

'Keep your secret, Colledge,' said I; 'I'll not peach.'

(To be continued.)

WITH ROD AND GUN IN THE HIMALAYAS.

THE HIMALAYAS—the 'Abode of Snow'—form a stupendous range of mountains that runs for fifteen hundred miles along the northern frontier of India. To the north of the range is the great arid plateau of Tibet. Between India and Tibet, therefore, the Himalayas act as a gigantic wall of separation, pierced everywhere by deep passes and gullies. But even the lowest of these passes and gullies are many thousands of feet above the level of the sea; while the higher peaks—one of which, Mount Everest, is the highest in the world—rise far above the line of perpetual snow. The northern side of the range is clothed with enormous glaciers; while its southern slopes send down great floods of melted snow, forming immense rivers in the numerous gorges. On these southern slopes also are extensive forests of oak, pine, spruce, and other trees of the temperate zone, including the great flowering rhododendron. The rivers contain fish of various kinds; and the rocks and woods are the haunts of many wild animals, such as the elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, deer; while on the higher levels are the bear, the wild goat and sheep, the musk-deer, and the Tibetan ox. A country so well stocked with wild game constantly attracts to it crowds of sportsmen, and many books on the subject have been written. One of the best recently published is *Hindu-Koh* (Blackwood

& Sons), by Major-General Donald Macintyre, V.C.

The author has chosen the title 'Hindu-Koh,' which signifies 'Hindu-Mountain,' not because he thinks it as pretty as 'Himalaya,' the 'Abode of Snow,' but because he regards it as more apposite. He does not apologise for returning to a subject which has engaged the attention of many literary travellers and sportsmen before, nor is there any necessity that he should do so. General Macintyre has a free and flowing pen, and tells his story in good colloquial English, without pretence or pedantry, yet with a good eye for descriptive effects; and that is saying a good deal for his book. It is now, he remarks, generally accepted as a well-established fact, that the great northern bulwarks of Hindustan, and their vicinity, contain hunting-grounds which may be classed among the best that we know. 'For grandeur of scenery the Himalayas stand unrivalled. Nature has indeed been more lavish of her charms here than in any other part of the universe.'

To avoid the heat and dust which are unavoidable in marching through the plains of India in the hot season, General Macintyre departed from the regular route, and chose in preference to travel for a part of the way through the outer Himalayan ranges. With this intent he made direct for Simla; and thence, after ten days' stiff marching, he reached the popular mountain resort Mussooree. The scenery and climate on this portion of the journey were a delightful change after the dreary monotony and thick watery atmosphere of the plains. 'Now our path would wind for miles through forests of noble deodar cedars, or of grand old oaks and rhododendrons, their gnarled and crooked branches all bedecked with lichens and orchids, or ragged with beards of grey moss; and the rhododendrons (which here are not merely shrubs, but large forest-trees), although past the season of their flowering prime, were still gorgeous with a wealth of crimson blossoms. Now it lay along some bright green valley, beside a clear brawling brook dancing in the sunshine over its pebbly bed, and flanked on either side by wooded heights or steep grassy slopes. Sometimes, where it traversed a rocky eminence or an open hillside, a superb panorama of the distant range of perpetual snow would be disclosed to view—the long irregular chain of grand frozen peaks and ridges rising sharply in the clear sky-line, and stretching away right and left, their pale summits gradually becoming more indistinct as they sank towards the far horizon. The mists of early morning often lay in level white banks along the bottom of the deep intervening valleys. As the rising sun grew more powerful, the vapour would slowly lift, and, taking the form of fantastic-shaped cumuli, envelop the snowy crests in its heavy white folds, leaving in the profound hollows a soft blue haze, which was fitfully darkened by the broad shadows of transitory clouds hovering above.'

In due time he reached the outpost of Shore, where was a green valley, about eight miles in circumference, over five thousand feet above the sea-level, surrounded by high hills, and giving glimpses of far-off snowy peaks. Black bears and other game were plentiful on the neighbour-

ing heights; hill-tigers and leopards were not uncommon; and on the low ground were feathered game and a few hares. The Himalayan bears come in for a large share of attention from sportsmen. 'In localities where oak-forests abound,' says the General, 'perhaps the pleasantest if not the best time for shooting these bears is in the month of December, when they are fed on acorns, which are then ripe. They generally commence feeding about sunset, when they climb up the oak-trees and gorge themselves with acorns all night, often not betaking themselves to their lairs—which are generally either caves or thickets near their feeding-ground—until some time after sunrise. Their whereabouts is easily discovered from the broken branches showing distinctly against the dark foliage of the trees, the back of the leaf of the Himalayan oak being white. At the commencement of the acorn season their attention is so much engaged with their feast that usually they are easily approached. But on suddenly finding themselves "treed," their astonishment is sometimes ludicrous to behold.' A bear, he adds, when up a tree, even if only slightly wounded, never attempts to clamber down. It invariably flops straight on to the ground from any height whatsoever. 'I once saw a bear I had shot at, roll over and over like a ball down an almost perpendicular declivity for several hundred feet, and seemingly without much inconvenience from its tumble, as it was nowhere to be found at the bottom.'

An odd peculiarity of bears is, that when two or more of them are found together, and one of them happens to get wounded, the wounded one will sometimes manifest its resentment by savagely attacking one of its companions. A good story in this connection is told of another sportsman. He had stalked a large she-bear feeding in some open ground, with a half-grown cub at its side. From the bear's position he could not get a shot at a vital place, and so, instead of waiting as he ought to have done, he fired and hit the animal behind. 'He might just as well have hit her with a lady's riding-whip.' The animal on being struck turned round to see what was the matter, and perceiving nothing but her own cub feeling quietly by her side, came to the conclusion apparently that the cub had bitten her. Consequently, she at once rushed at the cub to punish it for its presumption, and the two rolled over and over and disappeared in the jungle. The sportsman was too much amused at the incident to get another shot. Another remarkable peculiarity of bears noted by General Macintyre is, that when a bear attacks a man it almost invariably goes for the face; whereas a tiger or leopard usually seizes a limb first. Hence it is that in the Himalayas, native villagers are not unfrequently to be seen with their faces fearfully disfigured by bears' claws. This they are liable to when protecting their crops from destruction by the bears.

Many of the General's stories of the tracking and shooting of bears and tigers are told with graphic vividness, and are sure to excite and maintain the reader's attention. But the gun is not the only weapon of offence which our sportsman makes use of against the fauna of the Himalayas, for the less deadly angling-rod is

also brought into requisition. We have already said that great rivers flow down the deep ravines of the southern slopes of Hindu-Koh, and these rivers, like our own at home, form in their passage the same streams and eddies and pools which are familiar to the anglers in British waters. And there is one fish—the mahseer—in those Himalayan rivers which is worth the angling for, and which is nearly on a par with our own salmon so far as sport is concerned. It is known as 'the salmon of Indian rivers.' In appearance, judging from the woodcut of it, it is not nearly so graceful in form as the salmon—is more angular, so to speak, in its curves, and less beautifully moulded from snout to tail. It belongs to the carp family, as the large scales and round querulous-looking mouth denote, and, for its kind, is described as beautiful both in form and colour. 'On the back its hue is a dark olive-green, shaded off on the sides of a well-conditioned fish into a golden orange, which merges into pale pink and silvery white below. It has rather large, toothless jaws, lined with a very tough membrane, so that it requires to be struck pretty hard to be properly hooked. When I say *struck*, I mean that after the fish has hooked itself, as it will do by its own weight, a good pull, without a jerk, is necessary to drive home the barb into its leathern jaws.'

Owing to this toughness of the mouth, a mahseer when fixed is seldom lost unless the tackle gives way, or the fish should succeed, as it sometimes does, in breaking the line with its tail. The chief danger of losing it is when it is but newly hooked, and makes its first plunge, as it then has a way of lashing its tail over the line. Its general conduct when being 'run' is like that of the salmon, only it never leaps out of the water as the salmon does, but keeps on running and plunging. Like the salmon, however, it will sometimes take to the bottom of the pool and sulk, when stones require to be thrown to set it once more on the move. Patience and time are the great requisites to land the fish safely; but it is not easily gaffed, as its large, round scales are so hard that the point of the gaff is apt to glance off them. For average weight it beats the salmon hollow. General Macintyre says he is well within the mark when he states that the mahseer reaches nearly, if not quite, 100 pounds. 'The largest mahseer I ever heard of as having been taken with a trolling bait was 93 pounds; and, with a fly, one that turned the scale at 62 pounds.' 'But such monsters as these,' he adds, 'are seldom taken with the rod.' As a table-fish the mahseer does not approach the salmon in flavour—its flesh resembling more that of the cod in appearance and taste. Yet its firm white flesh is by no means to be despised.

It might undoubtedly be supposed by the home-staying angler that these far-sequestered streams, where a line must be so seldom cast over the waters, would afford the most ample sport. But this is not so. The condition of the water, of the weather, and of atmospheric effects, has to be considered there as well as here, rendering the home-angler the useful lesson that his difficulty of filling a basket is not always due to our rivers being too much fished. Those who read the General's experiences in the Himalayan streams will find that it is there as

well as here, possible, to return 'clean.' Sometimes sudden and abundant success was secured; at other times, after hours of hard work, when all sorts of bait—fly, minnow, and even the innocent worm—had been resorted to, it was without effect, not a single fin showing itself. We fear the 'subjectivity' of fish is as much a mystery in the lands of the Orient as it is with ourselves.

Perhaps the most exciting as it must be the most fatiguing sport on these mountain altitudes is the hunting of the goral, or Himalayan chamois, as also various animals of the deer kind. One of the General's stories under this heading we will quote. He and his party were making their way up a very steep and rough piece of ground, which terminated abruptly at the foot of a nearly perpendicular craggy precipice at least fifteen hundred feet in height. But the guide said it was quite practicable, and the ascent was made, though only after hard climbing. 'On nearing the top, it was decidedly unpleasant to look back, and I was very glad when we reached it. "*Kustoora!*" suddenly ejaculated Kurbeer, just as we topped the ascent. A musk-deer had jumped up close to us, and was standing at gaze on the ridge. All breathless as I was, I fired, and felt sure the animal was lit, although it made off. We soon discovered it standing on a little ledge of rock below the brow of the ridge. I could easily have finished it with another shot; but if it fell from the ledge there was nothing to prevent its going to the bottom of the rocky steep below it, by a much quicker route than the one we had taken in coming up. As it looked very sick, Kurbeer volunteered to clamber down, and try to secure it. The danger of such a proceeding did not strike me until I nearly had cause to repent having allowed him to attempt it. Climbing cautiously below the ledge, he seized the little creature by one of its hind-legs. In its struggles to free itself, it toppled off the ledge, the lad still holding on to it with one hand, while with the other he gripped the ledge above him.' At last, in order to save himself from falling, Kurbeer was obliged to let go, when the animal went whirling down among the crags. Had he lost his balance or footing in the struggle—I don't like recalling the feelings of those few anxious moments to my memory.'

Before closing General Macintyre's entertaining volume, we must allude to still another species of 'ground game'—if we may apply so homely a designation to the huge pythons or rock-snakes of the East Indies. It was during the cold weather, when snakes are partially or wholly torpid, that one adventure of his happened; had it been in the hot weather, when snakes are lively, the story might have had a different ending.

He and his party went one day to examine a hole or crevice under a rock where it was suspected a python lay hidden, and sure enough it was there, for they could see a bit of the tail-end protruding from the hole. They let it alone at first, thinking that, when the sun shone, it might come forth to bask in its warmth. In this, however, they were disappointed, for on the following day the snake was not to be seen; but, on closer examination, the tail was found sticking out as before. Various efforts were made to

dislodge it. A fire was lit in front, and the smoke fanned inwards, but this had no effect. The earth was even scraped away, and the hole widened, when they could see the coils of the monster as thick as a man's thigh; but except that their operations were occasionally interrupted by the startling presence of the creature's head, which it occasionally poked towards the entrance, darting out its little forked tongue, it gave small signs of animation: They had even determined to try to draw it. 'We all three, therefore, proceeded—somewhat nervously, I must own—to lay hold of its tail. To this familiarity it showed its objection by a decided inclination to wag its caudal extremity, which had such an electrical effect on our nerves that we dropped it like a hot potato, and—what shall I call it?—retired.' A shot would in all probability have induced the snake to quit its refuge; but then the shot must have torn and disfigured its beautiful skin, which the General wished to secure uninjured as a specimen. In the meantime, more efficient tools for digging had been sent for; and these now arrived, borne upon an elephant.

A bright idea now struck the party—they might draw the snake out with the elephant! Sufficient rope for the purpose was loosened from the elephant's pad; and this rope, about the thickness of a man's thumb, was latched round the python's tail, its remaining length brought up again to the pad and fastened there, thus doubling its strength. 'Now came the tug of war! A sudden jerk might have torn the skin; the mahout was therefore warned to put on the strain gradually. Little did we know what a tough and an obstinate customer we had to deal with. Tighter and tighter grew the ropes, when "crack" went one of them. Still the strain was increased, when "crack"—the other had snapped also, leaving the snake *in statu quo*.'

The snake was finally dislodged by countermining, and killed by a charge of buckshot. When measured it was found to be twenty-one feet in length and about two feet in girth. We have not given the story at full length, but enough perhaps to induce lovers of wild sports to procure this delightful volume for themselves.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANK HOLMES reflected a minute or two, and shook his head. For his own reasons, he doubted the probability. He knew the method which the police were pursuing—the traditional, and often successful, one of following up and arresting men answering to the description of any person or persons remembered to have been seen in the vicinity of the scene of the tragedy; the evening it occurred. He was aware of this, and had little faith in it. It was not his idea, after thinking the matter out in the light of his experience and intelligence. The method of the police depended upon chance, after all; and when they succeeded in this way they were only entitled to the credit of perseverance. Putting the paper aside, he awaited the result of this

fresh 'clue' with curiosity rather than any stronger interest, and then indifferently opened Mr Clayton's note. This contained two genuine surprises for him, which sent the blood coursing quicker through his veins. It was hurriedly written, dated the preceding night from Cadogan Place, and was as follows:

DEAR FRANK—Have you seen Faune lately? Pray, let me know.—Mary asks me to say that she would be glad to see you some time tomorrow.—Yours sincerely,
R. CLAYTON.

Holmes read the lines twice, reflected a minute or two, and glanced at his watch: it was nine o'clock. Mr Clayton usually left home for the City at half-past ten. There was no use in puzzling over the strange inquiry about Faune, and the still more unexpected request of Mary Clayton; so, like a man who had himself well disciplined, Frank Holmes seated himself at a table by the window and worked hard and uninterruptedly for the next two hours. Then he rose, and went direct to the City, to call on Mr Clayton. He was shown in at once to the banker's private room, where he found that gentleman busy with his letters.

'What do you think of the news this morning, Frank?' he eagerly asked.

'Not much,' was the answer; and Mr Clayton's face fell. Holmes explained to him his reasons for not attaching much importance to the supposed clue.

'Still, it may be the man!'

'It may; on almost the same reasoning, so might any man you met outside in the street. We shall see by to-morrow, doubtless.—But I came to answer personally your inquiry concerning Faune. I have not seen him lately.'

'He has never been near us since the evening you were there last, Frank,' said the banker gravely. 'It is so extraordinary, and I thought you might be able to explain it.'

'How, Mr Clayton?' demanded Holmes, colouring. 'He and I have long ceased to be friends. I had not met him for weeks before that evening.'

'He left early, and rather abruptly, on the occasion in question,' remarked Mr Clayton. 'He was not in the habit of going away at any time before ten. I have since fancied, Frank, that he followed you.'

'No,' said Holmes, thinking as he spoke; 'I do not think he followed me. Your memory is at fault a little, I think. It must have been nearly half an hour after I left you that he came away.'

'Then you met him?'

'He overtook me. I had loitered along the way, and it was a quarter past nine when I reached Albert Gate. There he overtook me, as I stood for a moment; he was going his way across the Park to Mount Street; my way was up by Hyde Park Corner.'

'My fancy was wrong, I see,' observed Mr Clayton after a pause. Then, with some embarrassment, he added: 'Would you mind telling me, Frank, what passed between you and him when you met?'

'It was only a few words, and I would rather not repeat them, Mr Clayton.'

'Still, I will press my request, Frank. I have been uneasy.'

Holmes looked at his old friend for a moment, and then, in a low steady voice and without a sign of emotion, related exactly what had passed.

The banker seemed deeply agitated, and walked from the table to the window and back several times. 'Well, well,' he said at length, resuming his chair with a sigh, 'what you have told me, Frank, gives me matter to think over. I suppose you wouldn't call at Faune's lodgings for me, and ask about him?'

'Yes; I will do so, this morning.'

'Thank you.—Are you going to see Mary?'

'As a matter of course, yes.—Do you know why she wishes to see me? Is it in connection with the same matter?'

'I haven't the least idea. I mentioned that I was sending you a line, and she asked me to say she would be glad to see you to-day, or something to that effect.'

'Well, good-morning, Mr Clayton. I will call at Faune's lodgings, and then go on to Cadogan Place.'

The air was charged with further surprises for Frank Holmes that day.

On ringing at Faune's lodgings in Mount Street, the landlady, who opened the door, received him with a start of surprise and pleasure. She knew him well; he had once been a frequent caller.

'I have been a good while without seeing you, Mrs Browning,' he said, with a good-natured smile; 'but I have been very busy one way and another, and --- Are you quite well?'

'Thank you, sir, quite well, indeed,' she answered quickly; 'and if I'd only known your address, Mr Holmes, I'd have called to speak to you days ago.'

'About what, Mrs Browning?—Is Mr Faune at home?'

'At home! Why, it's about Mr Faune, sir. He hasn't been here since a week last Sunday!'

Holmes started, and after a moment, signed to the woman that he would come in. He followed her into her little ground-floor parlour and sat down. 'Since Sunday week!' he said quietly. '—Did Mr Faune say he was going anywhere?'

'Never a word, sir. After having his breakfast, he read his papers all the day—at least he stayed in his room—and in the evening he went out—as I supposed to dinner, as usual—and never came back since. And there's a heap of letters for him, and his clothes, and all his things, and I don't know in the world what to do. If Mr Faune don't come back, sir, I shall be at a heavy loss on account of my rooms being unlet.'

'Quite so, Mrs Browning.' Frank had no doubt that Faune was a good deal in arrears with his rent as well. 'He took nothing with him when he left?'

'Nothing at all, sir, that I know of, but what he wore. He took his keys with him, and left his boxes and portmanteaus and things all locked.'

'Of course Mr Faune was here the previous night?'

'Yes, sir; he came in a few minutes before ten—about five minutes.'

Holmes recalled that Saturday night. It was a quarter past nine when he met Faune at Albert Gate, which, allowing for one or two minutes' delay there, left him at least, thirty-five minutes to walk across the corner of the Park between that point and Mount Street. It was not more than ten minutes' walk; but doubtless Faune, indulging in a smoke, sauntered easily; so that Mrs Browning was sufficiently accurate in her recollection of the hour at which her lodger came in.

'I met Mr Faune for a minute that night at Albert Gate on his way home,' he remarked—and he regretted, soon afterwards, having dropped the remark; 'it was then, I remember, fifteen minutes past nine by the chiming of a public clock. I have not seen or heard of him since. I came to ask about him this morning, because a friend of his, who has missed him, requested me to do so.'

'In—in case,' said the woman with trepidation, 'anything happened to him, I haven't moved a thing in his rooms. I kept them locked all day, only opening the windows.'

'Nothing has happened to him, I am quite sure.'

'And going to be married, too—to a beautiful wealthy young lady, as he told me!' said Mrs Browning, sighing deeply and clasping her hands.

'It is a little extraordinary,' said Holmes, rising; 'but no doubt he will soon turn up. He may have gone down the river with some friend in a yacht, and been carried farther than they meant to go. That often happens.' And promising to let her know if he heard anything concerning her lodger, Frank Holmes went away.

Much as the strange and sudden disappearance of Claude Faune puzzled him and filled his thoughts, walking slowly up the pavement of Mount Street he could not help thinking of Margaret Neale. He was treading the very stones upon which she had walked that fatal Saturday night to her death. As imagination worked more and more, his pace grew slower and slower. With his hands behind his back, and his head bent, he followed her light footsteps foot by foot to the top of the street—across Park Lane—through the small gate—along the path between the flower-beds and across the road to the steps, at the bottom of which she was killed. Some children were playing at the fountain below, but he did not see them, so wrapt was he in the mental process of picturing the scene. Whom had she come to meet? Was this the appointed place? Had she been kept waiting, and gone down the steps to be out of view in the hollow? No; she had not done this, unless it was prearranged, for by going down the steps she became invisible from the roads above. By which path had her assassin come?—from the right or the left or the front? True, she might have gone farther than this place, and returned; but this was hardly likely, for nobody coming that way—from the west side of the fountain—after dark would think of crossing through the hollow to shorten the distance round by a few yards. Then, as he

was moving away, Holmes stopped short with a start. An idea had flashed upon him, the consequence of which will be seen in due time.

It was not without some beating of the heart that he stood at the door of the house in Cadogan Place again. Whilst the footman took his card up—the card of Frank Holmes, who had been wont to ascend the stairs, without announcement, three steps at a time, swinging his hat and maybe whistling!—he resumed his ordinary calm. As soon as he entered the drawing-room, it was manifest to him, although she coloured, that Miss Clayton was controlling herself; but the nature of the feeling under control he could not conjecture.

'Thank you for coming, Frank,' she said very quietly, giving him her hand and inviting him by a sign to a chair close to her own. If he had come there with the faintest hope—which he had not—her reception would have killed it on the spot.

'I saw your father this morning,' he said, taking the plunge at once, 'and he asked me if I knew anything about Claude Faune. I am sorry I do not. I have gone to his lodgings, and his landlady is equally in the dark.'

Mary Clayton slightly raised her brows, and asked when he had last been in his rooms.

'Last Sunday week. He went out in the evening—the woman thought, to dinner—and has not come back since. It is odd; but, you know, a young man like Faune may have gone on the spur of the moment boating, or yachting off the coast, with any fellow who asked him.'

'Perhaps that is it,' she answered, with an indifference which surprised him, 'although I do not think so.—However, it is not to speak about the mysterious disappearance of Mr Faune that I have asked you to call.' She hesitated, and seemed to be gathering her strength before going on. Looking straight in his eyes, with the colour at first high in her face, she said: 'Frank, knowing you as well as I have a right to do, I am sure you will not misconstrue me now. You came here that night to see my father, and went away without coming in to see me. Of course I know Mr Faune was here. I met you at another time in the street, and you decidedly looked annoyed at being recognised by me. I will say nothing concerning your ceasing for so long to call here—where you were always not a visitor, but a friend. Will you tell me why all this has been? You will not misconstrue me, I know.'

The calm bravery with which she said it, her clear gray eyes never flinching for a moment or her voice wavering, was truly admirable. Amusement was written in the man's face. 'What answer to make he could not for a while imagine. 'Mary,' he said at last, doubtfully, 'did you know why your father asked me here that evening?'

'I did not know that he had asked you at all.'

'You thought I came unasked?' he said with a perceptible curl of the lip.

'If you had,' she answered, 'it would not have been the first time.'

'Ah, but then it was different.'

'How was it different?' the girl demanded,

flashing her eyes upon him. 'I have no mother to guide me, Frank; but I have a right to an explanation. I always welcomed you here whenever you chose to come; you had no right to drop the privilege without telling me why. Has it never struck you that you offended me? Is a girl to accept that which a man has the right to resent? I have my proper pride, but it does not prompt me to bear this in silence.'

Frank Holmes stood up, pale. 'Mary,' he said, 'I am afraid, grievously afraid, there has been a great mistake somewhere. I am not able to think it out, now. But I will tell you what your father wanted me for that evening.'

He related it to her in a few words, as delicately as he had the skill to do it. The colour passed gradually from the girl's face, and she rose when he had done and put her hand familiarly on his arm for a moment.

'I understand it now,' she said. 'There was, as you have said, a great mistake. How my father came to fancy it, I do not know; he was deceived by appearances and, perhaps, representations. But I have never been engaged to marry Mr Faune, more than I have been engaged to marry you.'

'But—but!—'

'But it might have been? Nay, nay; you are wrong. Again, be careful not to misconstrue me. The false friend never made a good husband, and will never get the chance from any girl who has her senses.'

At this point Frank Holmes was in a painful dilemma. Could Mary Clayton be ignorant, now, that she was mistress of his heart? If not, she certainly betrayed not the least consciousness of her knowledge. She had warned him not to 'misconstrue' her, which was not encouraging; and she had spoken of the 'false friend.' In what did she regard him as false? In seeking to win the object of his friend's affection? Ah; but then the 'object' had not resented the treachery in the spirit in which she referred to it now.

'I am perplexed, Mary; I must think over things. I will not conceal that I have been very unhappy.'

'You could not conceal it, Frank, if you tried. It is written in your eyes, in your face; but it has done you good—it has made you work.'

'I haven't worked for the love of the thing.'

'No matter for the motive; the results are the same.—Now, there is the luncheon bell; will you join me as in the old days?'

How could he resist her? When it was over, he was about to leave; but she detained him, saying: 'When will you come again?'

He held her hand for a second or two, examining her eyes and face with a hungry look. It was a very sweet face, with bright clear eyes looking into his own; and they made him unsatisfied and unhappy, for he saw no sign of what he hungered for. A short while back this craving was not upon him, and he loved her as ardently as now. Afraid to commit himself to an answer, he pressed her hand and went away.

As he emerged into the crowded Knightsbridge road from the quiet squares, his ear, familiar with street cries, caught the echo of one that

petrified him. The early evening newspapers were out, and the newsboys were screaming: 'Hyde Park Murder—Arrest of the Honourable Claude Faune!'

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

EGYPTOLOGISTS in London had lately the opportunity of witnessing the unrolling of a mummy from Upper Egypt. This interesting and rare operation took place in one of the Science Theatres of University College, and was conducted by Mr E. Wallis Bridge, who delivered a discourse upon the subject. He pointed out that the practice of mummifying the dead began as long ago as five thousand B.C., although the specimens before them was probably not older than one thousand B.C. He told his hearers how much had been learned from this systematic unrolling of the mummies of Egypt, and how the fineness of the linen, as well as the medical knowledge exhibited in dealing with the body, pointed to high culture and intelligence on the part of the ancient Egyptians which practised this method of disposal of their dead.

A few weeks ago the famous Eiffel Tower at Paris was struck by lightning, and as exaggerated rumours have spread with regard to both danger and damage, the authorities have drawn up a Report stating what actually took place. It should be first noticed that although the Tower is of metal, and must thus to a great extent act as its own protector, it is furnished with a central lightning-rod, as well as eight others which project from the balustrade of the third platform. The lightning discharge took place shortly before ten o'clock at night, and was accompanied by a deafening clap of thunder. Some molten drops were detached from the summit of the main lightning-conductor, and the other rods were seen to have brushes of light attached to them like those known as St Elmo's Fire. But the officials on the Tower at the time suffered not the slightest inconvenience, and the various delicate meteorological instruments were undamaged. The upper part of the Tower immediately after the lightning discharge appeared to be enveloped for a short time in a highly luminous electric cloud.

A new method of insulating electric wires has recently been adopted in Germany. Paper is first of all prepared by soaking in an ammoniacal solution of copper, a process which confers upon the paper durability and makes it impervious to water. (The well-known Willesden paper, which is used for damp walls and roofing purposes in this country, is prepared in a similar manner.) The paste mass so prepared is now applied to the wires to be insulated by means of a special machine, after which treatment the coated wires are dried, and finally passed through a bath of boiling linseed oil. The importance of effective insulation of electric wires is every day becoming more evident. Recent fatal accidents through contact with electric-lighting wires indicate that currents which were believed to be harmless can kill. It would seem that skilled electricians have still much to learn with regard to the conditions

under which a current of given intensity is innocuous.

Specimens of the bark of *Quillaja Saponaria* were exhibited recently at the Linnean Society by Mr T. Christy. This bark, in the form of extract, has been in use for some-time in cleansing wool, silk, &c.; but it will be probably found of greater commercial importance from the fact that it has the power of solidifying hydrocarbon oils, thus rendering them free from dangerous leakage during transport. These oils, including even benzoline, can be again rendered liquid and available for use by the addition of a small quantity of citric acid.

The inhabitants and manufacturers of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, have for a long time had the advantage of cheap fuel and light, both of which were obtained in abundance from the natural gas peculiar to the district. The supply has, however, from some unexplained cause, begun to fail, and many consumers have been obliged to return to coal.

The Water Committee of the Corporation of London have recently been in communication with one of the powerful companies who supply the Metropolis with water, with a view to urge upon them the desirability of supplying water for trade purposes at something less than the amount chargeable for domestic consumption, which, being calculated on the rateable value of the premises supplied, often assumes the character of an exorbitant claim. Mr Archibald Dobbs, who has already earned the gratitude of householders by winning from the company other valuable concessions, points out in reference to the failure of these recent negotiations that it has been already decided by law, and affirmed by the House of Lords, that owners and occupiers of dwelling-houses can compel the company, so long as they take water for domestic purposes at the specified rates, to supply them for trade purposes by meter at a stated charge per thousand gallons. The consumers can claim this from the water companies by right, and not by favour, as these monopolists would lead their customers to suppose. All persons, therefore, who have need to use water for trade purposes as well as for domestic use would do well to make themselves acquainted with the Acts of Parliament by which the water companies are controlled.

The establishment of a daily illustrated paper, the *Daily Graphic*, marks a new era in the history of newspaper enterprise, and one which a few years ago would have been a simple impossibility. The methods by which both books and newspapers are illustrated have undergone a radical change even within the past dozen years. A little more than a decade back the artist had to draw his picture direct on the wood, which was afterwards engraved by another hand. The system is quite different now. The artist executes a line-drawing on white cardboard; this is photographed, and the resulting negative is placed above sensitised zinc; this zinc is subsequently etched by acid, and after mounting on a block of wood, is ready for the printing-press. It is actually possible to produce such a printing-block two hours after the drawing leaves the artist's hands. There are two other advantages in the system besides this one of quickness; the original remains intact, and represents a real

value proportionate to the status of the artist; and every dot and line is reproduced in facsimile.

Signor Schinparelli, whose name is so much associated with the study of meteors, has after an investigation extending over ten years ascertained that the planet Mercury revolves on its axis once for every revolution which it makes round the sun. It would therefore compare with the moon in its movement round this earth, which turns one face always towards us owing to the same phenomenon.

A correspondent of the *Times of India* deplors the gradual deterioration of the native shikari, or hunter, about whom we read so much in all books dealing with sporting adventures in our great Eastern dependency. This writer compares the present shikari with the primitive hunter of a past generation, who with bow and arrow and admirable courage and ingenuity would track down and slay the most dreaded wild beasts. It is all different now. The shikari of to-day arms himself with an inferior Birmingham gun and blazes away at everything he sees; so much so, that in many districts which were formerly famous for the sport which they afforded, there is now hardly a game-bird to be seen. The inferiority of the weapons used often leads to serious accidents, and there is hardly a district in Bengal where one or more natives cannot be found who have been mutilated by the bursting of a gun. The brave shikari of old, who came of long generations of those who spent their lives in warfare with wild beasts, is past and gone. Cheap firearms have improved him out of existence.

Attention has again been called to the dangerous and slippery state of the London streets during wet and frosty weather, by a deputation which recently waited upon the authorities in order to move that some radical change be made in the cleansing arrangements. There is no doubt that in certain states of the weather asphalt paving is very treacherous; and it is no uncommon thing to see in one thoroughfare two or three animals down at the same moment. This would be avoided if the asphalt were kept clean by constant flushings, or sprinkled with sand in frosty weather. Wood-pavement is sometimes quite as slippery as asphalt, and has the further serious disadvantage that it is so absorbent that in hot weather it often gives off a most offensive odour. All things considered, it would seem that a really effective surfacing for our hard-worked roads still remains to be invented.

A paper was recently read before the Washington Chemical Society, by Mr Ronyn Hitchcock, upon the preparation of the beautiful Japanese lacquer which has of late years become so well known to Europeans. The lacquer is obtained much after the manner of collecting india-rubber—namely, by piercing periodically the bark of a tree (*Rhus Vernicifera*). The juice exudes from the horizontal cuts made, and after being collected in a kind of spoon, is transferred to a wooden receptacle. Here, owing to contact with the air, it is gradually transformed from its original grayish-white appearance to black. The compound is next strained to free it from mechanical impurities, and is then subjected to heat in order that the water contained in it may

be driven off. Lacquer gives a far harder and more lasting surface than any kind of varnish, while it is not brittle, and preserves its exquisite polish for centuries.

A new use has been found for it recently as an effective coating for ships' bottoms. It is said to stop galvanic action entirely, and to have a wonderful preservative power both on steel and copper plates.

Among interesting novelties at the Maritime Exhibition at Boston is a machine for distilling sea-water and turning it into fresh and sparkling drinking-water. The machine is called the Cold Blast Water Still, and it is quite simple in design, and does its work thoroughly. The water is vaporised in a suitable vessel by means of a steam-coil, and as the steam rises it is mingled with fresh air, which aerates it and gives that sparkle which is so characteristic of fresh spring-water. But the water distilled by this machine is far purer than that of any natural spring, for it contains no mineral matter whatever. The taste of ordinary distilled water is, if not nauseous, extremely insipid, owing to absence of air, and we have already noticed how this fault is rectified in the new process. The sizes of these machines vary, the largest being capable of dealing with sixty gallons of water per hour.

One novel feature of the Boston Exhibition is a real canal nearly six hundred feet long, and of sufficient depth to accommodate launches of average size. Among these are several driven by electricity, and one which owes its motive-power to naphtha. This last form of launch is sure to become popular, for the necessary machinery takes up very little room in comparison with that of a steam-launch, and it requires no skilled engineer. You simply light a lamp, which represents the furnace, and in a minute the vessel can be propelled by the touch of a lever. The launch shown at the Exhibition is twenty-five feet long, and has an engine of four horse-power.

The inhalation of hot air as a remedy for phthisis having been advocated by a German doctor, has been recently tried and reported upon by another doctor in practice at St Petersburg. The cases selected were purposely those in which the upper part of the lungs or adjacent tissues were affected, it being thought that however hot the air, it must get cooled before reaching the more remote structures. The treatment, although tried with every precaution, and over a period of many weeks, was found to have no remedial effect whatever.

When the incandescent system of electric lighting, first came forward, the lasting property of the carbon filament enclosed within the now familiar glass bulb was most uncertain, one bulb perhaps remaining good for several weeks, whilst another would without any apparent cause give way in a few hours. The manufacture has now been steadily improved, and most of the lamps may be relied upon to serve for a long time. One at Taunton has just ceased to glow after a life of nearly eleven thousand hours.

A Spanish paper illustrates a remarkable 'rocking-stone' which has been found in the southern part of Buenos Ayres. This takes the form of an immense rock, which is so supported on a central point that it can be rocked to and

from by one man, although its estimated weight is twenty-five tons. Its shape is that of an irregular cone, and it stands in such a way at the extreme edge of a hill that it looks as if a slight push would send it tumbling down the slope. It will be remembered that similar rocking boulders, some natural, others artificial, are to be found in certain counties both in England and Scotland.

A correspondent of the *Times* recently gave an interesting account of Mount Morgan Gold Mine, which is in Central Queensland, and can be truly described as a mountain of gold. The stone which is quarried from the mountain is a kind of black ironstone, with no outward appearance of the more precious metal; but this ore yields from five to six ounces of gold to the ton. The metal is so finely distributed that the ordinary mercury amalgam process could not be resorted to without great loss, and this is therefore superseded by the chlorination method. The process for separating the precious metal is briefly as follows: the ore is crushed and reduced to sand; it is next roasted, placed in barrels, and subjected to the action of chlorine gas, when a solution of chloride of gold, in colour like sherry, flows out from the mass. By after-treatment with charcoal and subsequent reduction in a reverberatory furnace, the gold is finally recovered in the metallic state. The metal from this mine is far purer than any yet found in nature, the baser metals associated with it amounting to less than one half per cent.

The fishermen at Deal and Dover lately caught in their sprat nets a description of small fish which was entirely strange to them; but instead of seeking to know what manner of fish they were, they promptly settled the question by throwing them overboard. These fish were anchovies, and their market value is seventy shillings per thousand. It is not the first time that the anchovy, which is generally regarded as a Mediterranean fish, has visited our coasts; and one observer records that he saw one hundred and fifty thousand captured on the Cornish coast in 1871. But it would seem that the visits of the valuable little fish are too few and far between to encourage any hope that a permanent trade in anchovies could be established here. Although most abundant in the Mediterranean, it is taken in large numbers on the Atlantic coasts of France, Spain, and Portugal, and also finds its way to the south-west coast of Norway.

Mr Charles Hancock, who has on former occasions proposed useful reforms in our postal service, now suggests the use of an international postage stamp, which should be available for postage in any country included in the Postal Union. This innovation would allow for the transmission of small sums, and would also permit a writer to pay for the reply to his letter, which would often represent a great convenience.

The long-talked-of scheme of a Central London Railway has again been revived, and there seems at last some chance that the scheme will take practical shape. The last idea is to drive a double iron-lined tunnel far below the foundations of the houses, and at a sufficient depth to avoid sewers and pipes of every kind. The tunnels would, in fact, be driven through the London

clay under the protection of a steel shield. As the clay is excavated, it will be carried to the original openings in the ground, so that no intermediate shafts will be necessary. The tunnels would each be eleven feet in diameter, one representing the up line and the other the down line. The motive-power for driving the trains would be electricity, a system which will shortly be on its trial on another tunnelled railway which passes under the Thames, and which will soon be ready for opening to public traffic.

TABLET TRAIN-SIGNALLING.

Of all the improvements which have recently been introduced on the railway, Tyer's Train Tablet System of Signalling, now rendered compulsory on all new single lines, is undoubtedly one of the best as far as the safety of the travelling public is concerned. It is wrought on the same principle as the Block System, with the important addition of the tablet—a round piece of metal like a quoit, which is given to the driver as a token that the line is clear, and without which he dare not proceed. The tablets are contained in an instrument—two of which are usually in each cabin—controlled by electricity, and are released by an elaborate code of signals.

Suppose we have a train at A, wishing to proceed to B. The driver must first be provided with his tablet; but in the meantime the instruments are securely locked; and no tablet can by any possibility be got out by the signalman at A, till he gets permission from the signalman at B, which permission is an acknowledgment from that station that the section is clear. We shall see how this permission is given. A sends the usual preparatory train-signal. This is acknowledged by B, who then receives a prescribed number of beats on his bell from A as an indication that the latter wishes a tablet released. By the interchange of an understood code of signalling, B then unlocks A's cylinder, and allows him to get out a tablet, which he hands to the driver. The latter, having seen the outdoor semaphore signals lowered, and got his 'All right' signal from the guard, proceeds on his way to B, the next tablet station—generally every second station—where the tablet he received at A, which is marked 'A and B,' is delivered up to the signalman in exchange for another marked 'B and D,' and so on. The signalman at B now places the tablet received from the driver, after noting its number in a book, into the tablet cylinder or box, and exchanges certain bell-signals with the signalman at A, by means of which the instruments are again securely locked.

Suppose, again, that a train has left A carrying, of course, a tablet, and another train is waiting at B to get on to A; the signalman at B cannot by any possibility get a tablet from his instrument until the driver who has already left A arrives with his tablet, to be placed in the instrument to relieve it in such a way as another tablet can be got from it. Furthermore, should a train be sent from B to A, and break down or

be delayed by the way, no train can follow on the same section till the driver of the first train has arrived with his tablet, which must itself clear the line of the train which carried it.

Thus all along its journey the train is carefully guarded, by electric signals, from cabins in the rear, and likewise in advance, and by no possibility can two trains be on the same section at once, since, as we have seen, no driver can proceed without his tablet, which tablet cannot be released without the permission and co-operation of the signalmen at each end of the section. In the case of express trains, the tablet when taken from the instrument is placed on a ring, which while the train is passing is slipped from the outstretched arm of the signalman to that of the driver, the latter delivering up his ring and tablet to the signalman at the same time. The train is, of course, slowed a little till the exchange is made; still, the momentum often causes the ring to run up the arms of the men and give them severe blows on the back of the neck with the heavy tablets. Altogether, that form of tablet exchanging is open to serious objections.

On the new coast-line of the Great North of Scotland Railway, however, it is a grievance which no longer exists, thanks to Mr Manson, the Great North of Scotland Railway Company's gifted Locomotive Superintendent, who has invented an apparatus for exchanging tablets which, briefly described, consists of a special casting formed like a tuning-fork, the prongs of the fork being slotted to hold two brass tongue-pieces or levers, which at one end work on a pin or stud, the other ends being kept in contact with each other by a plate spring. One of these special castings is fixed to a sliding arm on the engine, and another is carried in a similar manner on a cast-iron column at each tablet station. The tablet is placed in a small india-rubber case; and when an exchange is to be made, this case, with the tablet in it, is hung on an arm attached to the rear end of the special casting in such a position that the tablet is central with the tongue, between the prongs of which it is forced by the speed of the train.

Mr Manson's valuable invention has been in use, on the Great North of Scotland Railway for about five months, and has proved a great boon to both signalmen and drivers. By means of it tablets can already be exchanged while the train is running at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; and with further improvements, suggested by time and experience, it will doubtless be possible by-and-by to make the exchange while running at a mile a minute.

Should the signalman in charge of the tablet instrument make any mistake in its working, it gets locked, so that no tablet can be got from it. In this case—that is, when communication is entirely destroyed—the working of the line is arranged for by means of a Red-cap Pilotman, who on receiving two of three printed forms from the station-master or other responsible official—the other form is delivered to the signalman—walks along the railway to the other end of the section; and if the section is clear, delivers one of the forms to the signalman, and retaining the other for himself, allows trains to proceed on the section under his control in accordance with certain rules not of general interest. This is con-

tinued till the apparatus is restored to working order.

Signalmen are not to show 'line-clear' signals to allow any train to pass on to a section worked by a red-cap pilotman.

A VALENTINE.

By the moss-grown wicket gate,
Which she swings with timid hands,
And but half-inclined to wait,
A pretty maiden stands;
For who first shall cross her way,
When the early sunbeams shine
On this February day,
She may choose as Valentine.

So she lingers in the mist,
While swift blushes come and go,
Till the sun's warm lips have kissed
Into living gold the snow.
Is it one of Cupid's laws,
Or some sweet decree of Fate,
That a manly step should pause
Every morning by that gate?

No! his duties in the town
Call the lad who loves her well,
Through the pastures bare and brown,
From his homestead on the fell.
You may shake wise heads and smile—
Yet the narrow path leads straight
From the fields beyond the stile
To the moss-grown wicket gate.

Hush! She hears his rapid strides;
But the holly houghs droop nigh,
And to-day she shyly hides
Till the feet pause and—pass by.
Ah! the thrush that nests above
Sees how soft blue eyes can shine,
When a maiden's own true love
Is her chosen Valentine.

Well, a lover need not know
That a pretty maid would wait
In the February snow
By a moss-grown wicket gate.
And the secret of the bush
Where the scarlet berries shine
Will be safe between the thrush
And good St Valentine.

E. MATHESON.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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DAFFODILS.

Two flowers stand out from among all others to be loved with a wealth of affection largely mingled with old associations, and with those pleasant memories of childhood that are precious to all of us. All flowers we number among our friends, but these two hold a place in the inner circle of the heart. One 'the pale primrose' that made glad and golden the April woods of childhood; the other the

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

Both are beloved by the poet; both are rich in associations social and historical. In the old-fashioned gardens, where the ladies of long ago walked stilly in ruff and farlingale between the trim box bowers, there bloomed every shade of primrose and polyanthus, from the pale yellow wilding of the woods to the rare and costly varieties that even then brought goodly prices in the market. And haughty Cavaliers and close-shaven orthodox Puritans unbent somewhat of their dignity, and rubbed their hands in wholesome pride and contentment, as one by one their rarer blooms of daffodil and narcissus came to perfection and scented the spring winds with fragrance.

The tulip was all the fashion at one time; and for tulips and hyacinths the wealthy burghers of Holland gave such immense sums that even the orchid fanciers of to-day can go no further. In Britain, too, the mania for tulips was at one time fashionable, and fine bulbs were highly prized and greatly thought of. What were called Dutch gardens then became the rage, and one may still see them in all their grim formality at some old-fashioned mansions. The tulip, however, is too stiff and scentless; and the daffodil is essentially the more popular British flower; and from the rich double yellow variety that glorifies the smallest cottage garden, the Garland Lilies that lend brightness to not a few of our Scotch woods and loch-sides, and the

Lent Lilies that grow wild in abundance in England and Ireland, to the paler and more delicate sorts that bloom in rich profusion in the gardens of all the three kingdoms, it is everywhere loved, and everywhere prized as something very precious, because very homely and familiar.

Nowadays, daffodil culture and daffodil lore are becoming each year more popular, and every spring flower-show introduces us to new perfections of shape and colour in the exquisite daffodil and narcissus that are year by year exhibited in greater numbers. Many of these, however, are exceedingly delicate and costly varieties, that one oftenest sees brought to perfection under glass—shadowy daffodils, that, beautiful as they are, are yet but the ghosts of our sturdy friends of the gardens and woodlands; and the pale narcissus, which, though its own home is a land of snow, seems more fitted for some warmer clime than for battling with the snell blasts of March and April, and making the open garden plot a place of beauty. This delicacy is only in seeming, however, for the daffodil is the child of Alpine snows, and far up among the mountain valleys, great fields of 'dancing daffodils' scent the clear air with their delicious fragrance. The trade in the daffodil and narcissus is yearly increasing, and enormous supplies of flowers are sent from abroad to London and our other large towns, where, all through the spring months, one can for a few coppers secure a sweet and charming posy. With these foreign varieties, however, we have nothing to do; it is the hardy outdoor 'daffydowndilly' that is our familiar friend; and it is some stray jottings about it that we wish to give our readers, in the hope that they may be welcome to daffodil lovers and daffodil growers.

One delightful thing about daffodils is that they are so easily grown and take up so little room. Not the tiniest patch of cottage garden need be without them; indeed, we know not a few cottage gardens where the varieties are

many and valuable, and where the rich gold that comes so easily to brighten the gray spring days is a pleasure beyond words to folks who have not much of any other gold to make life bright for them. Then they are so conveniently polite; they are pleasant and agreeable to us when we have few other flowers to grace the youthful year. They make courtly bows from their slender stalks as early as February in some places, and right on through March, April, May, and June, good friends with the primroses and violets, and always gay and smiling; then their little day over, they disappear, and let other flowers take their places till next spring, when up they come again, ready as ever to shake their cups in the sunshine, and nod defiance at that chilly carle the east wind, who is apt, alas! to take so much of the pleasure out of a blue sky and April weather.

They require no rich soil or careful doctoring these daffodils. A great bunch of yellow Lent Lilies will flourish as happily among the grass as anywhere, and look prettier there too; and one large clump of the pheasant-eyed or Poet's Narcissus, we remember well, used to be 'a thing of beauty' spring after spring, on the very verge of a rubbish heap in a forgotten corner of an old-fashioned garden.

The narcissus, the jonquil, and the delightful Scotch double 'white lily,' with their sweet subtle scent, are most charming; but they are more formal, more stately, than the daffodil—haughty folks, accustomed to attend to *les convenances*; whereas the daffodils are friends for every day in this workaday world, and are

Not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;

for they are quite ready to adapt themselves to the wearers of corduroy and of homespun, and to spread their golden glory before the dazzled eyes of the cotter's bairn, who lovingly gathers an armful of them to stick in the brown jug that stands on the window ledge between the well-thumbed Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

And how well they adapt themselves to decoration! Nothing is easier than to group them: given a tall jug or vase and a few of their own long green leaves, and they are such absolute grace and perfection of colour in themselves, that the whole room seems the brighter and happier for their presence.

All these things, however, are well known to daffodil lovers, so we must hasten to give a few facts and fancies about them, which may not be equally familiar. For illustrations of the daffodil and narcissus nothing can be better than the drawings in Hartland's *Original Little Book of Daffodils*, which emanates yearly from Cork. In a book entitled *Ye Daffodil* (published by P. Barr and Sons, London) there are some delightful things about them, and to it we are greatly indebted both for pleasure and for information. For instance, we learn from it that *Narcissus poeticus* was celebrated in verse both by the Greeks and the Romans, and that Theocritus makes mention of the daffodil. A pretty tradi-

tion, at anyrate, which we may enjoy, though we cannot attain to an absolute certainty that the flowers they sung were the exact variety we have to-day. Turner, who, so early as 1548, wrote a famous Herbal, was of opinion that they were the same, as he speaks of 'a whyte narcissus or whyte daffodil,' and then goes on to say: 'Pliny makes mention of a kynde called *Narcissus herbaceus*, which is after my judgment our yellow daffodil.'

Lobel alluded to the narcissus as far back as 1570; and in a rare book by Clusius (published in Antwerp in 1576) many sorts are mentioned. So in the days of Queen Bess and of hapless Queen Mary of Scotland, old gardens were full of the various kinds of narcissus and daffodil; and we can fancy Mary Stuart as, spring after spring, she took her restricted walks in the gardens of her English prisons, watching them come out, and thinking sadly of the golden daffodils that were dancing free and gay in the fresh spring breezes of sunny France, or away in wind-swept Scotland, where she had so often seen them burst into bloom in the gray shadow of Holyrood, or dance gaily on the grass behind some sheltering wall at St Andrews by the sea, or perhaps in the old-fashioned gardens of Perth. Looking down, perchance, from her palace of Linlithgow, the daffodils may have made sunshine by the loch-side as she listened to the impassioned strains of Chantrelard, or 'summoned Rizzio with his lute and bade the minstrel play.'

And surely then, as now, in the sunny gardens of Falkland, the great Scotch double daffodil swayed its stately golden head in the trim borders beside the strong gray walls.

With another garden, where the daffodils grow in wild profusion, Queen Mary's name is always associated, for 'Queen Mary's Island' in the Lake of Menteith is their chosen home. And that reminds us that all over Britain we have much for which to thank the monks and nuns, for wherever there was a religious house, they planted daffodils; and now, when all trace of monastery or convent has passed away, and the hands that scattered the floral gold have long since crumbled into dust, 'great groups of golden daffodils' growing wild in rich profusion mark the site of the old church-lands.

But to return to the daffodil in literature. In 1629 John Parkinson published his *Choice Garden of all Sorts of Rarest Flowers*, in which he gives an account of nearly a hundred sorts of narcissus, and which is full of quaint daffodil lore, for Parkinson was a sincere lover of daffodils. Here is a charming quotation from a letter written by one Ralf Cunnynghame to his cousin, Sir Robert Stapleton, in 1610, and recently quoted in *Harper's Magazine*: 'Yesternorn I was abroad while the dewe still laye upon the grasse, for it was sweet and bright. I knowe not what it is that bringeth at such tymes of spring a fullness of joye to the heart; but so it is, and certes with mœspéciallie on this sweete daye, for all things were budding tenderlie, and the whole world seemed full of pure delyghte. Soe at last I came to a certaine spot I wotted of, where alle around the bankes of a tiny lakelet stood a whole host of daffodillies growne talle and statelie and fayre, neither could

there have been less than thousands of them, so that the whole earth coadjacent seemed strewn thick with bright yellow flakes of gold; and whenever a small wynde came, they bowed in great rows like a sea of golden stars. I know not why it was, Anadis, but certes my heart was soe flooded with a bliss and a strong love longing, that big tears of tender joy filled mine eyes; and soe I lay me down upon a green bank of grasse and sweet herbes, and gazed on those fayre blossoms with gentle joyaunce.

And from such quaint and charming prose we naturally turn to poetry, in which we find numerous allusions to daffodils. Herrick's charming *Address to Daffodils*, and Wordsworth's beautiful lines on the same subject, are universally familiar; and Shakespeare, too, often notices them; but perhaps everybody does not remember that the well-known quotation, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' was applied by Keats to daffodils. Oscar Wilde, who is charmingly poetical when he deals with flowers and with nature, has four lovely lines about them:

The little white clouds are racing over the sky,
And the fields are strewn wit' the gold of the flower
of March;
The daffodil breaks under foot, and the tasselled larch
Sways and swings as the thrush goes hurrying by.

What a perfect picture that is! One almost feels the freshness of the March wind as it sweeps past, and there must surely have been the sound of a rippling burn not far off, over which the willows shook their catkins in a very ecstasy of spring joy.

Daffodils have a peculiar power of awaking memory, we fancy; and one can imagine that, like the strain of some dear old tune heard far from home, the sight of a common double daffodil in India, in Canada, or at the Cape, would bring back the picture of the garden at home, the gray dike, the gooseberry bushes, the bunches of yellow daffodils, the sough of the spring wind over moor or sea, till brave eyes grew dim with a mist of tears, and strong hands ached with a keen longing to hold again in answering clasp the hands of friends and brothers in the kindly home country.

A few historical and geographical notes, gleaned from various sources, may add some interest to the subject, even to readers who do not own to a mania for bulb culture, or consider the tiny bulb of some rare daffodil worth a good deal more than its weight in shillings. Narcissus, as all readers of mythology know, was doomed by Nemesis to perish of self-admiration, gazing at his own beautiful image in the well until he died, after which he was metamorphosed into the flower bearing his name. Shakespeare says, 'Proserpine was gathering daffodils when carried off by Pluto; but this myth is doubtful, as the flowers described are more like the fritillary than the daffodil. Canon Ellacombe, in his *Plant Lore of Shakespeare*, says the rose of Sharon was really the large yellow narcissus, which is common in Palestine and the East generally, and of which Mahomet said: 'He that has two cakes of bread, let him sell one of them for some flowers of the narcissus; for bread is food for the body, but narcissus is food for the soul.'

The name daffodil is derived from affodyle

or asphodel, the flower beloved of the gods, and which is said to bloom for ever in the fields of heaven.

The name Lent Lily is often applied to them, and they are also called Lidi-lilies, 'lidi' meaning March in the dialect of some of the English counties, and both Lent and Lidi being equivalent to spring. Geographically, the narcissus and daffodil are widely spread, as they are to be found all over Europe, in many parts of Africa, in North and South America, in India, in Persia, in Cashmere, and even in China and in Japan. One lovely variety, the sweet-scented jonquil, is a favourite flower on New-year's Day in China, and is also very popular in Japan.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Gossamer*, etc.

CHAPTER V.—A MYSTERIOUS VOICE.

HERE the second mate interrupted us by singing out an order to the watch to haul down the fore and main topgallant studding-sails. Then he took in his lower and main topmast studding-sails. The men's noisy bawling made talking difficult, and Colledge went below for a glass of brandy-and-water. Presently old Keeling came on deck, and after a look around, and a pretty long stare over the weather bow, where there was a very faint show of lightning, he said something to the second mate and returned to the cuddy.

'In foretopmast studdingsail!' bawled Mr Cocker: 'clew up the mizzen-royal and furl it.'

A little group of midshipmen hovering in the dusk in the lee of the break of the poop, where the shadow of the great mainsail lay like the darkness of a thunderstorm upon the air, rushed to the mizzen rigging, and in a few moments the gossamer-like cloud floating under the mizzen-royal tack was melting out like a streak of vapour against the stars, with a couple of the young lads making the shrouds dance as they clawed their way up the ratlines.

'What's wrong with the weather, Mr Cocker,' said I, 'that you are denuding the ship in this fashion?'

'Oh,' said he with a short laugh, 'Captain Keeling is a very cautious commander, sir. He'll never show a stunsail to the night outside the tropics; and it is a regular business with us to furl the fore and mizzen royals in the second dog-watch, though it is so fine to-night, he has let them fly longer than usual.'

'Humph!' said I; 'no wonder he's popular with lady passengers. I suppose there is no chance of the ship falling overboard with the main-royal still on her?'

'When it comes to my getting command,' said he, 'the world will find that I am for carrying on. What my ship can't carry, she'll have to drag. I've made my calculations, and there's nothing with decent heels that shouldn't be able to make the voyage to India in seventy-five days. It is the trick of wind-jamming that stops us

all. A skipper'll sweat his yards fore and aft sooner than be off his course by the fraction of a point. For my part, I'd make every foul wind a fair one.'

He called out some order to the group of shadows, at work upon the lower studdingsail, and I went to the skylight with half a mind in me to go below and see what was doing there; but changed my intention when I saw friend Colledge leaning over a draughtboard with Miss Temple, Miss Hudson looking on at the game from the opposite side, and Mr Johnson drawing diagrams with his forefinger to Mrs Hudson in explanation of something I suppose that he was talking about.

I went right aft and sat myself upon a little bit of grating abait the wheel, and there, spite of the adjacency of the man at the helm, I felt as much alone as if I had mastheaded myself. The great body of the Indiaman went away from me in a dark heap; the white deck of the poop was a mere faintness betwixt the rails. Her canvas rose in phantasmal ashen outlines with a slow swing of stars betwixt the squares of the rigging, and a frequent flashing of meteors on high sailing amongst the luminaries in streaks of glittering dust. There was little more to be heard than the creak of the tiller gear in its leading blocks, the occasional dim noise of a rope straining to the quiet lift of the Indiaman, the bubbling of water going away in holes and eddies from the huge rudder, and a dull tinkling of the piano in the saloon, and some lady singing to it.

All at once I spied the figure of a man dancing down the main shrouds in red-hot haste. I was going in a lounging way forward at the moment, and heard Mr Cocker say: 'What the deuce is it?' The fellow standing on a ratline a little above the bulwark rail made some answer.

'You are mad,' cried the mate. 'What are you—an Irishman?'

'No, sir,' I had now drawn close enough to catch what was said. 'If I was, maybe I'd be a Papish, and then the sign of the cross would exercise [exorcise, I presume] the blooming voice overboard.'

'Voice in your eye,' cried Mr Cocker. 'Up again with you!—This is some new dodge for skulking. But you'll have to invent something better than a ghost before you knock off on any job you're upon aboard this ship.'

'What is it, sir?' called the voice of the captain from the companion, and he came matching up to us in his buttoned-up way, as though he sought to neutralise the trick of a deep sea roll by a soldierly posture.

'Why, sir,' answered Mr Cocker, 'this man here has come down from aloft with a run to tell me that there's a ghost talking to him upon the topsail yard.'

'A what?' cried the captain.

'I explained it to the second officer as a voice, sir,' said the man, speaking very respectfully, but emphatically, as one talking out of a conviction.

'What did this voice say?' said the captain.

'I was mounting the topmast rigging,' replied the man, 'and my head was on a level with the laws' yard, when a voice broke into a sort of raw "haw-haw," and says: "What d'ye want?"

it says. "Hookit!" it says. "I know you." So down I come.'

'Anybody skylarking up there, Mr Cocker?'

The mate looked up with his hand to the side of his mouth. 'Aloft there!' he bayled; 'anybody on the topsail yard?'

We all strained our ears, staring intently, but no response came, and there was nothing to be seen. Dark as the shadow of the night was up in the loom of the squares of canvas, it was not so black but that a human figure might have been seen up in it after some searching with the gaze.

'It's your imagination, my man,' said the captain, half-turning as though to walk aft.

'Up aloft with you again, now!' exclaimed the second mate.

'By thunder, then,' cried the man, smiting the ratline with his fist whilst he clipped hold of it with the other, swinging out and staring up, 'I'd rather go into irons for the rest of the voyage!'

By this time a number of the watch on deck had gathered about the main-hatchway, and stood in a huddle in the obscurity, listening to what was going forward. On a sudden a fellow leapt out of the group and sprang into the main rigging.

He hove some curses under his breath at the seaman, who continued to hang in the shrouds, and went aloft, hand over fist, as good as disappearing to the eye as he climbed into the big mamtop. The other man put his foot on to the rail and dropped on to the deck, where some of the sailors began eagerly in hoarse hurried whispers to question him.

'Well, what d'ye see?' shouted Mr Cocker, sending his voice fair into the full heart of the high glooming topsail.

There was no answer; but a few seconds later I spied the dark form of the man swing off the rigging on to the topmast backstay, down which he slid in headlong speed. He jumped on to the poop ladder and roared out, after an oath or two: 'There's no man to be seen, and yet a man there is!'

'And what did he say?'

'Why,' he cried, wiping the sweat off his brow, "'Blast me, here he is again!'"

The brief pause that followed showed the captain as well as the second mate to be not a little astonished. In fact, the fellow was one of the boatswain's mates, a bushy whiskered giant of a sailor, assuredly not of a kind to connive at any Jack's horse-play or tomfoolery in his watch on deck and under the eye of the mate. The captain sent one of the midshipmen for his binocular glass, the second mate meanwhile staggering back a few paces to stare aloft. But there was no magic in the skipper's lenses to resolve the conundrum. Indeed, I reckoned my own eyes to be as good as any glasses for such an inspection as that; but view the swelling heights as I would, going from one part of the deck to another, that no fathom of the length of the yards should escape me, I could witness nothing resembling a human shape, nothing whatever with the least stir of life in it.

'Well, this beats my time!' said Mr Cocker, drawing a deep breath.

'What sort of voice was it?' demanded Captain Keeling, letting fall the binocular with which he had been sweeping the fabric of spar and sail, and coming to the brass rail overlooking the quarter-deck.

The first of the two men who had been terrified cried out from the group near the hatchway, ere the other could answer: 'It was exactly like the voice of Punch, sir, in the Judy show.'

'Then there *must* be a pair of 'em!' roared the other fellow with great excitement. 'What I heard was like a drunken old man swearing in his sleep.'

'Captain,' said I, stepping forward, 'let me go aloft, will you? I've long wanted to believe in ghosts, and here is a chance now for me to embark in that faith.'

'Ghosts, Mr Dugdale? Yet it is an extraordinary business too. There has been nothing to hear from the deck, has there?'

'Nothing, sir,' answered Mr Cocker. 'But Mr Dugdale, if you will take the weather rigging, I'll slip up to leeward; and it'll be strange if between us we don't let the life out of the wonder, be it what it will.'

I jumped at once into the weather shrouds, and was promptly travelling aloft with the sight of the figure of the second mate in the rigging abreast clawing the ratlines, and the wide spread of his legs showing out against the faintness of the space of the mainsail behind him. We came together in the main-top, and there stood looking up and listening a minute.

'I see nothing,' said I.

'Nor I,' said the second mate.

We peered carefully round us, then got into the topmast rigging and climbed to the level of the topsail yard, where we waited for the wonderful voice to address us; but nothing spoke, nor was there anything to be seen.

'Those two sailors must have fallen crazy,' said I.

'There's no need to go any higher,' said Mr Cocker; 'the topgallant and royal yards lie clear as rules against the stars.—On deck there!'

'Hallo?' came the voice of the captain, floating up in a sort of echo from the hull of the ship, that looked a mile down in that gloom.

'There's nothing up here for a voice to come out of, sir.'

'Then you had better come down, sir,' called the captain; and I thought I could hear a little note of laughter below, as though two or three passengers had collected.

Mr Cocker's vague form melted over the top; but I lingered a minute to survey the picture. My head was close against the main-topmast cross-tree, a height of some eighty or ninety feet above the line of the ship's rail, with the distance of the vessel's side from the water's edge to add on to it. I lingered but a minute or two, yet in that brief space the shadowy night-scene, with the grand cathedral-like figure of the noble craft sailing along in the heart of it, was swept into me with such vehemence of impression that the scene lies upon my memory now clear as it then was in that far-off, that very far-off, time. Every sound on deck rose with a subdued choir tone, as though from some elfin

world. There was a delicate throbbing of green fire in the black water as it washed slowly past the lazy sides of the *Countess Ida*, and upon this visionary, faintly-glittering surface the form of the great ship was shadowily depicted, with the glimmer of the deck of the poop dimly dashed with the illuminated squares of the skylights, and a point of scarce determinable radiance confronting the wheel where the binnacle light was showing. The ocean night-breeze sighed with a note of surf heard from afar in the quiet hollows of the canvas. There was sometimes a little light pattering of the reef-points, resembling the noise of the falling of a brief summer thunder-shower upon fallen leaves. The sea spread as vast as the sky, and you seemed to be able to pierce to the other side of the world, so infinitely distant did the stars close to the horizon look, as though *there* they were shining over an antipodean land.

'Aloft there, Mr Dugdale,' came dimly sounding from the deck; 'do you hear anything more of the voice?'

'No,' I answered; but the cry had broken the spell that was upon me, and down I went, looking narrowly about me as I descended.

I had scarcely gained the poop when there was a commotion on the quarter-deck, and I heard the voice of the Chinaman exclaiming: 'What sailor-man hab seen Prince? What sailor-man, I say, hab seen him? Him gone for lost, I say! Oh—ai—O! Oh—ai—O! Him gone for lost, I say!'

'Who is making that row?' shouted Mr Cocker, putting his head over the brass rail.

The Chinaman stepped out from under the recess, and the cabin lights showed him up plainly enough. He wrung his hands and executed a variety of piteous gestures whilst he cried: 'Oh sah, did you sabbe Prince? Him gone for lost, I say! Oh—ai—O! Oh—ai—O! Him gone for lost, I say! And here he rolled his eyes up aloft and over the bulwarks, and then made as if he would rush forwards.

'Is that you, Hancock?' said Mr Cocker, addressing a stout man who stepped out of the cuddy at that moment.

'Yes, sir,' answered the fellow, who was indeed the head steward.

'What's the matter with that Chinese idiot?'

'Why, sir, his mistress's parrot has escaped. He is responsible for the safe-keeping of the fowl, and he's just missed him.'

'Then it'll be been that bloomin' parrot that's been talking aloft,' said a deep voice from near the pumps; but I noticed an uneasy shifting amongst some of the figures standing there, as though that were a conjecture not to be too hastily received.

'Here, John,' shouted Mr Cocker; 'come up here, Johnny.'

The Chinaman, who continued to mutter 'Oh—ai—O!' whilst he gazed idiotically about him with much wringing of his hands, slowly and in attitudes of extreme misery, ascended the poop ladder.

'Could this parrot talk, John?' said Mr Cocker.

'Oh, him talker lubberly. Him speakee like soul of Christian gen'man.'

'What could he say?' shouted the second

mate, evidently desirous that this conversation should be heard on the quarter-deck.

'Oh, him say "Gib me egg for brekfass;" and him say "haw-haw;" and him say "hookit;" and "whach you wantee;" and he, speakee better than common sailor-man;' and here he burst out into another long wailing 'Oh—ai—O! Him gone for drowned. Him gone for lost, I say!'

'Now you hear what this man says, my lads,' called Mr Cocker. 'Jump aloft, those of you who are not, afraid, and catch the bird if you can.'

The young fourth mate set the example; and in a trice a dozen sailors were running up the fore main and mizzen, where for a long half-hour they were bawling to one another, some of them feigning to have caught the bird, whilst they *laurelity-cooed* at the top of their pipes, the Chinaman meanwhile shrieking with excitement as he ran from one mast to another. But it was all to no purpose. The bird had evidently gone overboard; probably had attempted a flight with its shorn pinions after the second of the men who had been frightened had come down in a hurry. The search was renewed next morning at daybreak; but poor Prince was gone for good.

Spite of Mr Cocker's hints as to Captain Keeling's timidity in the matter of canvas, the old skipper evidently knew what he was about in taking in his flying kites in good time, for whilst the seamen were still scrambling in the rigging and skylarking up there in search of the parrot, the breeze freshened in a long moaning gust over the rail, with a brighter flashing of the stars to windward, and a sudden stoop of the Indianman that sent a line of water washing along her sides in milk; and at midnight she was bowing down with nothing showing above her main topgallant-sail to a strong wind off the beam, the stars gone, and a look of hard weather in the obscurity of the horizon.

For the next four days we had plenty of wind and high seas with frequent gray rain-squalls, shrouding the ship, and leaving her with streaming decks and darkened canvas and dribbling gerr. It was Channel weather again, in short, saving that there was the relish of the temperate parallels in the air, whilst the seas rolled large and wide and regular with all the difference betwixt the motion of the ship and her rollicking neck-breaking capers in the narrow waters that you'd find between the trot of a donkey and the majestic thunderous gallop of a charger.

But the wet made a miserable time of it. What was there to be seen on deck save the gleaming forms of men in oil-skins, the sweep of the dark-green surge out of the near veil of haze, the rain-shadowed curves of the canvas—the whole fitly put to music by the damp dull clattering of booms, noises of chafing up aloft, and the wild whistling of the wind upon the taut weather rigging? The males amongst us who smoked would come together after meals in a huddle under the break of the poop, cowering against the weather bulkhead out of the wet of the rain; and on these occasions arguments ran high. If Colonel Bannister was of our company, nothing could be said but that he whipped out

with a flat contradiction to it. In fact, he was of that order of mind who reckons its mission to be that of teaching everybody to think correctly.

Once he endeavoured to prove to Mr Emmett that he was wanting in an essential qualification of a painter, namely, an eye for atmosphere, by requesting him to say how far the horizon was off, and roaring in triumph because Mr Emmett answered five miles. Mr Johnson, after a careful look at the sea, submitted that Mr Emmett was right. The Colonel, pulling out his white whiskers, asked how it was possible that a journalist should know anything about such things. Angry words were averted by Mynheer Hemskirk, who, with a fat face and foolish smile, broke in with a mouldy old puzzle: 'Answer me dis: here iss a bortrait. I stands opposite, und I shay, "Brooders und shisters hov I none, boot dot man's farder iss my farder's soon! Vot relation iss dot man to dot bicture?"' The Colonel had never heard this, and asked the Dutchman to repeat it. Mr Hodder in a mild voice said: 'It is himself.' Little Mr Saunders, after thinking hard, said it was his father. 'That's it, of course!' shouted the Colonel. The Dutchman said no, and repeated the lines with great emphasis, striking one fist into the palm of the other at every syllable. Then sides were taken merely to enrage the Colonel. Some agreed with him, and some with the Dutchman. Mr Emmett, feigning not to catch the point, compelled the stupid good-natured Hemskirk to repeat the question a dozen times over. So loud was the argument, so angry the Colonel, so excited the Dutchman, and so demonstrative most of the others of the listeners, that the chief-officer came off the poop to look at us.

I give this as an instance of our method of killing that dreary time. The old ladies for the most part kept their cabins; but the girls came into the cuddy as usual, and made the interior comfortable to the eye as they sat here and there with knitting-needles in their hands or a novel upon their knees.

M É D O C.

THE name of the Médoc district, if less universally familiar than those of Cognac or Champagne, is yet known to many, and is probably of greater commercial value to France than the two better-known districts put together. This fair region consists of a long slip of land extending in a northerly direction from Bordeaux, and lying between the sea and the river Gironde. It may be taken, roughly speaking, to extend from St Vivien in the north to St Médard in the south, and comprises all the châteaux from which come the finest growths of Bordeaux wine, known in England as claret. To Englishmen this part of France is of peculiar interest, surrounded as it is with memories of some of the best known figures and most stirring times in British history, and having formed a portion of the Duchy of Aquitaine, which was for some three hundred years one of the brightest jewels in the English crown. It is small wonder that the warriors of

the Black Prince, having had fair fiefs granted to them in a region which might almost dispute with ancient Touraine the title of the garden of France, did not betray much anxiety to return to their own bleak shores.

The Médoc proper is really the northern part of the district called Les Landes, the southern portion of which, until planted of recent years with pine-trees, was little more than a desert. The soil is a light gravel, and the best vines are grown on a surface of gravel—quartz, and sand with a clay subsoil. The vine most usually grown is of the stunted variety, chiefly that known as the Malbec, and being trained to espaliers, it seldom rises more than two feet from the ground. The ridges in which the vines are set run across the vineyards in straight lines, much after the stiff and formal fashion of a Kentish hop-garden; hence the contrast with the wild luxuriance which one meets with in the vineyards farther south is very great. These vines, which first bear about five years after being planted, continue productive for one hundred or even two hundred years. They require constant care and attention, and it is a rare occurrence to pass a vineyard without seeing the peasants in their picturesque party-coloured costumes of red and blue toiling amongst its rows: some are driving a team of oxen, which, drawing after them a plough perchance of primitive construction, tread their way with cautious foot between the long lines of vines; others are applying 'Bouillie bordelaise,' a preparation of sulphate of copper and slaked lime, to the stems and leaves of the plants, to preserve them from mildew, one of the greatest pests with which the modern wine-grower has to contend. The phylloxera—which in 1868 made such ravages in the district, turning many of the finest vineyards into barren wastes, and threatening the Médoc district with the same ruin which it wrought in Cognac and Champagne—is happily, owing to the improved methods of treatment, and the extensive planting of American vines, being rapidly exterminated.

During the time of the vintage, the grapes when picked are taken on bullock-drays to the press-house, where they are stripped from the stalks and placed in large vats. Many of these vats are of enormous size, those at the château, Mouton-Rothschild holding some three thousand two hundred and forty gallons apiece. Here the grapes are left to ferment for a period extending from a week to a fortnight, after which the wine is drawn off into hog-heads and taken to cool and well-ventilated stores, which usually adjoin the pressroom. During the first month the bungs are inserted very lightly, and the casks are filled up at frequent intervals. This process is modified after the first month, when the bungs are fastened in tighter and the barrels only filled up every seven or eight days. The first *soutirage* or drawing-off takes place in March, a second in June, and a third in November. The hog-heads are then turned over, and after a time are removed to dark cellar, where the wine is left to mature until it is disposed of to a purchaser. Should fermentation afterwards take place, the wine is drawn off into casks impregnated with sulphur, which quickly arrests the tendency. This is, roughly speaking, the usual mode of pro-

cedure. The different châteaux have slightly different methods of production, caused principally by differences in plant, which ranges from utensils of a very antiquated description to the most expensive and ingenious contrivances of modern times.

From a sentimental point of view, it is matter for regret that the picturesque old-time château with its primitive appliances is quickly becoming a thing of the past. Here and there it may be met with; but new buildings are rearing their heads in the district; and in cases where the old buildings still stand, they have been repaired and altered—improved, say the vandals—to such an extent that only vestiges of the original edifices remain. We saw one building which bore the scarcely legible date 1332; but even here the spirit of modern improvement had worked its will. Probably the finest, and certainly the most imposing, building in the Médoc is the Château Margaux, a modern structure, built in the Italian style, containing pictures ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, Guido, Tintoretto, and other famous masters, and many other objects of art and *virtù*, including a curious eighteenth-century Venetian glass chandelier, which is said to have cost its owner some two thousand pounds. But this unique building is situated in a district which is reported to be as full of malaria at certain seasons of the year as the Roman Campagna. This is probably the reason why the owner of the place, the Comte de Pilleville, a Parisian banker, hardly ever visits the property. Absentee landlordism, however, seems to be a feature of the district, since its principal vineyards have fallen into the hands of native and foreign capitalists. One notable exception to the rule occurs in the case of Baron Rothschild, the owner of Lafite, the most famous of the vineyards, for he usually spends a couple of months each year upon his estate during the time of the vintage.

The diversified character of the Médoc wines has necessitated their classification into growths or *crus*. The fine growths are again divided into several classes, the first including Lafite, Margaux, and Latour, all of which command high prices, and are usually sold immediately after the vintage; one purchaser generally buying the entire produce of a year. The second growths include, among others, Mouton-Rothschild, Léoville (St Julien), Durfort (Margaux), Grand Larose, Brane Cautenac, and Ducru Beaucailou (St Julien). Some of the wines of these châteaux, although generally classed as inferior to the *premier crus*, are often, owing to the vagaries of a particular season, actually of much better quality than those in the higher class. The quantity of wine produced at each château is subject to great fluctuation. Mouton-Rothschild, which can make something like six hundred hog-heads in one season, produced in 1887 not quite half that quantity; and the Château Durfort, which last year made two hundred and twelve hog-heads, did not yield half that quantity in 1887; whilst, on the other hand, the Château Ducru Beaucailou, which in 1887 made three hundred and sixty hog-heads, fell short of that number by forty in 1888. But on the whole, the '88 vintage in the Gironde department exceeded that of '87 by no fewer than forty-one

million gallons, and the quality is also reported to be above the average. Even the long-suffering British farmer is scarcely more the sport of the seasons than the Médoc wine-grower, who has, besides, always to fear the ravages of the dreaded phylloxera. Many troublous years has he passed through, and it is only during the last few seasons that glimpses of returning prosperity have appeared on his clouded horizon.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.'

CHAPTER V.

RECOVERED from the first shock of that startling street-cry, Holmes made for a corner news-agent's stall and asked for an evening paper. The man had not one left: he protested, sorrowfully, that he could have sold 'five thousand' within the last half-hour if he had had them. The placards were there—that was all, describing the great sensation in various well-chosen terms: 'The Murder in Hyde Park'—'A Lord arrested'—'An Earl's Son!'—and so on. It was maddening to Frank Holmes. A cabman crawling by was eagerly devouring a paper on his perch. Holmes hailed him: 'Sell me your paper? Here's a shilling for it!'

The villain shook his head, and was moving on. Holmes was not to be balked. He jumped into the cab. 'Strand!' he shouted. 'Lend me the paper while you drive.'

'For a bob, sir?'

'Confound you, yes!'

The cabman passed the sheet down through the roof of the cab and wheeled his horse. He might have turned into the adjacent square and walked his horse round that small enclosure for all Frank Holmes would have been conscious. But the news was disappointingly meagre. It merely chronicled that the Honourable Claude Faune, residing in lodgings in Mount Street, having disappeared the day after the murder, and the police having gathered certain information pointing to him as the probable perpetrator of the atrocious deed, had been tracked, and arrested in his bed that morning in a lodging-house near Victoria Docks.

The circumstances in themselves staggered Frank Holmes, and it was significant that the man who had 'spotted' Faune, and eventually, after following him up, effected his arrest, was detective officer Burton, who, it will be remembered, witnessed the meeting between Holmes and Faune at Albert Gate on the night of the murder.

Without leaving the cab, he drove to Marlborough Street Police Court, but was late; the prisoner had already been formally remanded till next day. He then called at the police station and saw the inspector.

'Is Burton anywhere about?' he asked the officer.

'No, Mr Holmes,' replied the inspector, who

knew him well; 'he has gone home for a rest after his run. It was a good one, wasn't it?'

Holmes was silent a minute. 'Do you believe you have got your man?' he then asked.

'There isn't a doubt about it,' was the answer, delivered with a professional emphasis which startled Frank Holmes. 'You will be of the same opinion when you hear the evidence to-morrow. It will be a feather in Burton's cap.'

'Jameson,' said Holmes, 'I am not speaking to you now as a newspaper man. I couldn't do newspaper work on *this* case; I am too much interested in it in other ways. So that, if you like, you may speak freely.—What is the evidence against Mr Faune?'

'Enough to hang him, Mr Holmes, as sure as my name is John Jameson. I am afraid I cannot tell you what it is—not that I mistrust you; but orders are orders, you know.'

'Quite so,' said Holmes. 'All the world, I suppose, will know to-morrow. But I am profoundly incredulous; I cannot think it possible. Has anything been discovered yet concerning Miss Neale's husband?'

'Is it impossible,' asked the officer with a smile, 'that Mr Claude Faune is the husband?'

The suggestion coming under such circumstances gave Holmes a shock which deprived him for the time being of the power of thinking—he shrank from thinking of it. It was too terrible; yet, was it not an obvious suggestion? Or had the police really the proof that Faune was the murdered woman's husband? In that case, whatever other evidence they might have, it would go hard with Claude Faune.

He went away from the station without another word and walked to the Park. For half an hour Holmes sat on one of the seats by the fountain, thoughtfully observing the spot where the murder was committed. Often his eyes travelled in one direction along the road going across to Albert Gate, and on the other to Mount Street. The way from Albert Gate to Mount Street leads—as every one acquainted with it knows—by the fountain where the governess was murdered. If Faune that Saturday night did not himself commit the murder, he must have passed close to the spot very soon before—or after—the act was committed. Had he taken the direct path through the hollow where the fountain stands, descending the steps on one side and ascending the other, he must have met Miss Neale waiting there if living, or discovered her if dead. But, as has been said, few people would do otherwise after dark than follow the wide walk round the top of the basin.

Could Faune be the husband of the dead woman? It was not by any means impossible, and the proof which Holmes had had of the man's baseness did not stand against the supposition. And then—if the police were able to prove this relationship—what a dreadful result it would be! There would be no want of a motive; Faune's intended marriage with Miss Clayton made the removal of the deserted and living wife a vital necessity.

Knowing nothing as yet of the evidence in possession of the police, beyond the fact that a powerful motive must have caused Faune to disappear as he had done, and then return to hiding in a low and remote quarter of London,

Holmes was anxiously sensible of the danger in which Miss Clayton stood of being brought into the case. He resolved that this must be prevented at all hazards.

He started to go to Cadogan Place, but changed his purpose on the way. 'It will be time enough,' he thought, 'when I know that there is a danger;' and so, instead of proceeding to Cadogan Place, he walked westward to Kensington, and knocked at the door of a small house a few doors off High Street.

A delicate woman, whose face lit up with pleasure on seeing him, opened the door.

'And how is Nellie, Mrs Burton?' he asked, as she showed him into her pretty parlour. The little girl answered in person, running in and kissing Frank Holmes.

'Nellie hasn't seen you for so long, Mr Holmes,' said the pleased mother.

'I have been busy; but I will come oftener now.—Some day soon, Nellie, we shall have another great ride on the top of an omnibus—this time to Hendon and back.—I suppose Burton is asleep, as usual?'

'He only came home two hours ago, Mr Holmes, after being away best part of a week; but I'll soon call him up.'

'No, no; please, don't. I will look in again, perhaps, later on. He has done what appears a good stroke of business, hasn't he?'

'Oh, I do hope, Mr Holmes,' said Mrs Burton, drawing her chair a little nearer, and speaking purely with a wife's anxiety for her husband's prospects, 'that it's the right person. It will be such a chance for Tom!—What do you think, Mr Holmes?'

'I certainly think,' he answered, smiling, 'that if he has run down the right person, it will be an important matter for him. He will get five thousand pounds, for one thing, and promotion as a matter of course.'

'This poor woman, what with sickness and a limited income, had sorely felt the pinch of that poverty which is hardest because it is bravely kept out of public sight, and the tears which burst from her were only natural. She thought only of her husband and child and home.'

'And what do you think of it, Mr Holmes? You know so much—as much, Tom always says, as all Scotland Yard put together—that your opinion is worth everything.'

'I have hardly an opinion at all as yet, Mrs Holmes. I know nothing except what is in the evening papers, and that is very little.'

'Oh, but Tom has been telling me all about it,' she said eagerly, 'just as he would tell yourself, sir, if he was down-stairs.'

'I know he would tell me all about it, Mrs Burton, or of course I would not listen to you. I came to ask him. Now, how did he come to run down Mr Faune?'

Mrs Burton was silent a minute, collecting her thoughts. Then she started from the beginning: 'You remember that Saturday night, Mr Holmes? Well, Tom was at Albert Gate, and you know what he witnessed. He told me about it that night when he came home, and said— But that has nothing to do with it.'

'What did he say, though?'

'Oh, simply that he would like to get a chance of having satisfaction out of the gentleman—on

your account, of course, Mr Holmes—and I will not deny,' she added, blushing, 'that I shared the wish myself. It was only natural.'

She paused at this point; but as Holmes offered no remark, she went on: 'Then, this dreadful murder was done. Though Tom never said a word to me about it then, he says that Mr Faune came to his mind the minute he heard of it. He kept his thoughts to himself, and went on quietly making inquiries. It was the hour that struck him first. Mr Faune passed through Albert Gate about a quarter past nine. He had to go by the fountain to get out of the Park by the Mount Street gate; and Tom says it was between a quarter past nine and ten o'clock that the murder was done.'

'I don't see that that is proved yet, Mrs Burton; it will be an important point to prove.' At the moment, Burton himself, half dressed, was seen standing at the door of the room, having doubtless heard Holmes coming in.

'I'm sorry if I have disturbed you, Burton,' said the latter, 'for you must be played out.'

'I'd be doubly sorry, Mr Holmes, to miss seeing you,' was the reply. He took a seat, and resting his elbows on his knees, looked earnestly into the young man's face. 'It is, as you have just remarked, Mr Holmes, an important point. But do you think there is any doubt about it?'

'I don't know about doubts, Burton; only, it is always best to be prepared to prove everything.'

'Just so, sir. We can prove that Margaret Neale went into the Park by the Mount Street gate at a quarter past nine—the constable on duty in Park Lane saw her.'

'Or some person very like her. Let us take that for granted. The murder, then, was committed after that hour. But suppose it should happen that she was seen by somebody after ten o'clock—how would that affect your case?'

'It would knock it into the middle of next week,' the detective answered, looking dismayed, 'because he returned to his lodgings at five minutes to ten.'

'I offry made a suggestion, Burton; no such evidence is likely to turn up now, I fear. Assuming your theory as to the time of the murder—between a quarter past nine and five minutes to ten—what then?'

'Ah!' said Burton, feeling strong now. 'He had to pass there, in the usual way, to get to Mount Street. Now, let me tell you two points, Mr Holmes, and ask you what you think of them. He was in the habit of passing that way almost every night; but neither myself, who saw him going home often, nor the men on duty the other side—who knew him by appearance equally well—ever saw him go home so early before. It was often past eleven, always past ten.—The other point is this,' said the detective, emphasising it by dropping his voice and tapping the palm of one hand with the forefinger of the other, 'Mr Faune did not pass out of the Park through the Mount Street gate that night!'

Holmes was fairly startled. Before speaking, however, he took the locality well into his mind. The road from Albert Gate led in almost a straight line to the small gate facing the top of

Mount Street, passing by the fountain. About half-way across the Park one could have 'borne' to the right, and got into Park Lane about two hundred yards the south side of Mount Street, through a similar small gate. Or, bearing to the left from the fountain, one could have followed the main road and gone through Grosvenor Gate, still farther to the north of Mount Street. A person making for this point might conceivably have taken the former course, which would not have been much out of his way; but certainly not the road through Grosvenor Gate, which would have necessitated traversing a considerable way back in order to reach the destination in question.

Now, this latter, Burton informed Frank Holmes, was what Claude Faune had done on the night of the murder. Why should he have gone round by Grosvenor Gate, while the gate at the top of Mount Street was still open, as it always was up to ten o'clock?

'You must bear in mind, Burton,' remarked Holmes, when he had turned the matter over in his mind, 'that Mr Faune, habitually returning after ten o'clock, was accustomed to leaving the Park by the Grosvenor Gate. There would be nothing extraordinary in his doing so, absent-mindedly, smoking and thinking. From the time which it took him to reach his lodgings, he probably walked on past the Grosvenor Gate, and then returned that way.'

Burton listened in silence, and slowly moved his head from side to side in mild but decided dissent. 'It won't hold water, Mr Holmes. The constable on duty at Grosvenor Gate saw him approach at a quick pace from the direction of the fountain, pass through the gate, and turn back to Mount Street. He slept there that night; next evening he disappeared. I started as soon as I learned he had gone. I traced him as far as Dover; after beating about there for a day or so, I found he had returned to London, getting out at St Paul's Station. I found him in bed in a lodging-house at the docks this morning.—What did he mean by all this?'

'Well, when you arrested him?' inquired Holmes, unable to answer the question.

'Oh, he jumped like a man shot, at first, and turned white. When I told him the charge, he lay down again for a minute with his face on the pillow—I had a sharp eye on his hands—and then merely said: "All right, officer." That was all. He has been stolidly silent ever since.'

'Is there anything else?'

'They have taken possession of everything in his rooms to-day, and I don't know what they may find there. But I fancy the case doesn't want much more.'

'Don't you think, Burton, you will have to prove some acquaintance between the governess and the prisoner?'

'Yes; no doubt his papers will do that. If not, now we know our man, we can follow his history back until we find where the relation was between them. We are aware that he was expecting to marry a wealthy wife; if we can ascertain that he was the husband of the murdered woman, the case will be pretty complete. There isn't the smallest doubt on my mind, Mr

Holmes, that he killed the girl to be free to marry the other!'

'If you can prove that, Burton, your case will be a strong one indeed,' observed Holmes, speaking slowly. 'But I have known the prisoner since we were at school together, and it does seem incomprehensible to me that, if he had been married, I should have suspected nothing of it.'

'You and I, Mr Holmes, are different sort of men.'

The remark was pregnant and well to the point, and Frank Holmes could make no reply to it. He rose to go; and said good evening to Burton and his wife; he was too ill at ease to accept Mrs Burton's invitation to a cup of tea. He had learned more than he desired to learn; for he saw now that, if they discovered Faune to be the husband of the murdered woman, it would be impossible to keep Mary Clayton's name out of the case; it would be impossible to shield the girl whom he loved with all his soul from the unmerited but inevitable consciousness of having been the innocent cause of poor Margaret Neale's tragic death. He would have given his life to spare her name from the notoriety which now threatened it.

'I feel convinced, Tom, that Mr Holmes thinks you have succeeded,' said Mrs Burton, after their visitor was gone. 'He didn't like to say so—the man having once been his friend, and having acted as he did—but it was plain to be seen.'

'Mr Holmes is a man in a hundred thousand, Kate. I believe, after all, he would be glad to see Faune get off.'

'What!—if he really did it?'

'Well, as to that,' remarked her husband doubtfully, 'I won't be too sure. What I mean is, that he would rather see him proved innocent than guilty.'

'But he will be found guilty,' said Mrs Burton firmly. They both gave a few minutes' silent thought to the question, and it was the wife who broke the silence with a long-drawn sigh and the ejaculation, 'Oh Tom!'

'Well, Kate?'

'To think how different it will be with us then! Five—thousand—pounds! And Mr Holmes says you are certain of promotion besides.'

'Kate,' confessed her husband, 'I won't deny that my first feeling in pursuing Faune sprang from gratitude to Mr Holmes, on account of all the little things he done for us when Nellie—and yourself, for that matter—was ailing. Faune had treated him badly, and I felt a pleasure in helping to pay him off. It was gratitude, Kate, in the first instance—and nothing proves better that it's gratitude as pays, no matter how you go about it.'

Without casting doubt on this excellent doctrine, the wife regarded her husband with open surprise. 'Do you mean, Tom, that at the first you actually had no suspicion of Mr Faune—that you only meant to cast suspicion on him, in order to—have satisfaction on account of Mr Holmes?'

'That was it, Kate. There was a lady in it—Mr Holmes knew her before Faune did—and it wouldn't have served Faune's prospects to be pulled up on suspicion of being the murderer—

even if he was discharged next day. That was it, Kate, at first; but see what it has led to! I say, it's gratitude-as pays; always fix that in Nellie's mind.'

BOOKS READ BY COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY.

FROM THE RECORDS OF BRISTOL LIBRARY.

SPECULATIVE conjectures are always rife as to the sources whence great authors derive their information; and it is rarely that such conjectures can be positively verified; but a curiously interesting find, lately made in the Bristol Museum and Library, at least sets much conjecture at rest with regard to Coleridge and Southey, as also Sir Humphry Davy. This institution is the successor of the Bristol Library Society, founded in 1773; and it was known that somewhere lying *perdu* was the Register of the original members of the Society; but amongst a mass of old discarded medical books of a past age have been found, not only this first Register, but the series of the books kept for entering the works read by each member; and the interest in these is highly increased from the fact that very frequently the members themselves entered out their own books and signed for them. In the list of members in the first Register are the names of John Tolpin, Thomas Beddoes, Robert Southey, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Joseph Cottle. No date is given when each member joined; but Southey is the two hundred and seventy-eighth name, Coleridge two hundred and ninety-five, and Joseph Cottle three hundred and ten; but the last-named signs the book three times, presumably because his membership lapsed. Thomas Eagles' name also appears; and S. Seyer and Barrett, the historians of Bristol; and Colclinson, the author of the volumes on Somerset. Seyer takes out Rousseau's works; and Dr Beddoes the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy; but the interest in these books centres in the greater figures of Southey and Coleridge; and some interesting and suggestive items are found in the entries.

The first entry of Southey's name is on October 28, 1793, when he takes out the second volume of Gillies's 'History of Greece'; and on November 1 the first volume of Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' On November 25 he takes out Godwin on 'Political Justice,' vol. two; and appears to have had further need for this book, for he has the same entry again on December 9. On November 27 he has the first volume of Gilpin's 'Forest Scenery,' and volume two on the 30th December. He goes on regularly having books from this date until March 31, 1794, taking out Gilpin's 'Observations,' Headley's 'Ancient English Poetry,' Cowper's Homer, Polwhele's Theocritus; Hooke's 'Roman History'; Gillies's 'History of Greece'; but from March 31 to July 8 is a break, and then again the books run on: Hartley's 'Observations on Man'; Cox's 'Travels in Poland' on September 16; and a suggestive entry that follows this one is the Bishop of Bristol taking out Randolph's 'Treatise on the Slave Trade.'

Southey continues having out works at frequent intervals every four or six days: Cartwright's 'Journal,' 'History of Mexico,' Helvetius's 'Child of Nature,' Boyd's Dante, Williams' 'Observa-

tions on the Discovery of America.' Again he has Hartley's 'Observations on Man,' Carter's 'History of England'; and after this entry on January 28, 1795, after a few pages, where, again, there is a lapse for a month, appears the entry of 'Political Tracts,' volume three, on March 2, 1795, to S. T. Coleridge. The whole of this entry is in Coleridge's own hand, and seems to be the first entry of his taking out any works. Southey has out Fergusson's 'Roman Republic'; and Coleridge, Enfield's 'History of Philosophy,' volume two. On April 6 occurs the significant entry of Burns's 'Poems' to Southey; and next to it, for Coleridge, Robertson's 'Charles V.,' proving that the two men came in together, as both books are signed for by their own hands. Southey after this takes out the 'History of Paraguay' and 'European Settlements.' Then, on April 20, Coleridge takes out the first volume of Burnet's 'History of his Own Time'; and Southey has volume two of the same work.

After this date, the two men continually take out works together; sometimes one appears to have entered for the other, some of the entries suggesting they were limited to one work, and had recourse to a little scheming to get the books they wanted. On April 27 Coleridge takes out volume two of 'History of George III.,' and Southey has volume three of the same work. On May 4 Southey borrows Fuller's 'Worthies,' and on May 15 Coleridge has Cudworth's 'Intellectual System.' On May 18 they both again come in together; Coleridge takes out Balguy and Sturges, and Southey a work on Newton. On June 1 Coleridge has Puley's 'Evidences' and volume one of Michaelis, Southey having the second volume of this later work. On June 15 is a curious entry; Coleridge appears to have come in by himself and wanted two works. He makes the whole entry himself, and signs his own name for Clarkson 'On the Slave Trade'; he then enters out a work on 'Colonisation,' and re-signs by a slip his own name, scratches it out, and enters Robert Southey. On July 13, Southey signs for and enters 'Edda Samundina' in a remarkably clear neat signature; and Coleridge has out Edwards' 'West Indies' on July 14, and Rowley's 'Poems,' Cambridge edition, on the 21st July; and now with Coleridge's name occurs a blank until October 19. Southey takes out a work on August 10, D'Herbelot's 'Bibliothèque Orientale,' and then he also takes out no more works until October 14, when he enters out again the 'Edda.'

Coleridge now seems to have required some one else to help him out in obtaining the necessary number of books, for on November 25 he enters out and signs for Burgh's 'Political Disquisitions,' volumes one and two, and he enters out the third volume of the same work and signs Joseph Cottle as taking it out. Now, although Cottle has signed the membership three times, he does not appear to have taken out many works. This volume of the Register ends as far as Coleridge and Southey are concerned with these entries, and is completed on December 3, 1795, the year, it will be remembered, when Coleridge married Sara Fricker on October 4, and Southey Edith, her sister, on November 14, immediately leaving his bride and sailing for Spain and Lisbon.

The other volumes of these Registers were not at first discovered; but further search brought

them to light; and a careful look through them reveals some further interesting entries and signatures. The eleventh volume of the Registers ended a few days before Southey's marriage and departure for Lisbon; but as he was again in Bristol and its neighbourhood on his return, at Nether Stowey and Westbury, other entries to his name were confidently expected; but the first entry of interest after, perhaps, an entry to Joseph Cottle of Caesar's 'Commentaries' in December 23, 1795, was that to Coleridge, who takes out Akenside's 'Poems' on December 24 of that year. The entries now are not so frequent as they were, when Southey was working with him; but Coleridge goes on steadily taking out works: 'Poetical Tracts,' volume three, on December 30; Ossian's 'Poems,' one and two, January 8, 1796; 'Annual Register,' 1782 and 1783, February 26; Berkeley's 'Works,' volume two, March 10; 'Anthologia Hibernica,' March 28; 'Harleian Miss.,' volume six, April 25; 'Observer,' volumes one and five, May 6.

In this volume there are at present none of the suggestive entries that occurred in the former volumes; it is so far but a bare record of works taken out by Coleridge; but the next entry is of a work of a speculative nature, that is entered without author's name as 'Essay on Existence and Nature of an External World.' This is taken out on June 6, 1796. Boyd's Dante, volumes one and two, follows this entry on the 23d of June; and in Coleridge's own hand comes next David Williams 'On Education' on July 13. On August 1 is an entry to James Tobin of Malone's 'Vindication of Shakespeare,' proving that the J. Tobin referred to in the other entries is none other than the 'Dear brother Jem' whom Coleridge essayed to make immortal by introducing him into the prefatory stanza of 'We are Seven.' But Wordsworth objected to the rhyme 'Jem' with 'limb,' and James Tobin, brother of the author of the 'Honeymoon,' did not appear in the poem that, 'Jem' himself declared, would make Wordsworth 'everlastingly ridiculous.'

A curious and muddled entry is that of A. I. Cottle (*sic*), who takes out 'D'Anarchisis,' volume two, altered to first and first, and with the addition, 'one French and the other English.' The entry on August 22 of A. S. Cottle for Meadow's 'Juvenal' shows that A. I. is but a careless entry A. S. When Coleridge has books entered out to him he is always called Mr Sam Coleridge. On September 22 he takes out Taylor's 'Sermons.' 'J. Cottle' is the next signature. The following entry of Foster 'On Accent and Quantity,' on October 25, is suggestive; and the next entry is curiously amusing. Coleridge seems to have rushed in, taken out 'Apuleia Opera,' volume one. He signs for this with a stroke for S. and a T.; and for Coleridge he cannot get beyond the r, a scrawl finishes it, and in place of the date he writes: '9 Dutch ships taken with 3000 troops—Bravo.' The date before and after is November 4, '96. Beyond this date the entries have a certain sameness, not of subject, but of incident. The works entered are: Cudworth's 'Intellectual System;' again Foster 'On Accent' in the year 1796. In the year '97, Brucker's 'Historia Critica Philosophic;' Massinger's Works on August 18, 1797, in his own hand; Nash's 'Worcestershire; Burney's 'History of Music;' 'Sæ-

mundi Edda;' and in 1798 Middleton's 'Life of Cicero,' the second volume being entered to Cottle; Blair's 'Lectures;' 'Philosophical Transactions,' volume seventy-five; 'Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts,' volumes ten and eleven; and on June 8, 1798, is the last entry to Samuel Taylor Coleridge of Massinger's Dramatic Works.

After this date the entries become of slight interest: such names appear as Dr Beddoes, Fanny Alcyon, J. Tobin, Jos. Cottle (who takes out works now fast and furiously), Seyer, Collinson, Thos. Eagles; but on August 22, 1799, is the highly-interesting entry of Thos. Hayley's 'Life' to Dr Beddoes; and to H. Davy, Woodville's 'Medical Botany;' both these entries are in Dr Beddoes' hand. The search for Southey's name is fruitless; no other entry of his name comes to light. But the entries to H. Davy are frequent; at first in Beddoes' hand. He is generally entered by the librarian as Mr Davy, and he takes out Priestley's 'Experiments and Observations,' and a book which at first is entered out as 'Search,' and afterwards as Search's 'Light of Nature.' This work is continually being taken out. The other books being taken out by Davy are Voltaire's 'Dictionnaire Philosophique,' Bacon's Works, Voltaire's 'Roman,' 'Œuvres de Rousseau' more than once, Foster's 'Voyages,' Bacon's Works, 'Linnean Transactions,' Locke's Works, Ramsay's 'Poems;' and on February 26, 1801, he takes out his last work, White's 'Natural History of Selborne;' thus proving he was in Bristol from at least August 22, 1799, until February 26, 1801. This entry brings us up to the seventeenth volume of the Registers, and the only interest attached to the eighteenth volume is Dr Beddoes' constancy to 'Search.'

A bare record of the books read by these men in their youth nearly a century ago; but their names to us now are household words, and this list of books read by them gives us a clear insight into the mind-food they then digested, and sets at rest some doubt as to where they spent some of the months in which we find they were constant visitors to the Bristol Library.

JAMES BAKER.

OFFICIATING VICE-CONSUL.

BY AN AMATEUR.

'THERE won't be a very great deal to do,' says Mr Brunel, Her Majesty's Vice-Consul, as he hands his keys across the café table to me; 'and you'll be able to judge by the amount of work there is in the morning whether it will be necessary to open the office or not in the afternoon.'

'Very well,' I reply. 'To what do these keys belong?'

'The big one opens the office door, and the little one the cash-drawer I showed you yesterday.—By the way, how am I to get them back on Monday?'

'You had better call at my hotel for them,' I answer with some surprise. Did Mr Brunel expect me to walk all the way up to his lodgings and return his keys before office hours? It was cool, to say the least of it.

'No; that won't do,' he says, 'knitting his

brows. 'I shall be awfully tired on Monday, and your hotel is ever so far away. I'll tell you what, Jones—just give them to my landlady as you pass my lodgings on your way home to-morrow.'

'What!' I exclaim; 'give your landlady access to all the money in the British Consulate! Impossible! That would never do.'

'Ah! I hadn't thought of that,' says Mr Brunel calmly; 'perhaps it *might* be injudicious.—Let's see, now; who is there you could leave them with?—I have it! Know the tinsmith's shop at the corner of my street?'

'Yes,' I answer, open-eyed. What did the man mean to suggest now?

'You leave 'em there. He won't know what they are; and I can get them from him on Monday without going a yard out of my way. That will do first rate—eh?'

I shake my head decidedly. 'It would be a most unbusiness-like proceeding,' I say emphatically, 'most unbusiness-like. Of course, all responsibility rests with you, Mr Brunel; but I could not, I really could not, feel justified in doing such a thing. Suppose the tinsmith found out what the keys opened, by any accident?'

'You're very particular, Jones,' says the Vice-Consul with some irritation. 'They would be perfectly safe there. I know the tinsmith very well; awfully decent fellow he is. I bought a bath from him only last week, and he gave it me on tick. A splendid bath! one of those large, flat, shallow, open ones, you know. He only asked—'

'Never mind the bath now, my dear sir, I say,' cutting him short. (Brunel is a terribly communicative man.) 'I want to know what is to be done with these keys?'

'I don't know what to suggest, I'm sure,' says Brunel plaintively. 'I really can't come down to your hotel on Monday and be at the Consulate at ten o'clock. It's a physical impossibility. Why, I shan't be back here until midnight on Sunday, if the tide'—

If Mr Brunel begins about the tide, I know by bitter experience that he will never leave off.

'Isn't there any respectable resident near the Consulate with whom I might safely leave the keys?' I ask hastily.

Mr Brunel does not answer for a minute, and I am beginning to fear that I have hurt his feelings by my want of confidence in the tinsmith, when he says: 'Do you know Mr Smith's house in the Rue Thiers?'

'The English chaplain.—Yes; but he is at Dieppe.' I am truly sorry to raise another objection; but Brunel is not to be balked this time.

'But the housemaid isn't at Dieppe,' he says sagely; 'I know she isn't. If you will give the keys to her, and say I'll call for them on Monday, it will suit admirably. She knows me, the Smiths' housemaid does.—Now, good-night, old fellow; I must be off.' And before I can even moot the question of the trustworthiness of the chaplain's housemaid, Brunel has vanished from the café into the night.

I had consented, not without some misgivings, I own, to take over the Consul's duties for a day, in order to allow that gentleman to attend the Havre regatta in his yacht. I was quite aware that the work of Her Majesty's Consular officers

in France was both onerous and important, and in my inmost heart was not a little flattered when Mr Brunel asked me to officiate for him. His recklessness about the keys gave me a severe shock, and I went home to the hotel feeling that the necessity for admitting Mr Smith's housemaid into my Consulate's confidence—if I may use the expression—added much to the responsibility, while it detracted from the dignity of my temporary appointment.

'You certainly do commit yourself to the most foolish things, Algernon,' said Mrs Jones that night, when I told her what I had undertaken. 'Do the Vice-Consul's work for him, forsooth! You don't know what you may not have to do. Consuls have to marry people, and bury them, and do all kinds of horrid things.'

Mr Brunel assured me that there would be nothing, my dear, I replied humbly, 'or you may be sure that I should not have consented to act for him.'

'If there's nothing to do, why can't he close his office for the day?' inquired Mrs Jones. 'Just tell me that.—And supposing some one comes and you have to speak French, what are you to do then?'

It was a possible difficulty, for I do not know French. I made no answer, for I had none ready.

'What will you do in such a case?' demanded my wife again. She saw she had me in a corner, and followed up her advantage pitilessly.

'I—I shall tell them to return on Monday,' I said lamely, after a long pause.

You see what a false position you will be in,' pursued Mrs Jones, who seemed determined not to spare me. 'And, moreover, Algernon, I don't believe you *could* tell any one "to return on Monday" in French.'

Now I came to think of it I found Mrs Jones was right; my limited vocabulary was unequal to the sentence. I made a mental note to look it up in the phrase-book next morning, and pretended to go to sleep.

'Come, Algernon!' said my wife, nudging me with a very sharp elbow, 'what's the French for "Please come back on Monday?"'

I made a long fight of it, but feminine pertinacity overcame me, and, finally, I got to sleep about one A.M. schooled to distraction in that one phrase.

If I could not do justice to the Consular work, I could at least be punctual, and accordingly I set out in good time next morning, that I might be in my place precisely at ten o'clock. I have a great dislike to the garb; but a sense of what was becoming to my temporary official position prompted me to assume a frock-coat and tall hat for the occasion. Mrs Jones gave her tacit approval to my attire by adding a button-hole of rosebuds and maiden-hair, and having assured her that if press of work permitted, I would return to lunch at half-past one, I took my departure from the hotel.

I was half relieved, half disappointed to find no one lingering round the Consulate doors; but it was just on the stroke of ten when I turned the key in the lock, and the brass door-plate announced that office hours for business with masters and crews were from that hour until one

P.M. 'No doubt I shall be busy enough ere long,' I said to myself as I went in, 'and I shall have time to study the Regulations in the meanwhile.' I frankly admit that I had not the wildest idea of the nature of the business I might be called upon to transact; and after making a fruitless search for the volume of Regulations I had been certain would occupy a prominent place on the Consul's table, took my seat before it with a fluttering heart.

For quite half an hour I sat there patiently, reading a fortnight-old copy of the *Globe*, keeping open a handy drawer, that I might smuggle the grimy newspaper out of sight at the first sign of a visitor. But no one came to disturb me, and when the *Globe* was exhausted, I got up to look round the office. It was a dingy unpretentious-looking cell, by no means resembling my preconceived idea of a 'Consulate.' An imposing panel representing the Royal Arms held a conspicuous position on the wall immediately behind my chair; but the air of dignity it imparted was sadly toned down by the startlingly legible placard which flanked it and notified that 'Smoking and Spitting are Strictly Forbidden in the Office.' I never suspected Brunel of possessing much taste; but I thought any man could have detected such a painful incongruity as this; it was quite upsetting. The large white notice which adorned the wall on the other side of the Royal Arms did nothing to redeem the brutal vulgarity of its companion. It announced itself in heavy type as the 'Table of Fees' payable to Consuls. Table of Fees! It was a cruelly humiliating thing to see, and I felt as I stared up at it that my frock-coat and best hat were out of place here. I dragged a chair under the notice and stood upon it to read the list, telling myself as I did so that I must be on the *qui vive*, and jump down if I heard any one coming. It would be unconsular to the last degree to be caught studying such a document.

It was a very comprehensive list; including the duties a Consul was bound to perform, duties he might undertake but was not obliged to, and matters in which he was liable to be called upon to act as arbitrator. The fees were not very high, and I discovered with some chagrin that they were the property of Government, and not the perquisite of the Consul. It was a disappointment; but I forgot all about it—and everything else—long before I got through the first section, which comprised the services I as officiating Consul was legally bound to render. Mrs Jones had been right! If a runaway couple turned up and required it of me, I should have to marry them! There it was on the 'Table of Fees' in all its hideous uncompromising directness. How on earth was I to go about it? I, who had only been at one wedding in all my life, and at that was so nervous—being one of the chief actors—that I never heard one word of the service. I have always been an unlucky man, and it would be just my fortune if a stray pair of lovers selected this day of all others to come and request the Consul to make them man and wife. The English chaplain, too, was away!—Oh horror! there was a knock at the door! The perspiration broke out on my brow, and my knees trembled under me; I scarcely dared look round, so convinced I was that I should behold a bride and

bridegroom when I did. What should I say to—?

'Monsieur!'

I stole a look at the speaker over my shoulder, and a weight as of lead fell from me. It was only the postman, after all. I breathed freely again, and positively welcomed the harmless man, forgetful of my position on the chair.

'What is it, my good fellow?'

'Une lettre-charge, Monsieur.'

'A what?' It's very awkward; I had no idea that Her Majesty's Consuls were ever called upon to transact business with French postmen. I descend from the chair and resume my seat at the table. I do not feel at ease by any means; but the consciousness that the British Arms are literally at my back gives me courage. The postman's respect for it cannot be marred by that preposterous smoking caution at its side.

'Oh, a registered letter,' I remark as the man shows me the missive. 'All right; you can leave it;' and I attempt to take it from his hand.

'Mais non!' shouts the postman with uncalculated ferocity, snatching it away. Then he scolds me severely, as it appears, for three minutes without stopping for breath, and holds up the letter again—out of my reach, this time; he is evidently fearful lest I should seize it and take to flight. But what does he mean? Of course, how stupid of me! He wants a receipt for it, just as they do at home. Common-sense might have told me that before. I smile a reassuring smile at the faithful postman, and selecting a sheet of paper with the official seal upon it, write out a receipt for one registered letter addressed to 'Mister Henry Tomkins able Seaman of the S. Ship *clansman* care of the british council.' This I sign with pardonable pride 'pro H. B. M.'s Vice-Consul,' and tender in exchange for the letter. Wrong again! The postman thrusts the letter back into his box, grumbles something unintelligible but obviously rude, and walks out, leaving the receipt on the table. Clearly I have bungled the business somehow; but where I cannot divine, though I have three-quarters of an hour's uninterrupted leisure to ponder over the question.

I am growing rather tired of being a Consul, for the only literature I can discover in the office is a large collection of commercial treaties which are instructive but uninteresting. I used to think that Consuls were the busiest of mankind, but that seems to have been a mistake. It is fearfully slow work; if I had known what it would be before, I would never have consented to officiate for Brunel. I wonder how he is getting on at the regatta; he said he might win if there was a light breeze. Suppose it comes on to blow, and his yacht is upset and he gets drowned—shall I have to retain charge of the Consulate until a new officer is sent to replace him? I am lost in contemplation of the awful possibilities to which such an accident might give rise, when the door opens again, and a young, very fat Frenchman enters the office with his hat on.

From my earliest days I have had the strongest antipathy to fat young men. It does not extend to men of mature years; but obesity in a person of two or three and twenty, like this, is most repulsive to me. Had he been a spare youth,

I should have been glad to see him, if for no other reason than that I had for welcoming the postman: simply because he was not a couple to be married. But he is horribly, aggressively fat, and further, has a quite-at-home air with him which puts me on my mettle at once.

'What is it, sir?' I inquire with dignity.

He nods and grins first; then he says easily: 'How you do? I got littel business at you.'

His manner is so impertinent that I draw myself very upright, determined to act the British Vice-Consul to the utmost and keep him firmly in his place. I wait for him to explain the nature of his business; but he only helps himself to a chair without removing his hat and deliberately expectorates on the floor.

'What do you mean, sir?' I thunder, aghast at this insult to the British flag. 'You appear to have a knowledge of English. Can't you read *that*, sir?'

It is bad enough to be compelled to draw attention to the Caution; but the way this person acknowledges my movement makes it infinitely worse. He draws a few loose cigars from his pocket and offers one to me, in its very face!

'Ah! you not smokaire,' he says blandly as I wave the cigar off in speechless rage. 'Never mind you *hum*,' with a contemptuous nod at the Caution. 'Monsieur Brunelle always he smoke; everybody smoke all day and no one care. Ha ha! You soon know.'

If I were not Acting Vice-Consul, I should seize him by the neck and throw him into the street there and then, his conduct is so objectionable. But officialdom secures his immunity. I choke down my wrath and address him again.

'Be good enough to state your business, sir.—Who are you?'

'I? I am of de sheep's brokaire, Monsieur Duprès. I want *visé* de steamship *Maria* papers.—Who are you?'

Ignoring the question he concludes with, I make a sudden resolve to keep my temper at all costs, and ask for the *Maria*'s papers.

'I got here,' he says, rising from his chair and tapping a dirty roll which sticks out of his pocket. 'Dere is not a hurry. Receive you any letters to de *Maria*?'

He does not wait for an answer, but strolls over to the rack of pigeon-holes, which he turns out one after another, selecting papers and letters with leisurely care, while I sit fuming with silent anger at the table.

'Now we do business,' he remarks gaily, after stowing away his spoil in various pockets, unchallenged by me. He appears to know what he is about, and as I don't, I am not disposed to interfere with him.

'Here, must you *visé*,' he adds, presently unrolling a ship's 'articles,' and thrusting them under my nose. 'Allons! Come!'

This is simply awful. I have not the faintest notion what I am expected to do, and shall have to ask this creature to tell me. Words can give no idea of the feelings which possess me as I grasp the situation. I make one faint effort to escape the ignominy, but only succeed in displaying my ignorance of Consular affairs.

'I am afraid I can't do anything for you unless the Master of the ship be present,' I say doubtfully.

The fat clerk grins at me in a knowing way. 'I tink you not know how to do Consul business,' he says with patronising superiority. 'Come! I show you; you are new man.' And with that he thrusts a pen into my hand, and literally forces me through the transaction, telling me word by word what to write, how to sign my 'full names,' and where to affix the Consular stamp.

'I think that there is a small fee payable for this,' I say, trying hard to recover a shred of Consular dignity after the ordeal is over. 'I see by the Regulations that it is half-a-crown.'

'Yes; dere is de littel fee always. But today I do de work. Come!' he continues, with playful familiarity; 'we tossup: I to pay six francs or notting. You crie!'

For a few moments I am so completely dumfounded at the audacity of the man that I can only stare at him. Does he understand what he is doing? Does he really propose to me—to all intents and purposes Her Britannic Majesty's Representative—that the payment of the Government fee shall be made to depend on the fall of that copper coin he is flicking with his thumb? I am not exaggerating when I say that my brain reels at his temerity; I cannot find words to answer him. Not until he renews his proposition, which he does with the greatest nonchalance, can I bring myself to frame a refusal.

'Come!' he says persuasively. 'You crie. Head or tail!' I tossup.

'I don't understand what you mean, sir.' My voice rises almost to a scream. 'Pay the fee immediately and leave the office.' I throw the *Maria*'s articles at rather than to him and point to the door.

'O ver' well,' he replies, with a shrug of pretended indifference; 'dat which you please. Keep hair on. You make good a consul some day. Good-bye; here your fee.'

I nearly faint with impotent rage when at last he disappears. 'Keep your hair on,' indeed! Was such insolent slang ever directed at Consul officiating or otherwise, before? I shall deal very summarily with any other Frenchman who comes in.

The morning wears slowly and uneventfully away until half-past twelve; no one has called except another postman, who laid down some ship's letters, bade me *bon jour*, and slipped out again without further remark. It has been a most dreadfully stupid day; and I am congratulating myself that in half an hour I shall be able to resign Consular cares, when there is a commotion outside on the pavement, and a number of men lounge past the office window. In another moment the door opens, and a short thick-set man, whose garb and carriage stamp him a seaman, lurches in and makes an awkward bow. 'Be you the Counsell, Mister?' he inquires respectfully.

'I am—ah—officiating Vice-Consul,' I reply graciously.

The sailor acknowledges the information with another bow. I feel more like a Consul than I have done all day, and resolve to do my utmost to assist this humble but well-conducted person. That he has come upon business of some kind is obvious, for he returns to the door and beckons with his hat to the men outside; they, ten or a dozen in number, flock

into the office, saluting me as they enter, and take up positions leaning against the wall. The stout man is evidently their appointed spokesman, for he advances to the table, and after a preliminary cough, begins to explain what has brought them hither.

'We, Mr Counsel, me and my mates, that is'—he indicates 'his friends with a comprehensive wave of his 'hat'—'is the company of the barque *Dunolly Castle* of Liverpool, Stookles master, from Melbourne with wheat, arrived yere this mornin'. We wishes to 'ave your advice, sir, regardin' a point of maritime law—a very *fine* point of seamen's law, sir.' The assembly murmurs, 'Seamen's law, sir,' as the speaker pauses, and I draw myself up, and assume an air of the importance I justly feel. It is possible that the matter may be too much for me; but I am not the man to wriggle out of responsibilities I have voluntarily accepted, and will not send the men away unless I can avoid it. I compose myself in a judicial attitude of attention to hear the case, which is seemingly one of no small commercial importance; and ask the man his name and the nature of the question he wishes to lay before me.

'My name, sir, is Gluffin—Hencery Gluffin, carpenter of the barque *Dunolly Castle*.' Mr Gluffin pauses to clear his throat, and his friends murmur like a Gilbert-and-Sullivan chorus, '*Barque Dunolly Castle*'.

'And about what do you wish to obtain my advice?' I inquire.

'Me and my mates,' says Mr Gluffin, speaking more to them than to me, 'has a complaint agen the old man—beggin' your pardon, agen Cap'n Stookles, sir. We arrived yere this mornin' from Melbourne, sir, with wheat; and I sez to my mates, I sez: "Mates, soon as we gets ashore, we goes straight to 'Er Medjesty's Counsel and lays the case afore 'im. That Cap'n Stookles' action to 'is crew, I sez, 'as for this last two months been illegal, I 'ave no doubt, I sez; no doubt; but afore we brings the cap'n's conduct to the notice of the Board o' Trade, we'll ave 'Er Medjesty's Counsel's opinion.'"

Again Mr Gluffin pauses, and the chorus mutters with vindictive gusto, 'Counsel's opinion.' They are all intensely earnest; there is a quiet suppressed determination about them which rouses my deepest interest. Captain Stookles is probably one of those ruffianly masters who disgrace the merchant navy; he has been guilty of some high-handed act of brutality towards his unfortunate crew, no doubt; flogged or confined them on some shallow pretext, perhaps. I will certainly hear what the carpenter, who seems a most intelligent man, has to say; and telling him that I will note his complaint for consideration, if I cannot deal with it out of hand, I select a pen and a sheet of stamped official foolscap for the purpose.

'Wot we wishes to arsk, Mr Counsel, is this,' says Mr Gluffin, resting both hands on the table and choosing his words with great deliberation. 'I puts it to you to decide, like; but it's a nice point, and mayhap you'll need to write to the Board o' Trade for a answer. This here is it,' and Mr Gluffin emphasises each word with a tap of the finger on my table: 'Is jahm a legal tender, to seamen? Is jahm a legitimat substitoot for butter?'

The pen falls from my hand. Is jam a legal substitute for butter? A whole ship's crew has formally called upon Her Majesty's representative to ask that! I had been prepared to expect something better than this from the manner of the man Gluffin. Between chagrin and disappointment, I forget for the moment that I cannot answer the question, even such as it is. I am saved the annoyance of saying so, for the carpenter begins again, speaking slowly, as he considerably observes, in order that I may 'get it wrote down.'

'For sixty-four days, Mr Counsel (sixty-four days I logged it), not a man aboard that barque, seed a scrap o' butter. The cap'n give us jahm as a substitoot, he sed; our articles of agreement purvides that every man shall 'ave two ounces o' butter per diem, and we aint 'ad none.—'Ave you got that down, Mr Counsel?'

'I have a memorandum of it,' I answer. 'I will—ah—I will consult the necessary authorities, and give you a reply on Monday. The question is, as you say, an important one—very important—my voice dies to a whisper in very shame—and I will answer it on Monday.—Have you any other complaint to make?' It is the unanswered cry of a drowning man; neither Mr Gluffin nor his mates have any further complaint to make.

'I'd like to see what you've wrote, if you will permit me, sir,' says Mr Gluffin, who has been exchanging gestures and whispered remarks with his companions. In silence, I hand him the paper, which was to have been a State document couched in classic nervous English. This is what it actually is:

'Point of Maritime Law, Submitted by the Crew of the Barque *Dunolly Castle* to Her Majesty's Vice-Consul, for Possible Reference to the President of the Board of Trade—Is jam a legitimate substitute for butter?'

I have never told Mrs Jones what kept me so late at the Consulate that Saturday. She still thinks it was some international affair, and mentions it casually as such to all our friends. The silence I observe confirms their suspicion that I have once dipped deeply into state secrets.

D A W N.

- THE eager light of morning! A clear blush
- Of arrowy crimson shooting to the flakes
- Of cloudland snow—then ruffling the dim lakes
- From starlit silver to a dimpled flush
- Of rosy water. Now the slumbrous hush
- Yields at the breath of breezes; morning breaks,
- And cawling of lark and throistle wakes
- A world to labour. When the herb is lush
- On sheltered mead, the level gleams of light
- Persuade the daisies to a wider round
- Of stretching petals. Morn! the stir, the might,
- The wonder of young being, with sweet sound
- Of questing voices as the golden height
- Of heaven dawns and earth is summer-crowned.

C. A. DAWSON.

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SATURN AND HIS RINGS AS SEEN IN MARCH.

On several evenings in the latter part of March the planet Saturn will be in a most interesting position, and will give to our readers a peculiarly fine opportunity of observing his movements with the naked eye. From the 10th to the 22d of the month there will be little or no moonlight in the evening; and if the sky be clear, the planet will be easily distinguished. If on any of these nights, about eight o'clock, our readers stand looking nearly south-east, and direct their gaze to a point about half-way between the horizon and the zenith (a point overhead), they will see the peculiar group of stars known as the 'Sickle of Leo.' Seven conspicuous stars combine to form this 'sickle,' which stands nearly upright in the sky at that time and season. The handle of the sickle is beneath, and its concave edge looks westward. The lower end of the handle is marked by the brilliant star Regulus, the brightest in the zodiacal constellation of the Lion.

Let us suppose our readers have identified this brilliant orb, and become so familiar with it that on any clear evening they can find it at once. On the 10th of March, then, let them look on the left or east side of Regulus, and there they will see the planet Saturn, separated from the star by only a little more than twice the breadth of the full moon. And so seen, the planet affords a good opportunity of comparing its comparatively dull and steady light with the scintillating brilliance of Regulus.

And if we watch Saturn day by day we shall see that it moves slowly but steadily *westwards*, until it is on March 22d nearly directly above Regulus, and but a very short distance from that star. This westward motion will continue slowly until April 28, the planet never getting very far away from the star. After that date it will return towards the east, and pass again (early in June) a little above Regulus, as near as before, and then continue eastwards with increasing

rapidity, until we lose it in the radiance of the sun, which has all the while been steadily approaching from the west.

An exercise in observation so simple as this is within the reach of all who have a little patience, and it will give a rich reward to the observer. He will be resistlessly impressed with the slow yet stately march of the planet; while the more rapid approach of the sun, and yet swifter travelling of the moon, will force themselves on his attention. No amount of reading will give him the same grasp of these simple yet wonderful facts. Some who may have good opera-glasses or telescopes may direct them to the planet, and will be able to see that it is not round, and presents a strikingly different aspect from that of the neighbouring stars. Without a fairly good instrument, the well-known ring will not be discernible as such; but *something* will be seen apparently attached to the planet at each side. In trying to see this, we soon become aware of the defects of ordinary telescopes and glasses. While these may define terrestrial objects very clearly, they generally prove failures when we attempt such a test as Saturn's ring, not only because they have not magnifying power, but from lack of accuracy in the shape and setting of the various lenses.

This 'slender flat ring' is one of the wonders of the heavens. When Saturn is placed so as to show it to advantage, he looks exceedingly like a plum-pudding in its dish, waiting for the dividing knife. In proportion the planet is rather smaller, compared with its ring, than the pudding compared with the dish, but otherwise the resemblance is very close.

But even the thinnest crockery is massive in proportion compared with Saturn's delicate girdle. To represent it aright we should require a dish twelve feet across, and only *one twenty-seventh part* of an inch in thickness, which would require to be of metal if it were to resist any strain at all. And if we cut a hole in the middle of this twelve-foot plate so as to leave only a flat ring two feet broad all round, we have a circular piece which

could not support its own weight without bending, even if made of the finest steel. Yet a ring of these proportions, but one hundred and seventy thousand miles across, instead of twelve feet, remains poised in the heavens around Saturn's globe, 'nowhere touching it,' as Huyghens truly says. And so accurately does it maintain its perfect flatness, that when its edge is turned towards us, it becomes invisible to all but the largest telescopes. Wonderful indeed must the balancing of forces be by which such a result is attained! In fact, for a long time astronomers were completely at fault, and could give no good account of this marvellous fact.

For the engineer who would attempt to raise such a structure would have to face enormous difficulties; even if materials were furnished to him, and all obstructions of their transport overcome, he would still have his worst troubles before him. He might then make the ring; but he could not make it remain a ring for a single day. He would be a fortunate man if he escaped alive among the flying fragments of his own work. Yet there the ring rests in the heavens, and has done for thousands of years.

Let us study, then, for a little the difficulties of our supposed engineer, and see if we can give any account of how they are met in the real structure.

The first difficulty arises from the very constitution of matter, which we have every reason to believe is the same on Saturn as with us. By this constitution a limit of size is imposed on all structures which are to stand under any strain. Our engineers have succeeded in bridging the Firth of Forth with some enormous spans of metal-work; but none of us supposes it possible, say, to bridge the Atlantic Ocean with a single span; because such a span, even if constructed, would fall by its own weight whenever the supports were withdrawn. Almost all the strength of the Forth Bridge is directed to sustaining its own weight. A train more or less will make little difference in the strain on its piers.

If we take, on the other hand, a small iron bridge of, say, ten feet span, the girders composing it will only weigh a few tons, and may easily carry a weight of fifty or a hundred. The weight of a piece of steel is so proportioned to its strength that this difference results from the nature of the metal. Hence to construct a solid ring of the size and shape of Saturn's girdle would only be possible if it were placed where it would have no weight—that is, where no attracting body would draw it in any direction, and where even its own parts would exercise no attraction on each other. Its thinness is so excessive compared to its breadth that it would exercise really no resistance at all to any force tending to bend it. But various powerful forces act on Saturn's ring, tending strongly to its distortion—more than sufficient, as we have said, to send it in fragments about the ears of its supposed engineer.

We see, then, that such a ring, even of steel, would be very weak. But the forces it would have to resist are immense. The power of attraction drawing it downwards to the surface of Saturn is one of these. Fancy the weight of a ring forty or a hundred miles thick, and twenty-

five thousand miles in breadth. It is true that the ring could be placed so round the planet as to be equally drawn together on all sides, so that as a whole it would not be drawn downwards, but its parts would be crushed together like an egg-shell clasped in the hand. The hand may press equally on all sides of the shell, but it nevertheless goes to pieces under the pressure.

Again, if the ring were to get in the least displaced from its perfect centering round Saturn, it would burst asunder speedily in another way. These difficulties led to the idea that the ring must be in rapid rotation, so that its centrifugal force would balance its enormous weight. This was found by observation to be the case, but did not at all mend the matter. The ring is so broad that its outer edge is twenty-five thousand miles farther from Saturn than its inner one. Hence the outer edge would not need to rotate so fast as the inner in order to preserve this balance. Now there is not much harmony between the rim and the central parts of a wheel if the latter wish to go faster than the former! If the wheel is strong, as a whole it will strike an average speed; but if weak, it is apt to fly to pieces; and we have already seen the weakness of Saturn's ring.

But our imaginary engineer might perhaps try to get over this trouble by making his ring in several parts, so that the inner ones might go faster than the outer ones, and yet maintain their place. And in fact more than one division is seen in Saturn's girdle, so that it is now rather called a *system* of rings. Observation renders it probable, too, that these divisions are numerous.

Yet our engineer, doing this, would only be out of one trouble into another. How could he keep his rings from rubbing occasionally against each other? And the slightest rub would be fatal; for such a system once disturbed, would have no power to recover itself; rather would the disturbance increase. Could he not balance his rings so well, however, that they would never rub? No; for the very meteoric dust they would accumulate would throw them off the balance. Moreover, they would be subject to another force we have not yet considered, which would surely work their speedy ruin.

We have all heard of Saturn's eight moons, which circle gracefully round his globe outside his wondrous girdle of light. Now, however beneficial we may fancy these to be on a dark Saturnian night, they would be fatal to the existence of our engineer's rings. One of these moons is nearly as large as the planet Mars, and would alone be sufficient for their destruction.

In order to understand the action of this or any moon upon the rings, let our readers represent it by a marble laid upon the table; then take a comparatively small flat india-rubber band, such as those which are sold for slipping over bundles of papers, and lay it flat on the table beside the marble, a few inches away. This will represent the ring; and if we put another marble in the centre of it, we have a fair model of Saturn, his girdle, and his moon. Now, the moon will tend by its attraction to draw the part of the ring next to it towards itself and away from Saturn, just as our moon lifts the surface of

the ocean up in tides towards herself. There will be a powerful force, then, stretching the ring out towards Saturn's moon.

In addition to this, the moon's attraction will squeeze the ring inwards at the sides, so as still more to elongate it. In fact, our engineer could not keep his rings circular in shape for a moment. They would all become oval, under the attraction of the great moon outside them; and once oval, their balance would be destroyed. If strong enough to maintain their shape, they could not maintain their centering, and would infallibly be broken to pieces. But how, our readers ask, has the great Engineer of the universe conquered all these difficulties, and resisted all these forces so that the slender rings remain safely poised under such adverse circumstances? So far as we can see, it is done by anticipating and yielding to all the forces active in the case. The real Saturnian rings cannot be broken, for they are already in pieces—probably in pieces so small that we would call them powder. It is here as in the sand of the shore. Not by force but by wisdom does the sand resist the sea. It is thrown into the shape it bears by the waves themselves, and they build by their own forces the barrier which restrains their might.

So it is probable the Saturnian dust-rings are themselves the result of the forces we have partly considered, and as they have been built by their free play, they remain sustained, not destroyed, by their power. Each particle is free to rub against its neighbours, and it is not improbable that some of the ring's superior brightness is due to such friction and collision. In such collisions, so numerous and individually so feeble, the energy of one particle will be partly transferred to others, and only a small part of it will be lost to the system, so that as a whole that will change but slowly. Each particle will keep its track like a little independent satellite; and the other particles in its neighbourhood will be moving so nearly in a similar way that friction or collision will be feeble when they do occur.

But, our readers may ask, if this be the case, how is it that the ring remains flat and thin? Is it not likely that some of the dust composing it will separate from the rest, and the whole gradually shape itself into a cloudy mass? Whence, too, the exquisite symmetry of its position, drawn exactly round Saturn's equator? These questions are quite reasonable, and the answer to them reveals an example of the wondrous inter-relation of Nature's work.

Saturn itself is in a state of rapid rotation. This great globe spins upon its axis so rapidly that its equatorial regions are carried round at the speed of 21 538 miles per hour. This velocity gives those portions of his surface a tendency to fly outwards from the rest, and as the result, the equator of Saturn bulges considerably out above the polar parts. This bulging gives the planet a singular power over any body revolving round it as a centre. All such bodies are drawn strongly into the plane of Saturn's equator, and only when revolving in that plane are they free from this disturbing power. Hence the ring finds rest in its present position, and any portions of it wandering from their place are speedily reclaimed and brought back.

Thus we trace a connection between facts ap-

parently quite separate and independent. Saturn rotates swiftly, and this gives him an equator swelling out in graceful curvature. Round this equator is the only place where a girdle or ring could be set symmetrically, and the very shape of the equator brings the ring to that position and keeps it there. Here, indeed, are wonderful results from very simple means.

So far we have spoken of the permanency of Saturn's rings; but it will not have escaped our readers' notice that their arrangement contains the elements of decay and dissolution. The slight collisions and abrasions among the various particles composing them must cause a slow loss of energy, and a slow falling, or rather settling down among them. Some will gradually drop out of their position and approach nearer the body of the planet. That this actually goes on is confirmed by observation. The inner margin of the ring is gradually shaded off, not abruptly defined, and a very delicate 'gauze' or 'crape' ring, as it is called, is now known to exist close within its edge. This may well consist of the fragments dropping out from the brighter and thicker rings without. Indeed, it is likely that the broad thin nature of the ring results from a combination of the last two influences we have mentioned. If at first existing as an indefinite mass, the particles would all be drawn towards the plane of the planet's equator by the influence of its bulging shape. This would crush them together, and cause frequent collisions and considerable friction. This, again, would make some particles draw nearer the planet as they lost their velocity from these causes, and the ring would spread out towards Saturn and become flat and thin.

At least, this all tends to show the truth of what we have said, that this remarkable system owes its stability not to its power of resisting, but of yielding to the forces in action upon and within it.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER VI.—A MAN DOWN.

ON one of these foul-weather afternoons, hearing a strange noise of singing, I entered the cuddy, and found Peter Henskirk standing with his face to the company and his back upon one of the Miss Jolliffes, who was accompanying him at the piano. He was singing a fashionable sentimental song of that day, *I'd be a Butterfly, born in a Bower*. The posture of the man was exquisitely absurd as he stood with his immensely fat figure swaying to the movements of the ship, a ridiculous snile upon his face, whilst he held his arms extended, singing first to one and then to another, so that every one might share in the song. The picture of this great corpulent man, with an overflow of chains between his shirt collars, and a vast surface of green waistcoat arching out like the round of a full topsail, and then curving in again to a pair of legs of the exact resemblance of a peg-top—standing as he was with his feet close together—I say, the sight of this immense man singing *I'd be a Butterfly* in falsetto, proved too much for the company. They listened a little with sober faces; but at

last Miss Hudson gave way, and bent her head behind her mother and lay shaking in an hysterical fit of laughter; then another girl laughed out; then followed a general chorus of merriment. But the undaunted Dutchman persevered. He would not let us off a single syllable, but worked his way without the least alteration of posture right through the song, making us a low bow when he had come to an end; whilst Miss Jolliffe, darting from the piano stool, fled through the saloon and disappeared down the hatchway with a face as red as a powder-flag.

Miss Temple was the only one of us unmoved by this ridiculous exhibition. She kept her eyes bent on a book in her lap for the most part whilst Mynheer sang, now and then glancing round her with a face of cold wonder. Once our eyes met, when she instantly sent her gaze flashing to her book again. Indeed, it was already possible to see the sort of opinion in which she was held by her fellow-passengers by their manner of holding off from her, as from a person who considered herself much too good to be of them, though the obligation of going to India forced her to be with them. Yet one easily guessed that the other girls hugely admired her. I'd notice them running their eyes over her dress, watching her face and bearing at table, following her in her motions about the deck; and again and again I would overhear them speaking in careful whispers about her when she was out of sight. In short, she might have been a woman of distinguished title amongst us; and if the passengers gave her a respectful berth, it was certainly not, I think, because they would not have felt themselves flattered by an unbending or friendly behaviour in her.

On the following Thursday the wind slackened, the weather cleared, and midway of the forenoon it was already a hot sparkling morning, with a high heaven of delicate clouds like a silver frosting of the blue vault, a wide sea of flowing sapphire, and the Indianan swaying along under studding-sails to the royal yards. I had been spending an hour in my bunk reading. As I passed through the cuddy on my way to the poop I heard the report of firearms, and on going on deck found Mr Collidge and Miss Temple shooting with pistols at a bottle that dangled from the lee main-yardarm. Most of the passengers sat about watching them; but the couple were alone in the pastime. The pistols were very elegant weapons, mounted in silver with long gleaming barrels. Collidge loaded and handed them to his companion, occasionally taking aim himself.

She could not have lighted upon any practice fitter to exhibit and accentuate the perfection of her figure and face. Her dark glance went sparkling along the line of the levelled barrel; her lips, of a delicate red, lay lightly apart to the sweep of the breeze, that was sweet and warm as new milk; her colourless face under the broad shadow of her hat resembled some faultless carving in marble magically informed by a sort of dumb haughty human vitality. I cannot tell you how she was attired, but her figure was there in its lovely proportions, a full yet maidenly delicate shape against the clear azure over the sea-line, as she stood poised on small firm feet upon the leaning and yielding deck, her head thrown back, her arm extended,

and a fire in her deep liquid eyes that anticipated the flash of the pistol.

'A very noble-looking woman, sir,' said a voice low down at my side.

Mr Richard Saunders stood gazing up at me with the eager wistful expression that is somewhat common in dwarfs. It was on the tip of my tongue to ask the poor little chap if he had ever been in love; but he was a man whose sensitiveness and tenderness of heart obliged one to think twice before speaking.

'Ay, Mr Saunders. A noble woman indeed, as you say,' I answered as softly as he had spoken. 'But how pale is her cheek! It makes you think of the white death that Helena speaks of in *All's Well that ends Well*.'

'What Hemmeridge would term chlorosis,' said he. 'No, sir; she is perfectly healthy. It is a very uncommon complexion indeed, and very fit for a throne or some high place from which a woman needs to gaze imperiously and with a countenance that must not change colour.'

'She looks to have been born to something higher than she is likely to attain,' said I, watching her with eyes I found it impossible to withdraw. 'A pity there did not go a little more womanhood to her composition. She might make a fine actress, and do very well in the unrealities of life; but I should say there is but small heart there, Mr Saunders, with just the same amount of pride that sent Lucifer flaming headlong.'

Some one coughed immediately behind me. I looked round and met Mrs Radcliffe's gaze full. She was seated on a hencoop; but whether she was there when I came to a stand to view Miss Temple, or had arrived unobserved by me, I could not tell. I felt the blood rise in scarlet to my brow, and walked right away forward on the fore-castle, greatly, I doubt not, to the astonishment of little Saunders, who, I believe, was in the act of addressing me when I bolted.

I went into the head of the ship and leaned against the slope of the giant bowsprit as it came, in the towering steeve of those days, to the top-gallant-fore-castle deck, through which it vanished like the lopped trunk of a titan oak whose roots go deep. The ping of a pistol report caught my ear. There was a sound of the splintering of glass at the yardarm, along with some hand-clapping on the poop, as though the passengers regarded this shooting at a mark as an entertainment designed for their amusement. Far out ahead of me, jockeying the jib-boom, sat a sailor at work on the stay there; his figure stooped and sored with the lift of the long spar that pointed like the ship's outstretched finger to the shining azure distance into which she was sailing, and he sang a song to himself in hoarse low notes, that to my mind put a better music to the flowing satin-like heavings of the darkly blue water under him than any mortal musician that I can think of could have married the picture to. There were a few seamen occupied on various jobs about the fore-castle. The squaw of the hatch, called the scuttle, lay dark in the deck, and rising up through it, I could hear the grumbling notes of a sailor apparently reading aloud to one of his mates.

Presently the bewhiskered face of the boat-swain showed at the head of the fore-castle ladder.

On spying me, he approached with the rough sea-salute of a drag at a lock of hair under his round hat. He had served as able seaman aboard the ship that I had been midshipman in, though before my time; this had come out in a chat, and now he had always a friendly greeting when I met him on deck. He was a sailor of a school that is almost extinct: a round-backed man of the merchantman's slowness in his movements, yet probably as fine a sample of a boatswain as was ever afloat; with an eye that seemed to compass the whole ship in a breath, of a singular capacity of seeing into a man and knowing what he was fit for, most exquisitely and intimately acquainted with the machinery of a vessel; a delightful performer upon his silver pipe, out of which he coaxed such clear and penetrating strains that you would have imagined when he blew upon it a flight of canary birds had settled in the rigging round about him. The voice of the tempest was in his gruff cry of 'All hands!' and his face might have stood as a symbol for hard ocean weather, as the bursting cheeks of Boreas express the north wind. He carried a little length of tough but pliant cane in his hand, with which he would flog whatever stood next him when excited and finding fault with some fellow for 'sogering,' as it is called; and I once saw him catch a man of his own size by the scruff of the neck, and with his cane dust the hinder part of him as prettily as ever a schoolmaster laid it on to a boy.

'At the wrong end of the ship, ain't you, sir?' he called to me as he approached in his strong hearty voice.

'It's all one to me,' said I, laughing, 'now that there's no music in the like of that pipe of yours to set me dancing.'

'Ha!' he exclaimed, fetching a deep breath. 'I wonder if ever it'll be my luck to knock off the sea and settle down ashore? I allow there's more going to the life of a human being than the turning in of dead-eyes and the staying of masts *plumb*.—By the way,' added he, lowering his voice, 'I'm afeerd there's going to be a death aboard.'

'I hope not,' said I; 'it will be the first, and a little early too.—Who's the sick man, bo'sun?'

'Why, a chap named Crabb,' he answered. 'I think you know him. I once took notice of a smile on your countenance as you stood watching him at the pumps.'

'What! do you mean that bow-legged carrotty creature with no top to his nose and one eye trying to look astern?'

'Ay,' said he; 'that's Crabb.'

'Dying, d'ye say, Mr Smalldridge? I considered an instant, and exclaimed: 'Surely he was at the wheel from ten to twelve during the first watch last night?'

'So he was,' answered the boatswain; 'but he took ill in the middle watch, and the latest noose is that he's a-dying rapidly.'

'What's the poor fellow's malady?' said I.

'Well, the doctor don't seem rightly to understand,' he answered: 'he's been forrards twice since breakfast-time, and calls it a general break-up—an easy term for the 'splaining of a difficulty.—But what it means, blowed if I know,' he added, with a glance aft, to observe if the mate had hove into sight.

'A general break-up,' said I, 'signifies a decay of the vital organs. I don't mean to say that Crabb isn't decayed, but I certainly should have thought the worst of his distemper lay outside.'

'Oh yes,' said he; 'you wouldn't suppose that he'd need a worse illness than his own face to kill him.—But this ain't seeing after the ship's work, is it?' and with another pleasant sea-flourish of his hand to his brow, he left me.

A little later, I was walking leisurely aft, meaning to regain the poop for a yarn with Colledge, who stood alone to leeward, looking over the rail with his arms folded in the attitude of a man profoundly bored, when the ship's doctor, Mr Hemmeridge, came out of the cuddy door to take a few pulls at his pipe under the shelter of the overhanging deck.

'So, doctor,' said I, planting myself carelessly in front of him with a light swing on my straddled legs to the soft leave of the ship, 'we are to lose a man, I hear?'

'Who told you that?' he exclaimed, gazing at me out of a pair of moist weak eyes, which, I am afraid, told a story of something even stronger than his jalap and Glauber salts, stored secretly amongst the bottles which filled the shelves of his dark and dismal little berth right away aft over the lazarette.

'Why, the air is full of the news,' said I; 'a ship's a village, where whatever happens is known to all the neighbours.'

'I don't know about *losing* a man,' said he, striking a spark into a tinder-box and lighting his pipe with a sulphur match; 'he's not dead yet, anyway. We must keep our voices hushed in these matters aboard ship, Mr Dugdale. Wherever there are ladies, there's a deal of nervousness.'

'True; and I'll be as hushed as you please. But this Crabb is so amazing a figure, that I can't but feel interested in his illness. What ails him, now?'

'If he dies, it must be of decay,' he answered, with a toss of his hand. 'I can find nothing wrong with him but the manner of his going. He lies motionless, and groans occasionally. It will be a matter in which the heart is involved, no doubt.'

I saw my curiosity did not please him, and so, after exchanging a few idle sentences, I mounted the poop and joined Mr Colledge.

He was looking at the water that was passing, but not greatly feeding the sight of it, I daresay, though there was much, nevertheless, to engage the eye of a lover of sea-bits in the delicate inter-lacery of foam that came past in spaces like veils of lace spreading out on the heave of the sea along with cloudy seethings of milk-white softness under the surface, which made a wonder of the radiant opalescent blue of the clear profound there that was softened out of its sunny brilliance by the shadowing of the high side of the Indian man.

'This is going to be a long voyage, I am afraid,' exclaimed Colledge with a sort of sigh, bringing his back round upon the rail and leaning against it with folded arms.

'Not bored already, I hope?' said I.

'Well, do you know, Dugdale,' he exclaimed, whilst I caught his eye following the form

of Miss Hudson, who was walking the weather-deck with Mr Emmett, 'I believe I made a mistake in engaging myself before I started. When a man asks a girl to be his wife, he ought to marry her with as little delay as possible. Now, here am I leaving the sweetheart I have affianced myself to for perhaps ten months of ocean voyaging, with some months on top of it in India for shooting, and the chance beyond of being eaten up by the game I pursue.'

'Why did you engage yourself?' said I.

'I had been lunching at her father's house—Sir John Crawley, member for Oxborough, a red-hot Tory, and one of the noblest hands at billiards you could dream of.—Do you know him?'

'Never heard of him,' said I.

'Well, he rarely speaks in the House, certainly. I had been lunching with him and Fanny; and as I was not likely to see the old chap again this side of my Indian trip, he plied me with champagne in a loving way; and when I walked with Fanny into the garden for a little ramble, I was rather more emotional than is customary with me; and the long and short of it is I proposed to her, and she accepted me. Here she is,' said he; and he put his hand in his pocket and produced a very delicate little ivory miniature of a merry, pretty, rather Irish face, with soft brown curls about the forehead, and a roguish look in the slightly lifted regard of the eyes, as though she were shooting a glance at you through her upper lashes.

'A very sweet creature,' said I, giving him back the painting. 'Is not she good enough for you? Bless my soul, what coxcombs men are! What is there to fret you in knowing that you have won the love of such a sweetheart as that?'

He hung his handsome face over the miniature, gazing at it with an intentness that brought his eyes to a squint, then slipped it into his pocket, exclaiming with an odd note of contrition in his voice: 'Well, I'm a doocid ass, I suppose. But still I think I made a mistake in engaging myself. There was time enough to ask her to marry me when I returned. Who knows that I shall ever return?'

'Now, *don't* be sentimental, my dear fellow.'

'Oh yes, that's all very fine,' said he; 'but I suppose you know that tiger-hunting isn't altogether like chasing a hare, for instance.'

'Don't tiger-hunt, then,' said I, growing sick of all this.—'Hark! what fine voice is that singing in the cuddy?'

He pricked his ear. 'Oh, it is Miss Temple,' said he; and he stole away to the after-skylight, through which a glimpse of the piano was to be had. He took a peep, then bestowed a train of nods upon me, and a moment after crept below. Alas for Fanny Crawley! thought I.

Both of the wide skylights were open, and Miss Temple's voice rose clear and full, a rich contralto, with now and then a tremor sounding through it in an added quality of sweetness. Those who were walking paused to listen, and those who were seated let fall their work or lifted their eyes from their books. Mr Johnson and one or two others assembled at the skylight. But no one saving friend Colledge offered to go below. I could have bet a thousand pounds that the cuddy was empty, or the girl never would have sung.

In fact, one took notice of a sort of timidity in the very hearkening of the people to her, as though she were a princess whose voice was something to be listened to afar and with respect, and who was not to be approached or disturbed on any account whatever. Soon after she had ended, a male voice piped up, and Mr Johnson, after listening a little, came sauntering over to me.

'Your friend Colledge don't sing ill,' he exclaimed with the complacent grin he usually put on before delivering himself.—'Do you feel equal to a small bet?'

'What's the wager to be about?'

'I bet you,' said he, closing one eye, 'twenty shillings to a crown that Mr Colledge and Miss Temple will have plighted their troth before we strike the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope.'

'Why not latitude?' said I.

'Why, my dear sir, don't you see that the longitude gives me a broader margin?' And the fellow was actually beginning to explain the difference between latitude and longitude, when I cut him short.

'I'll not bet,' said I; 'I have no wish to win your money on a certainty. They won't be engaged, and so you'd better keep your sovereign.'

He whistled low, and with a melancholy attempt at a comical cast of countenance, exclaimed: 'Ah, I see how it goes. It is the wish, my friend, that's father to the thought. But let's preserve us; my dear Mr Dugdale, do you suppose that a young lady after her pattern would ever condescend to cast her eye upon anything even the sixtieth part of one single degree beneath the level of the son of a baron and heir to the title and property?'

'Do you recollect,' said I, 'how your namesake Dr Samuel Johnson told his friends that being teased by a neighbour at table to give his opinion on Horace or Virgil, I forget which, he immediately fixed his attention on thoughts of Punch and Judy? Suffer me now to imitate that great man and to think of Punch and Judy.'

'Here comes Punch, I do believe,' said he with a good-natured laugh.

As he spoke, up rose the figure of Colonel Bannister from the quarter-deck. His face was red with temper, his eyes sparkled, and his white whiskers stood out like spikes of light from a flame. We happened to be the first persons he came across as he climbed the ladder.

'Of all instruments of torture,' he cried, 'the piano is the worst. What on earth, I should like to know, do shipowners mean by adding that execrable piece of furniture to the cabin accommodation? The moment I sit down to write up my diary, twang-twang goes that scoundrel Jew's-harp; and as if that noise were not enough, a woman must needs fall a-snealing to it; and then, when I think that the row is over for a bit, and I pick up my pen afresh, some chap with a voice like a tormented hog lets fly.'

'You should write to the *Times*, sir,' said Mr Johnson.

The Colonel gave him a look full of marine-spikes and corkscrews, and walked aft on his

short stiff legs to the captain, with whom I heard him expostulating in very strong language. Presently the tiffin-bell rang, and I went below.

NATIONAL INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

THE great ideal of political economy is, that each shall have according to his wants, while each shall do according to his ability. The great ideal of a certain class of Socialists is, that each shall have according to his wants, whatever be his ability. Prince Bismarck, in adopting some of the schemes of Lassalle and others of the German school of social reformers, seems endeavouring to effect a compromise between the two ideals, and to set up one of his own. It is called State Socialism; and the manner in which it has been expressed in recent legislation in Germany may be briefly described without at all entering upon any such controversial theme as the ethics of Socialism. That is a controversy which has been going on for generations—long before Karl Marx formed his school—and will probably continue for generations to come.

What is claimed for political economy in England is, that it has made the workman a free man, and has exalted Individualism. What social economy is endeavouring to do in Germany is to make the workman the ward of the State and to exalt Society. Which is right and which is wrong we do not propose to discuss here. The two theories may be thus stated: The English system is founded on the belief that independent and prosperous individuals make the strength of the State: the German system is founded on the belief that a strong state may make prosperous and happy individuals.

There is not at first sight, nor perhaps necessarily, anything Socialistic about the German scheme of compulsory insurance. Some such scheme has been often advocated in England by many—by Canon Blackley among others in recent times. The idea of a State-regulated system of provident insurance, however, is very old; and in 1773, Mr Dowdeswell unsuccessfully endeavoured to pass a bill through parliament to give it effect. This proposal was supported by Edmund Burke, and a second attempt, by Mr Acland, about the close of last century, also received strong support, but was also unsuccessful.

The German scheme has been developed by Prince Bismarck from the teachings of Lassalle, and has been advocated by him as a counterpoise to the democratic and sweeping Socialism of Hebel and Liebknecht and other vehement social reformers. The seed was sown when Prussia was but a minor monarchy: it has borne fruit since Germany became a mighty empire. The impetus was given by the terrible strain of the commercial and industrial crisis which followed the feverishness of the period immediately succeeding the Franco-German war. It was found that the immense expansion of industry and commerce which followed the war had not improved the material condition nor added to the content of the working classes, and the Socialist party began to grow rapidly and to find many voices in the Imperial Reichstag. Outside the assembly the

Socialists became more than noisy, they became aggressive; and repressive laws had to be passed. But in 1881, in opening the winter session of the Imperial parliament, the late Emperor William I. unfolded a plan of such comprehensive beneficence that economists were startled and social democrats silenced. This plan was for a national scheme of insurance against sickness, against accident, against incapacitation, and against old age.

The first instalment was introduced in the following year, and became law in 1883. This was for insurance against sickness. A payment is exacted from the workmen of a sum equivalent to between one and a half and two per cent. of the average local wage, as ascertained by appointed officials in combination with the local authorities. In return for this payment, the insured receives medical advice and attendance, medicine and medical appliances, during sickness. He also receives, while laid aside from work, and for a period not exceeding thirteen weeks, an allowance equal to one-half the normal local weekly wage. If he has to be removed to a hospital, his family receive one-half of this fixed allowance. The contributions under this law are compulsory, and are deducted from the wages by the employers, who have themselves to pay one-third of the amount required by the State. The insurance under this law, however, does not apply to the agricultural industry, to domestic servant, or to the servants of commercial establishments.

The second instalment became law in 1884, when the Act for compulsory insurance against accidents passed the Reichstag. This Act applied at first only to trades exposed to especial risks, but has since been extended, and now covers both agriculturists and sailors. It is still, however, not so comprehensive as the most recent measure, to be presently explained. The contributions towards the Accident Insurance fund are levied upon the employers, who pay in proportion to the number of average wages of their men, and according to the risks of their particular industry. In case of complete disablement the worker receives two-thirds of his regular wage, and in partial disablement, an equitable proportion; while in case of death by accident, an amount equal to twenty days' wage is granted for burial expenses, and an allowance equal to twenty per cent. of the wage is granted to the widow as pension. There is also an allowance of fifteen per cent. in respect of each child, while the total for widow and children must not exceed sixty per cent. of the earnings of the deceased. Allowances are also granted to other dependents upon a less liberal scale. The masters who supply the funds under this law also conduct its administration; but the workmen are represented on the Board of Control.

The third instalment, which passed through the Reichstag in May last, and will shortly become law, goes much further than either of the two Acts above described. To begin with, it includes, without any exception, all persons above the age of sixteen, male and female, who work for regular wages, and will thus apply to not less than eleven millions of hired workers.

For the purposes of this Act, the workpeople are classified in four classes according to wages: thus, class one includes those who earn three

hundred to three hundred and fifty marks* per annum; class two, five hundred to five hundred and fifty marks; class three, seven hundred and twenty to eight hundred and fifty marks; class four, above eight hundred and fifty marks. The first class pays twelve pfennigs; the second, eighteen; the third, twenty-four; and the fourth, thirty pfennigs, per week. That is to say, the masters are to deduct one-half of these sums from the weekly wage, and to pay the other half themselves.

The way in which the collection is to be made is this: each worker will receive a register card with forty-seven spaces, corresponding to the forty-seven weeks of a regulation insurance year. In each of these spaces a stamp must be affixed, authenticating the corresponding weekly payment. These stamps will be sold by the Post-office, issued by the Insurance Board of the district, and affixed to the cards by the masters. In cases of weeks of sickness or of military service, these, on being duly certified, will be stamped as weeks of actual contribution in the second class. At the end of the year, or when the card is full, it will be taken to a central office and exchanged for a new one, marked with a note of where its predecessor is stored. The old cards will be carefully preserved after their contents are recorded.

Of course we cannot go into all the details of this lengthy and complicated measure, and must be content with indicating the salient points. But the reader will at once perceive that an immense amount of clerical work will be connected with the issuing, stamping, and recording of the cards, weekly, of eleven millions of persons in all sorts of occupations. The cost of administration is estimated at one mark (1s.) per head per annum; but that does not include any estimate for the extra work of the Post-office and other established departments. Moreover, it assumes that a large amount of the work of stamping, &c., will be done gratuitously by the unpaid members of the district boards, the local committees, and others. Nevertheless, the mere mechanical incidents of this remarkable scheme are sufficiently stupendous. Besides the shilling per head for cost of administration, a proportion of twenty per cent. of the receipts will be set apart for a Reserve Fund.

What, then, is the workman to get in return for his payment, graded as above? In case of incapacitation, he is entitled to a pension for life, or until recovery, complete or partial. On reaching the age of seventy, he is qualified to receive a pension whether he be incapacitated or not; but of course the same individual cannot be the recipient of both an invalid and an old-age pension. To qualify for an invalid pension the worker must contribute for two hundred and thirty-five weeks, and for an old-age pension for fourteen hundred and ten weeks. Some provision is made whereby, for the first few years, the beneficial application may be accelerated. Then, further, the pensions are to rise from a fixed minimum on a grade proportioned to the payments made.

That minimum is, for invalid pay, sixty marks (or shillings) per year, rising with each completed week of payment: in class one by two pfennigs, in

class two by four pfennigs, in class three by nine pfennigs, and in class four by thirteen pfennigs. It is not to be expected, of course, that all participants will remain all their lives in the same wage-class; but the system is based on an estimate of weekly increments in each class.

As regards the actuarial part of the work, it must be said that a good deal is taken for granted. There are no sufficient data for the calculations which have been accepted, no statistics whereby all the risks of life and of accident can be adjusted in relation to earnings of different classes of labour. Nor is it established that even the ordinary health-conditions of workers in special industries correspond to the health-conditions of the general mass of the people as recognised by insurance authorities. As regards accidents the statistics of the German railways seem to have been taken as basis; but there is no experience to show how these statistics are applicable to other industries. In short, the scheme is an actuarial speculation, and the result may be, from an actuarial point of view, either success or failure, but in any case the result of chance.

Socially speaking, however, it is otherwise, for the funds of the State are pledged to secure success. To every pension granted from the insurance fund, graded in accordance with the principles we have indicated, there will be added a *uniform* Imperial contribution from the national exchequer of fifty marks per annum. This will be added alike to old-age and invalid pensions.

The old-age pensions from the fund will be allocated on the variable plan of the invalid pensions *plus*, for each week of contribution, in class one, four pfennigs; in class two, six pfennigs; in class three, eight pfennigs; in class four, ten pfennigs, until the full number of fourteen hundred and ten weeks has been reached. Thus, a man who has served all his life, say thirty years, in the same wage-class will receive an old-age pension as follows: in class one, 106 marks 40 pfennigs a year; in class two, 136'00; in class three, 162'80; in class four, 181'00.

The highest of these (£9, 1s.) seems small enough to our ideas; but that which would only spell starvation to an English workman, means something like a decent living to a frugal German. It is significant that no provision is made for workers whose earnings when in health and full employment exceed nine hundred and sixty marks, or forty-eight pounds per annum, an income far below that of the skilled English operative. Still, no doubt, the framers of the scheme were wise to take moderate and not extreme figures for both wage and pension.

While there is some appearance of equitable adjustment in proportioning the pensions from the fund according to the length of service, this individualist feature is wholly overshadowed by the State contribution. The addition from the Imperial exchequer of fifty marks per annum to every pension is one of the most remarkable features of the Bill. It amounts to a recognition by the State that each individual member of it has an equal claim upon its service and bounty, apart from his own qualification, ability, conduct, or service. The general provisions of the bill are rigid and practical enough, forcing both master and men to combine in making provision for sickness and old age; but this Imperial con-

* A mark is equal to a shilling; and eight and one-third pfennigs are equal to one penny.

tribution throws a softer Socialistic mantle over the whole. It quite ignores the principle of individual justice, for the advantages are secured to all, whatever they may have paid or deserved. It gives practical expression to the sentiments presented when the Accidents Insurance Bill was first drafted:

'For the State to concern itself more deeply than in the past with its helpless members is not only a duty of humanity and that of practical Christianity, with whose spirit all our public institutions should be infused, but also a task for statesmanship desirous to strengthen and uphold the State. For this end we must strive, by direct and patent benefits conferred, to exhibit the State in the light of a beneficent as well as a necessary institution in the eyes of the unpropertied classes, the most numerous and the least educated of the population. The objection that a Socialistic element is hereby introduced into our legislation need not deter us from entering on this path. As far as this is the case it is nothing new, but only the development of the idea which has grown up with modern Christian morality—namely, that the State has not only protective and defensive duties, but also the positive task of furthering the well-being of all its members, and especially the weak and helpless.'

Fifty shillings per head per annum does not seem a great sacrifice for the State to make; but who can now define the limits? How many of the present eleven millions of workers will be claimants on the national bounty within the next twenty years? The German State is making a plunge into the darkness of untested problems, and it is adopting a principle the limitation of which it will be unable to fix.

Meanwhile, the individual himself is to be compelled henceforth by law to provide against contingencies in the following proportions of his earnings: for Sickness insurance, one and a half per cent.; for Accident insurance, two per cent.; for Old Age and Incapacitation, two per cent., rising ultimately to four per cent.; say, in all, between five and a half and seven and a half per cent. But of these contributions, the master pays one-third of the Sickness premium, the whole of the Accident premium, and one-half of the Old-age and Incapacitation premium.

To say that the masters pay it, however, is only a form of expression. They are responsible to the State; but it need hardly be said that the whole of the levies will be ultimately borne by labour. The employer estimates the wages he can afford to pay according to the burdens that he has to support, just as a man who leases a farm gauges the rent he can afford after taking into account the local taxes which fall to be added to it.

It but remains to explain that the organisation for this enlarged act of State Socialism—which by-and-by will doubtless extend to the insurance of widows and orphans—is territorial. For the Sickness insurance, local unions are established; for the Accident insurance, trade associations or composite boards; but for the Old-age and Incapacitation insurance, the various Federal States will map out districts and territories, in each of which an Insurance Institute will be formed with permanent officials. Each Institute will also be administered by delegates of the

masters and men, whose services will be gratuitous. Tribunals of arbitration will also be appointed in each district, and there will be an Imperial Insurance Board to supervise and control the whole machinery.

It is a large scheme, not to be measured by what to English eyes is the apparent insignificance of the contemplated doles. It is so novel a departure, both in actuarial practice and in political and social economy, that judgment with regard to it may well be suspended. As a combination of compulsory thrift and social beneficence, some people regard it as only an ingenious method for checking the depletion of German industry by emigration. But it is manifestly more than that.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER VI.

LEAVING Mrs Rurton at her tea, grateful, and wondering at the ways of Providence as exemplified in the success which had unexpectedly crowned her husband's excellent purposes, let us follow Mr Frank Holmes to his lodgings in the neighbourhood of Adelphi. He was too disquieted in mind to call on Mr Clayton, who he knew would be anxious to see him. Indeed, he found that Mr Clayton had called at his rooms during the evening, leaving his card with a request pencilled on the back to come to Cadogan Place. Holmes decided not to go; his judgment was deeply disturbed, and an interview with Mr Clayton and his daughter could avail but little. He resolved to wait till after the magisterial investigation next day.

Walking out in the Strand after dark to enjoy a smoke in the cool of the streets, he discovered that the late editions of the evening papers were making sensation out of the fatal suspicion that Faune was the dead woman's husband. The remainder of the case was not neglected, although as yet no names were mentioned. A banker's daughter was referred to as the object to obtain which the victim's removal was necessary. Holmes purchased four of the evening papers; they all, in a variety of forms, had got hold of the same story. He thought of poor Mary Clayton, and tearing the accursed sheets in pieces, flung them in the gutter.

Turning round by the Grand Hotel with a view to seeking the comparative quiet of the Embankment for an hour's thinking, he was suddenly arrested by a heavy hand grasping his shoulder from behind. Wheeling sharply, he confronted a stoutish florid man, with closely cropped straw-coloured beard and moustache. Holmes regarded him closely for a moment, and then laughed. 'Why, Musgrave, who would have thought of meeting you? Where have you come from?'

'From anywhere you like to name, Frank. A few years away from Rugby do change a fellow, don't they?—more especially when he has been abroad.'

'So you have been abroad?'

'Abroad? Very much so.—But I am staying here; come in and have a chat, if you are not specially engaged.'

'No; I am not,' answered Holmes; and they went into the hotel and descended to the smoking-room. On their way down, Musgrave incidentally informed his old schoolfellow that he had only just returned to England from Texas, where he had been trying the ranching business. 'And I have just arrived in time to find one of our old boys in a sad mess,' he added, as they sat down and ordered whisky-and-seltzer. 'Do you remember, Frank, the licking you gave me on his account that day at Rugby?'

'I do. He was too delicate a lad to be knocked about by a big bully like yourself.'

Musgrave laughed. 'There wasn't another fellow in the school, I verily believe, who would have let Faune fasten himself to him as you did, Frank. I admit I acted the bully; but I detested the whining little sneak. See what he has come to now!'

There was sufficient ingredient of truth in this speech to make it secretly very galling to Frank Holmes; but he passed it by, and diverted the conversation for half an hour into mutual reminiscences of old school-days. Following from these, he gathered that Musgrave, after a brief and unsatisfactory trial of the army, had experimented as a tea-planter in Assam, a coffee-grower in Ceylon, a farmer in Manitoba, and what not; seeing great part of the world in a few years, and bringing little back with him save an experience not specially valuable. He was now contemplating the establishment of an Emigration Office in London.

The man was the same age as Holmes, but what a difference there was in their looks! Musgrave would have passed anywhere for forty.

'I shouldn't stop long here, if I were you,' Holmes remarked. 'Hotels at best are comfortless places, and they are expensive.'

'I'm looking for a house up Kensington way,' said Musgrave.

'A house? Are you married, then?' Holmes asked in surprise.

'Haven't I told you so?' replied Musgrave, looking somewhat confused. 'Yes; I am married.'

'Long?'

'No; not very long.—Come, have another whisky-and-seltzer.'

'Thanks; no more, Musgrave.'

Holmes thought his friend's manner in regard to his marriage a little curious; but unwilling to pry into the man's private relations, and indeed feeling very little interest in him or them, he put on his hat. Musgrave, with a look of hesitation and embarrassment, accompanied him up the steps to the vestibule, and then stopping suddenly, said: 'Just wait a bit, will you? I'd like to introduce you to my wife, if she can see you just now.'

'Thank you, Musgrave. But it is late. I will call again, if you permit me.'

Again Musgrave looked doubtful; but he decided against the proposal. 'If you won't mind waiting a minute while I go up?' he said.

Holmes answered, 'Not at all, although he would have preferred foregoing the introduction just then. Besides, there was an indefinable something in Musgrave's manner which seemed

to indicate that all was not 'right.' Perhaps Mrs Musgrave had a temper; and some women of that character are not partial to their husbands' former friends.

He waited, and it was a quarter of an hour before Musgrave returned. 'Come along,' he said. 'Lucy is pleased to have the opportunity of knowing you.—She is so absorbed in this murder, you know,' he added in a whisper, as the 'lift' carried them upwards, 'that she can think or talk of nothing else. She has never been in England before, and believes London must be a terrible place. I can't disabuse her of the notion; perhaps you could.'

The first conclusion Holmes formed on being introduced to the tall and very beautiful and dark-featured woman, was that she was not of English blood; no Englishwoman ever possessed such eyes. Her accent was foreign, and she spoke English with ever so slight a difficulty. But she was very charming and voluble, and pleased to see her husband's former schoolfellow. And when Musgrave, laughing, alluded to the great fight which they had had on account of Claude Faune, she insisted on his describing it to her minutely; and this led to the topic of the murder.

'You must be so sorry now, Mr Holmes, to have ever befriended him,' she said. 'He was so cruel! to kill his poor young wife in order to marry another one!'

'That is not proved yet, Mrs Musgrave.'

'But the newspapers,' she said, indicating several that were lying about on the chairs and on the carpet.

'Oh, the newspapers,' he replied, laughing. 'It is not the newspapers which try men's guilt or innocence in England, but judges and juries.'

'Do you think it possible Faune is innocent?' Musgrave asked.

'Of course it is possible. Very little is known against him yet. If his disappearance can be otherwise accounted for, the present evidence against him will not be of much value.'

'Why, Holmes, the papers say'—

'Pardon me, Musgrave'—

He stopped abruptly for a moment, struck by the dark, intent look of the lady's eyes, fixed upon him while he was speaking to her husband.—'Pardon me, Musgrave; but at the present moment I know, by chance, more of the evidence already gathered against Faune than all the newspapers in London put together. If they fail to prove that he was the dead woman's husband, and if his flight from his lodgings can be explained without connection with the murder, they can do little against him. I am only speaking about the evidence, not expressing an opinion upon his probable guilt or innocence.'

'Are there many murders done in London and never found out?' the lady asked.

'No, Mrs Musgrave; very, very few. Sooner or later, like the drowned, they come to the surface.'

'Yet they say—my husband says—that once the murderer has been hanged, or cannot be found, the public forget all about the murder.'

'So they do; a great many new interests arise every day.' But the police do not forget.'

'Well,' said Musgrave, 'I suppose Faune has either funds or friends to fee lawyers for his defence? If not, though I did detest him, yet, for the sake of old Rugby, I would stand the expense myself.'

'That is good of you, Musgrave. But I daresay his defence will be duly provided for.—I am delighted to have had the pleasure of seeing you, Mrs Musgrave,' he said, rising to go. The lady rose and gave him her hand—a cold hand, so different from Mary Clayton's! But she added a smile that was very bright, and a kind wish to know him better; and then Holmes followed her husband from the room. Now, it happened that there was a mirror near the door, and Holmes chanced for an instant to catch, reflected in it, the same dark, intent look which had struck him in the middle of a sentence a few minutes previously. He thought it curious. Carelessly revolving it in his mind afterwards, he concluded that perhaps there was something in his manner—something, maybe, in his apparent advocacy of the case of a presumably condemned man which interested her foreign mind as odd.

'I know what you are thinking,' said Musgrave as they descended. 'My wife is not English.'

'Of course not. But she is very charming; I congratulate you.'

'Call again soon. It is curious, you are the only Englishman, except myself, she has appeared yet to like. Do call again.'

'Thanks.—Good-night, Musgrave.'

Holmes drew a deep breath of relief when he reached the street. The atmosphere of that room up-stairs possessed some singular stifling influence. Perhaps, although the night was warm, Mrs Musgrave's cold foreign blood required the windows to be closed. Holmes wondered how Musgrave, fallen into flesh, was able to bear it.

Frank Holmes wandered back to his lodgings, having promptly made up his mind not to call on Mrs Musgrave again, and this, it must be admitted, without any very intelligible reason; and it was a relief to him to turn from the thought of that woman to the sweet image of Mary Clayton, summoned up by a letter lying on his table addressed in her familiar hand.

'You made a mistake, Musgrave,' he said half aloud as he flung himself in an easy-chair. 'She is beautiful, and perhaps accomplished, and all that; but she's not English! She can never sympathise with you or you with her. I don't think you are much in love with her, either; perhaps admiration is enough for her nature. That, no man can deny her.'

Dismissing Mrs Musgrave from his thoughts, he delicately opened Mary Clayton's letter and read it with deep concern. 'Dear Frank,' she wrote, 'pray come to see me to-morrow. I am in great anxiety. Papa called to look for you this evening, but you were not at home. I know you will wish to be at the police court, but come to me immediately after it is over. Papa says that a terrible discovery has been made—he has told me, but I cannot realise it—it is so dreadful to think that she was really his wife!—Yours sincerely,
MARY CLAYTON.'

It was too late, or he would have gone at once. If any fresh discovery had been made, turning

conjecture into fact, the worst was come; and he lay awake all night thinking of Claude Faune and Julius Vernon.

Next morning, Frank Holmes eagerly examined the papers one after another, whilst they were yet damp from the press, and was disappointed and perplexed to find not a word in any of them indicating a discovery such as that mentioned in Mary Clayton's note. Surely, if such a momentous discovery had been made, the press would have had intelligence of it. The silence of the newspapers had the effect of determining him to go to Cadogan Place without waiting for the police court investigation. He went early, taking little note of the hour, and arrived there at half-past eight o'clock. Miss Clayton, whose daily habit it was to have a gallop in the Park before breakfast, was not yet down; but her father was in his study with the morning paper.

'I am glad you have come, Frank. There isn't a word about it in the paper, I see.'

'About what, Mr Clayton?'

'Mary has told you?'

'She mentioned something—a discovery—in her note last evening. But it cannot be true. The papers, as you see, know nothing of it.'

'Nevertheless, it is quite true,' said the banker—'quite true. They found a parcel of her old letters in his rooms.'

Frank Holmes, silenced with astonishment, walked to the window, and stood gazing out in the square. He was mentally reviewing the past years, and all he knew and had seen of Claude Faune up to the time of the latter's departure for India; but he could not recollect a single sign pointing to such a probability as his marriage. Still disposed to be doubtful as to the possibility of deception so perfect, he said at length: 'Now, Mr Clayton, what strikes me is this: Assuming Faune to have been her husband and to have committed that crime, could he have been fool enough to go away and leave such terrible evidence behind? It is almost incredible.'

'So are many things, fatal to their safety, which the most astute and cool-headed criminals often do or leave undone. You know that, Frank, better than most men. But it does not appear in the present case that Faune was forgetting the letters, because they were found on the floor behind one of his trunks. He had evidently taken them out, and they had fallen there; and then, going away, he probably had the impression that they were in his pocket. A man in such circumstances has so many things on his mind.'

'There is no doubt concerning the authenticity of the letters?'

'None that I know of. They will doubtless be produced to-day.'

Holmes paced to and fro for a few minutes in anxious thought before he touched upon the anxiety which was heaviest on his mind. 'You won't mind my mentioning it, Mr Clayton? You must be aware how this house will become connected with the case.'

'I know it,' said the banker, reddening with indignation. 'They have been here to obtain the evidence. It is bad evidence, as far as it goes, for Faune; but if he killed that girl, I shall be grateful to have a share in convicting him!' The banker's energy was startling.

'Yes,' answered Holmes; 'but there is your daughter, Mr Clayton. That is the worst of it. I could almost wish a guilty man to escape, in order to spare her. It will be dreadful for Mary.'

'Why did you ever bring him into my house, man?' demanded Clayton almost fiercely. 'It was ill for yourself—ill for me and my child—fatal for that innocent girl! the hour he first entered my door!'

That was all true. Holmes attempted no defence, desired to attempt none. For introducing the man to them he was responsible, and with a heavy-heart he admitted it.

'But I am wronging you, Frank,' added Mr Clayton presently; 'I was to blame myself. I thought him such a nice fellow; you know what I thought of him when I consented to give him my daughter. I can't understand it at all, now. Yes, as you say, it will be dreadful for poor Mary.'

The young man's heart was very full after this speech, and it was with an effort he restrained the words that burned for utterance. What did Mr Clayton mean by 'dreadful for poor Mary?' Was it merely the distress of being put in a witness-box to admit her relations with the murderer—to expose herself as the cause of unfortunate Margaret Neale's death? Was there anything more? Holmes remembered what she had said to himself when she declared that no girl would marry a false friend; but he knew from bitter experience the powers of that false friend, and trembled with the fear that Mary Clayton had learned to love the man before she was driven to despise him. This was the sad trouble in Frank Holmes's heart. If this were so, it was truly a fatal hour for all of them when Claude Faune first entered the house in Cadogan Place.

When Holmes saw Mary Clayton presently and noted her anxious and fretful look, he bitterly reproached himself as the cause of her suffering. By his infatuation for Faune he had prepared the way for him to the girl's heart before she had ever seen him. He had—fool!—defended the man's faults and sung his praises, as though his sole and determined purpose had been to enable Faune to win an easy victory over her affections. Claude Faune was not the man to fail to profit by his advantages; and what had happened had only come to pass in time to save Mary Clayton from a more deplorable fate than the misfortune of loving the man.

After breakfast Mr Clayton left them alone, and Frank Holmes, in pity for her distress and embarrassment, crushed his own feelings down and spoke to her like a friend—like a brother. He did it so honestly, that the mere tone of his voice threw her into tears.

'It is very distressing, Mary,' he said, gravely and gently, holding her hand in his own as they sat together on a couch, 'but it cannot be avoided now. But I will try if it cannot be so managed that you need not appear in the court. It is impossible—You will let me speak freely, Mary?'

'Oh yes, yes; it is a relief to me—say everything, Frank; there is nobody like you!' How honestly and sorrowfully she looked in his eyes as she said these words.

'It is impossible,' he went on, 'to avoid the evidence of motive; it is too important to the prosecution. He had spoken of it freely, to his landlady, and no doubt to others. I know he presumed further than he had a right,' he said, observing her about to speak, 'but that will count for nothing. He had your father's consent, and had no reason to restrain his vanity from thinking he would have your own. We cannot help it now; it must be faced. But I will try if the thing cannot be got through without bringing you forward in person. It may not be necessary; your father may be sufficient.'

But he perceived directly that he had not struck the right note. It brought no response to her face. She soon set him right.

'I have not been thinking of that, Frank,' she said, speaking slowly, as if following a painful train of thought. 'Whatever shame there is, would not be much lessened by letting me remain at home. It is good and kind of you, indeed; but it is not that. Have I—been—the cause—of Margaret Neale's murder?'

What a question to answer! His first impulse was to shrink from it. Then he exclaimed: 'No! How can you imagine anything so dreadful!'

'You spoke of their establishing "motive," just now, as too important to be avoided. Will it not mean that I was the motive—the cause of the deed?'

'But you have your own pure consciousness of innocence, Mary! Surely you will not distress yourself with the misery of such a morbid feeling?'

'Can I help it?' she replied, looking up. 'Can you, Frank, help reproaching yourself, however innocent your motives were, for having brought him here at the first?'

The argument was unanswerable, and it drove him to take another ground, which at once revealed to him the attitude of her thought and feeling in the matter, and led to his adopting a course which was fraught with startling and most unlooked-for consequences.

'We are talking, Mary, on the assumption that Faune is guilty of murdering his wife. We have no right to do so; he is as yet an untried man.'

'Ah!' she exclaimed quickly, 'that is it—that is it! If he were acquitted, I should care nothing! What would this trial matter to me then? Oh, if he should only be acquitted, Frank, I would kiss the feet of the judge and jury who told him he was innocent!' She hid her face on the back of the couch and sobbed.

Poor Frank Holmes! It was hard on him—very, very hard; but he mustered up all his strength to meet the dire demand that was put upon it. 'Mary,' he said, standing up and softly touching her with his hand, 'whether he is innocent or guilty is at present known only to God. But it is our duty to regard every man as innocent until it is otherwise proven. There!—you know what I mean. I will do all that lies in my power.'

She rose slowly, with a long subdued cry, and stood before him, looking as if she were unable to comprehend his meaning. But when the full light of it flowed into her mind she moved forward, and putting her arms round his neck, kissed him.

'Frank!' she said solemnly—'Frank Holmes!'

there is no other man like you in all the world. Forgive me, forgive me; I do not deserve it from you!' Her hands were still, unconsciously, on his neck, and as his heart was too strained to allow him to speak, he bent down and put his lips to her forehead—and went away.

His heart was sorely strained; but a long and vigorous walk round Hyde Park steadied him. And that walk brought him, as his walks had of late almost unconsciously done, to the spot where Margaret Neale's body had been found. Here, reflecting, that idea which had struck him on the same spot before, and which had since lain in abeyance in his mind, flashed upon him again with renewed force.

AN ACTOR OF THE LAST CENTURY.

No actor of the eighteenth century was more eminent in his day than James Quin. Without the supreme genius of Garrick or the 'obstreperous broad-faced humour' of Foote, he was, nevertheless, an actor of the first rank, a man of superior intellect, and a noted sayer of good things. His wit doubtless has now grown somewhat tarnished. Probably even when first uttered we might not have found it so north-provoking as Dr Johnson found Foote's; but Quin must have been excellent company, and some of his witticisms may still bear repetition. He was certainly a more amiable, as well as a more estimable, character than Samuel Foote, a man of great benevolence who was always ready to assist a friend, and one who seldom bore a grudge to a successful rival.

Quin was born in London in 1693. His father had been lord-mayor of Dublin, and Quin studied at Trinity College. He afterwards entered himself at Lincoln's Inn and was called to the bar; but pecuniary difficulties soon obliged him to give up law and go on the stage. He made his first appearance in Dublin; but shortly afterwards was lucky enough to obtain a minor engagement at Drury Lane Theatre. A few months later, the sudden illness of the tragedian who played Bajazet gave the young actor an opening of which he was quick to avail himself. The rôle of Bajazet was given to him, and, to the surprise of his fellow-actors, he filled it with the greatest applause. Quin next distinguished himself in the character of Falstaff, a part in which he is said to have excelled all other actors. In person he was tall and stout, of a majestic bearing. His voice was clear and melodious, his memory extensive, and his elocution, according to the taste of the day, excellent. He retained all his life an ardent admiration for Shakespeare. During many years he was the chief support of the old school of acting; but he could not compete with the spontaneous genius and natural style of Garrick's acting, and was at last eclipsed. The older actor is reported to have said of the younger, 'that if the young fellow was right, he and the rest of the players had been all wrong.' Finding the new school was victorious, Quin retired, in 1759, to Bath, where he lived for some years comfortably on his savings, surrounded by many friends.

Twice in his life Quin was drawn into fighting a duel, and in one, unhappily, killed his opponent. He was acting Cato, one of his greatest parts. A young Welshman, named Williams, in deliver-

ing the message, 'Cæsar sends health to Cato,' gave the current vulgar pronunciation, 'Keeto.' Quin replied: 'Would that he had sent a better messenger.' Williams' hot Welsh blood took fire at this; he vowed revenge, and sent Quin a challenge. The latter did all he could to soothe the young actor's wounded feelings, but without success. Williams retired to the Piazza, lay in wait for Quin, and drew upon him. In the scuffle, the Welshman was killed. Quin was tried at the Old Bailey for murder, but the verdict was manslaughter.

Never was there a more benevolent man than Quin. When Thomson the poet, soon after the publication of his famous *Seasons*, was confined for debt in a sponging-house in Holborn, he was immediately visited by Quin, who presently gave him a note for a hundred pounds. When the poet expressed surprise at such unlooked-for generosity, the actor replied: 'Soon after I read your *Seasons*, I took it into my head to make my will, and among the rest of my legatees I set down the author of the *Seasons* a hundred pounds; and hearing that you were in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying it myself as to order my executors to pay it when you might have less need of it.' So, too, when Ryan, a fellow-actor and a lifelong friend, asked in an emergency for a loan, Quin answered that he had nothing to lend, but that he had left Ryan a thousand pounds in his will, and he might have it at once if he were inclined to cheat the government of legacy duty. To fully appreciate Quin's generosity, it must be remembered that in his day the leading actors had not yet begun to receive the high salaries they soon after obtained, so that he was never a rich man, and but for his prudence in money matters, might have been a very poor one.

Many stories are told of Quin's powers of repartee. Once he was even a match for Foote. The two actors had quarrelled, but had become reconciled. Foote, however, could not forbear referring to the provocation. 'Jenny, you should not have said that I had but one shirt to my back, and lay abed while it was washed.'—'Sammy,' retorted Quin, 'I could not have said it, for I did not know you had a shirt to wash.'

A foolish young fellow hearing the actor lament that he was growing old, asked him: 'What would you give to be as young as I?' 'I would be almost content to be as foolish,' was the reply.

On another occasion, when Quin was in company at Bath, after one of his witty sallies, a nobleman not remarkable for the brilliancy of his intellect exclaimed: 'What a pity it is, Quin, such a clever fellow as you should be a player!' The actor flashed a quick glance at the speaker and retorted: 'Why, what would your lordship have me?—a lord?'

But the most famous of Quin's retorts was the one he made to Bishop Warburton. They were discussing the execution of Charles I. 'By what laws,' inquired the bishop, 'did these regicides justify it?' 'By all the laws he left them,' was Quin's reply.

He was once in a company with a parson who kept boasting of the situation and profits of his parochial livings, but whose hands were in need of washing. 'So, so, doctor,' said Quin; 'I

think you keep your glebe in your hands with a witness.'

Now and again there is something in his personalities of a rutheness that reminds one of Foote. No objection, however, need be made to his criticism on Garrick, 'that in Othello, David looked like the black boy in Hogarth's picture.' And Quin could sometimes utter a graceful compliment as well as a rough one. A lady, speaking of transmigration, asked him what creature he would prefer to inhabit. The lady had a beautiful neck. Quin looked at it, and, seeing a fly upon it, said: 'A fly's, madam, that I might sometimes have the pleasure of resting upon your ladyship's neck.'

Quin died unmarried in 1766. The dignity of bearing which, in spite of some occasional coarseness and a weakness for wine, was so characteristic of him, never forsook him. Shortly before his death he remarked to a friend that he could wish the last scene were over, though in hopes he should go through it with becoming dignity. His hope was fulfilled. When his will was opened, it was found that his friends were remembered at his death as they had been in his life.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT AMBERGRIS.

A LUCKY voyage was lately made by the schooner *Fanny Lewis*. She was making her way to Portland, Maine, when one day the look-out reported something white floating on the surface of the sea. The ship was hove-to; a boat was lowered, and in a short time the pleasing discovery was made that the 'something white' was a compact mass of ambergris weighing over a hundred-weight. It was, of course, promptly taken on board, and became the joint property of owners, officers, and crew. The value of this treasure-trove was reported to be about five thousand pounds; but this is probably an error.

This story not only illustrates the fact that not all the treasures of the sea are in its depths, or secreted in its fathomless bed, but also suggests the propriety of giving a little information about this curious product which has enriched the crew of the *Fanny Lewis*.

In the first place, then, it must not be confounded with amber, as has been frequently done. The whalers of the Pacific used to regard amber as the petrification of some interior parts of the whale, and they had legends of whales which turned into amber. Mr O'Reilly's story of 'The Amber Whale' is doubtless known to many of our readers.

But in more ancient days, ambergris was believed to flow up from the bottom of the sea. Sindbad the sailor tells of a spring of it which he discovered, but it was in a crude state. The fish swallowed it, and then disgorged it in the congealed form in which it is found on the surface. This story was quite in harmony with the old Arabian belief; but on the other hand, the Hindus a thousand years ago described ambergris as a material generated by whales.

In the middle ages, and it is said even down to the seventeenth century, ambergris was supposed to have some properties which made it valuable in love-powders and love-potions, and

it was so used. One Nicholas Lémyer, who wrote about 1675, calls ambergris a sort of bitumen found on sea-beaches. Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar Errors* refers to the variety of opinions about spermaceti, and says that by many it was conceived to be 'a bituminous substance floating upon the sea.' Here it would seem that there is some confusion between spermaceti and ambergris; but Sir Thomas Browne further refers to 'ambergreece' as something which, according to the Greenland discoverers, the sperm whales 'sometimes swallow great lumps thereof in the sea.'

Josselyn, in one of his Voyages, mentions amber-grease as, in his opinion, a mushroom. But he says that one writer declares that it 'riseth out of a certain clammy and bituminous earth under the seas and by the seaside, the billows casting up part of it a-land, and fish devour the rest.' Some say, he goes on, that it is the seed of a whale, and others that it 'springs from fountains as pitch doth, which fish swallow down, the air congealeth it.'

More recently than all these writers, and even in our own time, ambergris has been regarded as the hardened excrement of the whale, and it has been said that when the cetæcan is struck it vomits up some of this material. This, however, is but another of the travellers' tales and wild conjectures associated with this curious substance.

Amber, as everybody may now be supposed to know, is fossilised or mineralised resin, and is therefore a vegetable product. Ambergris is an emanation from the sperm-whale, and is therefore an animal product. Amber is found mostly on the shores of the Baltic; ambergris only on the surface of the sea off the coasts of tropical countries. The word ambergris is French, and signifies gray amber; but by whom or when first applied to this marine phenomenon we have not been able to discover.

The scientific explanation of the nature of ambergris is, that it is the product of some disease in the sperm-whale analogous to gall-stones. It is found sometimes in the intestines of the creature, but more frequently is found, after expulsion, floating on the surface of tropical seas. It floats in masses which have a speckled gray appearance, and mixed with which are generally found some remnants of the known food of whales.

The best quality of ambergris is soft and waxy, but it is said not to be uniform in colour. The streaky or marked specimens are preferred. It is opaque and inflammable, remarkably light as to specific gravity, as may be understood from its always keeping the surface; and it is rugged to the touch.

Most of what comes into the market is found near the Bahama Islands; but it is also found at the Moluccas and other parts of the Indian Ocean, off a portion of the coast of South America, and sometimes, as we have seen in the case of the *Fanny Lewis*, floating on the Atlantic Ocean.

The essential characteristic of ambergris is its powerful and peculiar odour. It is so peculiar, that art has never been able to imitate it, although the scarcity and enormous price of ambergris has lent every stimulus to invention. It is so powerful and diffusive that the very

minutest quantity is perceptible in the most fragrant perfumes.

The chief component of ambergris is a fatty matter called ambrein, which is obtained by boiling in alcohol. This ambrein—and there is said to be about eighty-five per cent. of it in the best ambergris—is what gives it its value, for it is in this ingredient that the perfume lies.

There is another peculiarity ascribed to ambergris, and that is the power to exalt the flavour and perfume of other substances with which it is brought into combination. Thus, a grain or two rubbed down with sugar is often added to a hogsheaf of wine, giving a perceptible and, what is considered by some, an improved flavour to the whole. And a small particle of ambergris added to other perfumes is found to exalt the odour of the blend.

In fact, ambergris is too dear to use alone, and it is so dear that it is one of the most adulterated articles known to chemists. It is adulterated both by those who export it and in the countries in which it is used.

The odour of genuine ambergris is not unlike musk, but is more penetrating and more enduring. That which is called Essence of Ambergris by the perfumers contains only a proportion of an alcoholic tincture of ambergris made up with oil of cloves and other ingredients. Again, the pungent perfume known as Tincture of Civet is made from ambergris and civet in the proportion of a quarter of an ounce of the former to half an ounce of the latter, dissolved in a quart of rectified spirit. A few drops of either the so-called Essence of Ambergris or the Tincture of Civet will convey the unmistakable odour of ambergris to lavender water, soap, tooth-powder, or any of the other 'toilet requisites' in which it is favoured.

The composition of the famous Parisian perfume, 'Extrait d'Ambre,' is thus given by Professor Johnston: Extract of ambergris, one pint; esprit de rose triple, half-pint; essence of musk, half pint; extract of vanilla, two ounces. A handkerchief perfumed with this 'Extrait' will preserve its odour after several washings. This is because of the great permanence of the two animal scents; but of the two, the ambergris is incomparably the more enduring. Everybody knows how difficult it is to get rid of the musk odour from anything which has ever been touched with the tail of the rat. It is much more difficult to get rid of the odour of genuine unadulterated ambergris; and that is why it is so valuable as a perfume. It is so enduring itself, that a very small quantity of it will give a permanence, and therefore a higher value, to much cheaper essences. The odour of the cheaper ingredients soon disappears; but that of the ambergris remains, and the 'Essence,' or 'Extract,' or 'Bouquet' to which a skillful perfumer gives some fanciful name, gets all the credit which really belongs to the pinch of diseased matter from the poor sperm-whale. As chemists have not yet been able to discover what it is that gives the odour to ambrein, they have been unable to devise a substitute.

Ambergris is not the only valuable material for which we are peculiarly and solely indebted to *Physeter macrocephalus*, the sperm-whale. The

other is spermaceti, which is a natural product of the animal, not the result of disease. This word is compounded of two Greek words signifying the 'seed of a large fish;' but it is not seed, and the whale is not a fish.

Spermaceti is not obtained in the form in which we see it in commerce. It is found in the upper part of the skull of the animal in a half-fluid state. The oil is expressed by draining and squeezing, and the waxy substance remains. This is purified by boiling with alkali; and after it is melted, it crystallises into silvery flakes or plates with an oily feel and an agreeable odour. The uses of spermaceti in the manufacture of candles, ointment, &c., are doubtless known to all.

But it is because the nature and uses of ambergris are known to comparatively few that we thought these notes would be interesting. Commercially speaking, ambergris has been known to bring forty shillings per ounce, and never, we believe, less than twenty shillings per ounce. If we take the medium, thirty shillings, and the weight of the happy find of the *Fanny Lewis* at one hundred and fifty pounds, we shall arrive at an amount of three thousand six hundred pounds as the probable profit of the little adventure which we named at the outset.

When we remember that this, to us, most valuable material is the result of a physical disorder of the poor whale, we may be the less inclined to smile at the Eastern conceit, that amber is the concretion of the tears of sorrowing sea-birds. Is not the pearl of great price a disease of the oyster?

CURIOUS COLLECTIONS.

THE rage for acquiring curiosities in any shape or form has at times assumed various peculiarities, and altogether the desire to possess bric-à-brac or choice specimens of various articles still occupies the minds of many at the present time. What the various crazes are and the dimensions which have characterised them, doubtless every one is perfectly cognisant, and to what end they can serve is beyond our comprehension. The school-boy is particularly fond of gathering together choice odds and ends, and were he asked to turn out his pockets, a curious collection of heterogeneous substances would be brought to the astonished view.

The inquisitive in search of curiosities needs only to pay a visit to our large and public museums and his sight will be regaled by articles answering to this type. It seems the end and aim of these institutions to secure something out of the common, and this desire is shared by not a few private individuals, to a much greater extent than is commonly supposed. If a tradesman can make a collection of articles whose peculiarity is their only recommendation, and exhibit them in his show-window to attract chance custom, he considers that the trouble is well repaid by the advertisement which he receives. Often has the writer stopped to view these various collections as they are spread out as a bait. One is often desirous of seeing a col-

lection exhibiting the advancement made in the manufacture of an article, and they often afford amusement as well as instruction. Just fancy the striking feature in the case of cycles; what a strange sight to see the old boneshaker, and the various stages to the present silent, swift, and elegant cycle of to-day. With what satisfaction would the smoker view a collection of pipes with all the multitudinous devices, shapes, and kinds, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Old curiosity shops are very plentiful, and a cursory glance at the stock contained therein only reveals to one the fact that on numerous points there is a great deal to be learnt. But irrespective of the above, we would draw the reader's attention to a few collections which have been notified from time to time, and which come within scope of this article.

At Warsenstein, in Germany, there is perhaps one of the most curiously original collections of books extant. This consists of a botanical collection. Outwardly, the volumes present the common appearance of a block of wood, and that is the first impression; but a minute examination reveals the fact that each is a complete history of the particular tree which it represents. At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space which allows the scientific and the common name of the tree to be placed as a title for the book. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood. On opening the book, it is found to contain the fruit, seeds, leaves, and other products of the tree; the moss which usually grows upon its trunk, and the insects which feed upon the different parts of the tree. There are supplemented by a well-printed description of the habits, usual location, and manner of growth of the tree. In fact, everything which has a bearing upon that certain tree secures a place in this wonderful, useful, and valuable collection. There is a precedent for the various botanical societies to adopt, and although doubtless expensive, yet it will certainly repay in its utility.

There are at present some very valuable curiosities in the shape of cherry-stones, and were they collected in one locality, it would doubtless enhance their value. In the Salem Museum reposes one which contains one dozen silver spoons. The stone is of the ordinary size; but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be discerned satisfactorily by means of the microscope. But a more curious cherry-stone is that upon which are inscribed one hundred and twenty-four heads. This no doubt forms the most curious collection yet known, and the naked eye can easily distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns. It was bought in Prussia for fifteen thousand dollars, and thence conveyed to that home of curiosities, England, where it is considered an object of so much value that its possession was disputed, and it became the subject of a suit in Chancery. However, a toymaker of Nuremberg endeavoured to eclipse this specimen by enclosing in a cherry-stone, which was exhibited at the French Crystal Palace, a plan of Sebastopol, a railway station,

and the *Messiah* of Klopstock. How far he succeeded we leave our readers to determine.

The most curious collections, however, are to be found made up of coins, and we have seen many of this kind; but the most extensive is undoubtedly to be seen at Nottingham at the present moment. It consists of a huge pile of perfectly new Jubilee half-crowns made up as a lighthouse-shaped pyramid. The whole is comprised under a glass case, and measures in height six feet; while the base is five feet eight inches round, and the number of coins is one hundred thousand eight hundred and six. The weight is one ton eight hundredweight fourteen pounds three ounces, and the value is twelve thousand six hundred pounds fifteen shillings. The banker's receipt for the payment of the money lies near the case, being conclusive proof of the authenticity and genuineness of the collection.

But the foregoing illustrations are nothing when compared with the miscellaneous collection at Scotland Yard. There, every housebreaking implement reposes in solemn grandeur from the faithful jenny to the dark-lantern, and all the accessories of the modern Charles Pence are to be seen. The contents of that Museum are too numerous and too varied to be described, and only a visit, secured only by a few, can give any adequate idea of the scope and variety of the articles collected by the authorities. (See 'The Black Museum,' *Chambers's Journal*, April 25, 1885.)

Ingenious tradesmen and speculators are always on the *qui vive* for such curiosities as can be secured, and when they have obtained them, they turn them to good account for advertising purposes. We can only recommend our readers to look around and use the observing faculties which they possess, and it will astonish and surprise them to what an extent they exist. The numbers of collections of curiosities which we have seen by thus keeping our eye open would form an exceedingly long article, too long, in fact, for the present; and we can confidently assert that much amusement and instruction are to be derived in the search.

SILENT GIFT.

Thou half-way up the long steep hill of Fame;
 'I at its foot, obscure, well-nigh unknown,
 Having no home, no wealth, to call my own,
 Seeing life's toil stretch on through years the same—
 What could I give that now thou canst not claim?
 The love of friends, loud praise's stirring tone,
 Success in work—while I who stand alone
 Look up, but dare not speak for very shame.

Yet to myself I whisper soft and low,
 Something I, too, could bring, his life to bless,
 A gift whose sweetness none shall ever know,
 Because none other may the shrine possess o
 'That holds the treasure—but a woman's heart—
 A little thing! Yet of all things apart.

K. E. WEBB.

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THE INDIRECT DUTIES OF LIFE.

INDIRECT duties may be classed with 'imperfect sympathies;' perhaps, indeed, the non-fulfilment of the former may be due to the existence of the latter, if that can be said to have an existence which is in itself a negation, a want. It is curious, but unquestionably true, that the neglect of indirect duties not only may be, but often is, accompanied by the ardent and conscientious discharge of direct duties. For instance, who does not know the model wife and mother, always at the beck and call of husband and children, always at work for them, cooking, mending, making—whose husband never has to complain of an ill-cooked dinner or buttonless shirt? whose children's socks are always darned, their collars always clean, their boots in good repair, their hair well kept, their nails not unsightly? Well for all belonging to her is such a mother; not for one moment would we be supposed to undervalue her good gifts; but we do grudge a little the supreme indifference she occasionally displays to the indirect duties of life. If her husband's sisters happen to be in business, and need his help, his counsel, or countenance perhaps, she devoted but exacting, the self-effacing and at the same time selfish wife resents the call for sympathy outside her own immediate circle. 'I didn't marry the whole family,' is her excuse to herself for the non-fulfilment of so indirect a duty. Even so does the excellent husband on his part but too often regard his wife's relations and his duty to them; neither did he 'marry the whole crew of them;' so he buttons up his 'British breeches-pocket,' and does not give to his brother-in-law Lazarus even the crumbs of his monetary 'good things.'

How is the indirect duty fulfilled in travelling towards those who are not metaphorically but actually going the same road with us? Do we not establish ourselves in the most advantageous quarters obtainable, and because we have come first, fancy ourselves, some of us, entitled to be best served? Those who enter the carriage sub-

sequently and endanger our sovereign comfort meet but sour looks, cold welcome, whatever may be the evidence of need in face or appearance; appealing to our dormant sympathy not seldom quite in vain.

In places of so-called amusement, how fare the indirect duties? We have come on purpose to enjoy ourselves, and to help others to do the same? Not many evenings since we were at a concert where the chairs were arranged with a mathematical regard to economy of space, but an unmathematical regard to the difference of the size of the bodies to be accommodated in that space. (A gross disregard of an indirect duty on the part of the managers of that concert, by the way.) So, inevitably the larger bodies overlapped the smaller ones. All bowed to necessity, some courteously, some stolidly, some fussily, some despairingly. Herring-wise, we arranged ourselves for the function. When the enjoyment had lasted some little time, long enough for cramped limbs to torment the sensitive, we saw a pale little lady on our right put a timid toe on to the rung of the chair in front of her. Immediately its occupant, a lady also, glared round at the victim of tight packing, who withdrew the offending toe with a murmured apology. Now, on our left, a lively lady, at the first note of the loud bassoon, with both feet plucked comfortably on the rung of the chair before her, had kept time—her time, not the band's—to the performance, quite amazingly regardless of any annoyance she might, and did, inflict, on those about her. The world might have gone better here, we venture to think, if the indirect duties had not been so neglected.

But it is not only at places of amusement that such things 'can be, without our special wonder.' Mark the reception of a stranger in some town as well as country churches. Are all anxious to welcome him—to cut short his period of embarrassment, of hesitation—to make him feel at home in the place of worship? We are afraid not. And of all the bad blood ever bred between old acquaintance, the very blackest we have known

was occasioned by the réseating of a certain parish church. Nay, with our own eyes we have seen a man, before the commencement of the service, climbing over the back into a 'slip,' the two entrances to which were barred by stalwart youths, thus outflanking them; while they were compelled to a sullen endurance of the claimant's presence during the service, as also to the battery of sly amused glances from their friends and neighbours.

A schoolboy's idea of honour is a byword; his notion of the indirect duty as owing to his teachers is as eccentric. The patient poring over perverse or dull or ignorant themes, the weary watchfulness never relaxed, the fearful monotony of the grinding, to a man, is but an incident to the boy, but is the life of his instructor. 'They are paid for it,' says the lad; and the hire makes all things square, even if it does not allow him a margin for allowable aggravation.

In any little set or coterie in town or country there is often a Mr A overflowing with the milk of human kindness to all about him except Mr B; or a Mrs C who cannot stand Mrs B. Sometimes a whole family like the Ss are at peace with all mankind save the Js. And their quarrels, if not so tragic, are as unreasonable as the quarrels of the Montagues and Capulets of Verona. If not professing the Iroquois ethics, or saying with Colonel Newcome, 'The day I take that man's hand, sir, I shall be a scoundrel,' they yet not unfrequently manage pretty little vendettas, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and with an unaccesing conscience too.

Then the man of wit, who, of course, must have a butt, who never hesitates between his jest and his friend, who gives a stab in the back with some anecdote of you that sets all your neighbours grinning, who wounds a feeling, rips up your self-respect, knocks down your pride, and all with the happy indifference of a highwayman. We grant he requires some, much magnanimity, and so, if not virtuous himself, may be the cause of virtue in others.

Even the animal creation—as we animals are fond of calling the brutes—even they must indulge their vagaries of duty. We may pay his tax and feed and house him, pet and play with him, bid our friends 'love me, love my dog;' but not always is his duty ours in return. Some one of our domestics 'has given him medicine,' it could not be else, and the rogue bestows in bountiful measure the duty, love, obedience which ought to be ours, on the groom, to whom, perhaps, our own indirect duty is but ill performed, as is our favourite's to us.

There is a fine instance of an indirect duty, pointed out by Dr Johnson, in the following extract from Boswell's *Life*, which illustrates our meaning better than any words of our own can do. 'To a lady who endeavoured to vindicate herself from blame for neglecting social attention to worthy neighbours, by saying, "I would go to them, if it would do them any good," he said: "What good, madam, do you expect to have in your power to do them? It is showing them respect, and that is doing them good." To do to every one as you would wish them to do to you, is the fulfilling of all duties, direct or indirect; but this, as Sir Arthur Helps said, "is a rule too well known to be regarded."

At the moment of writing, the whole of Christendom, it is not too much to say, is stirred to its depths by the heroic fulfilment of an indirect duty, for such we must regard Father Damien's devotion to the lepers of Molokai.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER VII.—A SEA-FUNERAL.

THE doctor sat on the starboard side of the table, and I caught him eyeing me with a meaning expression that somewhat puzzled me. Once, indeed, he winked, and fearing that he might be a little tipsy and easily led into a demonstrativeness of manner sufficiently marked to catch the skipper's attention, I took some pains not to see him. Old Keeling, at the head of the table, his face shining like a mahogany figure-head under a fresh coat of varnish, was in the middle of the story of his action with the corsair in the Bay of Bengal, when Mr Prance entered the cuddy and quietly took his seat. He fell to work upon a piece of corned beef whilst he seemed to listen with a face of respectful courtesy to Keeling's long-winded yarn, with its running commentary of, 'How brave!' 'What dreadful creatures!' 'How very awful!' and the like from the ladies.

The skipper came to an end, and Mr Prance said to me: 'A plucky fight, sir.'

'Very,' said I, watching for that twinkle of eye which his voice suggested.

A few minutes later the mate went on to the poop, and I stepped to the quarter-deck to smoke a cheroot. Whilst I was preparing the weed to light it, Dr Hemmeridge came out of the cuddy.

'You may be interested to know,' said he, 'that your ugly friend is dead.'

'And that is what you wished to convey to me by winking?' said I.

He nodded with a smile that could scarcely be called sober. 'You took a particular interest in him,' he exclaimed, 'and so I thought I would give you the news before I made my report to the captain.'

'You are very good,' I exclaimed with a sarcastic bow.

'In fact, Mr Dugdale,' he continued, 'I am going to pay another visit to the forecabin, as there is something in the manner of this fellow's death that puzzles me. Indeed, it is as likely as not I may make a post-mortem examination.' Here he lifted his hand and eyed it an instant. I noticed that it trembled. He immediately grew conscious of his action, blushed slightly, and spoke with a note of confusion: 'The mischief of it is, the Jacks object to this sort of inquisitions. Then, again, the light forward is abominably bad, and there is too much risk when there are ladies aboard in any attempt to smuggle the body aft.—Would you like to see the man? You admired him in life, you know.'

I hung in the wind a moment, then said: 'Yes; I will go with you;' and we trudged forwards.

The sailors' dwelling-place was what is called a topgallant forecabin; a structure in the bows

of the ship corresponding with the cuddy and its poop-deck aft. It should have been familiar ground to me; yet I found something of real novelty, too, in the sight as I followed the doctor through the port door and entered what resembled a vast gloomy cave, resonant with the sound of seas smitten by the cutwater, with a slush-lamp swinging amidships under a begrimed beam, and a line of daylight falling a little beyond fair through the open scuttle or deck-hatch, and resembling in its dusty shaft and defined margin a sunbeam striking through a chink of the shutter of a darkened room.

There was at least a score of hammocks hung up under the ceiling or upper deck, with here and there the faces of mariners showing over them, or perhaps the half of a stockinged leg, and nothing else of the man inside but *that* to be seen. There were figures seated on boxes, stolidly smoking, or stitching at their clothes: grim, silent, unshaven salts, stealing out upon the eye in that strange commingling of dull light and dim shadow, in proportions so grotesque and even startling that they hardly needed to vanish on a sudden to persuade one they were creatures of another universe.

The doctor made his way to a bunk on the port side, almost abreast of the scuttle, where the light came sifting through the gloom with power enough to define shape and even colour. In this bunk lay a motionless figure under a blanket, and a small square of canvas over his head. The bunks in the immediate neighbourhood were empty, and the fellows who swung in hammocks a little distance away peered dumbly at us, with eyes which gleamed like discs of polished steel amid the hair on their faces.

Dr Hemmeridge pulled the bit of sailcloth from the face of the body, and there lay before me the most hideous mask that could enter the mind of any man, saving the Master who drew Caliban, to figure. Nothing showed of the eyes through the contracted lids but the whites. There was a drop in the under-jaw that had twisted the creature's hare-lip into the distortion of a shocking grin.

I took one look and recoiled, and as I did so, a fellow who had been watching us at the fore-castle door approached and said respectfully: 'There ain't no doubt of his being stone-dead, sir, I suppose?'

Hemmeridge turned from the body. There was an odd look of loathing and puzzlement in his face.

'Oh yes, man, quite dead,' he answered.—'An amazing corpse, don't you think, Mr Dugdale? Good enough to preserve in spirits as a show for the museum of an hospital.'

'I hope,' exclaimed a deep voice from a hammock that swung near, 'if so be that that there Crabb's dead and gone, he ain't going to be let lie to p'ison the perfumed atmosphere of this here drawing-room.'

'No, my man,' answered the doctor, looking at the body: 'we'll have him out of this in good time.—But there's nothing to hurt in his remaining here a bit.'

'What did he do yof?' asked an old sailor, who had risen from his chest, and stood surveying us as he leaned against a stanchion with the inverted bowl of a sooty pipe betwixt his teeth.

'Now, what would be the good,' cried the doctor fretfully, 'of giving this fore-castle a lecture on the causes of death? What did he die of?—A plague on't, Mr Dugdale! Do you know I've a great mind to take a peep inside him, if only in the interests of the medical journals.'

'I'm beginning to feel a little faint,' said I, with a movement towards the fore-castle door.

'Oh well, Mr Willard,' exclaimed Hemmeridge, addressing the man who had approached us, and who proved to be the sail-maker, 'have him stitched up as soon as you please, and then get him on to the fore-hatch with a tarpaulin over him, till other orders come forward.'

'Are ye likely to hold an inquest, doctor?' asked the sailmaker, whose Roman nose and thin frill or streamlet of wool-white whisker running under his chin from one ear to another gave him a queer sort of yearning raised haggard look in that light, as he inclined his head forward to ask the question.

'Oh, it wouldn't be an inquest,' responded the doctor with a short laugh. 'But it is death from natural causes, anyway,' added he in a careless voice; 'and so we'll go aft again, Mr Dugdale; unless, indeed, you would like to take another view of your friend?'

I shoved past him, and got out of the fore-castle at once; and never before did the sunshine seem more glorious, nor the ocean breeze sweeter, nor the swelling heights of the Indianman more airily beautiful and majestic. In fact, I had felt half suffocated in that fore-castle; and as I made my way to the poop, I respired the gushing wind as it hummed past me over the bulwarks as thirstily as ever shipwrecked sailor lapped water.

That same evening, some time after dinner, I went on to the poop. It was a fine clear moonless night, with a pleasant breeze out of the north-east. There were a few passengers moving about the deck, but it was too dark to make sure of them, though the delicate sheen in the air, falling in a sort of silver showering from the velvet-dark heaven of brilliants on high, enabled one to see forms and to follow the movements of things clearly.

'Is it true, do you know, that one of the sailors died this afternoon?' exclaimed a low, clear, but most melodious voice by my side.

It was Miss Temple. She started as I quitted my leaning posture and turned to her.

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' she exclaimed in a changed note.

It was very clear she had mistaken me—for Colledge, for all I can tell. She was alone. Yet had she come from the cuddy, she must certainly have seen the young sprig playing at the table with Fairthorne at chess.

'I should be glad to answer your question,' said I coolly, 'if you care to stop and listen, Miss Temple.'

By the starlight I could see her fine imperious dark eyes bent on me.

'It is curious,' she exclaimed—and perhaps by daylight I should have found some sign of a smile in her face; but her countenance showed like marble in that shadow—'that this should be the second time I have asked you about what is happening in the ship. You have been a sailor, I think, Mr Dugdale?'

'Mr Collidge has doubtless told you so,' said I. 'Yes; it was he who told me. You share his cabin, I believe. Will you tell me if it be true that one of the sailors has died?'

'It is true,' said I: 'a sailor named Crabb died this morning.'

'Has he been buried?'

'No; that ceremony is to take place in the morning, I believe.'

'Our ship, then, will sail all night long with a dead body on board?' she exclaimed with a lift of her eyes to the stars and then a look seawards.

'Are not the superstitions of sailors opposed to such burdens?'

'Jack does not love dead bodies,' said I, making as if to resume my leaning posture at the rail, as one interrupted in a reverie; for harmless as her questions were, I did not at all relish her haughty commanding manner of putting them; besides, this was the first time I had exchanged a sentence with her since that night of the collision in the Channel; and the unconquerable delight I took in gazing at her beauty, that *now*, to my ardent young eyes, was idealised, by the starlit dusk by which I surveyed her, into graces beyond expression fascinating, affected me also as a sort of injury to my own dignity, thanks to the mood that had grown up in me through what I had said and thought of her. 'But,' continued I carelessly, 'what is regarded as a superstition by the sailor is a stroke of nature common to us all. One may travel far without meeting any person who will choose a dead body for company.'

She walked to the rail a few feet away from where I stood, and looked at the water for some while in silence, as though she had not heard me.

'I would rather die anywhere than at sea,' she exclaimed, as though thinking aloud, with a sudden crossing of her hands upon her breast, as if a chill had entered her from the dark ocean. 'The horror of being buried in that void there would keep me alive. Oh, if it be true, as Shakespeare says, that dreams may visit us in our graves—in our graves ashore, where there are daisies and green turf and the twinkling shadows of leaves, and often the full moon and the high summer night shedding a peace like that of God himself, passing all understanding, upon the dead—*what* should be the visions that enter into the sleep of one floating deep down in that great mystery there?'

This was a passage of humour which I was quite young enough to have coaxed, and have sought to improve in any other fine young woman after her pattern; but my temper just then happened to be perverse and my mood obnoxious to sentiment.

'Why,' said I, pretending to stare at the water, 'what's the difference between being lowered in a coffin and being hove overboard in a canvas sack with a lump of holystone at one's feet, when one doesn't know it? If one could believe in the mermaid, in coral pavilions illuminated with cressets brilliant with sea-fire, in those sweet songs which were formerly sung by *fishy* virgins, who swept their lyres of gold with arms of ivory and fingers of pearl, I believe that when my time came I should be very willing to take the plunge, in fact choose it in preference to—'

I brought my eyes away from the water, and

saw her figure in the companion-way down which she floated!

A minute later, Colonel Bannister came along. He approached me close, staring hard, and said: 'Oh, it's you, Dugdale! I thought it was the second mate.—Here's a pretty go! There's a man dead.'

'He couldn't help it, Colonel,' said I.

'Ay, but what did he die of?' he shouted. 'I've asked Hemmeridge, and he won't give the disease a name. I don't want it to go further, but betwixt you and me and the bedpost, hang me'—here he subdued his voice into an extraordinary croaking whisper—'if I don't believe that Hemmeridge—and he lifted his hand to his mouth in a posture of drinking. 'My contention is, they've got no right to keep the body. What's the good of it? Since Hemmeridge is mute, who's going to say that the seaman didn't die of smallpox? That's it, you see! Smallpox! and a crowd of us aft who, if a plague should break out, must perish. Mind, I say *perish*!—Where's that second mate?'

He impetuously crossed the deck and hurried forward on the weather side of the poop. A few minutes afterwards I heard the second mate's voice. 'Wheel there! where are you driving the ship to?' he shouted from the forward part of the poop; but merely as an excuse, I think, to break away from the Colonel, who had now tailed on to him.

As he came rumbling aft, I went forward.

It was the most delicate gentle weather imaginable next morning when I went on deck an hour before breakfast-time to get a cold bath in the ship's head, which to my mind is the very noblest luxury the sea has to yield: nothing to be done but to strip, drop over the side on to the grating betwixt the headboards, well out of sight of the poop, where the spout of the head-pump, as it is called, commands you, and so be played on for half an hour at a spell by some ordinary seaman, who will be glad to oblige you for the value of a glass of grog. Oh, the delight past language of the sensation sinking through and through one to the very marrow that comes with the gushing of the sparkling green brine pouring away from one in foam back into the washing heart of the deep out of which it is sucked!

As I passed the forehatch on my way aft, I observed a heap of something lying under a tarpaulin; at the same moment the boatswain stepped out of his berth.

'Have ye heard what time the funeral's to take place, sir?'

'Bless me!' cried I with a start, 'I had forgotten all about it. Small wonder that we and our troubles should be compared to sparks that fly upwards, for we are extinguished in a breath and clean forgotten.' I glanced at the tarpaulin on the hatchway with an ugly shuddering recollection coming upon me of the face of the man as I had last viewed him dead in his bunk. 'No,' said I; 'I am unable to tell you when they mean to bury him. The sooner the better, I should say.'

The breakfast-bell then sounding, I entered the cuddy and took my place. I had thought to catch a glance, perhaps one glance, during the meal from Miss Temple, who might probably

recollect her few words with me on the preceding evening, and her cool trick of sliding off to let me talk aloud to myself. But she never turned her eyes my way. She sometimes spoke across the table to Mr Colledge, once inclined her fine figure towards Captain Keeling to respond to some remark of his, and occasionally exchanged a sentence with her aunt. But the rest of us might have been as much hidden as the body of Crabb was forward, for all the attention she honoured us with.

'I am glad that this funeral is going to take place,' Mr Johnson said to me. 'I have promised a friend of mine who owns a newspaper in London a series of articles on this voyage, and down to this time I haven't quite seen my way. For what has happened proper to tell? Dashed my wig! saving that collision, of which I couldn't make head nor tail, and dare not therefore attempt, what ghost of an incident good for what I may call word-painting has occurred?'

'This burial should give you the chance you want,' said I.

'Yes,' he exclaimed; 'I shall be able to do it justice, I believe. I am a little uncertain in the matter of nautical terms; and when I've finished the account of it, I should be glad if you'd listen to it, Mr Dugdale, and correct any trifling technical errors I may happen to make. Even now, I'll be shot if I can tell the difference between starboard and larboard—never can remember, somehow. The words are so confoundedly alike, you know.'

'If I were you,' said I, 'I should not suffer ignorance of the sea-life to hinder me from writing fully about it. Few sailors read; nobody else understands the calling. Say what you like, and you need only dash your absurdities into your canvas with a cocksure brush to be accepted as an authority.'

'Still,' he exclaimed, 'in an account of a funeral at sea I should like to have the rigging right.'

I assured him that I should be glad to hear his account when he had written it; and soon afterwards we left the table and went on deck.

The ship was this morning a very grand show of canvas. At the peak flew the red ensign half-mast high, languidly floating in rich brand-new folds of sunny crimson to the quiet breathing of the wind over the quarter. It was a hint of what was to come, and you noticed the influence of it upon the passengers, who talked in subdued voices, and walked thoughtfully, as though it were the Sabbath and Divine service was shortly to be held.

Shortly before ten o'clock, Smallridge, taking his stand upon the fore-castle head, applied his silver whistle to his lips, and sent the shrill metallic summons ringing throughout the length of the ship, following it with a deep-chested hurricane roar of 'All hands tend funeral.' The Jacks had been off work since breakfast-time, and to the boatswain's melodious invitation they came tumbling out of the fore-castle all in the spruce warm-weather attire of those days.

The first, third, and fourth mates took their place a little abaft the gangway, leaving the second officer on the poop to look after the ship. A young reefer clad in bright buttons stood at the

bell, which he struck in funeral time, constantly glancing around him to find some one to exchange a grin with. When all were assembled, the skipper stalked solemnly out of the cuddy, Prayer-book in hand. Keeling was a man of strong piety, and his manner of addressing himself to this solemn business was full of an old-fashioned awe and reverence, which one might look a long way round among modern sea-captains to find the like of, in such a performance, at all events, as that of burying the remains of a fore-castle hand. Most of the passengers were grouped along the break of the poop to witness the ceremony. I see that large and stirring picture very freshly even now: the mass of whiskered faces, one showing past another, nearly every jaw moving to the gnawing of a quid; Keeling and his officers in full fig; the many-coloured dresses of the ladies flitting along the line of the poop rail; I recall the deep hush that settled down upon the fine ship, no sound to break it but the jolling of the bell and a noise of water lazily washing alongside. High above us the great squares of canvas rose in brilliant clouds, one swelling to another with a soft swaying of the whole majestic fabric, as though the vessel were something sentient, and was keeping time with her mastsheads to the mournful chimes on the quarter-deck.

The bell ceased; the midshipman struck ten o'clock upon it; the Jacks on the quarter-deck made a lane, and down it from forward came four hearty seamen, bearing upon their shoulders a hatch grating, on which was the hammock containing the body, covered with England's commercial ensign. One end of this grating was rested upon the lee rail; then the captain began to read the sea funeral service. As the captain paused in his delivery, the ensign was whipped off, the grating tilted, and the white hammock flashed overboard. I was at the lee rail, and glanced down into the sea alongside as the hammock sped from the bulwark. But the ocean coffin, instead of sinking, went floating astern like a lifebuoy, bobbing bravely upon the summer tumble, and lifting and sinking upon the swell as quick-like as a waterborne lifeboat.

I believe no man saw this but myself, everybody listening reverentially to the closing words of the skipper's recital from the Prayer-book. I walked hastily aft to observe the hammock as it veered into our wake, and beckoned to Mr Cocker, who at once crossed the deck.

'See there!' cried I, pointing to the thing that was frisking in the eddies upturned by our keel, and crawling into the distance to the slow progress of the ship. 'Friend Crabb seems in no hurry to knock at Davy Jones's door.'

'I expect the fool of a sailmaker forgot to weight the body,' said he. 'Unless,' he added, with a little change in his voice, as if he meant what he said, whilst he did not wish me to suppose him in earnest, 'the chap was too great a rascal when alive to sink now that he's nothing but a body.'

'I thought,' I exclaimed, 'that wicked sailors, like Falstaff, had an alacrity in sinking.'

'I'll tell you a fact, then, Mr Dugdale,' said he. 'I was aboard a ship where we buried a man that had murdered a negro in Jamaica. He was a ruffian down to the heels of his yellow feet, sir, with a deal worse on his conscience, in our

opinion, than even the blood of a darkey. It was a dead calm when we dropped him over the side—with a twelve-pound shot at the clews of his hammock. Down he went; but up he came again, and lay wobbling under the main-chains. The captain, not liking such a neighbour, ordered a boat over with a fresh weight for the corpse. It was another twelve-pound shot, and down it took him, as all hands expected. But scarce was the boat hoisted when the chief-mate, who was looking over the rail, sings out quietly: "Here's Joey again." And *there* lay the hammock just under the mizzen chains. 'Twas lucky a breath of wind came along just then and sneaked the barque away, for had the calm lasted, the men would have sworn that the body had got hold of the ship and wouldn't let her move. But as to our being ever able to sink it!—he shook his head, and pointing to the hammock that was now showing like a fleck of foam in the tail of our wake, he exclaimed: 'It's the same with Crabb. He's of the sort that Old Davy will have nothing to do with.'

The boatswain's pipe shrilled out again; the ceremony was over. The sailors stalked gravely towards the forecabin, the passengers distributed themselves about the poop.

'Quite worth seeing, don't you think?' said Mr Johnson, coming up to me in the manner of a man fresh from a stage performance that has pleased him. 'Only let me be sure of my nautical details, and I believe I can see my way to a very pretty article, Mr Dugdale.'

SOME ODD THINGS ABOUT NUMBERS.

THAT there is luck in odd numbers is a popular saying, characterised by a delightful ambiguity which renders it equally correct in the case of either good or bad luck. The expression, however, is generally taken to mean that good luck may be attributed to odd numbers; and whether or not they may be justified in assuming that even ones must consequently be unlucky, many country women will only put their hens to set on an odd number of eggs, in the belief that otherwise no chickens would be hatched.

Numbers both odd and even have always been credited with mystic powers capable of influencing the destinies of man. It is possible that this belief may have been due in the first instance to a sense of reverence and awe with which the immutable laws of mathematics were probably regarded by the ignorant; the fact, too, that the third, fifth, or sixth note in an octave harmonises with the first, may in some measure account for the superstitious importance with which the numbers three, five, and six have been regarded; and the regularity and frequency with which certain numbers occur in Nature's handiworks may also have given rise to a belief in some mystic powers inherent in the numbers themselves. Thus, two is constantly before us in bilateral symmetry and the number of the sexes; five occurs as the number of petals which many flowers possess or the number of fingers and toes on each of our hands and feet—the thumb, of course, being

reckoned as one of the fingers; and as an instance in which six occurs we may mention the hexagonal cells of a honeycomb.

It is unnecessary to give examples of the mystical use of numbers in the Scriptures, for no one who has read the Bible can have failed to notice the frequency with which certain numbers are used, evidently intentionally and with a symbolical significance.

In many of the legends which may be found amongst the North American Indians, two witches or medicine women play a prominent part. This may be merely a curious coincidence; but more probably it is the result of some forgotten superstition connected with numbers; for in the Old World, two has an evil reputation; and so far as monarchs have been concerned, it certainly seems to have been an unlucky number, many of those who were second of a name having had troubled reigns or met with untimely fates.

There is much superstitious regard for the number three in the popular mind, and the third repetition of anything is generally looked upon as a crisis. Thus, an article may twice be lost and recovered; but the third time that it is lost, it is gone for good. Twice a man may pass through some great danger in safety; but the third time he loses his life. If, however, the mystic third can be successfully passed, all is well. Three was called by Pythagoras the perfect number, and we frequently find its use symbolical of Deity; thus, we might mention the trident of Neptune, the three-forked lightning of Jove, and the three-headed dog of Pluto. The idea of trinity is not confined to Christianity, but occurs in several religions. In mythology, also, we find three Fates, three Furies, and three Graces; and coming nearer to our own times, Shakespeare introduces his three witches. In public-house signs three seems to play an important part, for we frequently meet with 'Three Cups,' 'Three Jolly Sailors,' 'Three Bells,' 'Three Tuns,' 'Three Feathers'—in fact, that number of almost anything of which a fertile imagination can conceive a trio. In nursery rhymes and tales this number is not unknown; and if we look back to the days of our childhood, most of us will call to mind the three wise men of Gotham who took a sea-voyage in a bowl, not to mention the three blind mice that had their tails cut off by the farmer's wife. Perhaps there is some occult power in the number which governs the division of novels into three volumes, and induces doctors to order their medicine to be taken thrice daily. It is said that some tribes of savages cannot count beyond three; but although they may have no words to express higher numbers, perhaps we should be scarcely justified in assuming that they are incapable of appreciating the value of the latter.

Five is a mystic number which was supposed to possess great influence over demons and evil spirits. Probably primitive man—not unlike some of his descendants at the present day—reckoned up his little accounts on his fingers, ultimately using his hand as a symbol of five, and consequently attaching extra importance to that number.

Seven was considered a holy number, and throughout the Scriptures it is frequently used as such. The seventh son of a seventh son was formerly looked upon as a natural doctor who possessed miraculous powers of healing the sick, and could, in fact, frequently effect a cure by merely touching the sufferer. Even at the present day this piece of superstition has not died out, and occasionally one may still meet with these so-called natural doctors, who fully believe in the marvellous powers ascribed to them. Amongst the Gaboon tribes there is a superstition that on the seventh day after the birth of a child, the woman who is nursing the mother is in danger of being converted into an animal by some evil spirit, if the necessary steps are not taken to prevent her metamorphosis. According to a popular superstition, seven years of bad luck may be expected by the unfortunate person who chances to break a mirror. There is a general belief with most people that they undergo some change every seven years; man's life is popularly divided into seven ages, and formerly it was supposed that seven and nine were capable of exerting much subtle influence over men, the product of these two numbers being particularly powerful in this respect. Thus, sixty-three years was called the grand climacteric, and that age was considered a very important crisis in a man's life. Women, on the other hand, were supposed to be more susceptible to the influence of six. Probably it was this belief in the supposed influence of nine and six on men's lives which originally gave rise to the custom of granting leases for multiples of seven or nine years. Long leases are granted for ninety-nine or nine hundred and ninety-nine years, instead of a hundred or a thousand years, and there is, we believe, a piece of superstition that otherwise the hundredth or thousandth year would be under the influence of the Evil One.

Nine, a trinity of trinities, is the perfect plural, and is credited with mystic properties. As might be supposed, therefore, many superstitions are connected with it. The first unmarried man passing beneath the lintel post of a door over which has been hung a pod containing nine peas, will marry the maid who played it there; and a piece of worsted with nine knots tied in it is considered a charm for a sprained ankle. Nine is not in every case a lucky number, however, for evil-doers regard the nine tails of the 'cat' with very little favour; to see nine magpies is considered an ill omen; and the nine of diamonds has been called—although no one seems to know why—the 'Curse of Scotland.'

Twelve is of constant recurrence. Thus, there were twelve tribes of Israel and twelve apostles; a year is divided into twelve months, and the Zodiac contains twelve signs.

It is a well-known piece of superstition that if thirteen people sit down to table together one of them will die within a year; and probably, as has been suggested, the origin of this belief may be traced to the Paschal Supper. Even at the present day, many people, who certainly ought to possess more sense, are reluctant to take part in a dinner or supper party containing the unlucky number of guests. Some, indeed, will even refuse to sit at the same table with twelve others; and formerly in France there were men who gained a livelihood

by attending dinner-parties and making up the number of guests to fourteen in cases of emergency, where it was discovered at the last moment that only thirteen were present.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was a long sitting of the Marlborough Street police court that day, and at the conclusion of it the prisoner was committed for trial for the wilful murder of Margaret Neale on the night of the 10th of June. The evidence was all on one side, and every item of it appeared to go home with fatal force. The testimony given at the inquest was repeated, and the Countess of Southfort readily identified the handwriting of the old letters found in Faune's lodgings. There could be no doubt whatever as to their being the letters of the deceased woman to her husband, written at various times before he left England. A fatal revelation, unlooked-for and emphatic, flowed from them. The last was dated 'October 25th 188-', and referred to the imminent departure of the husband for India; and it was proved that Claude Faune sailed from Portsmouth in the troopship *Euphrates* on the 29th of the same month. It did not need Frank Holmes, who remembered the date so well, to establish this fact; but he also remembered that, if Faune were the recipient of those letters, that last and momentous letter from the dead wife must have been received by the husband while he was staying with himself the week before embarkation.

The evidence of detective Burton is already known to the reader; he had nothing to add to it, and felt his case completed by the discovery of the letters. Mr Clayton was sworn, and admitted that Faune was in the habit, when he came to his house, of staying till past ten; pressed on the point, he said he did not recollect an occasion, for several weeks prior to the murder, of the prisoner going before ten o'clock. Further, he had to confess that the prisoner's departure on that Saturday evening was rather abrupt, and caused him some surprise, as he had not alluded during the evening to any purpose of going so early.

Burton made no mention in his evidence of Frank Holmes having seen and met the prisoner at Albert Gate; it was unnecessary, and the officer did not wish to drag the young man into the case without sufficient reason.

The garrulous and communicative landlady did not follow the example. She deposed to Mr Holmes calling at her house, and telling her he had seen the prisoner at Albert Gate, coming homeward at a quarter past nine. This led to Holmes being called, much to his annoyance, to corroborate the point. He did no more. But the woman went on to say that Mr Faune had told her that he was about to marry a very wealthy and beautiful young lady.

Poor Mr Clayton was recalled after the witness went down, and had to admit that the prisoner had been a suitor for his daughter's hand; that he himself had assented to the suit, and had

believed the marriage would soon have taken place. This was a powerful point for the prosecution.

The prisoner's solicitor put very few questions to the witnesses. He seemed to feel that the case on the other side was too strong and well-knit to be lightly assaulted, and that it was best to reserve his energies until he found some ground to fight upon. He only asked Mr Clayton if there had been a formal engagement between his daughter and the prisoner, to which the answer was a negative. It was apparently without effect, and the solicitor said he would reserve his defence. Nobody thought that he had, or could have, any substantial defence; the only points which seemed open to him were the absence of all evidence tending to establish communication between Margaret Neale and the prisoner since the latter's return to England, and of any proof of resemblance between the signature of 'Julius Vernon' in the register and the known handwriting of Claude Faune at the same period. Both were strong points, the former specially so; but they were merely negative, against a tremendous and compact array of positive evidence on the other side.

Mr Clayton touched 'Frank' Holmes on the shoulder outside the police court. 'Will you come home with me and stay to dinner?'

'Thank you; not this evening. I have several things to do.'

'Well, jump into this cab, and I will drop you at the Corner.—What do you think of the case now?' he asked as they drove off.

'It looks bad enough.'

'Bad enough! I hardly see how it could be worse for him.'

'It would be worse if they could bring to light any correspondence between Margaret Neale and Faune since the latter's return to England. That is still wanting, isn't it?'

'Such a fabric as a complete case is seldom heard of,' said Mr Clayton with a shake of his head. 'I fear in the present instance they can do without that evidence; and who knows what may be discovered between now and his trial? They have only been two days at the case.'

'Who knows?' Holmes repeated absently. 'Yes; for the time I must admit they have done remarkably well; but hasn't it come very easy to them?'

'So you will not come home with me, Frank?' said Mr Clayton after a pause. 'I should be glad if you would, if only to talk to Mary. I find it terribly hard. Poor girl! Ah, Frank, I wish it had been otherwise!'

The young man knew what he meant, and shook his head. 'It cannot be otherwise now, Mr Clayton,' he answered gently. 'Let us not think of these things. Tell Mary I will be mindful of my promise this morning.'

'What was it, Frank?'

'Something I promised to try and do for her—no matter now; another time I shall tell you, should it be worth the telling. Tell her I am going to do my best.'

'Very well, Frank, very well,' the banker said with a sigh. They were now at Hyde Park Corner, and the cab drew up to allow Holmes to alight. 'Perhaps you will look in to-morrow evening?'

'Perhaps I may. Good-night.'

'Good-night.'

The cab moved on, but had hardly proceeded twenty yards when it stopped; and Holmes, looking back, saw Mr Clayton beckoning him, with his umbrella. 'Come round to the bank early to-morrow,' he said; 'I want to ask you something, and almost forgot to mention it. Will you call?'

Holmes promised that he would call, and then turned back along Piccadilly on his way to the Strand. He was very full of that idea of his which had struck him by the spot where Margaret Neale had been murdered, an idea which, if he should be able to follow it up, would end in the unequivocal condemnation, or equally unequivocal acquittal, of Claude Faune.

Walking down the Haymarket buried in his thoughts, Holmes was disagreeably interrupted by a brougham drawing suddenly up by the pavement and hearing his name called. He stepped over to the carriage, and saw Musgrave and his wife. Before giving him time to speak, the latter said eagerly: 'I am so glad. Now you were going home to your dull lodgings, Mr Holmes; but you shall enter this carriage and come with me, and have dinner with us.' She opened the door as she was speaking, and, like a man in a dream, Frank Holmes mechanically did the last thing he would have cared at the moment to do: he stepped into the brougham, and seated himself opposite the lady and her husband.

The rest of the way down to Charing Cross, Mrs Musgrave, leaning towards him, kept talking away, in a voice musical to listen to, words he hardly understood, what with the noise of traffic and the confusion into which his thoughts had fallen. At the hotel he helped her from the brougham, and in the vestibule she said prettily: 'I shall only ask ten minutes to dress. Will it be too long to keep you gentlemen waiting for dinner?'

'That means half-an-hour, Frank,' observed Musgrave when she had gone up-stairs. 'Come down and let's have a cigarette while waiting.'

They went down to the smoking-room, and Holmes, observing Musgrave beckon to a waiter, said: 'Nothing for me, Musgrave.'

'Not a whisky-and-seltzer?'

'Not even that.'

But the man returned presently with a quantity of whisky in a tumbler, which caused Holmes to glance incredulously at his friend. His doubts were soon decided by seeing Musgrave, after the addition of a little of the mineral water, drink the contents of the glass at a draught. And then, looking at the man, he was struck by an alteration in his appearance: he looked flabby and pale.

'What's the matter, Musgrave?' he could not help asking.

'Matter?' answered Musgrave sharply. Pausing a minute or so, the influence of the liquor which he had drunk produced a softer mood, and he said: 'I have a horror of these things. My wife is so interested—excited, in fact—over that woman's murder, that she would take me to the police court to-day to hear the whole thing. She had not patience to wait till the evening papers, which I told her would have a full report.'

'So you were in the courthouse? So was I; but I did not see you.'

'I was sick of it. I have always detested murders and sensations of every kind. I shouldn't have even read the details of this case in the papers,' said Musgrave, turning in his chair, 'only it happened to be a man I had known. But not even that would have induced me to go to the court, if it hadn't been for Lucy.'

'Naturally, as a woman, Mrs Musgrave's feelings are strong on the matter.'

'I suppose so; and her southern blood is warmer than ours. However,' he added, 'she is satisfied now, since the fellow doesn't seem to have a chance.'

Frank Holmes wished from his soul he had had the presence of mind to decline the invitation; he even went so far as to cast about in his mind for an excuse to go now. He could find none, of course. He hoped they would not spend the next two hours discussing the murder, for, owing to some feeling which he did not clearly understand, he was reluctant to talk about it with Musgrave and his wife. Their sentiments, strongly opposed as they seemed to be, jarred uncomfortably on him.

Mrs Musgrave was a beautiful creation, as she came down to dinner in a dress of black velvet touched with a little lace and a very modest amount of jewelry. She was certainly beautiful, yet seemed wholly unconscious of the fact. During dinner, the lady addressed almost all her conversation to Frank Holmes, and as she did not once allude to the topic he wished to avoid, he was fairly fascinated. It was impossible to resist her, she was so charming without suspicion of effort. Frank Holmes, now and again glancing at Musgrave, silent and even gloomy, and drinking more wine than he ought, wondered more than once why so radiant and charming a creature should have given herself to such a dolt. But there was the fact to wonder at; and this evening Musgrave did not appear to so much as admire his wife.

Holmes followed up-stairs more willingly than he had gone in to dinner—Mrs Musgrave's fascinations had not been without effect. She sat down at the piano and ran her light fingers over the keys with a touch that showed her a mistress of the instrument; then Musgrave rose, and muttering some apology about 'a smoke,' left the room.

'He detests music, and he is—what is your word?—white-livered,' said Mrs Musgrave with a matter-of-fact frankness that was a little startling. 'Only fancy, Mr Holmes; he wanted to leave England as soon as he read of that murder, because, I suppose, a former schoolfellow of his was arrested for it!'

'Naturally, it was more or less of a shock to him, Mrs Musgrave.'

'But you, Mr Holmes, were a schoolfellow, and a friend as well, of Mr Faune. Did you feel disposed to go away when it happened?'

'No; of course not.'

She left the piano, and after tossing about a few books on the table, sank into a low chair near to Frank Holmes. 'I have had enough of it now,' she said with a sigh. 'I don't know why I should have been so deeply moved by the fate

of that poor girl; but how that the man is virtually condemned, I am satisfied.—Is it wicked to feel satisfied, Mr Holmes?' she asked, innocently, without raising her eyes higher than his waistcoat.

'No; certainly not, from your point of view,' he answered.

'Well, well; let us speak about something else. Of course you know London well?'

'Very well, indeed.'

'I am afraid my husband does not,' she observed, with a shade of anxiety. 'Perhaps,' she added, looking up with a blush, 'you will think it bold of me, but I feel that I would like to talk to you as a friend I have known for years.'

He did not think it bold; he thought her frankness very charming. She was not an Englishwoman, and he freely gave her the benefit of the difference.

'I feel flattered and delighted, Mrs Musgrave,' he answered, willing enough to enjoy her confidence, but hoping it would have nothing to do with her matrimonial relations. He had sense enough to shrink from that.

'Thank you, Mr Holmes,' she said, moving her chair an inch nearer to him. 'Then I will use the kind privilege you give me. I am anxious about my husband's prospects in London. I suppose he has said something to you about his views?'

'Yes,' said Holmes, pleased that her confidence was taking this direction; 'he spoke of an Emigration agency.'

'Sending poor people to Texas and Canada and other places. I suppose, wealthy as England is, there are plenty of poor people?'

'Oh, plenty indeed,' he answered with a smile.

'Then there may be some prospect for an Emigration Office?—Mr Holmes,' she said, dropping her eyes and her voice at the same time, with very pretty effect, 'we have not much money, and I am anxious for my husband to be getting an income.'

'I should not like to dishearten you, Mrs Musgrave,' he said gently, 'but London is a very difficult place in which to get an income.'

'John says,' she observed doubtfully, 'that there being no means of living for thousands in England, they will be eager to go to other countries.'

Holmes shook his head. 'That is true, as far as it goes, Mrs Musgrave. But those who are able to pay the cost of reaching and settling in a new country can do so without the aid of an agency; and those who are too poor—the great majority—want an agency that will find the necessary money for them and take the chance of ever getting it back again. I don't think that the idea will succeed.'

She was silent now, with her hands clasped and her eyes on the carpet. Holmes, contemplating her graceful head bowed in anxious reflection, thought of the man drinking whisky below. Was she thinking about him too?

She raised her head suddenly, saying half audibly, expressing her thought rather than addressing her guest: 'I don't know what we shall do,' and moved to the piano. 'May I sing, Mr Holmes? Or do you hate music too?' she asked.

For the best part of an hour she sat at the instrument, singing and playing, Frank Holmes beside her turning over the music. It was a hiatus in his existence, in which he fell into oblivion of everything except the singular enchantment of this woman's society. Nor was it that she seemed to exert her charms and accomplishments for him; had she done so, probably they would have failed of effect; but she bowed her head and lowered her splendid voice in devout rendering of a piece from the *Stabat Mater* or one of the Masses familiar to her ear in her native country; and sang with pink brow and swelling bosom the passionate love-songs of the South, with equal unconsciousness of his presence beside her. Nor was the power of the spell over Frank Holmes lessened when, turning quickly on the stool, an expression of disgust swept over her face, and was succeeded by an ill-concealed look of distress. While she was singing, her husband had returned and entered the room unobserved, and was now lying on the sofa in a drunken stupor.

Mrs Musgrave left the piano, and without noticing her husband further, said: 'Will you have coffee, Mr Holmes?'

'Thanks, no. I must say good-night, Mrs Musgrave, and thank you for a most delightful evening.'

She went to the door with him, and hesitating there a moment, walked with him down the corridor to the elevator. As he was about to touch the bell, she said, looking in his face with a sadness that was very touching. 'I wish, Mr Holmes, we had a prospect of living in London. It would be so pleasant to have you for a friend, to come to us of an evening. Shall you come to-morrow?'

'A thousand thanks, Mrs Musgrave. I could desire no greater pleasure; but I am not able to promise for the evening. I shall call during the day, however. And now, good-night again, Mrs Musgrave.'

'Good-night,' she said.

When Holmes reached the street, instead of going to his lodgings, he turned down to the Embankment for a quiet stroll and half an hour's thinking. For half that time he was able to think of nothing but the woman he had just left.

'Hang the fellow!' he exclaimed, flinging the stump of a cigar into the river; 'the possession of such a wife ought to fill him with ambition. —What will be the end of it? he thought, remembering what she had dropped about their not having 'much money,' and the state in which he had left Musgrave. Any 'end of it' would be good enough for the man; but it was terrible to think of a woman like Lucy Musgrave being dragged down to the degradation of a fallen husband. She had touched the young man's chivalry.

If he had temporarily forgotten his promise to Mary Clayton, Frank Holmes made up for the delinquency by sitting over the problem of Margaret Neale's death till two hours past midnight. As stated in a former chapter, he had a peculiar bent for the investigation of crimes, which his exceptional knowledge of London life and acquaintance with the details of most of the great crimes committed within the past few

years had developed into a talent. Now, in regard to the murder of Margaret Neale, his attitude was this: that the course of the police was radically wrong, and that the conviction of Faune—if he were really the murderer—would be an accident rather than the logical result of a well-conceived method of action. As to Faune's guilt or innocence, he had at present no firm opinion; there was one dark passage upon which light would have to be shed before the question of guilt or innocence could be finally and completely answered. Why did Margaret Neale leave the house that Saturday night? It was here, in the opinion of Frank Holmes, that the pursuit ought to have commenced; but the police, finding no scent to start upon, had run promiscuously about; trusting to chance rather than intelligent direction. The arrest of Faune was the consequence of this course of action.

On the jury, with the evidence before him that was given at the police court, he would still have demanded the completion of the case by a clearly established answer to the question, why did Margaret Neale go to the Park that night? To his mind the question was a vital one; and it was to throw light upon the motive of the woman's fatal act that he now bent himself, not reckoning as to whether it would help to convict or acquit the prisoner. But though it has been said that Holmes was as yet without a firm opinion as to Faune's guilt or innocence, he was, even in the face of the damning evidence, still unaccountably disposed to doubt that the man was capable of such an act. Faune's disappearance the very next evening tended rather to increase than to diminish Holmes's doubts as to his guilt. Would it not be better for him to have stood his ground, if guilty, than to have aroused suspicion by flight? The manner of the murder indicated an amount of cool and methodical premeditation with which, in his opinion, a disappearance like that of Faune was inconsistent. He must have had, it was true, a very strong motive for his extraordinary and, it might turn out, fatal behaviour; but this was a secondary point of interest in comparison with the vital one of the reason of Margaret Neale's secret visit to Hyde Park the night she met her death.

Holmes sprang out of bed early next morning with a light flashing upon him; and without waiting to have breakfast, he jumped into a cab and drove up to Fleet Street.

THE REAL BARATARIA.

WHEN Mr Gilbert chose the kingdom of Barataria for the scene of his latest *jeu d'esprit*, we wonder if he was haunted by vague memories of the 'Pirates of Penzance,' and so came to choose the name of another pirate kingdom for the title of his play? Perhaps so, possibly not. But at anyrate there was once a real kingdom of Barataria, and not so very long ago either. Moreover, like the operatic kingdom, it was ruled by two brothers; though, instead of being merely peaceful gondoliers, they were out-and-out pirates of the most approved fashion—somewhat after the whisky-drinking type of the chorus in 'Paul Jones,' but thirstier; at least bloodthirstier. The

haunt of these miscreants of the good old times was the Island and Bay of Barataria, on the north coast of the Gulf of Mexico, near the delta of the Mississippi, in a sheltered creek to the west of that great river's mouth, and in the territory of Louisiana. The whole Gulf coast of Louisiana is a sea-marsh, a huge, wet, level expanse, covered everywhere with marsh-grasses shoulder-high, and indented by long bays like that of Barataria. This contorted and indented shore-line is broken up into masses of small reedy islands, with mysterious passages winding between them, whose undisturbed recesses were only known to a few oyster-gatherers, smugglers, and pirates. These alone knew their way through the weary miles of still, brownish water, silent and weird, their monotony only relieved by the smooth shining green of the rushes, or the reefs of dazzling storm-blown sand.

Such was the appropriate haunt of the Baratarian pirates in the first decade of this century, for the Gulf had been filled in the course of the wars of France with that country's privateers. The prey they sought was the rich commerce of Spain; and when driven from Guadeloupe and Martinique by the English, they had found this retreat amid the tangled water-ways and pathless windings of the marshy shore of Louisiana an almost ideal pirates' home. It was handy, too, for trade with New Orleans, some miles away up the Mississippi; for the merchants of that enterprising city had no scruples about receiving stolen property. In fact, the scandalous openness of their traffic with the buccaners brought loud condemnations upon the citizens and officials of Louisiana. But little cared they for condemnations while their profits came rolling merrily in each time the Baratarian pirates sailed home from the golden Spanish Main.

Now, about this time there lived in New Orleans two brothers, Jean and Pierre Lafitte. Jean was the younger—a handsome man, fair in complexion, but with black hair and eyes, and neatly shaved. He had the traditional courtesy of the Paul Jonesian school, though at times irascible even as Bonillabaisse. The elder brother, Pierre, was not quite such a showy pirate, and was more fitted for his previous occupation as a blacksmith than was the handsome, if not operatic, Jean. Pierre pretended to be nothing but 'a seafaring man'; but all the same he meant business, and had an air of conscious respectability which served him in good stead. In course of time Jean the handsome became tired of respectability, and in 1808 set up as a merchant, still ostensibly in a legitimate way; but soon both he, and his brother became the agents of the privateers in Barataria. Their trade grew to be impudently open. Merchants gave and took orders for their goods in the streets of New Orleans as openly as for the merchandise of New York, and the brothers became wealthy and wicked. They were not satisfied merely with the agency business, but became the recognised chiefs of the Baratarian buccaners, and won both for themselves and their followers considerable booty. The handsome and operatic Jean did not at first go to sea. On the contrary, he did the gay and festive traditional business of the 'dashing highwayman' type on land, varying the solid business of his

agency and barter of captured goods with frequent attendances at country balls, fluttering the hearts of the Louisiana maidens, and enticing the youths to help him in his piratical ventures. Things went on gaily: the American government sent out expeditions against them, but the bold buccaners only laughed, and ran back into their watery fastnesses, whither no other ship could follow them.

Occasionally, Pierre, the elder, tried to keep up his character for respectability. When, for instance, Venezuela set up as a separate State for herself in 1811, Pierre cordially recognised the new Republic, and procured letters of marque from its Government, ran up the Venezuelan flag, and posed as a Venezuelan patriot, while all the time they scoured the West Indian and American seas for booty. They reached the height of their fortunes in the year 1813, when (according to the authorities) they were frightfully wicked and committed no end of depredations. They became such a nuisance that Spain, England, and the United States pursued them as their avowed enemies.

But as this persecution increased, the buccaners became bolder and more outrageous than ever. The dashing Jean in 1813 actually fired upon an American revenue officer, and nearly did for him altogether. Next year, he killed an inspector; and even Pierre's previous respectability was now tarnished. The Federal courts became more active. Finally, the two pirate kings were captured; but, like true operatic heroes, evaded their captors, and, in the mournful words of the expeditionary commander, 'inexplicably disappeared.' Soon afterwards, however, Pierre was retaken, and then followed a delightful piece of piratical diplomacy. England at that time was still at war with America, including of course Louisiana. The British commander seems to have sent two officers to treat with Jean, offering him even a captain's commission, if he could stop his piratical games and help to invade Louisiana under the British. Lafitte was courteous and polite. He begged the officers to beware of his Baratarian followers, who might perhaps injure them, and invited them to come to his dwelling on the island. Strange to say, the officers accepted the spider's invitation, and walked cheerfully into his parlour. Of course they were seized and imprisoned. Next day, however, the Paul Jones spirit which always animated him made Jean apparently ashamed of this trick, and pitying the officers' simplicity, he let them go in peace, merely asking for a fortnight 'to put his affairs in order,' after which he would be 'entirely at the disposal' of the British commander. He next proceeded to write to his friend Blaquie, of the Louisiana legislature, disclosing the British designs upon Louisiana, and requesting as a *quid pro quo* 'some amelioration in the condition of his brother,' who was still in prison. The effect of this mild request was instantaneous. Next day, an advertisement appeared in the New Orleans papers offering one thousand dollars' reward for the apprehending of Pierre Lafitte, who had once more 'inexplicably disappeared.'

To make a long story short, we must now only chronicle a big sea-fight between the two pirate kings and their followers on the one side and a

large fleet from New Orleans on the other, since New Orleans determined after all to suppress the pirates instead of accepting their services. This fight resulted in the defeat of the buccaneers. Their nest at Barataria was broken up, and many pirates were captured. But Pierre and Jean escaped.

Their later history is full of adventure and very curious. Pierre's innate love of respectability got the better of him again, and he and his brother both fought against the English at the battle of New Orleans, under the American general Jackson (1815), and were gratefully thanked for 'their courage and fidelity.' After this Pierre disappears from history; but Jean's old piratical Paul Jonesian instincts asserted themselves once more, and he returned to buccaneering. The end of this dramatic pirate is lost in a mass of tradition. His name, if not his presence, was the terror of the Gulf and Strait of Florida as late as 1822. But in that year the United States navy swept those waters with vigour and success, and from that time forth the Baratarian buccaneers became totally extinct. Perhaps lured by old associations, their ghosts may have sought the Savoy, and after reading the name of their beloved land upon the bills, have passed onward to the Prince of Wales's to watch the comparatively respectable career of Jean's model hero, Paul Jones.

JACK DELANCEY'S FOREMAN.

A WESTERN LOVE-STORY.

* BY WILLIAM ATKINSON, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE RANSOM.'

WHEN the second son of the Right Honourable the Earl of St Marylebone, commonly known as the Honourable John Wentworth Richelieu Delancey, threw up his commission as a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Life Guards Blue, and vacated his apartments in the Albany, he purposed making an entirely fresh start in life. To accomplish this he not only left his native land, literally to pitch his tent some six thousand miles to the westward of the British metropolis, but also repudiated so much of his name as was not absolutely necessary for his own identification and the exigencies of business and society in the Far West.

That he was tolerably successful in his endeavours to construct his own fortune may be inferred from the fact that, some four years after the Honourable John's sudden disappearance from sundry Belgravian ballrooms and Pall Mall club-houses, plain Jack Delancey found himself the owner of a trifling matter of thirty thousand acres of rich grazing lands, over which roamed the finest and largest herd of shorthorns in Wyoming Territory. Above and beyond all this, Jack Delancey was the most popular young man in the eastern part of the Territory, both among his neighbours—who were not very numerous—and with his 'cowboys,' who were decidedly numerous. To them all, after the Western style, he was Jack Delancey—no more and no less. But although this energetic scion of the House of St Marylebone had discarded the 'Honourable' and the 'Wentworth' and the

'Richelieu,' and had transformed 'John' into 'Jack,' he was still a Delancey. He might have called himself Moses Smith—he might even have adopted a Yankee drawl and seasoned the same with powerful Western slang, but he would still have remained a Delancey.

For, notwithstanding that the young man affected big untanned boots, buckskin breeches, a red shirt, and a sombrero hat; though he dined at twelve o'clock with 'the boys,' and excused without a murmur such luxuries as table linen, cut glass, and silver-ware; though he slept in a hammock, rolled up in rather coarse blankets, and took his morning plunge in the little creek which furnished bathing facilities for all his men—he was still Jack Delancey, and it needed not the courtesy title accorded him in Burke's *Peerage* to proclaim this fine specimen of a sturdy Briton as the 'Honourable' Jack Delancey. So, although all the stockmen and the farmers and the cowboys within fifty miles of the Delancey ranch freely addressed the wealthy young Englishman as 'Jack,' they cheerfully yielded him such marked deference as was never paid to any other man in the Territory, and such as Jack Delancey himself had never dreamed of demanding.

It was at the first big 'round-up' after Jack's arrival in the West, and the boys were dining after a hard morning's work branding the young cattle.

'That thar Delancey o' yours is blooded!' said a gaunt Kentuckian from a neighbouring ranch. 'He's got the generwine liquid in his veins, you kin bet! He's squar', boys, an' he's fair, so he is.'

'Be me faith, he is that same!' responded a son of Erin. 'He's a lad after St Patrick's own heart. Shure he's aigual to none—arrah, thin, be jabers, I mane he's second to none!'

'It wur told up to the Station, when I wur over last month, as he wur a dook or a lord-mayor or sumthin' when he wur on the old sod. I'm a trifle shy of sech-like pranks as palmin' off incogniter. Looks kinder slippery, as if a feller wur 'shamed of his own name an' previous 'record.'

This last speaker was Calvin Larned, a ranch man of small means and smaller endeavour, who made a practice of 'throwing mud' at his neighbours, and who was really only tolerated for the sake of his daughter Metta.

'That's right, Cal! Wouldn't be you if you didn't shoot your dirty mud,' retorted one of the men. 'Jack Delancey's got grit and sand, anyhow, which is more than can be said of you.'

'And I tell you one thing, boys,' said a strapping young fellow, as the men mounted their ponies to resume their work; 'Jack Delancey has got something beside pluck—he's got a great kind heart and clean hands. It doesn't make any difference whether he was a lord-mayor or a lord-chancellor over yonder—he was a gentleman, and he's that yet.—Now, boys, whoop 'em up! Stir up those catters lively!'

This last champion of the individual under discussion was Jack Delancey's foreman. Just who he was or where he hailed from, not even his employer knew. He had introduced himself as Spencer Knight, and claimed—although his years were less than thirty—to be an 'old

Westerner.' He told Jack that he was originally from 'the East,' but had settled in Wyoming when he was very young, with the intention of 'growing up with the country.'

How Delancey became acquainted with Spencer Knight matters little. The Englishman stumbled across him in Kansas City, where Knight—after the manner of Wyoming stockmen during the dull season—was indulging in a 'toot.' Delancey rendered the young fellow, who was a man after his own heart and about his own age, a valuable service, which saved Knight from the disgrace of arrest and possible imprisonment; thereby placing the Western man for ever in his debt. This was before Jack had located as a ranchman. Being a fairly good judge of human nature, and rightly estimating that Spencer Knight would not speedily forget a kindness, Delancey invited that young man to enter his service. The compact which they then made had never been regretted by either; for, after four years of hard work and constant companionship, if Knight beheld in Jack Delancey his ideal of a gentleman and a friend, Jack knew, as well as he was aware of his own existence, that with his faithful servant and friend, Spencer Knight, he might safely entrust his possessions, his life, and—his honour. And by Jack Delancey of Wyoming Territory, honour was as highly treasured as ever it had been by the Honourable John Wentworth Richelieu Delancey of Her Majesty's Life Guards Blue.

Now, although Cal Larned had uttered from time to time many disparaging remarks in regard to his prosperous young neighbour similar to his speech at the 'round-up' dinner-party, he was in reality very anxious to secure Jack Delancey for a son-in-law. As a matter of fact it looked as if this ambition of the lazy stockman would in all probability be gratified. In older communities, Cal Larned's surliness and general aptitude for picking quarrels might have been laid to that very convenient scapegoat, dyspepsia. On the plains of Wyoming that disease is unknown, and as cowboys usually 'call a spade a spade,' they passed upon Calvin Larned the very laconic but expressive verdict of 'mean cuss.' To his general meanness Larned added the vice of laziness, for which reason, undoubtedly, he was tolerably civil to Jack Delancey, and encouraged his pretty daughter Metta to accept the attentions paid her by the handsome Englishman. He figured on the probability that if Jack should marry Metta he might 'pool' his business interests with those of his son-in-law by turning over his miserably small herd of cattle to Delancey, and himself roam hither and thither at his own sweet will and at Jack's expense.

How the unsavoury and unsatisfactory Calvin ever became possessed of so pretty and good a girl as Metta Larned is one of those conundrums the answers to which are locked securely in Nature's sealed books. When Jack Delancey settled in Wyoming, Metta was twenty years old. She had then lived with her father on the plains for five or six years, having left her mother a thousand miles away in an Illinois graveyard. How Jack Delancey came to pay marked attentions to this girl is no conundrum at all. She was the only marriageable girl within a day's ride of the Delancey ranch. Women are scarce articles in Wyoming, and unmarried women

are especially few and far between. Metta Larned was unmarried, she was young, and she was pretty. Not only so; she was well informed, fairly well educated, and possessed of much good common-sense. She was, from a social standpoint, the superior of all her neighbours, except Jack Delancey and, perhaps, Spencer Knight. (Knight was peculiarly reticent in regard to his antecedents, though that he had received a liberal education became constantly more apparent.)

Yes, Metta Larned was pretty; but she had not the patrician beauty of a hundred-and-one young dames whose acquaintance and favour Delancey had forsworn when he struck out for the West. Met was clever; but there were many branches of knowledge that formed the ABC of Jack's own sister's education, of which the girl was as ignorant as she was of Greek verbs and Egyptian hieroglyphics. Met dressed 'nattily,' yet her neat home-made gowns would have presented a rather 'dowdy' appearance alongside the most ordinary efforts of Worth or Elise. To sum up: Met Larned could thoroughly appreciate a good book in good English, she could make an apron or hemstitch a handkerchief, with the utmost neatness, and she could manufacture pastry which would have reflected credit upon a Parisian chef. But then—

When Jack Delancey first saw Met, on a breezy summer afternoon, with the sleeves of her simple white dress rolled up, a huge linen apron protecting her from the dusty flour, while with her chubby hands she 'fixed up' a batch of bread for supper, the ex-guardsmen involuntarily confessed to himself that the girl looked 'killing.' But, later on, as he pondered over a cigar, Jack Delancey's good sense forced him to admit that it would be extremest folly in him to think of a girl like Met Larned as his future wife. It was not snobbery, in that Delancey's early training, old associations, and family ties compelled him invariably to compare Met with his sister and his mother—always to the disadvantage of pretty Met Larned. Jack was swayed by honesty of purpose, and he resolved never to 'make love' to Met; being Jack Delancey, he kept his resolution.

But, nevertheless, Jack found it very pleasant on Sunday afternoons to ride over to the Larneds' cottage, five miles away, and indulge in a chat with Metta. If he desired excuse, he found it in the paper which came to him with his mail every Saturday, and which Metta liked to read. Jack discovered a keener satisfaction in taking tea—supper, they call it in Wyoming—with Metta than he had ever experienced in sipping souchow from dainty china cups in London drawing-rooms. Metta's suppers were substantial affairs—delicious beefsteaks and the lightest of light hot bread, with butter that the dairy-maids at Delancey Park had never surpassed. Such meals were peculiarly appreciated by Jack after a long week of tough meat, indifferent potatoes, and hardtack! And Jack reciprocated Metta's hospitality whenever he journeyed to Cheyenne—as he frequently did—by bringing the girl a new novel or 'something pretty.' So they became good comrades, and both enjoyed amazingly the long quiet Sunday afternoons. But their regard and esteem for each other stopped just short of love; for, after three years, Metta Larned's affection for

the Englishman was no deeper than was Jack Delancey's liking for the girl.

Unfortunately, on the plains, as well as in other primitive and sparsely settled communities, actions and words frequently cause more weight than they would do in large social centres. Therefore, Calvin Larned was not alone in surmising that Jack Delancey intended, ultimately, to make Metta his wife. All 'the boys' looked upon such a climax as a foregone conclusion, and even Spencer Knight shared in the general opinion. Indeed, this belief alone prevented Knight himself from entering the race for Met Larned; for the foreman, who had never exchanged more than twenty sentences with Metta, loved the girl with an affection which never paused to make psychological estimate or social comparisons—a love that was only surpassed by his deep and undying loyalty to Delancey, for whose sake he kept his secret so well that not a living soul ever once dreamed of it.

Cal Larned's derogatory remarks at the 'round-up' anent Jack Delancey were not nearly so severe as his mental comments upon the same live subject. In his own mind he thought that the Englishman had been 'foolin' around' Metta quite long enough.

One Sabbath when Spencer Knight and most of 'the boys' had gone over to Cheyenne with a couple of hundred young steers to ship by the railroad to Chicago, Delancey, as was his custom on Sunday mornings in summer, brought his hammock outside the long low shanty, swung it on the shady side of the building, lit his pipe, and stretched himself out to enjoy the three-weeks-old *Illustrated London News*.

'Mornin', Jack!' exclaimed a voice—the only voice whose accents usually disgusted Delancey.

'Good-morning,' replied Jack, lazily looking up. He noticed that his visitor was afoot, and added: 'You didn't walk over, Larned?'

'Not much, I didn't.' I seen your barn door open as I come up, an' found a empty stall; so I hitched my pony an' gev him a feed o' your oats—'spose that's all right?'

'Oh, certainly; you are very welcome,' said Jack, as vexed as a man could well be with Larned's take-it-for-granted style, but willing to tolerate the fellow for his daughter's sake.

'Furty dry an' dusty, Jack. Can't yer pass the bottle, me son? A smell o' rye or Bourbon, or even a couple o' fingers of gin, wouldn't go bad.'

'I don't like my men to use liquor, so do not use it myself, and have none on the place. You will find good spring water at the well, yonder, and plenty of milk in the cellar. That's the best I can do for you, Larned. Help yourself.'

But neither milk nor water possessed any charms for Cal Larned. He threw himself full length upon the rough bench which ran along the shanty, and filled his mouth with fine-cut tobacco, which he chewed very carefully for the space of five minutes. He then succeeded in drowning a grasshopper some seventeen feet away from him by a dexterous discharge of black juice, and proceeded directly to the matter which just then accounted for his presence at the Delancey Ranch. 'Comin' over to our place to see Jack?'

Cal Larned, in despair, threw down his paper and said: 'Yes, I think so.'

'Well now, Jack, how long is it sence you planted yourself down here?'

'About four years.'

'So? How long was you here when I gev yer a knock-down to my gal?'

'Almost a year.'

'So? Well, now, I ain't much of a scholar, so ef my calkerlations are wrong, kindly ke-rect me. One year from four years leaves three years. Now, on yer own showin', you've been sparkin' Met for three years. Now, Jack, when are yer gonn' to marry my gal?'

Jack sat up in his hammock and dangled one leg on the ground. Slowly he repeated Larned's words: 'When—am—I—going—to—marry—your—girl? You mean, when shall I marry Metta?—You are not indulging in a confoundedly poor joke, I hope, Larned?'

'Do I look as ef I wur a sky-larkin', or as ef I meant bizness? No, Jack Delancey, I'm askin' you a squar' quesching, an' ef you're the man they say you are, you'll gev me a straight answer. How is it?'

'My good fellow, I have never made love to your daughter for the very reason that I have never dreamt of marrying her. I have every respect for Met, and esteem her very much; but I have been particularly careful to give her no false impressions. Besides, I believe Metta and I understand each other quite well. Metta—'

'You speak for yerself, Delancey. Don't I know all about her? Ain't I seen her change in the last three years until she don't think of nobody nor nothin' but you? (Ain't I see how she's a-growin' sick an' weary of waitin' for you to ax her?'

Jack put his other leg out of the hammock and with two of his big strides stood over his would-be father-in-law. 'Tell me one thing,' he said, in a tone of voice which indicated that it would not be well for his listener to tamper with him. 'Tell me the truth, man, of your own child. Does Met care all that about me, and does she really believe that—that I love her?'

'She does.'

'So help you God?'

'See here, Delancey,' said Larned, clumsily arising to his feet; 'what do you take me for? What do you suppose I care about you? You never used me half-way decent, anyhow. You an' yer keep-yer-distance, lord-dook style! I ain't in love with you, nor yit yer belongings. I know I ain't a general favourite hereabouts. But Met's my gal, an' I'm her dad, an', curse me, Delancey, ef I'm a-gonn' to stand by an' see her heart broke an' the best years of her young life fooled away by you nor yit no other gay rooster!'

'That will do,' said Jack quietly. 'I care nothing for your blustering threats. As you say, there is no love lost between you and me. But there is that which I dislike even more than Mr Larned, and you will never find me guilty of any dishonourable conduct.—Yes, I will ride over this afternoon.'

Cal Larned had acted his part well, and knew it. He was fully aware that his point was practically carried; for having succeeded in influencing a man like Jack Delancey, he knew it would be an easy matter to mould Metta to

his will; so he indulged in considerable chuckling as he shuffled off to mount his pony and ride home.

A few days later, Spencer Knight returned. In the evening, he and Delancey strolled down to the creek to smoke an after-supper pipe. 'Spence,' said Jack, 'I am going to marry Metta Larned.'

'Yes,' responded the other; 'we all thought it would come to that. I hope you will both be very happy, Delancey.'

Curiously enough, each of the men, for the first time in the course of their acquaintance, remarked a strange glumness in the other. They not only remarked it, but both remembered it very vividly. There was no gladness about Delancey's announcement, and Knight's congratulatory reply had a counterfeit ring about it.

'Next Monday,' said Jack after a pause, 'I shall start for home to make the folks over there a visit before settling down for life.' You will stay and take care of things for me while I am gone, won't you, Spence? I shall not be away more than a couple of months, and during that time I should like you to have the carpenters over from Cheyenne and run up a comfortable cottage over yonder by the poplars. Consult Metta as much as possible.'

Delancey spoke so mechanically that Knight knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that something was wrong. But he made no inquiries.

'All right, Delancey; and when you return I shall ask for leave of absence for a similar purpose. Like yourself, I am an Englishman. There was a little unpleasantness in our family, which induced me to locate in the West some twelve years ago. The other day I saw an old friend of mine, who was passing through Cheyenne. We talked matters over, and I think past differences can now be adjusted. However, I will not pester you with my affairs to-night.'

Somehow or other, Jack Delancey was absent from his ranch eight months instead of two; so that the following summer had commenced by the time he returned to his Western quarters.

'We will leave business until to-morrow, Spence,' said Jack, as he and his first-lieutenant sauntered towards the creek. 'Let us talk of other matters to-night.'

As a matter of fact, they said nothing at all for almost half an hour. Then Delancey spoke: 'How is Metta? I have heard nothing from her for two months. I told her not to write, as I was so uncertain about starting. How is she?'

'Metta is well, very well.'

Silence again, broken this time by Knight: 'Delancey?' Both men paused in their walk, and Jack puffed violently at his pipe. 'You picked me up a stranger, and treated me like the "white man" that you are. You had faith in my manhood and you have trusted me implicitly. Have I justified your confidence?'

'You have, Spence—a thousand times over, boy. Here is my hand on it.'

'Thanks, Delancey. Now, trust me a little more, and believe that I would not pry into

your private affairs for the mere sake of being meddling, or to wound you. May I go ahead?'

'Surely. Let us sit on this boulder.'

'Delancey, you just asked about Metta. You do not love that girl. I knew it the night that we were last on this spot, when you told me of your engagement to her. You will never be really happy with Metta for your wife.'

'Stop,' said Jack, with a faint smile. 'This question is undebatable. I have asked Metta to marry me, and it is utterly impossible to discuss the matter.'

'But,' persisted Knight, 'you love with all your heart and soul another woman. You cannot deny that—you do not desire to deny it. You love, as you can never hope to love Metta, my sister Florence.'

'Nonsense, Spence! Lady Florence Knighton your sister?'

'The very same. You see, my dear fellow, I too am an "honourable." It was a rather shabby trick on your part, Delancey, to go over there and lose your heart to my sister, while you kept me all these months waiting to become reconciled to my father.—But, to return to our subject. You not only fell desperately in love with Flo, but you have stolen the poor girl's heart away from her.'

'Indeed, Spence, I have been strictly honourable in this matter. While at home, I made no secret of my engagement, and studiously avoided anything like a flirtation with Lady Florence. We were thrown much together, and I confess— Well, that makes no difference: I am here to keep my word with Metta.'

'I admit, Delancey,' said Knighton, rather comically, 'that in the presence of my sister you tried your best to behave like a sphinx; but—I have it on the authority of my married sister—your attempt was a signal failure: while, as for Florence, she has made a clean confession to her sister.—Now, are you going to make Flo miserable as well as yourself?'

'I am grieved to learn,' muttered Jack, 'that I have unintentionally caused your sister temporary distress. But as for myself—I think a fellow need not feel particularly miserable in living up to his word.—No; I shall marry Metta Larned.'

'Wait a while,' continued Knighton, laying his hand upon his friend's shoulder. 'Metta Larned does not love you! What do you say to that?'

'Possibly so. But how do you know that to be the case?'

'Because—why—er (you haven't a pistol about you, Delancey?)— Well, the fact is that Met loves me, and I love her; and if you do not seriously object, we should both of us like to release you from your engagement!—Yes,' he went on, 'I suppose you ought to demand an explanation and satisfaction from me for robbing you of your affianced bride. But I did not begin the robbery until I was tolerably sure that I shouldn't be striking you very hard. As I said, I surmised a good deal when you went away, and I learned much more before you started for home. A month ago, Cal Larned died—gored, by a young bull—and before his death; he confessed to me that he had terrorised Met and

played a "bluff game" with you.—You are not very angry, are you, Delancey?

Jack certainly did not look very angry, and he grasped his friend's hand and shook it with remarkable vigour.

The Honourable Spencer Knighton is still known as Spence Knight on, the Delancey ranch, of which he is sole proprietor; but Jack Delancey of Wyoming is no more, his friends having rechristened that gentleman with his old name when he settled down to the pleasant life of an English country Squire.

CLOCKS.

THE introduction of clocks into Great Britain we apparently owe to the Dutch. In 1368 Edward III. granted a license for three mechanics to come over from Delft in Holland, permitting them to pursue their trade in England, also for the edification of the mechanics of our own land, whereby they might be initiated in the art by the more skilful aliens. The oldest known clock in England is one which is fixed in a turret at Hampton Court. It was constructed, and there fitted up, by command of Henry VIII., in the year 1540. From the period of their introduction down to the reign of Elizabeth they were called orloges or horologes. Until after the Restoration, clocks found their patrons only in London and other large towns, for, in country houses, up to the date mentioned, the 'ancient sun-dial' held its own.

In the reign of Charles I., prior to the outbreak of the civil war, there was an improvement brought about in the mechanism of clockwork. This advance in the march of invention we owe to a native of Cheshire. Sir Joseph Wright, of Moreton, in the afore-mentioned county, was the person who originated this forward movement. There is no record of the particular points of improvement for which we are indebted to Sir Joseph; but it is certain that clockwork—which had hitherto been but crude, from a mechanical point of view—took a rapid stride towards its present state of completeness.

Amongst remarkable public clocks, there are two which stand foremost—those of Lyons and Strassburg. They are well worth attention, partly on account of their curious workmanship, and partly because of their richness of ornament and originality of design. In the former, two horsemen, fully armed *cap-à-pie*, encounter in deadly combat, as it were, and beat the hour upon each other's armour. Then a door opens, and an image of the Virgin, bearing in her arms the child Jesus, steps out. She in turn is followed by the magi, with retinue marching 'all in good order,' presenting their gifts, heralded by trumpets, which continue to breathe forth from their brazen throats while the procession is in movement. The scene which the Strassburg clock presents is as follows: At each hour, as the clock goes round, there is a cock which claps its wings; again, in this, a door opens, and an angel appears, who salutes the Virgin; then the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descends and alights upon the shoulder of the Virgin.

About sixty-five years ago the East India Company presented the then Emperor of China with two timepieces, manufactured by English artists. They were of the finest workmanship that was ever executed. They were of similar design, and so it is only needful to describe one of them. It was in the form of a chariot, which was of solid gold. A lady is seated, in a languishing attitude, leaning her right hand on that side of the chariot. In the centre of the same side is set the clock itself, with its face outwards, and which is no larger than a shilling. It strikes and repeats, and, upon being wound up, goes for eight days. A bird, which is almost completely made up of diamonds and rubies, rests upon the lady's finger. At striking-time it flutters its wings for several minutes. It is something less than the sixteenth part of an inch from the tip of its bill to the extremity of the tail. Inside its body are contained some of the works which animate it. In her left hand the lady holds a golden tube which is little thicker than a large pin, and upon the top of which is fixed a small round ornament of the size of a sixpence. As long as the clock continues to go, this ornament moves round with a regular perpetual motion. The top of the ornament is studded thickly with precious stones, as is the whole chariot. Above the fair occupant's head is a sort of canopy, under which is placed a bell. To the inquisitive eye the bell reveals no apparent connection with the clock save as an ornament. But there is a secret communication between the two. At the hour, from under the shade of the canopy there descends a hammer, which strikes smartly and sharply against the mellow-sounding bell. This performance can be repeated at pleasure simply by touching a catch in the form of a minute diamond button. The chariot can be set in motion by the touching of a spring, and will run in either a circular or a straight direction. As it moves, there are two birds which appear as if flying in the air. It needs a close glance to discover that they are attached by wires, pliable and strong, yet no thicker than a hair, to the canopy of the chariot. The clock, together with its carriage-rest, its furniture and appointments, is a wonder of compactness, as it is a marvel of dazzling brilliancy and costliness.

IN A CALIFORNIAN CAÑON.

THE hills are verdured with the pines and firs;
On mossy banks the lady-fern peeps out,
And from the chasms and sunny slopes about,
Nature, revived and beauteous, stirs;
Where yonder bird his tiny pinions whirs,
The red-stemmed manganita is abloom
With delicate bells; and from the thicket's gloom
The Wrennet practises his trills and slurs.
Odours of pine and bay tree fill the air;
The sun shines warm on rocks and springing grass;
The white clouds break apart and softly pass
Out of the deep blue sky; and over them,
Where but a while ago the snow-drifts lay,
The hills wear all their mingled blue and gray.

VIRNA WOODS.

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COMPLETION OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.

By ONE OF THE ASSISTANT ENGINEERS.

THE briefest glance at the map of Scotland abundantly evidences the *raison d'être* of the gigantic structure across the Firth of Forth, whose successful completion has just marked so important an era in the annals of engineering.

Various projects had from time to time been mooted for the bridging of the Firth, but were one by one abandoned. In 1881, however, the North British, Great Northern, North-Eastern, and Midland Railway Companies, being anxious to attain direct communication to the north of Scotland, which should enable them to compete with the west coast companies for this traffic on equal if not more favourable terms, instructed their respective consulting engineers, Sir John Fowler, K.C.M.G., the late Mr Harrison, and Mr Barlow, to report on the matter. On the 4th May 1881 these engineers submitted a joint Report, the result of prolonged consultations, unanimously agreeing that the steel cantilever Bridge designed by Sir John Fowler and Mr B. Baker fulfilled all the necessary conditions, and was the least expensive and most suitable design for bridging the Firth of Forth. The Forth Bridge Railway Company accordingly appointed Sir John Fowler and Mr B. Baker as engineers for the undertaking; and by the close of 1882 the contract was let to the combined firm of Messrs Tancred, Arrol, & Co., who forthwith commenced active operations.

Before passing to the building of the structure and the many points of interest therewith connected, we propose briefly to deal with the principle of the cantilever and the general features of the Bridge itself.

The word 'cantilever,' which denotes a bracket, is becoming rapidly popularised. In the Forth Bridge, as will be seen from the annexed diagrams, the brackets are double, being placed back to back and fastened together. No better illustration of the cantilever principle can be given than that of Mr Baker's 'human cantilever'—namely, two men

sitting on chairs, with extended arms, and supporting the same by grasping sticks butting against the chairs. In the Forth Bridge the chairs must be imagined to be placed a third of a mile apart, and the men's heads to be three hundred and sixty feet above the ground. Their arms are represented by huge steel lattice members, and the sticks or props by steel tubes twelve feet in diameter and one inch and a quarter thick.

No novelty is claimed for the cantilever system. It is, as a matter of fact, a prehistoric arrangement, as illustrated in the stone corbel and lintel combinations found in the earliest Egyptian and Indian temples.

Passing on to the leading dimensions of the Forth Bridge, the total length of the structure is 8296 feet, or nearly 1½ miles; and there are two spans of 1710 feet, two of 680 feet, fifteen approach viaduct spans of 168 feet, four granite arches of 57 feet span on the south shore; with three arches of similar construction and 25 feet span at the corresponding northern abutment. A clear headway of 150 feet at high-water spring-tides is allowed. The extreme height of the structure is 361 feet above high-water, the greatest depth of the foundations being about 90 feet below the same level.

The main masonry piers, three in number, situated respectively on the south shore, on the island of Inchgarvie (an island fortuitously placed midway between the two deep channels), and on the Fife shore, consist each of a group of four masonry columns of concrete or rubble faced with granite, and 49 feet in diameter at the top by 36 feet high; resting either on solid rock, as in the case of the Fife and two northern Inchgarvie piers; or on caissons filled with concrete, as in the case of the two southern Inchgarvie and the Queensferry piers.

The masonry abutments at each end of the Bridge call for no special remark, and may be here dealt with. Their dimensions have been already given. The foundations were in the dry, and presented no features of difficulty. The piers and arches were built of granite brought

from the well-known quarries at Aberdeen direct to the site by sea.

Upwards of 21,000 tons of cement, 707,000 cubic feet of granite, and 117,000 cubic feet of masonry and concrete were employed in the foundations and piers; whilst no less than one million cubic feet of timber were used for temporary purposes.

Whilst the foundations and masonry had been proceeding, steady progress had been maintained in the workshops in preparing the materials for the cantilevers. Visitors to South Queensferry



Fig. 1.—General View of the Forth Bridge.

will recall to mind the admirable equipment of the workshops and guides-yards and the interesting methods of dealing with the steel plates and bars. It is beyond the limits of the space at our disposal to deal with the plant employed in manipulation of the guide-work in any detail; suffice it merely to point out that from the eight hundred

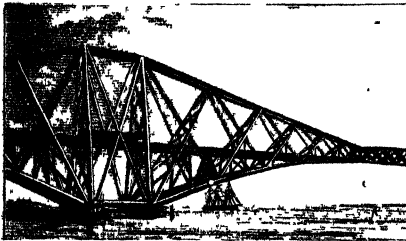


Fig. 2.—One of the Cantilevers.

ton hydraulic bending-press, employed for bending the plates forming the tubes, down to the smallest tool, the latest and most approved machinery was adopted, a large quantity of it being specially designed for the work. The drill-roads with their admirable plant will be recollected, where the various members were fitted together, drilled, and then taken down, to be subsequently re-erected *in situ*.

It is unnecessary to do more than mention the numerous offices, stores, dwelling-houses, &c., located for the work. The requirements and organisation of a vast staff of men numbering at one time over four thousand for the carrying out of such an undertaking will be readily apparent to our readers.

The erection of the so-called vertical tubes over the main piers formed the first stage after the completion of the bed-plates and skew-backs. These columns are twelve feet in diameter and three hundred and forty-three feet high. They were built to a height of about thirty feet by means of ordinary cranes supported on timber staging. The remainder of their erection was

performed from a platform, which, elevated by means of hydraulic lifting presses working inside the columns, was carried up with them. The platform, which was raised about sixteen feet at a lift, carried with it all necessary cranes, rivet furnaces, &c., in addition to shelters for the men. Access to the platform was gained by means of cages, similar to those employed in mines, and actuated in a like manner by winding-engines; all material, &c., being similarly wound up to the platform ready for erection.

The riveting of the work was performed by specially designed machines, worked by hydraulic power; the rivets, of which there are no fewer than eight millions in the entire structure, being heated in furnaces burning refuse oil, a novelty which has proved so successful that its use is now largely adopted.

The erection of the vertical columns being completed in some six months, the top member connecting them (see fig. 2) was duly built into position on the platform, now resting on the summit of the columns. Meanwhile, the bottom members, formed of tubes varying in diameter from twelve feet to five feet, were carried out on either side by means of a crane secured to a movable groundwork, which travelling along the tube itself followed up the erection. The top members and the upper portions of the struts and ties were erected by means of special cranes travelling along the top members themselves.

The material, already fitted, drilled, and in some cases also partially riveted up in the workshops on shore, was brought in steam barges to the ends of the cantilevers, and by means of the cranes already enumerated, speedily transferred to their final position in the structure.

Various methods were proposed for the erection of the 350 feet central span joining the arms of the cantilevers; that finally adopted being to build it out from each end, cantilever fashion, with the requisite temporary supports, until a junction in the middle was effected. The southern central girder was closed on October 10, 1889; that over the northern channel on the 7th November following.

The 54,000 tons of steel employed in the Forth Bridge is that known as mild steel, and was made on the open hearth or Siemens-Martin process. Two qualities were employed, one to resist tensile and the other compressive strains; having strengths respectively of thirty to thirty-three, and thirty-four to thirty-seven tons per square inch in tension. Under the combined circumstances of the most adverse conditions for the stability of the structure, the maximum rolling load, and the fiercest hurricane, the strain will never exceed seven and a half tons per square inch, and in some parts considerably less: it will readily be perceived how ample is the margin of safety allowed.

The changes resulting from variations of temperature have of necessity to be allowed for, and in so large a structure they are considerable—an inch for every hundred feet being arranged for in expansion and contraction, the space over the whole length of the structure gives for this purpose no less than seven feet. For each pier and cantilever, with part of the connecting girder which it has to carry, eighteen inches of play have been designed.

The surface of the Bridge requiring to be kept painted is no less than twenty acres; whilst the rivets employed if laid end to end would cover about 380 miles in length; and the plates used in the construction would extend a distance of over forty-four miles.

The structure was tested by the engineers on the 21st January of this year by placing on the centre of the two 1700 feet main spans, two trains, each made up of fifty loaded coal-wagons, and three of the heaviest engines and tenders; the total load thus massed upon the span being the enormous weight of 1800 tons, or more than double that which the Bridge will ever in practice be called upon to sustain. The results attained were most satisfactory in every respect, and in exact accordance with the calculations of the engineers. Three days later, the first passenger train was driven across the structure by the Marchioness of Tweeddale. The formal opening ceremony is fixed for the 4th of March, and will be performed by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The approach lines in connection with the Forth Bridge are rapidly nearing completion, and consist of lines between Winchburgh and Dalmeny—giving direct access to the Bridge from Glasgow—and between the Bridge and Edinburgh. On the north side, Inverkeithing is being directly connected with the Bridge, and Burntisland with Inverkeithing. Various shorter lines and widenings are being carried out, and the Glenfarg Railway is being pushed forward to completion.

In conclusion, we may add that the Forth Bridge and the approach lines will, it is confidently anticipated, reduce the journey from Edinburgh to Perth or Dundee from two and a half hours to little more than one hour. In the same manner the run from Edinburgh to Aberdeen should be made in three and a half hours instead of four and a half or five; and that to Inverness in six and a half instead of eight hours; whilst on the journey from London to the north of Scotland a saving of an hour or an hour and a half may be anticipated.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER VIII.—A STRANGE CARGO.

WE took the north-east trades on the Canary parallels; but they blew a very light breeze, occasionally failing us, indeed, with more than once a positive hint of a shift in the western sky, though no change happened. Captain Keeling declared that in all his time he never remembered the like of so faint a trade-wind. Yet we managed to kill the time with some degree of entertainment to ourselves.

Collidge and I were good friends, and had long yarns together in our cabin and on deck. The characteristic I liked him best for was a certain naïveté. He would speak of his engagement with Fanny Crawley as a schoolboy might of a like experience, and not seem to know what to make of it. One day he was lying in his bunk smoking a pipe, and he had lugged her portrait from his breast-pocket to have a look at it.

'Upon my word, Dugdale,' said he languidly, 'hang me now, if it was not for Fanny here, I'd propose to Louise Temple. She's a ripping girl, and the sort of woman my father would like; a fine stately presence for a drawing-room, eh? Figure the dignity with which she would kiss the hand of a sovereign, making the business quite the other way about by her salutation, and queening it to the confusion of every eye. My father doesn't very much care about Fanny—has no style, he thinks—nothing distinguished about her.'

'But you are engaged to her with his sanction, I presume?'

'I don't know,' he answered.

I laughed, and said: 'Has Miss Temple heard that you're engaged to be married?'

'No,' he answered with a small air of confusion; 'there was no need to tell her. What should there be in such a confession to interest her? You're the only person on board the ship that I have mentioned the thing to. Of course I can trust to you,' said he so thoughtfully.

'Trust me?' I exclaimed, laughing again. 'There is nothing wrong surely in this engagement that you should fear the betrayal of the secret of it? But since it is a secret, it is perfectly safe in my keeping.'

'Do you think I ought to tell Miss Temple that I'm engaged?' said he.

'Well, if you are making love to her,' said I, 'it might be as well to give her a hint that you're not in earnest.'

'Oh, but, confound it, I am!' he cried. 'I mean,' he added, catching himself up, 'I think her a doocidly charming girl, and the most delightful creature to flirt with that ever I met in my life; but if I go and tell her I'm engaged'—

'Well?'

'It would knock my association with her on the head. It is not as if Fanny were within reach of an early post. Even if I were disposed to break off my engagement with her, it must take me some months to do it.—I've understood me?'

'You mean, of course,' said I, 'that no letter can reach her under seven or eight months, unless, indeed, you conveyed one to her by a homeward-bound ship.'

'Ay; but putting the homeward-bound ship aside, Fanny could not know of my resolution—were it ever to come to that—until she received the letter I posted to her in India; therefore, I should have to consider myself engaged to her all that time.'

'No doubt,' said I, beginning to feel bored.

'Miss Temple would take that view,' said he, 'and that's why I don't choose to tell her the truth.'

'I don't quite follow your logic,' I exclaimed; 'but no matter. It may be that you want too much in the way of sweethearts. But so far as your secret goes, you can trust me to hold my tongue. Possibly, I may admire Miss Temple as warmly as you do; see qualities in her superior even to her excellence as a mistress of postures; but I do not yet love her so passionately as not to wish to see her chastened a bit by the lesson she is likely to learn from your delight in her society.'

'I don't understand,' he exclaimed, lazily knocking the ashes of his pipe out through the open porthole.

'Neither do I,' cried I, springing to my legs with a loud yawn. 'Heaven bless us, my dear Colledge! here are we now, I daresay, a fair thousand miles from the nearest African headland. Surely we are distant enough from all civilisation, then, to be clear of the influence of the girls! Take my advice, and keep your heart whole till you get to India. There may be a Princess waiting for you there, more likely to value a tiger-hide offering than Miss Temple; whilst Miss Crawley's broken heart will mend apace when she learns that your wife has a black skin.'

'Oh, hang it all!'—I heard him begin; but I was sick of the subject, and sauntered forth to see what was doing on deck.

When I arrived on the poop, I found the captain standing aft surrounded by a number of ladies, directing a binocular glass at the sea over the starboard bow. The chief-mate at the head of the poop ladder was likewise staring into the same quarter, with Mr Johnson alongside, bothering him with questions, and little Saunders on tiptoe, to see over the rail, fanning his face with a large flapping black wide-awake.

I stepped to the side to look, and saw some object about a mile distant, that emitted a wet flash of light from time to time. I asked the mate to lend me his glass, and at once made the thing out to be a capsized hull of a vessel of about eighty tons. She floated almost to the line of her yellow sheathing, and the gold-like metal rising wet to the sun from the soft sweep of the blue brine darted flashes as dazzling as flame from the mouth of a cannon.

I returned the glass to Mr Prance.

'She has not been long in that condition, I think,' said I.

'Not twenty-four hours, I should say,' he answered. 'I see no wreckage floating about her.'

'Nor I. If she had a crew on board when she turned turtle,' I said, 'she may have clapped down upon them as you imprison flies under a tumbler.'

'God bless us, what a dreadful death to die!' cried little Saunders. 'I can conceive of no agony to equal that of being in a cabin in a sinking ship and going down with her, and knowing that she is under water and still settling.'

The little chap shuddered and pilled out a great blue pocket-handkerchief, with which he dried his forehead.

'How long could a man live in a cabin under water?' asked Mr Johnson.

'Long enough to come off with his life,' answered the mate, bringing the glass from his eye and looking at Mr Johnson. 'I'll give you a queer yarn in a few words, sir; wild enough to furnish out an A1 copper-bottomed sea-tale to some one of you literary gentlemen. A small vessel was dismasted 'twixt Tarifa and Tangier in the middle of the Gut there. All her crew saving one man got away in the boat. The fellow that was left lay drunk in the cabin. A sea shifted her cargo; shortly after she capsized and went down. A few days later, that same

ship floated up from the bottom of the sea on to the shore near Tangier. She was boarded, and they found the man alive in the cabin.'

'What was the vessel's cargo, Mr Prance?' inquired little Saunders.

'Oil and brandy, sir.'

'Don't you think,' exclaimed Mr Johnson, 'that your story is one that would be very acceptable to the marines, Mr Prance, but that would not be believed by your sailors were you to tell it to them?'

Here the captain, who had been slowly coming forward, accompanied by half-a-dozen ladies, interrupted us.

'Mr Prance.'

'Sir?'

'That object yonder is a danger in the way of navigation. I think it would be kind in us to send a shot at it.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'We will shift the helm,' continued old Keeling, in the skivered, buttoned-up sort of voice and air he was wont to use when addressing his mates in the presence of the passengers, 'so as to bring the wreck within reach of our carronades.'

'Very good, sir.'

'I expect,' continued old marline-spike, 'that she is floating on the air in her hold rather than on her cargo, even though it be cork; and if we can knock a hole in her, she will sink.'

Mr Prance went aft to the wheel, and the vessel's course was changed. Instructions went forward; and the boatswain, who combined with his duties the functions of chief-gunner aboard the *Countess Ida*, superintended the loading of a couple of pieces.

'Please tell me when they are going to fire, Mr Riley, that I may stop my ears,' cried Miss Hudson, who looked a very lovely little woman that morning in a wide straw hat and a body of some muslin-like material, through which the snow of her throat and neck showed, making you think of a white rose in a crystal vase.

Mr Greenhew, with a glance full of scissors and thumbscrews, as sailors say, at Mr Riley, told Miss Hudson that if she objected to the noise, she would insist that the gun should not be fired, and would make it a personal matter between himself and the captain if the carronades were discharged.

'Not for worlds, thank you very much all the same,' said Miss Hudson, sending a languishing look at him through her eyelashes; which, being witnessed by Mr Riley, would, I did not doubt, occasion a large expenditure of sarcasm between the young men later on.

The motion of the ship was very slow, and we had floated almost imperceptibly down upon the wreck. The skipper then suggested that the ladies should go aft, and off they went in a flutter and huddle of many-coloured gowns, Mrs Colonel Barnister leading the way, and Mrs Hudson limping in the wake with her fingers in her ears. A chap with a purple face and immense whiskers was sighting the piece.

'Let fly now, whenever you are ready,' shouted Mr Prance.

There was a roaring explosion. Mr Johnson recoiled on to the feet of Mr Emmett, who

shouted with pain, and went hopping to the skylight with a foot in his hand. There were several screeches from the ladies, and methought the whiskers of the Colonel, who stood beside me thirstily looking on, forked out with an added tension of every separate fibre, to the thunder of the gun and the smell of the powder. The ball flew wide.

'Another shot!' called out Mr Prance.

Bang! went the piece. I had my eye on the wreck at that moment, and saw half the stern-post, from which the rudder was gone, and a few feet of the keel to which it was affixed, vanish like a shattered bottle.

'That's done it!' cried old Keeling with excitement as he stood ogling the wreck through his binocular. 'If a hole that'll let the air out is to sink her, she's as good as foundered.'

He had scarcely said this when there was a sudden roar of voices along the whole length of our ship.

'See! she is full of men!'

'Heart alive, where are they coming from?'

'They're rising as if they were dead bodies, and the last blast was sounding.'

'What'll they be? What'll they be?'

'Defend us! they must all be afloat in a minute and drowning!'

Fifty exclamations of this kind rolled along the bulwarks, where the sailors had gathered in their full company to watch the effect of the shot. There was no glass within reach of me; but my sight was keen, and at the first blush I believed that the hull had been a slaver, that she had capsized when full of negroes, and that our round-shot had made a man-hole aft big enough for them to escape through. There were twenty or thirty of them. They came thrusting through the aperture with extraordinary agility, and most of them held a very firm seat on the clean line of the keel. But every now and again one or another of them would lose his balance and slide down the hard bright surface of the yellow sheathing upon the round of the bilge plump into the water, where you would observe him making frantic but idle efforts to reascend the wet and slippery slope.

'Monkeys, as I am a man!' roared Mr Prance.

'A cargo of monkeys, sir!' shouted the skipper from the other end of the poop, whilst he kept his glasses levelled at the wreck.

A sort of groaning note of astonishment, followed by a wild shout of laughter, came along from the Jacks. Indeed, one needed to look hard at the thing to believe in it, so incredibly odd was the incident. One moment the wreck was a mere curve of naked yellow sheathing flashing to the sun as it rolled; the next, pouff! went the thunder of one gun, and as, though its grinning adamant lips owned some magical and diabolical potency of invocation, lo! the hole made by the shot was vomiting monkeys, and in a trice the radiant rounds of the keel-up fabric were covered with the figures of squatting, clinging, grinning creatures of all sizes, some like little hairy babies, some like men as large at least as Mr Saunders.

'There'll be a human being rising out of that hole before long, I expect,' said Mr Prance. 'He must needs be slower than the monkeys if he's a man.—How many d'ye make, Mr Dagdale?'

'Some thirty or forty,' said I. 'But I tell you what, Mr Prance: there'll be none left in a few minutes, for the hull is sinking rapidly.'

At that instant Captain Keeling sung out: 'Mr Prance—have one of the quarter-boats manned. It is as I thought—the hull was floating on the air in her hold, and she's settling rapidly. We can't let those poor creatures drown. Get the main topsail backed.'

A boat's crew came bundling aft to the cry of the mate; in a mighty hurry the grips were cast adrift, and the tackles slackened away with the men in their places, and the fourth officer in the stern sheets shipping the rudder as the boat sank. There was a deal of confusion for the moment, what with the tumbling aft of the sailors, the passengers getting out of their road, the hubbub of ladies' voices, and the cries of the seamen dragging upon the weather main-braces to back the yard.

'There she goes!' cried I; 'there'll not be many of the creatures rescued, I believe. Monkeys are indifferent swimmers.'

'Lively now, Mr Jenkinson,' yelled Mr Prance to the fourth officer, 'or they'll all be drowned.'

The chaps gave way with a will, and the boat buzzed towards the patch of little black heads that rose and sank upon the swell as though a sack of cocoanuts had been capsized out there. All hands stood gazing in silence. The drowning struggle of a single beast is a pitiful sight; but to see a crowd perishing, a whole mob of brutes horribly counterfeiting the aspect and motions of suffering humanity with their faces and gestures, is painful, and indeed intolerable. The ladies had come to the forward end of the poop out of the way of the seamen pulling upon the main brace, and I found myself next to Miss Temple at the rail.

'They are monkeys, I suppose?' she said, swiftly shooting a glance of her black eyes at me, and then staring again seawards with her pale face as passionless as a piece of carving, and nothing to show that she was in the least degree moved by the excitement of the scene of drowning monkeys and speeding boat, saving her parted lips, as though she breathed a little fast.

'They are as much monkeys,' said I, 'as fur and tails can make a creature.'

'Do you suppose there were living people locked up in that hold?'

'God forbid!' said I. 'It is not a thing to conjecture now.'

'How could those monkeys have lived without air?'

'Air there must have been, Miss Temple, or they could not have lived. The story of the wreck seems simple enough to my mind. She was, no doubt, a little schooner from the Brazilian coast, bound to a European port with a freight of monkeys, which are always a saleable commodity. They would be stowed away somewhere aft in the run, perhaps, as it is called. The vessel capsized, and floated, as Captain Keeling suggested, upon the air in her. Our cannon-ball knocked a hole in the hull right over the monkeys' quarters, and out they came. I can tell you of more wonderful things than that.'

'She must have capsized, as you call it; very recently,' said she, glancing at me again—it was

rarely more than a glance with her, as though she believed that such beauty as her eyes had entitled them to a royal privacy.

'No doubt,' I answered.

By this time the boat had reached the spot where the hulk had foundered, and we could see the men lying over the side picking up the monkeys. I ran my gaze eagerly over the surface there, somehow fancying that one or more bodies of men might rise; but there was nothing in that way to be seen. The boat lingered with the fellows in her standing up and looking around them. They then re-seated themselves, the oars sparkled, and presently the little fabric came rushing through the water to alongside.

'How many have you picked up, Mr Jenkins?' cried the mate.

'Only eight, sir. I believe they were half-dead with hunger and thirst, and had no strength to swim, for most of them had sunk before we could approach them.'

'Hand the poor brutes up.'

Some of the Jacks jumped into the chains to receive the creatures, and they were passed over the rail on to the quarter-deck. Deeply as one might pity the unhappy brutes, it was impossible to look at them with a grave face. One of them was an ape with white whiskers like a frill, and a tuft of hair upon his brow that made the rest of his head look bald. He had lost an eye, but the other blinker was so full of human expression that I found myself shaking with laughter as I watched him. He sat on his hams like a Lascar, gazing up at us with his one eye with a wrinkled and grinning countenance of appeal grotesque beyond the wildest fancies of the caricaturist. There was one pretty little chap with red fur upon his breast like a waistcoat. Some of the creatures, on feeling the warm planks of the deck, lay down in the exact posture of human beings, reposing their heads upon their extended arms and closing their eyes.

'Bo'sun,' called Mr Prance, 'get those poor beasts forward and have water and food given them. Swing the topsail yard—lee main topsail braces.'

In a few minutes the quarter-deck was clear again, with an ordinary seaman swabbing the wet spaces left by the monkeys, and the ship quietly pushing forwards on her course.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF PENNY POSTAGE.

THE Jubilee of Penny Postage and its inception by Sir Rowland Hill, is an event well calculated to arouse the deepest interest throughout the civilised world, for that great social reform, introduced fifty years ago, has unquestionably spread its beneficial influence over every country in which a postal system of any kind exists.

The Hill family were, we know, in those bygone days far from being well off, and were often hard put to find the money to pay the high postage on letters which they received. Born in 1795, Rowland Hill was considerably past middle life before he entertained any idea of practising his reforming hand on the Post-

office, and had passed a busy existence chiefly as a schoolmaster, in which capacity he had indulged in many schemes, scholastic and otherwise, with more or less success. At the time that his attention was first directed to Post-office matters, he was employed as Secretary of the Commissioners for the Colonisation of South Australia. He was no doubt attracted to the subject of postal reform by the frequent discussions which were then taking place in parliament in regard to the matter. Mr Wallace of Kelly, the member for Greenock, who was the champion of the cause in the House of Commons, was fierce in his denunciation of the existing abuses and irregularities of the post, and subsequently proved a strong, and able advocate of the scheme for postage reform.

Once arrested by the subject which has since made his life famous, Rowland Hill went to work in a very systematic manner. Firstly, he read very carefully all the Reports relative to the Post-office; then he placed himself in communication with Mr Wallace and the Postmaster-general, both of whom readily supplied him with all necessary information. In this manner he made himself acquainted with his subject, with the result that, in 1837, he published his famous pamphlet on *Post-office Reform: its Importance and Practicability*, the first edition being circulated privately amongst the members of parliament and official people; whilst some months later a second edition was published which was given to the public.

We have to remember that at this time the postage charges were enormously high, that they depended not upon weight alone, but also upon the number of enclosures, and that they varied according to distance. Thus, for example, a letter under one ounce in weight and with one enclosure (that is, sheet or scrap of paper) posted in London for delivery within the metropolitan area, or even, we believe, fifteen miles out, cost 2d.; if for delivery thirty miles out, 3d.; eighty miles out, 4d.; and so on. Again, as showing how the charges according to enclosure operated, a letter with a single enclosure from London to Edinburgh was charged 1s. 1½d.; if double, 2s. 3d.; and if treble, 3s. 4½d. Moreover, the charges were not consistently made, for whereas an Edinburgh letter (posted in London) was charged 1s. 1½d., a letter for Louth, which cost the Post-office fifty times as much as the former letter, was only charged 10d.

The public, however, found means of their own of remedying the evil, which, if not wholly legitimate, were under the circumstances to be regarded with some degree of leniency. Letter-smuggling was a not unnatural result of the high and disproportionate charges referred to, and was almost openly adopted to an extent that is hardly credible. Thus, many Manchester merchants—Mr Cobden amongst the number—stated before the Post-office Inquiry Committee appointed in 1838, their belief that four-fifths of the letters written in that town did not pass through the Post-office. A carrier in Scotland confessed to

having carried sixty letters daily for a number of years, and knew of others who carried five hundred daily. A Glasgow publisher and book-seller said he sent and received fifty letters or circulars daily, and added that he was not caught until he had sent twenty thousand letters otherwise than through the post! There were also other methods of evading the postage rates at work. Letters were smuggled in newspapers, which in these days passed free within a stated period through the post, the postage being covered by the stamp duty impressed on the papers. Invisible ink, too, was used for inditing messages on the newspapers themselves; while the use of certain pre-arranged codes on the covers of letters was likewise systematically adopted, the addressees, after turning the letters over and learning from the covers all they desired to know, declining to take in the letters on the ground that they could not afford to pay the postage.

The system of 'franking' letters in the high-postage days led to an appalling abuse of that privilege, which belonged to peers and members of the House of Commons. It was no doubt originally allowed to enable members to correspond with their constituents; but under the circumstances it is perhaps not surprising that the plan soon became abused, and was ultimately used to cover all kinds of correspondence, not only members' but other people's as well. At one time, indeed, all sorts of curious packages passed free under the franking privilege, such as dogs, a cow, parcels of lace, bales of stockings, boxes of medicine, hitches of bacon, &c. Sometimes, indeed, franked covers were actually sold; and they have even been known to be given in lieu of wages to servants, who speedily converted them into ready-money.

This abuse, taken together with the illicit traffic in letters, so openly and widely carried on, formed of course a most important argument in favour of the proposals for cheap postage formulated by Rowland Hill, and no doubt did much to damage the cause of his opponents. But there is one other abuse to which Londoners were subject which may just be mentioned. At that time the Twopenny Post was in operation in the English metropolis, and would have fairly served the inhabitants in postal matters if it had not been for the practice which existed of allowing commercial houses and other firms who were willing to pay for the privilege to have their letters picked out from the general heap and delivered by special postmen, and so enable them to get their correspondence an hour earlier than those who did not pay the 'quarterage,' as it was termed, of five shillings (per quarter), and which, it appears, went into the pockets of the postmen concerned, many of whom, we are told, and it can easily be understood, thus made incomes of from three to four hundred pounds a year. However beneficial such a system was to commerce and trade in London, it operated most unfairly on ordinary correspondents, and it was certainly not the least of the evils which the introduction of Penny Postage swept away.

It is not necessary to enter at any length into all the arguments that weighed with Rowland Hill in propounding his great scheme. It need

only be very briefly stated that the great point to which he applied himself was the cost to the Post-office of receiving, transmitting, and delivering a letter. Having roughly and, as subsequently proved, not inaccurately calculated the average postage at sixpence farthing per letter, he then went to work to ascertain the expenses of management; and the result of his investigations showed that, no matter what distance had to be traversed, the average cost of each letter to the government was less than one-tenth of a penny! From this there was only one conclusion that could well be forced on his mind, and that was a uniform rate of postage. Having solved this great problem, there were many other matters of adjustment and improvement to which his attention had to be given. He was, for example, not long in deciding that the charge according to enclosures was an iniquitous one, and that a just and fair tax could only be made according to weight. Then, again, he clearly saw that the principle of throwing the postage on the recipients of letters was an improper one, while it was also a burden on the Post-office employees. The prepayment of postage became necessarily a feature of his plan; but he experienced some difficulty in arriving at a feasible method of adopting it. At first he considered that this might be carried out by payment of money over the counter; but he subsequently came to the conclusion that the purposes of the public and the Post-office would be better served by the use of some kind of stamp or stamped covers for letters, and this arrangement he brought forward and fully explained before the Commissioners of Post-office Inquiry, referring to it as 'Mr Knight's excellent suggestion.' The following extract from the Commissioners' Report, which gives a brief description of the proposed arrangement, may perhaps be read with interest at the present time:

'That stamped covers, or sheets of paper, or small vignette stamps—the latter, if used, to be gummed on the face of the letter—be supplied to the public from the Stamp-office, and sold at such a price as to include the postage. Letters so stamped to be treated in all respects as franks. That each should have the weight it is entitled to carry legibly printed upon the stamp. That the stamp of the receiving-house should be struck upon the superscription or duty stamp, to prevent the latter being used a second time. The vignette stamps being portable, persons could carry them in their pocket-books.'

The proposed arrangement met with approval from the Commissioners, and also from the Committee on Postage in 1837 and 1838; and, in consequence, the Penny Postage Act of 1840 contained a clause providing for the use of such stamps and stamped covers.

Such were the main points of Rowland Hill's plan, which was so logical and reasonable in all its features, and so intelligible to the popular mind, that it can be readily understood how heartily it was embraced by the general public. But popular as his scheme was with the mass of the people, it encountered the bitterest opposition from many quarters; and in successfully carrying it through, Rowland Hill had, like most other great reformers, to overcome huge difficulties and obstacles. It is very amusing at this distance of time, when we have become so

accustomed to the immense advantages of penny postage as to view them almost as part of the ordinary conditions of life, to recall some of the arguments used fifty years ago against the measure. Lord Lichfield, as Postmaster-general, in advertent to the scheme in the House of Lords, described it thus, 'of all the wild visionary schemes which I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant;' and endorsed this statement six months later when he had given more attention to the subject, being 'even still more firmly of the same opinion.' On a subsequent occasion he contended that the mails would have to carry twelve times as much in weight as before, and therefore the charge would be twelve times the amount then paid. 'The walls of the Post-office,' he exclaimed, 'would burst; the whole area in which the building stands would not be large enough to receive the clerks and letters.' Outside the Post-office, too, as well as by both the Government and Opposition, much animosity was exhibited against the proposal.

If, however, the opposition against the introduction of Penny Postage was strong, the advocacy of the plan was no less powerful, while, moreover, it was thoroughly backed by popular opinion. Complaints as to the high rates of postage flowed in, and parliament was nearly inundated with petitions in favour of the scheme, which also received much literary support. The Mercantile Committee during all the time of agitation actively spread information of the progress of the measure, with a view to rouse the public to a sense of its importance. The *Post* circular kept circulating; and handbills, fly-sheets, and pictorial illustrations were freely distributed. One print took a dramatic form, representing 'A Scene at Windsor Castle,' in which the Queen, being in the Council Chamber, is made to say: 'Mothers pawning their clothes to pay the postage of a child's letter! Every subject studying how to evade the postage without caring for the law!'—(To Lord Melbourne): 'I trust, my lord, you have commanded the attendance of the Postmaster-general and Mr Rowland Hill, as I directed, in order that I may hear the reasons of both about this universal Penny Postage plan, which appears to me likely to remove all these great evils.' After the interview takes place, the Queen is made to record the opinion that the plan 'would confer a great boon on the poorer classes of my subjects, and would be the greatest benefit to religion, morals, to general knowledge, and to trade.' This *jeu d'esprit*, which was published by the London Committee, was circulated by thousands, and proved extremely useful in bringing the burning question home in an attractive form to the masses of the nation.

The agitation as to Rowland Hill's scheme lasted for two years, and with such vehemence that the period has become an epoch in the history of this country. The end of the story of this memorable reform is soon told; for an agitation which may be said to have shaken the nation to its core and was felt from end to end of the kingdom could have but one conclusion, and that a successful one. A Parliamentary Committee was appointed to inquire into the matter; and after a session of sixty-three days, reported in favour of Penny Postage. That

was in August 1838. Next year a Bill for Cheap Postage passed through parliament with slight opposition; and on the 12th of November 1839 the Treasury issued a Minute authorising 'a uniform rate of fourpence for inland letters. This was, however, merely a temporary measure, in which Rowland Hill concurred, and was resorted to chiefly to accustom the Post-office clerks to a uniform rate and the system of charging by weight. The full measure of the Penny Postage scheme was accomplished a few months later on, when, on the 10th of January 1840, the uniform rate of One Penny for letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight was officially introduced.

Such in brief is the story of Penny Postage, which has caused such a revolution not only in the postal arrangements of this country, but in the conditions of all sections and grades of society. In the first year of its operation the number of letters posted was more than doubled, the number sent in 1840 being 169,000,000, as against 82,000,000 posted in 1839, including 6,500,000 letters sent under the franking privilege, which was abolished with the introduction of the Penny Postage system. In 1851 the number of letters posted had risen to 670,000,000; while last year the quantity sent reached the fabulous number of 1,558,000,000, or about forty-four letters per head of the population. This refers to letters pure and simple. If we take into account post-cards, newspapers, book-packets, &c., the aggregate number of postal packets posted in 1889 will be found to fall not far short of 2,300,000,000. Truly may it be said that the results of Penny Postage have been stupendous. But more than this; the net revenue derived from postage has long, long since exceeded that which accrued under the old system.

The Story of Penny Postage would be incomplete if we did not add a word as to how the great reformer fared at the hands of his country. With the introduction of his scheme he of course became associated with the Post-office, although at first he held a Treasury appointment, from which, however, after about three years' service, he was dismissed on the ground that his work was finished. Public indignation was aroused at this treatment of one who had already done so much for his country; and the nation seemed to think that the right place for Rowland Hill was at the Post-office, where further useful reforms might well be expected to follow from one who had begun so well. At all events, in 1846 he was restored to office, being appointed Secretary to the Postmaster-general; and eight years later he became Chief Secretary of the Post-office, an appointment which he held for ten years, when, from failing health, he retired with full pay into private life, full of years and honours. Soon after his dismissal from the Treasury, a grateful country subscribed and presented him with the sum of fifteen thousand pounds; and on his retirement, parliament voted him the sum of twenty thousand pounds. In 1860 he received at Her Majesty's hands the dignity of Knight Commander of the Bath; and both before and after his retirement, he was the recipient of many minor honours. In 1879 Sir Rowland Hill was presented with the freedom of the City of London; but he was an old man

then, and only lived a few months to enjoy this civic honour. He had a public funeral, and was accorded a niche in the temple of fame at Westminster.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHETHER he had been dreaming or awake, when the current of thought passed through his brain, Frank Holmes was unable to think. He had been unconsciously rehearsing the evidence given in the police court. It will be remembered that Lady Southfort stated that Miss Neale hardly ever received a letter, and had certainly not received one for weeks prior to her death—except one, which was from a music-seller. How, then, could Margaret Neale have received a communication making an appointment on that Saturday evening? Not through the post; certainly not by telegram, which would have been still more noticeable and not personally, for she rarely went out, and never alone. It was at this point that the light burst upon Frank Holmes—if it should prove to be light, and not merely the mirage of a heated imagination. There was one means of correspondence which no one had thought of as yet, and which was worth investigating.

Miss Neale read the morning papers at the breakfast-table. The murder took place on the 10th of June. Holmes alighted from the cab in Fleet Street, and commenced an examination of the morning papers of that date and of the preceding five days. In that portion of the newspapers popularly known as the 'agony column,' dedicated to intrigues, appointments, truth and falsehood, passions and emotions, for which there is no other outlet or mode of expression, he hoped to discover some clue to Margaret Neale's strange and unaccountable conduct. No man ever studied the print of a newspaper column with an interest more absorbing. As it would be no easy matter to follow an advertisement back to its original source, it was perplexing to discover, in the first newspaper that he searched, no fewer than three notices during the week in question—one of them being on the Saturday morning—which looked capable of an interpretation applicable to the matter in hand. He had not thought of ascertaining the papers taken in at Lady Southfort's house; the *Morning Post* would be one of them; but in that paper he found nothing like what he was looking for. He carefully copied the three advertisements, and studied them over his breakfast in a restaurant. One was from the Wednesday issue, and was as follows: 'Saturday, old time and place.'

The second was in these terms, and appeared on Friday: 'Have you seen my message? Do not fail.' This might, or might not, refer to the former; if, on investigation, it was found to have been inserted by the same person, there would be good grounds for following it up.

The third, however, was more precise—so precise that, appearing on Saturday morning, it made the young man's heart jump: 'M.—At 9.30 to-night, Park. South of Grosvenor Gate.' Holmes, reading this message, so startling in its

significance, had to steady himself by an effort. It was characteristic of him, and of the thoroughness with which he meant to carry out his task, that he restrained himself from starting off at once on so pregnant a clue. That he was strongly of opinion that he had found what he sought, was certainly the case; but, he argued, would it not wait for another hour or two, until he had examined the other papers? Finding nothing like it in their columns, he could address himself to following up the origin of this advertisement with the greater vigour and fixity of purpose.

Yet, as he was passing the offices of the newspaper from which he had taken the notices, on his way to another publishing office, he was unable to resist the temptation to go in and find out where the advertisement had come from. It was the easier for him to do this from the fact that he was personally well known in the office. He knew whom to ask for at that early hour, and was immediately shown to the gentleman he wanted.

'Gissing,' he said at once, 'I want to know who inserted that in the issue of the 10th?' He laid the copy before the assistant-manager as he spoke.

The latter read it and slightly raised his brows. 'I'm afraid I can't oblige you, Mr Holmes. You know that these things are confidential.'

'I am not seeking to indulge curiosity, Gissing. The business I am now upon is more serious. That advertisement appeared the morning of the day Margaret Neale was murdered in Hyde Park. Now, you will understand my motive.'

Mr Gissing started, took up the advertisement and re-read it with deep interest, and then went to a file and confirmed it by referring to the newspaper itself. 'By Jove, Mr Holmes,' he said, 'that does look—odd.'

'If it should turn out that the advertisement has obviously another connection,' said Holmes, 'I will respect the confidence placed in me, should you make known its origin. If, on the other hand, it sheds a light upon that tragedy, surely you will not withhold it?'

'Surely not.—Just wait a minute or two, and I'll tell you where it came from.'

Mr Gissing spent a while turning over the leaves of a large book until he found the advertisement. Opposite the cutting was the cost, and the name of the party ordering the insertion and paying for it. The name was 'J. Grierson, Mount Street, Park Lane.'

'Grierson?' said Frank Holmes, trying to remember the name.

'Grierson. He is a stationer, who takes in advertisements for the morning papers. He could tell you who gave him this one to insert.'

Holmes thanked Mr Gissing, and went away. The discovery looked very ominous; and he thought anxiously of Mary Clayton in view of the final disclosure which seemed looming. What if it should prove the riveting link in the fatal chain of evidence coiled around the prisoner Faune? Holmes had promised her to work for Faune's acquittal; and this was what he was doing! Impelled by a force which he was now unable to resist, he was powerless to turn against it and say: 'I will go no farther!' He would have to go farther—as far as the light would bring him; and he resolved that what he dis-

covered he would place in her own hands, to do as she willed with it.

He strongly felt that there was no need for further investigation until the source of this advertisement had been ascertained. On this, all would depend. He therefore drove off to Mount Street direct, and went into the stationer's shop, asking for the proprietor.

Grierson was not in, which, perhaps, made Holmes's task an easier one, since it was Mrs Grierson whom he saw. She was a nervous little person, evidently not accustomed to her husband's shop. So he ventured at once to ask her to let him know who ordered the insertion of that advertisement in the morning paper of the 10th of June.

She took the copy from his hand in a half-bewildered way, and proceeded mechanically to search the books for the original. Suddenly she shut up the book with a frightened look and gave him back the slip of paper. 'Oh, I was forgetting,' she said quickly; 'I mustn't tell you—we are not allowed to tell anybody. My husband will soon be in, sir, and you can speak to him about it.'

It was hardly fair to use the opportunity; but the husband, for all that Holmes knew, might be an obstinate man—no uncommon phenomenon when you want very particularly any information from the species—and it was of vital importance to discover the author of the advertisement.

'Did you ever see the Miss Neale who was murdered near the top of this street?' he asked.

The woman started, and stared at him. 'Yes, many times,' she answered. 'She used to come here with the young ladies to buy things.'

'Now, Mrs Grierson, I have reason to think that it was in answer to this advertisement that poor Miss Neale was led to go into the Park that night. You notice the date it was the 10th of June. If you conceal the author of that advertisement, you may be concealing the author of her death!'

The woman clasped her hands and trembled from head to foot. Then a hot flush leaped to her face, and with indignant eyes she rushed to the book which she had shut up a minute before. 'Conceal him!' she cried. 'Heaven forbid—oh, the villain!—and seeing her sweet face so often in this very shop—conceal him!—Power of further speech failed her, and she dashed over the leaves of the book with an hysterical energy which seemed likely to rend them in pieces. 'Here it is!' she exclaimed, throwing the book down upon the counter.—'June the 9th. "M.—At 9.30 to-night. Park. South of (Grosvenor Gate).—Look at it, sir, and at the name and address!'

The woman's excitement was hardly greater than his own. The first glance at the handwriting of the original copy sent the blood to his heart; and appended was the familiar signature, 'C. Faune, 313a Mount Street.'

For a time Holmes was unable to speak—almost unable to think. He remained standing before the little counter with his hand upon the open book. The discovery, even though he had anticipated it, stunned him. 'It was the last

What was to be done now? His situation was painfully perplexing. This tremendously ominous piece of evidence was not his alone, to do as he willed with it—it was that woman's, and would presently be her husband's, and within an hour would be in the possession of the police. What promise was it that he had made to Mary Clayton? 'If he were acquitted, I should care nothing! What would this trial matter to me then? Oh, if he should only be acquitted, Frank, I would kiss the feet of the judge and jury who told him he was innocent!' And he had solemnly promised her, then, to do all that lay in his power to secure Faune's acquittal; and her arms flew to his neck as she kissed him for it. What fatality had brought him to this—and what would Mary Clayton think of him? The poor fellow groaned, and for a desperate half-minute was violently tempted to seize the fatal book and make away with it. Nay, he might have done this—thinking of her—but for the suddenly discovered presence of another man behind him, who had entered the shop unobserved by Holmes, and was now regarding, over the young man's shoulder, the writing in the book with quiet but intent interest. It was Mrs Grierson staring at the newcomer who drew the attention of Holmes to him; and slightly starting, he dropped his hands by his side, with a movement of despair, on recognising a noted officer of Scotland Yard.

The officer's interest in the copy of the advertisement changed into a look of unqualified admiration as he spoke to Frank Holmes. 'Mr Holmes, you are a man of genius,' he said quietly. 'No one else would have thought of it. I was up the street, putting ideas together, when I saw you come in here; I only dropped in to have a chat with you, little dreaming of this!'

Holmes felt sick. The officer lost not another moment in taking possession of the book, which he carried away with him.

'This looks very like the missing link, Mr Holmes,' he observed, with deep satisfaction; 'but of course I shall not lay any claim to the credit of it. I should never have made the discovery—nobody except yourself could have done it.'

'For Heaven's sake, Crockcroft,' said Frank Holmes with an air of abhorrence, 'take all the credit of it, and don't bring my name into the business at all!'

'I can't help doing that, Mr Holmes,' replied the conscientious officer; 'but it will only be among ourselves—it is no concern of the public how or by whom the evidence was obtained. I am going to Lady Southport's house now, and I will let you know later on if any further evidence turns up.'

Holmes went on down the street, while the officer turned into Grosvenor Square. The reader knows the intention with which the young man had actively entered into this case, and can measure the feeling with which he reflected on his discovery. Suppose that the officer Crockcroft had not come on the scene when he did—Holmes would have gone, reluctantly, it is true, and communicated to Miss Clayton the evidence he had found. He would have made no use of it without her wishes being known. Now, it was out of his power to keep the discovery back, and

he was grievously uneasy on account of it. She was excited, her nerves were much strung up; would she think unkindly of him for what he had done?

'Holmes could not help sharing the officer's view—that this was the 'missing link'—the evidence, which was felt to be so necessary, of Faune's correspondence with Margaret Neale. It looked perilously like it. The initial M, the time and place, the authorship of the message, all pointed to one dread conclusion. He knew how the police would rivet it.

He remembered his promise to Mr Clayton, and drove into the City. What Mr Clayton had to say to him aroused a very lively interest, and gave him the stimulant which at the time he so much needed.

'It was only yesterday, Frank,' said the banker at once, 'that it struck me. I might have thought of asking you before. You recollect what I spoke about that Saturday night when you came to Cadogan Place?'

'You refer to the—money?'

'The money. I confess, Frank, I sympathised with Faune when he mentioned his embarrassing position to me. He felt that—that he was causing you some pain, perhaps—in regard to Mary, and his indebtedness to you was a grievous burden to him under the circumstances. Then I took the course which you know: he gave me a rough estimate of all the money he had had from you—between four and five thousand pounds—and I handed him a cheque for that amount—for five thousand, I mean, to cover interest and all. I fancied he would pay it in, and send you his own cheque for the money; but I see now he was too eager to pay his debt, and just gave you my cheque after endorsing it.'

Holmes stared at the banker in amazement, as well he might.

But without observing this, Mr Clayton proceeded: 'It was only yesterday I saw the cheque, which I had drawn on my private account; and then,' he added, with eager interest, 'the question struck me at once—When did Faune give you the cheque? Was it when he met you that night at Albert Gate?'

'No,' the other answered, like a man in a dream.

'Then, when did he pass it to you? Did he send it by post, or how?—Don't you see, Frank, how every act of Faune's that night is important—the most trifling act might now be turned to vital account for him, if he is innocent?'

'Mr Clayton, I have never seen the cheque you are speaking of.'

It was now the banker's turn to be amazed; there was no doubting the solemn earnestness of the declaration made by Holmes. 'Why, bless my soul,' exclaimed Mr Clayton, opening a drawer, 'here is the cheque, endorsed by Faune and yourself, and cleared through the Anglo-Canadian Bank, Charing Cross!'

'If the cheque had come to me, it would of course have been paid into my account here.'

'I thought it odd.—But look at it.'

Holmes looked at it for a second, and handed it back in silence. Mr Clayton drew a deep breath, for he knew what it meant—the name of Frank Holmes on the back was forged, and

the purpose of the forgery was manifest: it was done with a view of getting the money, and at the same time deceiving Mr Clayton, who of course would see the draft after its clearance, and think naturally enough that Holmes had got the money. But why it was so done was a mystery.

'I wish you could find it out, Frank,' said Mr Clayton; 'I much wish it. Do you think you could?'

'I could get it done, perhaps. But it strikes me, Mr Clayton, it had best be left alone. The fact is sufficiently apparent; and if we go diving after the motive, we may only bring up something that we would rather have left where it is.' Then he related what had happened in regard to his own researches that morning—a relation which profoundly agitated Mr Clayton.

'Mary will not misjudge you, Frank,' he said with a deep sigh. 'It has been unfortunate—for all of us.'

To this, Frank Holmes could say nothing. It was indeed a day of ill omen to all of them when Claude Faune first entered the house in Cadogan Place—and who had brought him there?

'Take this draft with you, in case it should be of any use,' added Mr Clayton; and placing the paper in his pocket-book, Holmes went away.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It was long ago anticipated that the Eiffel Tower at Paris would prove to be useful for scientific observations; but the most sanguine did not suppose that its value would be as great as it actually turns out to be. Meteorologists who have had opportunities of making observations from its summit are loud in its praise, and consider it to be absolutely unique as an observatory. Of course there are many observatories at a higher elevation above the sea-level, but the records obtained at such stations are naturally influenced by the high land all around them. The Eiffel Tower, on the other hand, springs directly from a flat country, and the observations taken at its summit can be at once compared with the condition of thing at its base. These often show a curious and wide divergence. For instance, in summer the temperature on the tower is lower and in the winter higher than it is on the ground. A few months ago a severe frost was enveloping the city while a warm breeze was blowing up above, the benefit of which was not felt by the people at the street level until three days afterwards.

Some months ago we gave an account of the Boston Steam-heating Company, which was formed to supply steam and hot water to the citizens of that American city. Four miles of mains were put underground at a cost of four hundred thousand pounds; but although these pipes have only been laid two years, they have stood away to such an extent that the company has been forced to suspend its operations.

It is said that the number of pearl oysters

collected last year at the Ceylon fisheries will barely cover the cost of bringing them from the sea-bottom, although the government usually make a handsome profit on the year's work. One reason for the falling-off in the returns is the outbreak of cholera, which attacked the workers in the spring; and another is found in the circumstance that later in the year a shark carried off one of the divers. His fellow-workmen, fearing the same ghastly fate, refused to enter the water.

Among the novelties shown at the late Paris Exhibition was Amiot's Stair-climber, an apparatus which is very likely to come into use in houses where there is no provision for a lift of the ordinary kind. It consists of a small platform, upon which one person can stand at a time, and which runs up the stairs, be they curved or straight. The motion is brought about by electricity, water-power, air-pressure, or steam, according to convenience. A couple of steel bands or rails are attached to the balusters, and follow their contour, and upon them runs the carriage to which the platform already referred to is fastened. The little platform will rise, descend, or stop at the will of the passenger who occupies it. This apparatus will be much appreciated by aged persons who are occupiers of old houses, to whom the work of walking up-stairs is a great strain on the strength; but younger persons will be inclined to look upon the machine rather as an obstacle to progress than a convenience.

Mr Gallwey of Thirsk has published an account of some novel experiments in weather prediction, the result of which causes him to ask the pregnant question, 'Do our experts advance one iota in the accomplishment of foretelling weather?' This ingenious experimenter made it a practice to take every published weather forecast throughout the past year from the daily newspapers and to paste it in a book, afterwards taking care to note whether the forecast was justified by the weather that followed. After giving the 'clerk of the weather' the advantage of every doubtful case, he found that that hypothetical gentleman was correct only in two cases out of every three. But in order that the inquirer might test his theory that there was a great deal of haphazard guesswork about these forecasts, he took a course which can hardly be called scientific: he pasted the published forecasts for one month each on a separate card, put them into a bag, and after giving the contents a good shake up, took out one each day of the following month, and compared its reading with the weather which then happened to prevail. He found that with regard to correctness of results it was a neck-and-neck race between himself and the clerk of the weather, the latter having the advantage of him at the end of the month by only four 'corrects.' From this it would seem that our meteorological experts would do well to consider the recommendation of the American humorist who said, 'Never prophesy unless you know.'

An American doctor has lately pointed out the value of petroleum in lung, throat, and bronchial disease. His attention was called to it by the circumstance that drillers, pumpers, and other workers at the oil-wells, among whom he practised for some years, although they were exposed

to all weathers, never suffered from such complaints. He attributed their immunity from disease to the saturation of their systems with the vapour from the oil. Since that time he made many attempts to use the crude oil in his practice; but it is not by any means one* that could be called 'an elegant preparation,' for it is disgusting both in taste and smell. Of course it can be made up in the form of pills; but these will not touch many throat diseases for which the remedy is valuable. It is not known how the curative properties of the oil are exerted. It may be that it acts as a germicide, for it is a certain thing that insect life at least is impossible where its influence prevails.

The Humorous and Grotesque Art Exhibition which was lately opened at the Victoria Gallery, London, is of the most interesting character. It consists of a series of more than two thousand pictures which mostly have been drawn by artists who lived and flourished a century back. The Exhibition is especially rich in examples of Gill-ray, Rowlandson, and Bunbury, whose powers of exaggerated caricature would in many instances be deemed vulgar in our more refined times. Many of the pictures are of a political character, and parody events which have long ago been forgotten, hence their meaning to the present generation is somewhat obscure. Cruikshank is well represented, his exaggerated representations of the fashions in vogue at the beginning of this century being very ludicrous. We are glad to notice that the promoters of this unique Exhibition have followed the commendable course of illustrating their Catalogue with nearly sixty-five examples taken from the principal works. This custom is now becoming common, and is one of the improvements which we owe to photography.

There was a time when an English-made watch was considered the very best which it was possible to obtain, and one great seat of the industry was Prescott, near Liverpool. But with the advent of machine-made watches from the Continent, and of late years from America, the trade of Prescott began to decay. The Lancaster Watch Company has been formed to revive this lost trade, and have erected at Prescott a huge factory fitted with the most modern machinery. This factory was lately opened with some little ceremony by Lord Derby.

During the past few months there have been three or four serious accidents in London from the break-down of omnibuses, in each case the axle or the wheels suddenly giving way. The cause of these disasters, which up till now have been almost unknown, may possibly be traced to the very large number of passengers carried by each omnibus since the fares have been so much reduced, the extra weight telling upon the older vehicles. The crossing of train-lines also involves a strain upon the wheels which often threatens to tear them off. In order to obviate all risk of danger from such accidents, Mr D. Cremen, omnibus-builder, of London, has lately invented a Safety Appliance, which has been tried with great success. This invention consists of four projections from the axles of the vehicle, one being placed just behind each wheel. Each of these projections has a small wheel at its base, the normal position of which is about one inch above

the railway. But if from any cause one of the main wheels of the vehicle gives way, the small one corresponding with it is brought into play, and the vehicle is prevented from falling down.

A correspondent of the *Times*, referring to the Jubilee of the Penny Post, which has lately been observed with some ceremonial in London, calls attention to the circumstance that a Penny Postal system was in operation in the metropolis two hundred years ago. It is described by Pennant, and would seem to have been a venture of a private character, and quite apart from the General Post-office supervision. Pennant tells how under this system one could send a letter from one side of the city to another, or to any of the suburbs—Kensington, Chelsea, Islington, &c., then detached villages—for one penny, and asserts that there were several deliveries daily. Indeed, if we may believe what he says, it would seem that the service partook as much of a parcel post as one for the conveyance of letters, for his concluding words are as follows: 'Nor are you tied up to a single piece of paper, as in the General Post-office, but any packet under a pound weight goes at the same price.'

An American official has recently sent a Report to his government respecting the value of an Australian vegetable product which he asserts will prove of great value as a substitute for oak-bark in tanning. This is the Wattle, which is extensively cultivated in New South Wales and Victoria. There are two varieties of this tree, which belong to the *Acacia* family, namely, the Broad-leaved Wattle and the Black Wattle. The latter yields the greater amount of tannic acid, that is, thirty to thirty-two per cent., which is nearly double that which is afforded by the bark of the Santa Cruz Oak. To this circumstance may be attributed the fact that hides can be tanned in liquor made from Black Wattle in forty-seven days, while in the liquor made from Santa Cruz Oak the time is at least seventy-five days. The compiler of this Report recommends the Government authorities to purchase in Melbourne a quantity of seeds from both varieties of Wattle, which can then be distributed among agriculturists in the different States. It would seem that the tree flourishes best in a dry climate and a poor soil.

The *Medical Press* has lately called attention to the serious risks to which patients are exposed by the custom among many medical men of writing their prescriptions illegibly. We are told that prescriptions are commonly handed to chemists so badly written that it is almost impossible to decipher them, and that it is often difficult to guess what drugs are intended to be represented by the strange hieroglyphics depicted. Doctors are not the only sinners in this respect, as any one with a large correspondence knows to his cost. It is by no means an uncommon thing to receive a letter the translation of which is as painful an experience as listening to the efforts of a stutterer to make himself understood. Persons who cannot acquire the easy art of writing legibly should in mercy to their correspondents employ a secretary to do the work for them. So much importance is attached to the legible writing of a prescription, that it would be well if they were always passed through a type-writer before reaching the hands of the compounder.

Some time ago it was stated in these columns that Professor Elihu Thompson of Lynn, U.S.A., had introduced a method of welding metals by electricity. The principle of the operation is based on the circumstance that when the terminals of a battery of suitable dynamo-machine consist of metallic conductors, these when brought together will manifest enough heat to bring each to the melting-point. The same terminals furnished with carbon points constitute the well-known arc-light, in which a far more refractory substance is fused. The Electric Welding Syndicate has been formed to introduce this system on a commercial scale in this country. In London lately, a demonstration was given to show how efficiently and how quickly the electric current can be made to weld together metallic bars, pipes, &c. In practice, the pieces of metal to be joined together are held in clamps with their ends in the exact position which they are to occupy when joined. The current is now applied, and the two ends are pressed together by the action of a lever. In a period varying from a few seconds to a minute or more according to the size of the pieces joined, the operation is complete. The joint thus made will stand the most rigorous mechanical tests, showing that it is in every respect as perfect as one produced in the old laborious way.

An American Fire Insurance Company has lately issued a circular which calls attention to the danger of spontaneous combustion in cotton bales owing to the presence of cotton-seed oil. An instance is here given in which two bales had absorbed as much as two hundred pounds of oil apiece, probably from barrels contained in the same cargo. Cotton thus impregnated with oil has long been known to be liable to spontaneous combustion, and there is very little doubt that many vessels have been lost at sea through this initial cause. It is recommended that cotton bales should be examined and watched for this source of danger both on shipboard and in warehouses.

Some beer contained in bottles was lately found walled up in the cellars of a brewery at Burton-on-Trent. This beer was brewed nearly one hundred years ago, as the records of the firm showed, and as was proved by the old style of the bottles. The beer was brilliant, and quite drinkable, but it had lost its bitterness, and had assumed the character of sherry. Dr Morris read a paper on this curious discovery before the Laboratory Club, London, and said that in examining the sediment of this antiquated beverage microscopically, he was led to suspect the presence of a few yeast-cells which still retained their vitality.

The refrigerating chambers on board ship have for a long time enabled our markets to be supplied with excellent meat which has been killed at the antipodes, the process of freezing it preserving it fresh during the longest voyage. It is when it arrives in port that the meat suffers deterioration through partial thawing during the process of moving it from the ship to the market. This difficulty has recently been obviated by the establishment of a fleet of refrigerating barges, that is to say barges which contain cold chambers similar to those on board the ships. But whereas the cold on shipboard is produced by expansion

of air, the system adopted for the barges depends upon ammonia. The ammonia is kept in a separate barge, but by the attachment of flexible piping the freezing chambers belonging to any other barge can be brought to a temperature approaching zero in about ninety minutes. This system has been introduced by the London and Tilbury Lighterage Company.

At the recent annual meeting of the Meteorological Society, a most interesting paper on 'Atmospheric Dust' was read by the retiring President, Dr. Marcet. He remarked that the dust which, when lighted up by intense light, we call motes in the sunbeam is chiefly of an organic character, and it is impossible to say how much of it is innocuous, and what portion of it may become the source of disease. There is little doubt that many of these motes must belong to the class of micro-organisms, and thus form the means of spreading infectious diseases. He also remarked upon the injurious nature of many trades where dust is constantly breathed into the lungs, and gave some account of the danger of certain kinds of dust forming with air an explosive mixture. Volcanic dust, consisting of mineral matter in a fine state of subdivision, also came under review, and the interesting paper was brought to a fitting close with an account of the dust phenomena which followed the terrible eruption of Krakatau in August 1883.

A JUST IMPEDIMENT.

'I REALLY think that I, Eva Hamilton, am the unhappiest girl in existence. I am engaged to marry a great stupid awkward creature, whom I have known for less than a month, and detest as if I had known him all my life; while Fred—you know you met Fred last summer—is staying in the same house, and can hardly speak a word to me, such is the devotion of my odious fiancé.'

The foregoing extract from a letter to a girl-friend represents the condition in which I found myself not very long after my nineteenth birthday. As I now look back on what happened long ago, I wonder how it was that Gilbert Darien, 'my odious fiancé,' managed to put up with my ill-temper and evident dislike for his company, not to mention my incessant flirtation—for I'm afraid I did flirt—with Fred.

Poor Gilbert! He certainly was awkward—one of those big men who cannot move without upsetting something, whether it be a valuable china vase or your equanimity; with a heavy colourless face, and nothing characteristic about him save the difficulty he always experienced in disposing of his hands, which is not, however, uncommon amongst men. To these shortcomings must be added his method of breathing: it was stertorous, and could be heard at a distance of twenty yards. But I oughtn't to abuse it, seeing that it often gave us warning in our stolen interviews of his approach, and became ultimately the means of my release from him.

I was not much over nineteen when one day my father addressed me at breakfast: 'Eva, Mrs Darien wants us to go there on the 5th.' This apparently innocent remark nearly annihilated me. The long-expected blow had fallen at last.

Shortly after his return from India, my father, who was little better than a stranger to me, had thrown out certain ominous hints as to the expediency of my getting married; and then one fine day informed me outright that it was his one wish to see me happily wedded to the son of his old friend Darien. I was not unnaturally aghast. Not to mention a 'prior attachment,' I had never seen Gilbert. How could I marry an utter stranger? How could I throw over Fred because he had only four hundred pounds a year, while his unknown rival had four thousand? I had no mother to confide in, and had not the courage to confess all to my respected parent, who had returned from India a broken-down invalid, whose one object in life was, as he informed me some twenty times a day, to see me happily married to the son of his old friend. 'Happily married, forsooth, to a man one detests,' I bitterly exclaimed, perhaps rather unfairly, as I had never seen Gilbert, who, for aught I knew, might have been an Adonis as well as a future Cressus, though, from my father's significant silence as to his personal appearance, I had my doubts.

At all events, one thing was certain, and that was that I was not going to give up Fred; and with this resolution I sat down and wrote a long letter to him, in which I set forth my woes. When I received Fred's answer, I was agreeably surprised to find that the Dariens were not strangers to him, as he had stayed with them as a friend of a younger brother of Gilbert's. 'There is something,' he wrote, 'fishy about Gilbert. The fellow never leaves home, and is about as ill-bred a hippopotamus as I have ever met. The idea of your marrying him!' And here followed a long diatribe on my father and on what he called the 'cussidness' of things in general, and his financial affairs in particular. However, there was a crumb of comfort at the end of his letter, and that was contained in the information that he would fish for an invitation to Darien Hall while we were there.

My curiosity was excited by the mystery, the 'something fishy' about the man whom my father had chosen to be my future husband. Was he subject to fits of madness? Was he a Klepto-carpio or anything else horrid ending in o-maniac? I determined to cross-question my father, and that evening I set about the task.

I ultimately succeeded in eliciting the following information. 'That Gilbert was the image of his poor father' ('The Fright!' I mentally ejaculated, for I had seen a photo of the poor father, in big baggy white trousers, the legs crossed, and regarding with a wondering smile—as well he might—an enormous misshapen silk hat); 'that he very rarely left his home, having been educated there by private tutors' ('keepers,' I exclaimed to myself); 'that Darien Hall had the reputation of being haunted; that it was my father's one wish in life to see me happily married to the son of his dear old friend; and that he (my father) wished I would not pester him with my idiotic questions.' This last because I asked if Gilbert's eyes were blue (Fred has the most charming blue eyes you ever saw).

My father and I arrived at Darien Hall late one evening; and a single glance showed me that my worst fears were realised. The photograph of

my father's 'dearest friend' might have been a portrait of the Apollo Belvedere compared to the dearest friend's son, to whom, however, it bore a striking resemblance with regard to the inane smile, a smile which, in addition to his general sheepish manner, told me plainly that Gilbert was aware of our respective parents' plans that we two should come together.

The next morning there was a kind of solemn betrothal scene, at which Mrs Darien and my father officiated, and during which Gilbert, like the person in the nursery rhyme, continued to smile—perhaps at my misery.

The following three days I spent in coyly repelling the advances of my prospective husband. I was only sustained by the thought that soon Fred would arrive, and the hope that he would find some method of relieving me from my painful position.

Gilbert had the impertinence to remark that he hoped I should like young Fred Haliwell, though, between ourselves, he was 'rather a prig.' Finally, Fred arrived, and was solemnly introduced to me as an utter stranger. One of the few occasions on which I saw Gilbert's smile dry up was when he noticed how rapidly I got on with a man whom, as he thought, I had just met for the first time.

The days went by and my position grew more and more hateful. More than once I determined to make a clean breast of it to my father; but I could never screw up my courage to pay such an insult to the memory of his dearest friend as to decline to marry his son. Moreover, though I had attained the age of nineteen, I had, strange to say, the remnants of a conscience, which from time to time gave me horrible mental twinges for what it was pleased to call my double-facedness, I being practically engaged to two men at the same time. But what excuse could I give my father for breaking off my engagement to Gilbert? It would not have been the slightest use to plead that I didn't love him, or to find fault with his mental or bodily features; while to confess that I was in love with Fred would have resulted in obtaining that penniless youth his congé from Darien Hall.

Fred in the happy-go-lucky way which is one of his chief failings ('No, I'm not,' is here interposed in the manuscript which I gave my husband to correct)—Fred, I repeat, with a Micawber-like trust in the future, insisted that something would turn up sooner or later, and that we had better wait till that sooner or later, and spend our time meanwhile in making the best of it, which we did so effectually, that even the long-suffering Gilbert suddenly took it into his head to remonstrate with me on my manner to 'that fellow Haliwell.'

One morning during breakfast Fred bestowed upon me a series of mysterious nods and winks, which evidently meant that he had something important to tell me. He aroused my curiosity by whispering in my ear as he passed me a cup of coffee: 'I have found out why he never leaves home.'

After breakfast, I despatched Gilbert to look for a pair of gloves, which I happened to have in my pocket, and followed Fred into the garden. Leading me out of sight of the house, he

delivered himself of the following oracular and unintelligible remark: 'He has epileptic fits.'

'Good gracious! How did you find out?'

'Well,' said Fred, who was radiant with joy at his discovery, 'I'll tell you. You know I went up early to roost last night, and when I got into my room my candle blew out. I couldn't find the matches anywhere; so I went off to Gilbert's room, glad of an opportunity to see the inside of it, for he keeps a fellow out of it as carefully as if it were a Bluebeard's cupboard, with dead wives all hanging about. There was no one there; so I walked straight in, saw a luminous box of matches, struck a light, and looked round. The walls were all padded! Fred paused in triumph.

'Is that all?' I cried.

'All indeed! Why, don't you see? It's as clear as daylight. He's subject to fits, and throws himself all over the place, and the walls are padded so that he shan't hurt himself.'

Fred's argument seemed plausible enough; and if his conjecture was correct, here was a splendid manner of convincing my father of the impossibility of my marriage with Gilbert.

'Why, it's a clear case of just cause and impediment,' cried Fred. 'Even four thousand pounds per annum can't make up for those fits. Why, he might bite you in one of them, and give you hydrophobia, and then there'd be the fat in the fire with a vengeance.'

But if he was subject to fits, why had he never had them during the time we had been in the house? He had never failed, as we knew to our cost, to put in an appearance in what happened to be going on each day, and usually behaved, as Fred reluctantly allowed, 'like a Christian.' Finally, in our ignorance of matters medical in general and fits in particular, we decided that he only had them by night, and that this was the reason why he never slept away from home.

After much consideration, we determined with reluctance that the only way to discover the true state of affairs was for Fred to conceal himself in Gilbert's room and find out if our conjecture was correct.

I scarcely slept a wink on the night on which Fred had settled to put his project into execution, expecting every minute to hear piercing shrieks from the remote quarter of the house in which they slept. However, nothing occurred to disturb me; and meeting Fred before breakfast, as we had arranged, in the garden, I overwhelmed him with a flood of questions. 'Did he frighten you much? How did you manage to hide? Is he very violent? Does he foam at the mouth?'

After a tantalising and, to me, inexplicable fit of laughter, Fred told me what had happened. 'I managed to hide myself in a wardrobe in his room, and, after what seemed a fearful time, Gilbert came up and began to undress. Good heavens! You should see the way that fellow ogles himself in the glass; why, he's nearly as bad as you—as a girl, I mean. Well, I was in an awful funk that he'd open the wardrobe, but he didn't; and at last he got into bed without having shown the slightest symptoms of having a fit. I can tell you I was disappointed, and determined to wait till he was

asleep, and then leave the room. I must have dozed off; for suddenly I woke with a fearful start, at what I thought was a clap of thunder, about an inch from my ear. In three seconds I had found out the secret of the padded walls: he snores like a steam-worked fog-horn!

Fred was right. This was the horrible seamy side to the silver lining of four thousand pounds a year.

We had a certain delicacy about informing my father of the one failing of his dearest friend's son, so we had recourse to stratagem. We managed to contrive that Gilbert and my father should be boxed up together for a ten-mile drive home from a bull in the neighbouring county.

We left Darien Hall the next day.

'I assure you, my dear, that young fellow cracked the carriage window, not to mention the drum of my ear, with his snoring. I could not think of your marrying such a man. His poor father never did such a thing.'

THE POETS AND ARTISTS OF GALLOWAY.

THE ancient province of Galloway, occupying the south-western extremity of Scotland, is now represented geographically by the counties of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright. The district is in some respects peculiar. Like the Highlands, it was later than the rest of Scotland in emerging into civilisation. This was due to the fact that within this province there existed till within the last few hundred years traces of those very ancient and sufficiently mysterious people known from the time of the Romans as the Picts. They defied conquest, as they also declined to adopt the dress or language of their neighbours. Even as late as the time of Robert Bruce they formed a kind of nationality by themselves, and the ancient kings of Scotland used to address them in charters, by way of distinction, as the 'Men of Galloway.' It is not without interest, therefore, to the literary reader to come upon a handsome volume, emanating from this ancient province—printed at Castle-Douglas, published at Dalbeattie (famous mostly for its granite quarries)—and the whole contents of which have issued from the brains of Galloway men and women.

The book we allude to is *The Bards of Galloway* (Dalbeattie: Thomas Fraser), being a collection of poems, songs, and ballads, by natives of Galloway, and illustrated wholly by Galloway artists. It has been efficiently edited by Mr Malcolm M'L. Harper, author of *Rambles in Galloway*, who also supplies an introduction and notes, with brief biographical notices of each of the sixty-four poets, living and dead, whose rhymes are here embodied. Of the ten artists whose pencils have been lent to embellish the volume, two are the well-known and eminent brothers Thomas and John Faed, the exquisite landscapes of the one and the charming interiors of the other being familiar to all lovers of art. It would be saying too much to describe the verse here printed as being all stamped with the hall-mark of genius; William Nicholson's 'Brownie of Blednoch' being without doubt the best-known and most remarkable poem in the

volume. 'Mary's Dream,' by John Lowe, also has fine touches, with its beautiful opening lines:

The moon had climbed the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dea,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree.

But most remarkable of all is to find here a few songs by one Patrick Hannay, a Galloway gentleman of the time of Charles I., which songs have the genuine ring of the period in which they were produced. The quaint conceits and graceful whimsicalities of sentiment and style remind one instinctively of Herbert and Quarles, and Carew, of Sir John Suckling and Richard Lovelace. It is as if Charles and his courtiers of Whitehall had moved for summer quarters to the wilds of Kirkcudbright. The general poetical productions are as various as the skill of their makers is unequal; yet the volume is creditable alike to editor and publisher, and forms a striking tribute to the artistic and poetic genius of this south-western nook of Scotland.

THE SNOWDROP.

THROUGH days of rain and nights of snow
A Flower grew silently and slow,
Till all around was white;
Then clad in robes of tender green,
With fairy bells that peep between,
The Snowdrop seeks the light.

What kindly hand has tended thee
In thy dark cell where none could see
The future promise bright?
How could we know while Nature slept,
A treasure like thyself she kept
To gladden Winter's sight!

Only a drooping Flower of Snow!
It sets the beating heart aglow
With hopes of brighter times;
And while the little snowbells ring,
We hear the music of the Spring
Float on the airy chimes.

O Flower so tender, yet so brave,
That springs from out a wintry grave,
Needs not the praise of song.
I hear thee whisper, Flower of Snow:
'Through days of sorrow, nights of woe,
Be hopeful, and be strong!'

R. A. MACWILLIAM.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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BIRD LIFE OF THE BORDERS

THOSE who have wandered over the hills and moors of the Borders must have observed, time and again, the numerous wild birds that feed among the heather or wheel with noisy outcry in the clear mountain air. And the angler penetrating one of the many valleys or ravines, and following some hill turn up to its fur recesses among the moors, will not have failed to note that at all times he has certain lively little birds within sight and oftentimes almost within reach of the point of his rod, such as the Dipper and the Sandpiper. Or as he suddenly turns a bend of the stream, where the steep banks or overhanging rock has hitherto kept him out of sight, he may see a heron rise with a hurried scream from the pool below, and sail away up the glen in slow, measured flight. To all who have had, or may have, any opportunity of coming in contact with the feathered tribes of the Scottish or English Borders, but especially of the latter, the book by Mr Abel Chapman on the *Bird Life of the Borders* (London: Gurney and Jackson) will prove a delightful companion. It is the fruit of much and careful observation, and of long experience, and its graphic sketches will bring back a mental picture to many who have looked on such scenes as are here described.

'The area,' says Mr Chapman, 'covered by these observations I would define as the mountain region which remains unaltered by the hand of man—the land "in God's own holding"—bounded by the line where the shepherd's crook supplants the plough, where heather and bracken, whinstone and blackfaced sheep, replace corn, cattle, and cultivation, where the Pheasant gives way to the Grouse, and the Ring Ousel displaces the Blackbird, the region of peat, as distinguished from soil—of flow moors and crags, of tumbling burn and lonely moorland, clad in all the pristine beauty of creation.'

Mr Chapman follows the year in its course, month by month, detailing the peculiarities as well as the commonplaces of bird life from winter

to spring, and so on into summer and autumn. The opening months of the year on the moors are uninteresting and uneventful, and it is not till towards the end of February that the feathered colonies wake up into activity where they have spent the winter at home, or begin to be joined by those others of their kind that have wintered abroad. On the moors of Northumberland the Pewee or Lapping arrives to breed in February, or even in the end of January. The Golden Plover, the Skylark, the Curlew, and the Pied Wagtail also in February. Then at various times throughout March we have the Titlark, the Stock Dove, the Gray Wagtail, the Whistling Thrush, the Ring Ousel, the Red Shank, and the Black-headed Gull. After these in April come the Dunlin, the Swallows, the Cuckoo, the Sandpiper, and the Willow Wren, and lastly, in May, the Landrail and the Nightjar.

Among the earliest birds to commence nesting are the Owls. The Long-eared Owls do not trouble to undertake the construction of a nest for themselves, but rely upon forestalling some more industrious architect. One peculiarity of the Owls, after the breeding season is over, is here noted. As soon as the young were fledged, the whole of the Owls, to the number of perhaps three or four broods, came together, and chose a thick, black Scots fir for their abode. 'To this particular tree the whole of the Owl life of these woods resorted regularly at dawn, and in it slept away the hours of daylight, hidden amidst its deep, evergreen recesses. At the particular tree of their choice—it varied in different years—the Owls could invariably be interviewed, during the summer and autumn, though, to a casual eye, it was difficult amidst the deep shadows of the foliage to distinguish the slim brown forms pressed closely against the brown branches of the pine. Towards dusk their awakening was notified by the querulous cat-like cry, ten minutes later, their silent forms appeared outside the wood, and, after a few rounds of preliminary gyrations, it was dark enough to begin operations in earnest. During the nesting season the Old

Owls have another cry—not unlike the petulant barking of a spoiled lapdog.

Of the angler's friend and companion, the lively Little Dipper, we are told that it also begins to nest in March. The favourite resort of these birds is in the linn, or small waterfalls, where a hill-burn comes tumbling over an exposed ridge of rock. 'Many of these linn, with their shaggy fringe of gnarled and lichen-clad birch, heather, and bog-myrtle, are among the wildest and most lonely nooks of the wild moorland. There, in an interstice of the moss-grown rock, half overhung by ferns, and all but undistinguishable from its environment, is cunningly inserted the great round nest of green moss, in the very spray of the falling water. The outside of their home is splashed and wet. The old birds have to pass, to and fro, through the fringe of the cascade; but that is just what these little amphibians like, and hardly a linn but has its pair of dusky, white-throated tenants.' No one who has ever discovered—as has been our hap many a time—a little Dipper's nest so placed, but must feel the truth and the charm of that bit of word-painting.

Those interested in the habits of birds will find all these chapters on the nesting period exceedingly instructive and interesting. The same remarks apply to the lively and picturesque description of the bird-life of the moors during the summer months. With the month of July the summer period begins to close and migration sets in. 'Already, among the feathered world, there have begun to appear symptoms of autumnal conditions. As early as mid-June, the Starlings and Peewits are seen to be gathering into flocks; but in July the movement rapidly develops, and the signs of the time are plentiful and patent enough to those who are interested in reading them. Strange birds appear in strange situations. In the lowlands, the whistle of Curlew or Plover is heard amidst the unwonted environment of waving corn, or among enclosed fields of turnips or potatoes. From a farm-pond one perhaps springs a Dunlin or half-a-dozen Sandpipers; and at night strange bird-notes come down from the dark skies overhead. A "blackbird with a white breast" is perhaps reported by the gardener as among the currant bushes. It is, of course, a Ring-Ousel; and the small bird the cat has caught proves to be a young Wheatear. Poor fellow! he was just starting so blithely on his first (and last) voyage of discovery to the Mediterranean. . . . The bird-world is on the move. The nesting season is over; the cares of the spring and summer are past; and the universal southward movement towards winter has commenced. It is conspicuous enough in July, but attains a far greater development in August, and approaches its climax when the Swallows are seen congregating on the trees in September.'

Speaking of certain habits which he has observed in the Rook, Mr Chapman goes on to relate a painful story of the ghastly effect upon birds of overhead telegraph wires, and how the Rook with his natural cunning has taken note of it—not alone to guard himself against the danger of those wires, but to benefit by their effect upon other birds. Rooks, it seems, are extremely fond of a feast upon Grouse when procurable, and 'daily search the sides of the old

coach-road which crosses the Border moors on its way from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and along which a telegraph line is stretched. This line at present consists of nineteen wires—a perfect trap for birds, and the damage it causes to bird-life is incredible. I have heard it estimated by farmers and shepherds (and believe they are not far wrong) that more Grouse meet their deaths annually from these mischievous wires than are killed by all the shooters on the moors around. The nineteen wires cover so much space, and being stretched at exactly the usual height of the flight of game-birds (and especially of their morning flight, when in the indistinct light the wires are wholly invisible), that they cannot fail in their destructive work, and occasionally a pack is cut down by wholesale. It should be remembered, too, that this destruction is going on at all seasons of the year. It is no exaggeration to say that the roadside is at certain seasons strewn with remains. Besides Grouse, I have picked up Blackgame, Partridge, Curlew, Golden Plover, Snipe, Peewits, and other birds. Every morning at break of day come out the marauding band of Rooks from the lowland woods, reconnoitring along the roadside, and feasting on the dead and dying. I meet them regularly at dawn as I walk across the moors to catch the early morning train.'

In order to give some idea of the mischievous nature of these wires, and of the cruelty and ceaseless suffering they occasion to the moor-birds, Mr Chapman gives the following extracts from his shooting diary: 'Oct. 6. Found to-day four Grouse which had been severely damaged by flying against the telegraph wires on Elsdon Hillhead. Two were already dead, and pulled to bits by the Crows. The third had evidently received his wound late the night before, and the blow had completely carried away his crop, which at that time would be full of heather. The poor bird had been hungry this morning, and, regardless or oblivious of having no crop, had been feeding—his throat down to the huge gash being crammed with heather shoots. I never saw anything more pitiable in my life. This bird could still fly, but very weakly, and could not possibly long have survived. The fourth Grouse had been injured some time before. He also had received a horrible gash across the breast, but it appeared to be slowly healing. His breast was bare of feathers, and the old skin was hard and yellow, a mass of clotted blood remaining in the cut. The bird flew nearly half a mile when put up by the keeper (driving), but was very weak and unwilling to rise.' 'Oct. 17. Every day this week, when shooting near the telegraph lines, we have found Grouse either killed or severely injured by the wires; and to-day I shot a Grouse in a horribly mangled state at Laing's Hill, several miles away from the line.'

The above, adds the author, 'are sufficient illustrations of what I have stated, though it would be easy to adduce hundreds of similar instances. Surely, in these days of ultra-humanitarianism, of R.S.P.C.A. associations, and of "Wild-Bird Protection Acts"—when a maudlin sentimentality comforts itself by fining a poor man for shooting a wild-geese in March, or for overworking his horse, on which perhaps depends

his daily bread—surely in these days, the wanton cruelty and useless waste above described (carried on for a national profit) should not be permitted. But then these cruelties are *not seen*; they only occur on the remote hills, where no one witnesses them save shepherds.

We have no doubt this appeal to the good feeling of the nation will find a response in many hearts. It has frequently been urged that overhead wires might well be dispensed with in favour of an underground system, and the only reason, we suppose, why successive Governments have never given effect to what has been urged in this connection is to be found in the natural apathy of the official mind. A few intelligent appeals such as the above, backed up by illustrations of the destructiveness to bird-life of those overhead wires all over the country, should in course of time lead to something being done. If Mr Chapman has helped to bring about so desirable a result, he will have given still another reason to ornithologists to thank him for his interesting and attractive book.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER IX.—A SECRET BLOW.

AT SEA, a very little thing goes a very long way, and you will suppose that this incident of the monkeys gave us plenty to talk about and to wonder at. At the dinner-table that evening old Keeling favoured us with a long yarn about a French craft that capsized somewhere off the Scilly Islands with four men in her: how the air in her hold kept her buoyant; how the fellows climbed into the run and sat there with their heads against the ship's bottom; how one of them strove with might and main to knock a plank out, that he might see if help was about, in nowise suspecting that if he let the air escape the hull would sink; how, all unknown to the wretched imprisoned men, a smack fell in with the capsized craft and tried to tow her, but gave up after the line had parted two or three times; how she finally stranded upon one of the Scilly Isles; and how one of the inhabitants coming down to view the wreck, shot away as though the evil one were in chase of him, on hearing the sound of voices inside.

Mr Johnson whispered to me: 'I *don't* believe it,' and Colonel Bannister listened with a fine incredulous stare fixed upon the skipper's crimson countenance; but the rest of us were vastly interested, especially the elder ladies, who behind old Keeling's back spoke of him as 'a love.'

We settled it amongst us to purchase the monkeys from the boat's crew which had rescued them, leaving the ape for the seamen to make a pet of. The matter was talked over at that dinner, and I overheard Miss Temple ask Mr Colledge to try to *buy* the little monkey with the red waistcoat for her. She was the only one of the ladies who wanted a monkey.

'Would *you* like one, Miss Hudson?' said I.

She shuddered in the prettiest way.

'Oh, I hate monkeys,' she cried; 'they are so like men, you know!'

'Then, by every law of logic,' bawled the Colonel with a loud laugh, 'you must hate men more, madam. Don't you see?—ha! ha! Why do you hate monkeys? Because they are like men. How much, then, must you hate men, the original of the monkey!'

He roared with laughter again. In fact, there never was a man who more keenly relished his own sallies of wit than Colonel Bannister.

Miss Hudson coloured, and fanned herself.

'I hate monkeys too,' cried Mr Greenhew, 'and for the reason that makes Miss Hudson averse to them;' and here he looked very hard at the Colonel.

'Well, certainly a fellow-feeling *don't always* make us kind,' murmured Mr Riley in an audible voice, and putting a glass into his eye to look around him as he laughed.

Here the steward said something in a low voice to Mr Prance, who looked at me, and said in a hollow tragic tone: 'Five of the monkeys have gone dead, sir.'

I called the news down the table to the captain.

'I'm sorry to hear it, Mr Bugdale,' he answered in a dry voice; 'but you don't want me to open a subscription list for the widows, do ye?'

'Can any one say if the little chap with the red waistcoat's dead?' cried Mr Colledge.

'Dead hand gone, sir,' exclaimed the Cockney head steward.

'What is left of the lot?' inquired Keeling.

'The hupe, sir; and the two little chaps that was rescued with their tails half ate up, as is supposed by themselves,' responded the steward.

Mr Johnson burst out a-laughing.

'Tails eaten up?' cried Mrs Bannister, poising a pair of gold glasses upon her Roman nose as she addressed the captain. 'Are there any sharks here?'

'I should say not, madam,' answered the skipper. 'It is a trick monkeys fall into of biting their own tails, as human beings gnaw their finger-nails.'

'And when they have consumed their tails, Captain Keeling,' said Mrs Hudson, in a rather vulgar voice, 'do they go on with the rest of themselves?'

'I believe they are only hindered, madam,' said Keeling with a grave face, 'by discovering themselves after a given limit somewhat inaccessible.'

'I dislike monkeys,' said Mrs Jolliffe to Mr Saunders; 'but I should imagine that natural philosophers would find their habits and tastes very interesting subjects for study.'

The little chap moved uneasily in his chair, with a half-glance up and down, to see if anybody smiled.

'The monkey eating his tail,' exclaimed Mr Emmett, 'is to my mind a very beautiful symbol.'

'Of what?' inquired Mr Hodder.

'Of a dissipated young man devouring the fortune left him,' answered Mr Emmett.

'Very true; very good, indeed!' cried Mr Adams the lawyer, with a laugh.

The death of the monkeys extinguished the scheme of purchasing them. The one-eyed ape was not to be thought of; and now it was known that the tails of the other survivors were merely stumps, the subject was very unanimously

dropped, and the three poor beasts left for the sailors to do what they pleased with.

As an incident, the matter might have served for the day, so dull is life on shipboard with nothing to look forward to but meal-time. But something else was to happen that evening.

Two bells—nine o'clock—had been struck. Most of the passengers were below, for there was a deal of dew in the air, too much of it for the thin dresses of the ladies, who, through the skylight, were to be seen reading and chatting in the cuddy, with a party of whist-players at the table, Mr Emmett's and Mr Hodder's noses close together over a cribbage board, and Colledge at chess with Miss Temple, Miss Hudson opposite, leaning her shining head on her arm bare to the elbow, a faultless limb indeed, watching them. The breeze had freshened at sundown. There was a half-moon in the heavens, with a tropic brightness of disc, and the ocean under her light spread away to its limits in a surface firm and dark as polished indigo, saving that under the planet there was a long trembling wake, and an icy sparkle in the eastern waters, over which some large, most beautiful star was hanging; but though there was breeze enough to put a merry rippling into the sea, the feathering of each little surge was too delicate to catch the eye, unless the white water broke close; and the deep brimmed to the distant luminaries, a mighty shadow.

The skipper was below; Mr Cocker had charge of the deck, and I joined him in his walk. He talked of the monkeys, how the poor wretches had died one after another in the forecabin.

'I saw one of them die,' said he; 'upon my life, Mr Dugdale, it was like seeing a human being expire. I don't wonder women dislike that kind of beasts. For my part, I regard monkeys as poor relations.'

'What were the men laughing at, shortly after we had come up from dinner?' I asked.

'Why, sir, at little John Chinaman. The ape was on the forehatch, secured by a piece of line round his waist. Johnny went to have a look at him. There was nobody about—at least he thought so. He stared hard at the ape, who viewed him eagerly with his one eye, and then said: "I say, where you from, hey?" The ape continued to look. "Oh, you can speak," continued John; "me save you can't for speakee. Why you no talkee, hey? Me ask where you from? Where you from?" The ape caught a flea. "How you capsize, hey?" asked the Chinese lunatic as gravely, Mr Dugdale, so the men say, as if he were addressing you or me. "Speakee soft—how you capsize, hey?" This went on, I am told, for ten minutes, the men meanwhile coming on tiptoe to listen over the forecabin edge till they could stand it no longer, and their roar of laughter was what you heard, sir.'

'A mere bit of sham posture-making in Johnny, don't you think?' said I. 'He might guess the men were listening. Had he been a negro, now—but a Chinaman would very well know that a monkey can't talk.'

'This John is one who doesn't know, I'll swear. Besides, sir, the Chiffese are not such geniuses as are imagined. There are thousands

amongst them to correspond with our ignorant superstitious peasantry at home. I remember at Chusan that four Chinamen were engaged to carry a piano out of the cabin. Whilst they were wrestling with it on the quarter-deck, a string broke with a loud *twang*, on which they put the instrument down and ran away, viewing it from a distance with faces working with alarm and astonishment. The mate called to know what they meant by dropping their work. "Him spirit! him speakee," they cried; in fact, they would have no more to do with the piano; and when some of the crew picked it up to carry it to the gangway, the quivering Johns went backing and recoiling on to the forecabin, as though the instrument were a cage with a wild beast in it that might at any moment spring out on them.'

Whilst he was speaking I had been watching a star slowly creeping away from the edge of the mainsail to leeward, as though it were sweeping through the sky on its own account on a course parallel with the line of the horizon. My attention was fixed on what my companion said, and my gaze rested mechanically upon the star. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me, and I started.

'Why, Mr Cocker, what's happening to the ship? Are we going home again? She is coming-to rapidly! You will be having all your stunsails there to larboard aback in a minute.'

He had been too much engrossed by our chat to notice this.

'Wheel there!' he shouted, running aft as he cried. 'What are you doing with the ship? Port your helm, man, port your helm!'

I hastily followed, to see what was the matter. The wheel was deserted, and as I approached, I saw the circle revolve against the stars over the taffrail like a windmill in a gale. Alongside, prone on the deck, his arms outstretched and his face down, was the figure of the helmsman.

'He is in a fit,' cried the second mate, grasping the wheel and revolving it, to bring the ship to her course again.

'Here Captain Keeling came hastily up the companion steps.

'Where's the officer of the watch?' he shouted.

'Here, sir,' answered Cocker from the wheel.

'Do you know, sir,' cried the skipper, 'that you are four points off your course?'

'The helmsman has fallen down in a fit, or else lies dead here, sir,' responded the second mate.

The skipper saw how it was, and bawled for some hands to come aft. Such of the passengers as were on deck gathered about the wheel in a group.

'What is that?' exclaimed little Mr Saunders, stooping close to the prostrate seaman's head. 'Blood, gentlemen,' he exclaimed. 'See the great stain of it here! This man has been struck down by some hand.'

'What's that? what's that?' cried old Keeling, bending his crowbar of a figure to the stain.

'Ay, he has been struck down as you say, Mr Saunders. Who has done this thing? Look about you, men; see if there's anybody concealed here.'

Three or four fellows had come tumbling aft.

One took the wheel from the second mate; and the others, along with the midshipmen of the watch, fell to peering under the gratings and into the gig that hung astern flush with the taffrail, and up aloft; but there was nothing living to be found, and the great fabric of mizzen masts and sails whitened to the truck by the moon, and the yard-arms showing in black lines against the stars, soared without blotch or stir, saving here and there a thin shadow upon the pallid cloths creeping to the movement of the spars.

Dr Hemmeridge now arrived. The seaman, who appeared as dead as a stone, was turned over, and propped by a couple of sailors, and the doctor took a view of him by the help of the binnacle lamp. There was a desperate gash on the left side of the head. The small straw hat that the poor fellow was wearing was cut through, as though to the clip of a clopper. There was a deal of blood on the deck, and the man's face was ghastly enough, with its beard encrimsoned and dripping, to turn the heart sick.

'Is he dead, think you?' demanded the captain.

'I cannot yet tell,' answered the doctor. 'Raise him, men, and carry him forward at once to his bunk.'

The sailors, followed by the doctor, went staggering shadowily under their burden along the poop and disappeared, leaving a little crowd of us at the wheel dumb with wonder, and looking about us with eyes which gleaned to the flame of the binnacle lamp that Mr Cocker yet held.

'Now, how has this happened?' demanded old Keeling, after a prolonged squint aloft. 'Had you left the deck, Mr Cocker?'

'No, sir, not for a living instant; Mr Dugdale will bear witness to that.'

'It is true,' I said.

'Did no man from forward come along the poop?'

'No man, sir; I'll swear it,' answered Mr Cocker.

'Any of you young gentlemen been aloft?'

'No, sir,' answered one of them, 'neither aloft nor yet abaft the mizzen rigging for the last half-hour.'

The old chap took the lamp out of Mr Cocker's hand and looked under the gratings, then got upon them and stared into the gig, as though dissatisfied with the earlier inspection of these hiding-places.

'Most extraordinary!' he exclaimed; 'did some madman do it, and then jump overboard?'

He looked over the sides to port and starboard. The quarter galleries were small, with bumpkins for the main-braces stretching out from them: they were untenanted.

'What was the man's name, Mr Cocker?'

'Simpson, sir.'

'Was he unpopular forward, do you know? Had he quarrelled lately with any man?'

'I will inquire, sir.'

Old Keeling seemed as bewildered as a person newly awakened from a dream; and, indeed, it was an extraordinary and an incredible thing. Mr Saunders and Mynheer Hemskirk, with one or two others who were on the deck at the time,

swore that no man had come aft from the direction of the fore-castle. They were conversing in a group a little forward of the mizzen mast, and could take their oaths that there was no living creature abaft that point at the time of the occurrence saving the man who had been so mysteriously felled to the deck.

'He most how done it himself,' said Hemskirk.

'What! Dealt himself a blow that sheared through his hat into his skull?' cried old Keeling.

'I've been making inquiries, sir,' said the second mate approaching us, 'and find that Simpson, instead of being disliked, was a general favourite. No man has been aft, sir.'

'Something must have fallen from the rigging,' said Mr Saunders.

'Sir,' cried the captain in a voice of mingled wrath and astonishment, 'when anything falls from aloft, it drops plumb, sir—up and down, sir. The law of gravitation, Mr Saunders, is the same at sea as it is on shore. What could fall from those heights up there?—and here he turned up his head like a hen in the act of drinking—to strike a man standing at the wheel all that distance away?'

The news had got wind below, and the passengers came up in twos and threes from the cuddy, asking questions as they arrived, the loudest and most importunate amongst them, needless to say, being Colonel Bannister. There was real consternation amongst the ladies at the sight of the blood-stain. I shall not easily forget the picture of that poor soul of people: the staring of the women at the dark blotch against the wheel, whilst they held themselves in a sort of posture of recoil, holding their dresses back, as if something were crawling at them; the subdued wondering air of the men, restlessly looking about them, one going to the rail to gaze over, the dusky form of another stooping to peer under the gratings, a third with his head lying back straining his sight at the airy empearled spire of the cloths rising from the cross-jack to the royal yard, the mizzen-top showing clear and firm as a drawing in India ink against the delicate shimmering concavity of the topsail. The half-moon rode in brilliance over the main top-gallant yard-arm, and the dark swell rolled in soundless heavings to the quarter, with the wake of the planet lying in the shape of a silver fan to half-way across the ocean, and not a cloud in the whole wide velvet black depths to obscure so much as a thumb-nail of star-dust.

'What has happened, Dugdale?' exclaimed Colledge, accosting me at once as he rose through the companion with Miss Temple at his side.

'A man that was at the helm has been struck down,' said I.

'By whom?' said he.

'Why, that's it,' I answered; 'nobody knows, and I don't think anybody ever will know.'

'Is he dead?' asked Miss Temple.

'I cannot say,' I responded; 'his hat was cut through and his head laid open. There is a dreadful illustration of what has happened close against the wheel.'

'In what form?' she asked.

'Blood,' said I.

'Why, it's murder, then!' cried Colledge.

'It looks like it,' said I, with a glance at Miss

Temple's face, that shined white as alabaster to the moonlight, whilst in each glowing dark eye sparkled a little star of silver far more brilliant than the ice-like flash of the diamonds which trembled in her ears. 'But be the assassin what he may, I'll swear by every saint in the calendar that he's not aboard this ship.'

'Pray, explain, Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed Miss Temple in a voice of curiosity at once haughty and peevish.

I made no answer.

'My dear fellow, what do you want to imply?' said Colledge: 'that the man was struck down—by somebody out of doors?' and his eyes went wandering over the sea.

'It seems my mission, Miss Temple,' said I with a half-laugh, 'to furnish you with information on what happens aboard the *Countess Ida*. Once again let me enjoy the privilege you do me the honour to confer upon me;' and with that, in an offhand manner, I told her the story as you have it.

'Did anybody, think you, crawl out of the hind windows,' exclaimed Colledge, 'and creep up over the stern and strike the man down?'

'No,' said I.

'How did it happen, then?' asked Miss Temple fretfully.

'Why,' I answered, looking at her, 'the blow was no doubt dealt by a spirit.'

'Lor' bless us, how terrifying!' exclaimed Mrs Hudson, who, unknown to me, had drawn to my elbow to listen. 'What with the heat and the sight of that blood!'—she cried, fanning herself violently.—'A spirit, did you say, sir? Oh, I shall never be able to sleep in the ship again after this.'

I edged away, finding little pleasure in the prospect of a chat with Mrs Hudson with Miss Temple close at hand to listen to us. At that moment Dr Hemmeridge made his appearance. He stalked up to the captain, who stood with his hand gripping the vang of the spanker's gaff, returning short almost gruff answers to the questions fired at him.

'The man's alive, sir,' said the doctor; 'but he's badly hurt. I've sodered his wound; but it is an ugly cut.'

'Is he conscious?' demanded Keeling.

'He is.'

'And what does he say?'

'He has nothing to say, sir. How should he remember, Captain Keeling? He fell to the blow as an ox would.'

'Ha!' cried the skipper; 'but does he recollect seeing anybody lurking near him—has he any suspicion?'

'Sir,' answered the doctor, 'at the present moment his mind has but half an eye open.'

I made one of the crowd that had assembled to hear the doctor's report, and stood near the binnacle stand—close enough to it, in fact, to be able to lay my hand upon the hood. My eye was travelling from the ugly patch that had an appearance as of still sifting out upon the white plank within half a yard of me, when I caught sight of a black lump of something just showing in the curve of the base of the binnacle stand, betwixt the starboard legs of it. It was gone in a moment with the clipping off it of the streak of moonshine that had disclosed it to

me. Almost mechanically, whilst I continued to listen to the doctor, I put my toe to the thing; then still in a mechanical way, picked it up. It was a large stone, something of the shape of a comb, with a twist in the middle of it, and of a smooth surface on top, but rugged and broken underneath, with a length of about five inches jagged into an edge as keen as a flint splinter. It was extraordinarily heavy, and might in that quality have been a lump of gold.

'Hillo!' I cried, 'what have we here?' and I held it to the glass of the binnacle to view it by the lamplight.

'What is that you are looking at, Mr Dugdale?' called out old Keeling.

'Why,' said I, 'neither more nor less to my mind than the weapon with which your sailor has been laid low, captain.'

There was a rush to look at it. Keeling held it up to the moonlight, then poised it in his hand.

'Who could have been the ruffian that hove it?' he cried.

'Allow me to see it,' exclaimed little Mr Saunders, and he worked his way, low down amongst us, to the captain. He weighed the stone, smelt it, carefully inspected it, then looked up to the captain with a grin that wrinkled his large, long, eager, wise old face from his brow to his chin. 'A suspicion,' he exclaimed, 'that has been slowly growing in my mind is now confirmed. No mortal hand hove this missile, captain. It comes from the angels, sir.'

He paused.

'Lawk-a-daisy, what is the man going to say next?' cried out Mrs Hudson hysterically.

'Captain Keeling, ladies and gentlemen,' continued little Saunders, nursing the stone as tenderly while he spoke as if it had been a new-born babe, 'this has fallen from those infinite spangled heights up there. It is, in short, a meteorolite, and, so far as I can now judge, a very beautiful specimen of one.'

GERMAN COLONIES IN THE HOLY LAND.

In Wurtemberg, in the year 1836, many pious persons looked confidently for the second coming of the Messiah. Some thirteen years later, a Dr Christopher Hoffmann became convinced that it would be a good thing and a wise to gather the faithful people together in Jerusalem, there to await His coming. In the course of a few years he found himself at the head of a small community of zealous persons eager to settle as colonists in Palestine. But it was not until 1858 that the first pioneer band, consisting of three gentlemen, was sent out to examine the land, and report on its capabilities for colonisation by Europeans. They came home in the following summer; but their report was not encouraging. What their objections and difficulties were we shall see subsequently. Meanwhile, the small community of the friends of Jerusalem, having been excluded from the national Evangelical Church of Wurtemberg, formed themselves in 1861 into an independent religious society, calling themselves the 'German Temple.' But the Templars encountered a good

deal of opposition and discouragement at home, chiefly from the clergy of the orthodox church. Hence the movement grew with extreme slowness, so that in half-a-dozen years it did not number more than two thousand members all told, including small parties of adherents in the United States and in the south of Russia. At no time has it exceeded five thousand members.

At length in 1869 the first serious attempt was made by the Templars to establish themselves in Palestine. In September of that year Dr Hoffmann and Mr G. A. Hardegg, the leaders of the movement, in spite of the refusal of the Ottoman government in Constantinople to grant them a concession of land unless they would enrol themselves as Turkish subjects, managed to purchase land at Haifa, a small town situated at the northern foot of Mount Carmel. At the same time a second nucleus was formed at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, farther south. Ere the year ran out, more than one hundred immigrants had arrived, the bulk of them going to Haifa and Jaffa, though a few wended their way to Beyrout and Jerusalem. During the next three years the number of the Templars in Palestine grew apace. A second estate was purchased near Jaffa, and there in 1872 was founded the exclusively agricultural colony of Sarona. In the following year a fourth colony was established close to the holy city of Jerusalem; and in 1876 a Templar community was formally constituted near Beyrout.

But these German Templars were not the first people to attempt the colonisation of Palestine and the introduction into that neglected land of the civilisation of the West. Already in 1848 an American lady, Mrs Minor, at the head of certain of her countrymen and a few German families from the valley of the Rhine, had settled in Palestine for the express purpose of putting before the Jews an example of industry and thrift, and thereby doing something to awaken them to the consciousness of the advantages that follow in the steps of Western culture. But the undertaking came to an untimely end in 1857 with the death of the leader.

Again in 1866 a more pretentious effort was made to plant another colony in the Holy Land, this time at Jaffa. The prime mover at this time was an American gentleman named Adams, the founder of a religious sect called the Church of the Messiah, who in the year mentioned brought over to Palestine a company of one hundred and seventy people. But this enterprise was not more successful than its forerunner. In spite of everything having been done beforehand to ensure success, the scheme did not prosper. The colonists began to lose heart; their expectations were not realised; no help came to them from America, and none from Europe; and in the end the greater part of the colonists were carried home at the expense of the Government.

To return to the German Templars. Up to 1878 there was no falling-off in the influx of immigrants to the colonies of the society. At first the chief difficulties they had to contend against arose out of their position as foreigners on Turkish soil. The Ottoman Government refused to legalise their titles of ownership to their land; and so long as the matter was not definitively settled, they were exposed to the exactions of the

nominal native owners, and to the arbitrary demands of the native tax-collectors. But they struggled bravely on, and eventually these difficulties were successfully overcome; although the Turkish authorities still continue to look upon the Templar communities, foreigners as they are both to their government and their creed, with considerable suspicion and mistrust. Their other difficulties were incidental to the land and its geographical situation. The soil of Palestine has been neglected for so long a period of time that it has lost much of the extraordinary fertility for which it was once famous. It has ceased to be 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' and this chiefly through the supineness and ignorance of its inhabitants. Then, again, the Templars had to fight against the disagreeable consequences that necessarily attended a change of climate such as that implied in emigrating from Wurtemberg to Palestine. Malarial fevers are common, almost persistent, in most of the Templar colonies, though they do not seem ever to have been of a malignant type, except at Sarona. But even at Sarona a great improvement has been effected in this regard as the years have rolled by. Whereas in the first year there died 833 persons in every hundred, the death-rate for the years 1876-80 was only 132, and for the years 1881-85, 147.

The immigrants are for the most part farmers and handicraftsmen, with a sprinkling of professional men. As a whole, they are not rich, though each family is possessed of some means. They are, generally speaking, simple, honest, industrious folk, straightforward in faith and in conduct. In accordance with the more practical side of their aims, they strive to realise as far as may be the ideal Christian life as laid down in the New Testament. By this means they set a useful example to the Arabs and Jews who dwell around them; and in this way they hope to sow in Palestine the good seeds of European enlightenment and civilisation. These good-hearted Wurtembergers are fully alive to the importance of sound education; they maintain good schools, and bestow much attention upon them. Every colony possesses at least one school, modelled on the pattern of the communal schools at home. At Jerusalem they have a lyceum or grammar-school for boys; and at Haifa there did exist for some time a higher school for girls.

During the first years of their settlement in Palestine the organisation of the Templar society was changed more than once. They experienced some difficulty in making the civil headship harmonise with the religious or spiritual headship; and at the end of the tenth year it was found necessary to separate the two functions. In August 1887 the worldly affairs of the Templar communities were rendered more secure against the interference of the Turkish authorities in a very ingenious manner. Under the auspices of the German consular court at Jerusalem an ordinary commercial company was formed, 'The Central Treasury of the Temple of Aherie and Hoffmann,' which was to be conducted by two presidents and a popular council of twelve members, who should meet at least once a year for the transaction of business. Of this company all the members of the Templar communities were enrolled as sleeping partners. But they did not

adopt, as might perhaps be supposed, any communistic form of property; each person retained his economic independence. The device, though admittedly running counter to the spirit of the Templar society, was resorted to simply for the purpose of safeguarding their position as foreign colonists in a land under the rule of Turkey. By putting themselves under the protection of their own consul, in the character of a commercial or trading company, they became exempt in many respects from the jurisdiction and vexatious interference of the Turkish officials.

Since 1878 the colony at Jerusalem, consisting principally of artisans, has taken the first place amongst the Templar communities in Palestine. It is to these German aliens that the holy city owes the industrial activity which has lately begun to manifest itself within her walls. As already remarked, the colony at Sarona is a purely agricultural settlement; that at Jaffa has attracted most of the professional men among the colonists; the people settled at Haifa are for the most part vine-growers, agriculturists, and handicraftsmen, with a few merchants. The total number of colonists is estimated at thirteen hundred, almost exclusively Germans. Most of them came direct from Württemberg; a few, however, found their way to Palestine from South Russia and from the United States.

The land belonging to the colony of Haifa extends along the northern foot of Mount Carmel, overlooking the Bay of Acre; it occupies a narrow plain, nearly one thousand paces wide and two and a half miles long, that has squeezed itself in between the mountain and the sea. The surface of the plain ranges for the most part at about ninety feet above the level of the sea, and the land has been cultivated for nearly one thousand feet up the slopes of Carmel. The native town of Haifa, with a population of about six thousand, stands at the eastern extremity of the plain. About a mile distant from it on the west are the houses of the German settlement, where dwell about three hundred people in all. The principal street of the little village stretches up from the shore towards the Mount. It is bordered on each side by a double row of shade-trees, behind which, each in a well-kept garden, stand the houses, built of white stone, one or two stories high, with slate roofs and a text of Scripture in German over the doorway. The lower slopes of Mount Carmel are planted with olives; the higher have been terraced, and are planted with vines. But although the Württembergers are experienced and capable vine-dressers, as almost every hill-side in their native country abundantly testifies, these colonists at Haifa have not been altogether successful in their attempts at vine-growing, their comparative failure being due to the fact that the vines they first planted were imported from Germany, and were unable to withstand the attacks of mildew.

The German colony was not the first settlement of Europeans in this part of Palestine; for during more than seven hundred years there had existed on Mount Carmel a monastery of Carmelite monks—in fact, their original seat. Nor was the settlement of the Templars unattended with drawbacks and difficulties. They suffered from the opposition of Turkish officials, and not

from these only; for the native population greeted the intrusion of the new-comers with the religious and racial antagonism that exists almost everywhere in the Orient between Mohammedan Arabs and Christian Europeans.

Nevertheless, the Templars of Haifa have finally succeeded—if not in winning the cordial good-will of the native population, at all events in disarming their aggressive opposition, open and covert. For Germans and Arabs now carry on commercial and agricultural operations conjointly, and apparently in perfect amity and concord. But the Templars have not been content with merely settling the Arabs and Jews a better and stimulating example; they have actually conferred upon them positive and tangible advantages. At their own expense they have constructed a high-road to Acre, on the other side of the Bay; and a second one, more useful still, across the Plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth, twenty-two miles distant, and have introduced upon them the use of wheeled vehicles. These roads are now regularly used by the natives, who have adopted from their German neighbours their method of carrying produce—namely, on carts and wagons. They have also, under the influence of the same good example, improved their methods of agriculture, and have begun to build stone houses, in imitation of those of the Germans, and to attend to the sanitary condition of their little town. For whereas, before their arrival, the native town was as dirty and as dilapidated as any native town you please in all Palestine, it is now a model of neatness and cleanliness. And in yet other ways the natives have reaped profit from the advent of the Templars. The value of land has increased threefold. The commerce of the little seaport has received a notable impulse. Large quantities of grain and other raw produce from the Hauran and other districts beyond Jordan are brought down to Haifa for export. There is now perfect safety for person and property; whereas, twenty years ago, it was often a very hazardous thing to venture outside the gates of Haifa without an armed escort, not at night-time, but in broad daylight. And all these estimable results the Templars have brought about simply through the sheer force of example; by the strictest honesty and uprightness in their dealings with one another and with the native population; by industry, simplicity of living, and steady good-will.

The Haifa colony seems to be now well started on the way to prosperity. It has mills for grinding corn into flour; it has a manufactory for making olive-oil soap, and another for making useful and ornamental articles from olive-wood. And of all the Templar colonies in Palestine it is undoubtedly the healthiest. The heat, although high, is neither unpleasant nor yet excessive, except when the sirocco happens to blow. The regular winds are pretty constant, and exert on the whole a cooling influence. During the day, a breeze blows in from the sea; whilst at night a breeze blows in the contrary direction, from the land seawards. Malaria does indeed occur, but not very frequently, and always in a mild and innocuous form. It may be added that General Gordon several times visited this Templar colony; and Mr Laurence Oliphant, the well-known author, lived there nearly a year.

The settlement that has suffered most from sickness and the untoward conditions of the climate has been that of Sarona. This colony stands on the alluvial plain of Sharon, which stretches from Jaffa to Mount Carmel, and is situated about one hour's journey from Jaffa, not far from the sea. It is nearly surrounded by a little stream, which during the hot rainless season of summer—lasting from May to September—dries up completely, with the exception of a few pools of stagnant water left here and there in its bed. At first, the colonists who settled at Sarona were severely visited by malarial fevers and dysentery; a very high proportion of the settlers having perished in the first year. But by dint of dogged endurance, and by strenuous labour to improve the sanitary conditions of the place, they have managed greatly to reduce the risks. The death-rate does not at the present time exceed 1.50 per cent. a year. Here, too, the patience and industry of the Templars have converted what was formerly a barren wilderness into a fruitful and beautiful garden.

The colonies of Jaffa and Jerusalem never suffered to anything like the same extent as Sarona, though neither of them is exempt from recurrent attacks of a mild form of malarial fever. The one, however, is situated immediately on the coast, where it can get the benefit of sea-air and the sea-breezes. The other is situated forty or forty-five miles inland, on the water-parting between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, amongst the mountains of Judea, at an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The colony at Jaffa, as already observed, consists very largely of professional men; that at Jerusalem almost exclusively of artisans and handicraftsmen. Between the two towns the Templars maintain active communication by means of wagons and singular wheeled vehicles; and here again the Arabs and Jews have not been slow to imitate the example that has been put before them.

Thus it would seem that at last something is really being done to dissipate the mists of sloth and ignorance which for so many centuries have hidden the Holy Land from the hand of usefulness, and to give it back that great measure of fertility which it enjoyed in antiquity.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE JULIABAD TRAGEDY.'

CHAPTER IX.

HOLMES had at first no intention of doing anything in regard to the draft which Mr Clayton had handed to him. He saw clearly that Faune had appropriated the money for himself—a weakness he would have been prone to with five thousand pounds in question—forging his (Holmes's) name to satisfy the banker that the debt had been duly paid. It was not likely Mr Clayton would ever speak of it again, and it would soon pass out of his mind. But on his way westward from the City, Holmes began to feel curious as to the disposal of the proceeds. What had become of the money, that Faune should have been found in those wretched lodgings at the docks, moneyless? He might have

been robbed, it was true; or the amount might be lying to his credit in the Anglo-Canadian Bank. And then, if Faune left London on the Sunday, when or how did he pay the cheque into the bank?

The result of these reflections was that Holmes decided to make some inquiries for himself concerning that cheque.

Delaying for some time on the way in the Fleet Street neighbourhood, it was late in the afternoon when Holmes was passing up the Strand. Here he went up to an office on a first floor, and inquiring for a Mr Vizard, found that gentleman, to whom he was evidently known.

'This cheque,' said Holmes, producing the document, 'was cleared through the Anglo-Canadian Bank at Charing Cross. I want you to find out for me by whom the cheque was paid in to that bank, and when, and every other particular about it.—The cheque is genuine,' he added, seeing the detective closely and suspiciously examining it.

'Both signatures on the back, however, were written by the same hand.'

'That is so. Follow the matter up as soon as you can, and let me know the result.'

Mr Vizard glanced at his watch, and promised to do so. Then Holmes went on to his lodgings, where he found the officer Cracroft waiting for him.

'After all, Mr Holmes,' he said, 'the discovery you made this morning leads—so far—to nothing. The paper which it appeared in never entered the house in Grosvenor Square either above or below stairs. It must refer to something else—some other appointment made by Faune.'

Holmes drew a breath of intense relief. This news lifted a load off his mind. Without waiting to hear more—without delaying an instant—he sent a telegram to Mr Clayton requesting him not to speak of the advertisement to his daughter, as it had been found to have no reference to the murder.

Furthermore, Faune's departure from Cadogan Place so early that night could now be accounted for by this engagement.

'If we could find out who it was he met, everything might look very different for Faune,' he remarked with lively interest.

'Perhaps—and perhaps not. We have a darker puzzle than that to deal with, however.'

'What is it?'

'I have discovered the message which brought Margaret Neale to the Park that night.'

'Who sent it?' Holmes demanded with a start. The critical point of the case was touched at last.

'We have to find that out yet. But that I have found the message is beyond all doubt. I can't help feeling a bit excited about it myself,' said the officer with a smile, 'not knowing what new surprise it may lead to. As I have said, the advertisement discovered this morning probably referred to an appointment of another connection'—

'Let me interrupt you a moment, Cracroft. That appointment, whatever it was, would account satisfactorily for an act that has pressed heavily against Faune—I mean his early departure from Mr Clayton's house that night. The appointment was for half-past nine. I shall put this information into Crutie's hands.'

'Very well,' said Cracroft. 'But did Faune make any excuse, when leaving Mr Clayton's, about having an appointment to keep? If so, we have not heard of it. And is it not probable he has already told his solicitor? Crudie, we know, has as yet said nothing about it—which looks suspicious.' But tell him all about it, and see what he will say.'

'You still hold to the belief that Faune was the murderer?'

'I have not the smallest doubt about it. Only, there will be some vital points to clear up. He sent the fatal message to Margaret Neale; she found it awaiting her when she returned to the house after the concert that Saturday afternoon. What do you say to that?'

The solemn emphasis with which the officer made his statement—the apparent certainty of his facts—made a deep impression on Holmes.

'It was your own idea,' Mr Holmes, of the vehicle of communication used in the case which led me to what I discovered. I felt so convinced, when I left you in Mount Street, that I had then the all-important clue in my hand, that I only went to Grosvenor Square to be satisfied that the *Intelligence* was one of the morning papers taken in—for this would be an important corroborative fact. To my great disappointment, I learned that the paper was never taken in, even among the servants. I confess I was a bit staggered, although the presumption still remained that she might have seen it elsewhere. I was on the point of leaving, when it occurred to me to ask to see the room which Miss Neale had occupied. It had been kept locked since the murder, by Lady Southfort's orders, and the butler carried the key in his pocket. It was evident the orders were strictly obeyed, for I noted the position of certain articles to be exactly as they were left when I was last in the room. I don't know exactly what I was looking for, but I have sometimes found that in examining things in this aimless way, you stumble by chance upon evidence of the greatest value. This happened to me in Somersley's case; you remember how?'

'Yes, yes!—Never mind now, Cracroft.—Well?'

'Well—opening and closing, in an abstracted way—for I was busily thinking what was best to do in the matter of the advertisement—one after another of a chest of drawers, my interest was at once arrested by a loosely-folded newspaper lying in one of the top drawers. From the form of the fold and other marks, it had evidently come through the post-office. You could perceive as much without moving it. But I found along with the paper the wrapper in which it had been posted; a fragment adhered to the paper, and exactly corresponded with the remainder. An old newspaper is generally not an object of suspicion in such a place, and I must have seen it when I was there before; but after what took place this morning, Mr Holmes, I made a point of examining it. Now, note this, in connection with what I shall tell you presently: the wrapper was addressed, in a fine feminine hand, to "Miss Neale, care of Countess Southfort, Grosvenor Square, London"—and bore the W.C. postmark of the 10th of June. Opening out the paper (it was the *Standard* of the 9th of June), a heavy blue-pencil mark against a notice at the top of the

second column at once caught my eye. Here, said the officer, handing Holmes a slip of paper, 'is a copy of the notice.'

Frank Holmes, literally holding his breath, read the following:

'Margaret V—. I have come back, and cannot find you. If this reaches your eye, and you are in London, I will wait this evening, and Saturday, Sunday, Monday, at the old trysting-place (Fountain) from 9 to 10. If in the country, send answer to me in this column.—Jr.'

'And this advertisement,' said Holmes abstractedly—for there was one expression in it which struck him, and which the officer did not appear to notice—"appeared in the *Standard* of the 9th of June, the day preceding the murder?'

'In the *Standard* of the 9th of June. The newspaper was posted the morning of the 10th of June. Margaret Neale had not come to the place of appointment on the night of the 9th, and therefore had certainly not seen the advertisement. The paper was consequently posted to her on Saturday morning, and in all probability she found it on the hall table on her return from the concert at Grosvenor House. Does not this seem clear enough? She picked it off the table as she came in, and took it with her up to her room. The rest is obvious enough; the poor girl would be careful to keep her business a secret from the household.'

'But if Faune—assuming him the author of the message—knew her address, why did he not send his message to her direct at once?'

'Of course, to avoid detection.'

'Margaret Neale, again, might have been struck by the fact of the paper being sent to her.'

'Yes—if the poor thing had aught to suspect, or to fear. The probabilities are a thousand to one that when she opened the paper and read the husband's message, she became oblivious to all else—so absorbed in the thought of meeting him again that she forgot all about the odd way the message came to her. Under such circumstances, Holmes, the excited and innocent wife would have no memory for anything, no consciousness of anything but seeing her husband once more.'

'I believe that is all true, Cracroft,' said Holmes with a sigh. 'Poor girl!— He was thinking of the exquisite sweetness of her singing that fatal day in Grosvenor House, and the surprise of her modest eyes and gentle face at the applause. How pathetic and pitiful the recollection was now!'

'And now comes the perplexing part of the affair,' continued the officer, with a look of vexation. 'I lost no time in obtaining the original copy of the advertisement. What do you think? It was handed in by a lady (about whom the clerk who took it remembers nothing except that she was well dressed like any other lady!), and is in the same feminine hand as the address on the wrapper. Of course the name and address with which the copy purported to be authenticated turn out to have been fictitious—there is no doubt on that head.'

'Which leaves only two theories,' observed Holmes: 'either the murder was the act of some other person, or the lady was Faune's agent. I think you have a case to work up still, Cracroft.'

'I'm afraid so. The question is—who was the agent?'

'It might be as well to keep your mind open both ways,' said Holmes. 'Keep your information out of the newspapers; there are a thousand well-dressed women who would act as agents in a business so seemingly harmless, for a trifling remuneration. But it is just possible, Cracroft, that you are prejudiced by the strong presumption against the prisoner, and by continuing so you are shutting out the light on one side of you.'

Cracroft soon afterwards went away. Then Frank Holmes began to pace up and down the room, getting a clear grasp of his position in relation to this case. It was a painful position, from any point of view. His personal feeling towards Faune was one of intense abhorrence. The man had shown himself so utterly destitute of principle as to shock his former friend's belief in human nature. Holmes had found a sediment of good even in the lowest strata; but there seemed to be none—none at all—in this unhappy creature. So far for personal feeling. Then there was his promise to Miss Clayton. Had ever man such a cruel task imposed upon him before? Faune had worked his spells upon her before she was driven to despise him; but the spell was upon her still, a cruel bondage, and the cry that she made to Holmes for his help to save the unworthy being from a disgraceful fate went into his heart like a dagger. He could not refuse her—he loved her too passionately. If Mary Clayton were ready to take to her pure bosom the shamed head of the acquitted felon, the task undertaken by Frank Holmes could scarce have been harder.

But now that he had put his hand to it, he looked at it without flinching. There was a point, of course, beyond which he could not go—beyond which Miss Clayton would not expect him to go. The moment it became clear to his conscience that Faune was guilty of the cruel murder of that poor girl, that moment Holmes would abandon the man's cause. It had not come yet, though it seemed to be drawing very near. But it had not come; and until it did, he would keep his promise.

When reading the fatal message that had lured Margaret Neale to her fate, Holmes noted the date: it was Friday the 9th of June. She was invited to meet her murderer that night—and had not done so. The murderer would certainly have been at the Fountain, waiting for her. Now, if Faune had spent that evening as usual at Cadogan Place, could he have made the appointment in the Park?

THE MACARONI AND HIS KIND.

'It is conceivable,' says George Eliot, 'that a man may have concentrated no less will and expectation on his wristbands, gaiters, and the shape of his hat-brim, or an appearance, which impresses you as that of the modern "swell," than the Ojibbeway on an ornamentation which seems to us much more elaborate.' When *Theophrastus Such* was written, the 'Masher' had not yet appeared; but Dandy, Swell, and Masher, the three chief species of the genus 'fop' which this century has produced, have all, as Carlyle put it,

made their trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. The leading varieties of the Swell of the last century, in addition to their attention to dress, were distinguished by their want of manners and their love of noise, two characteristics which often developed into riotousness and downright insolence.

To the 'Roaring Boys' succeeded the Mohocks of Queen Anne's time, of whose outrageous proceedings many tales are told. They were known by a variety of names, according to the nature of their operations. The 'Dancing-masters' mated their victims enper by running their swords through their legs; the 'Sweaters' surrounded unlucky passers-by, and with drawn swords prodded them whichever way they offered to go; the 'Tumblers' stood people on their heads, or put helpless old women in barrels and rolled them down the streets. More innocent in their diversions were the 'Nickere,' who, when inflamed with drink, would sally out to break windows with halfpence. As Gay, in his *Trivia*, put it:

His scattered pence the fling Nickere flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the Scurer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?

Quiet people were much alarmed by these riotous doings; and the letters of the time testify to the fear with which sober citizens regarded the idea of being in the streets at anything like a late hour in the evening.

The quieter beaux were known as 'Smarts,' who were more devoted to dress than to noise and riot. The name was in vogue from Steele's time to nearly the end of the century. The 'Pretty Fellows' were a still more effeminate race. They spent hours at their toilet, and delighted in the feminine accomplishments of sewing and knitting and the then fashionable work known as knotting. Garrick ridiculed them on the stage, and they were bitterly satirised in a pamphlet called 'The Pretty Gentleman,' printed in 1747. The following is given therein as a specimen of their style of correspondence; it will be observed that spelling was not their strong point: 'Lord Mollicno's Compliments to Sir Rolew Tenellus—hopes did not ketch Cold last Night when he went from th' Oppera—shall be proud of his Company at Cards nex Wednesday sennit, to meet Lady Betty, and begs will not fail.'

To the Mohocks and their kind succeeded, about the middle of the century, the race of Bucks and Bloods. Their doings are to be found in the pages of the periodical essayists and newswriters of the time. In coffee-houses they disturbed the conversation of the company by whistling, swearing, loud affected talk, and the recital of their amorous and other adventures, past and prospective. In private society, to rudely interrupt quiet talk, to snatch paper or book from the hands of an unoffending reader, generally to disgust decent people—these were the manners and customs of

the Buck. To break street lamps, to assault the watch, to disturb public assemblies, were all signs of the true Blood and man of spirit.

About 1760 appeared the 'Macaroni.' The term at first was applied to the members of the Macaroni Club, which consisted of travelled young men—Italianated Englishmen, Roger Ascham would have called them—who, with many foreign affectations, brought back from their wanderings one useful novelty in the shape of Italian macaroni, which they introduced at Almack's, and from which they took their name. The word was soon in general use as an equivalent for fop or exquisite. The true Macaronies had two great passions—love of dress and love of gambling. At Almack's, or Brooks's, as it was soon called, play was very high. Ten thousand pounds in gold and notes was often to be seen on the table, and five thousand was sometimes staked on a single card. But hazard was the favourite amusement, and very large sums constantly depended on the throw of the dice. Many of the gamblers were naturally in a chronic state of debt. They borrowed from one another; they were often deep in the books of the accommodating Mr Brooks; and, as might be expected, they had no small dealings with the Hebrews:

But hark! the voice of battle shouts from far;
The Jews and Macaronies are at war.

When they sat down to the serious business of hazard, the players laid aside their grand clothes and put on frieze greatcoats, sometimes turned inside out for luck; and to protect their carefully arranged hair, and to guard their eyes from the light, they wore, says Walpole, high-crowned hats with broad brims and adorned with flowers and ribbons. This was ludicrous enough; but their ordinary attire was sufficiently ridiculous. They wore absurdly small cocked-hats, large pig-tails, and very tight-fitting clothes of striped colours, and carried very long walking-sticks ornamented with tassels. Walpole alludes to their long-curls and spying-glasses. In some respects they seem to have been the forerunners of the dandies who were known a few years ago as the 'Crutch and Toothpick Brigade.' The Macaroni wore an eye-glass and rejoiced in a toothpick, while in the place of a crutchstick he flourished his long tasselled staff. Burgoyne, in his play *The Maid of the Oaks* (1774), alludes to the Macaronies 'whistling a song through their toothpicks.' The following lines by J. West, published in 1787, give a curious picture of one of these dandies on horse-back:

In Hyde Park I met a hump-backed Macarony,
Who was pleased I should see how he managed his pony.
The Cockney was dressed in true blue and in buff,
In buckskin elastic, but all in the rough;
He wore patent spurs on his boots, with light soles,
And buttons as big as some halfpenny rolls;
His hair out of curl, with a tail like a rat,
And sideways he clapt on his head a round hat;
His cravat was tied up in a monstrous large bunch,
No wonder the ladies should smile at his hunch.

The Macaronies were fond of velvet suits, which were frequently bought in Paris, and, like many other heavily-taxed articles, smuggled over to England from Calais or Boulogne for a consideration by small ship-owners who made dealing in contraband goods their chief occupation. If they brought their Paris purchases home with them,

the dandies were obliged to clothe themselves in all their gorgeous apparel when leaving France, in order to save it from the clutches of the Custom-house officials. The Right Hon. Thomas Townshend chronicles in 1764 how Mr Rigby saved one fine suit by wearing it when he landed; and how Mr Elliot in the same way saved a coat and waistcoat, but not having similarly protected his new breeches, saw them seized and burned. 'I could not help blushing,' says the Earl of Tyrone in another letter, 'at the ridiculous figure we made in our fine clothes. You must wear your gold, for not even a button will be admitted.'

Paris was then the constant resort of fashionable Englishmen, and every aristocratic traveller arrived in the French capital laden with commissions given him by friends at home for the purchase of clothes, silks and satins, nicknacks of all kinds, and occasionally of heavier goods, such as cabinets and carriages. The Hon. Henry St John, in one letter to Selwyn at Paris, asks him to buy on his behalf books to the value of thirty pounds, a set of engravings after Vernet's views of seaports, an enamelled watch, and half-a-dozen teapots. In another letter, Viscount Bolingbroke requests Selwyn to procure for him a velvet suit of a small pattern, which was then the fashion amongst the Macaronies at Almack's; but, says the noble fop, the tailor must make the clothes bigger than usual with the Macaronies, because his lordship's shoulders have lately grown very broad. As to the smallness of the sleeves and length of the waist, he says: 'Lord B. desires them to be *outré*, that he may exceed any Macaronies now about town, and become the object of their envy.' A noble ambition truly!

The fascinating Topham Beauclerk, dandy, wit, and good fellow, was another of the Macaroni circle. He was equally at home among the featherheaded exquisites and worshippers of hazard in King Street, St James's, and among the men of light and leading of the Literary Club, who gathered round Dr Johnson in less fashionable quarters of the town. It was Beauclerk who, when the doctor got his pension, told him in Falstaffian phrase that he hoped he would purge and live cleanly like a gentleman. Johnson had a great admiration and liking for his lively companion. 'Everything comes from Beauclerk so easily,' he said, 'that it appears to me that I labour when I say a good thing.' Miss Anne Pitt, the sister of the great Lord Chatham, was stepping out of her chaise one day, with Topham's assistance, when she fell and sprained her leg; whereupon she declared that never for the future would she trust to the shoulder of a Macaroni. The nature of the fashionable attire would hardly be conducive to readiness or agility of movement.

From about 1770 to 1775 the most noteworthy member of the Macaroni Club was Charles James Fox, then a very young man, making his mark in the House of Commons as an able speaker and debater. In every folly, in prodigal expenditure, and in excess of all kinds he was foremost. Gambling was a passion with him from a very early age. When staying at Spa as a boy with his father, Lord Holland, he was accustomed to receive from his too indulgent parent a few guineas each evening, with which to tempt fortune at the public gaming-tables. The habit thus formed

became a master-passion; and as a natural result, Fox was always deeply in debt and often in want of a guinea. He used to call his waiting-room, where the tribe of money-lenders besieged him, his Jerusalem Chamber. As a Macaroni at the time mentioned he led the fashion, and was, as Lady Percy says of her husband, Harry Hotspur, 'the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.' A contemporary versifier says:

He's exceedingly curious in coats and in frocks,
So the tailor's a pigeon to this Mr Fox.

Another feature of the Macaroni, besides his passion for dress and love of play, was his supercilious rudeness. In Henry Mackenzie's *Mirror*, published in Edinburgh in 1780, there is a very unflattering account of the visit of a Macaroni member of parliament to a quiet country gentleman. In dress and figure the visitor, Sir Bobby Button, is described as resembling a monkey of a larger size. Immediately upon his arrival Sir Bobby asserts his pretensions to taste and fashionable breeding by attacking his host on the bad style of his house and everything about it. He suggests the cutting down of hedges and trees, the enlarging of windows and other alterations, with an impertinent volubility that completely silences his would-be entertainer; and when the daughter of the house appears, he talks 'as if London were one great scraggle, and he himself the mighty master of it.' Sir Bobby regards attendance upon the House of Commons as a bore, and expresses the greatest contempt for his constituents—the savages—for whom he has to keep open house during some months of the summer. The portrait may be a little highly coloured; but there can be no doubt that the Macaronies were often but little inferior in rudeness and overbearing behaviour to the Bucks and Bloods of earlier days.

These qualities when displayed in public places sometimes led to disturbances of the peace. The Macaronies frequented the masquerades, which were then much in vogue, especially those held at Mrs Cornely's, whose house at the corner of Sutton Street, Soho Square, was a favourite resort; and, like the rest of the fashionable world, they were in constant attendance at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. These famous gardens were then in their prime, and thither all the world went to eat and drink and play many strange pranks. The reader will remember Horace Walpole's account of the fashionable party with whom, on one occasion, he visited Vauxhall, when one of his friends, a lady of title, minced seven chickens in a china dish, and publicly prepared the dish for supper before the eyes of a crowd of admiring onlookers. A pamphlet entitled 'The Vauxhall Affray, or Macaronies defeated,' was published in 1773. It chronicles a disturbance provoked by the tipsy insolence of the *exquisites*. The well-known George Robert Fitzgerald, often called 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' was at Vauxhall in company with the Hon. Thomas Lyttleton, a Captain Croftes, and several others, all partially intoxicated, when they behaved with great rudeness towards Mrs Hartley the actress, who was accompanied by her husband the Rev. Henry Bate, of the *Morning Post*, and others. The reverend gentleman championed the lady and struck the captain. This was followed, as usual in those days, by an exchange of cards,

and an arrangement for a meeting the next morning. This interview, however, was of a pacific nature; and the parson and Captain Croftes had arrived at a satisfactory understanding, when in came that ardent duellist, 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' to demand satisfaction on behalf of another captain, named Miles, who considered himself to have been insulted on the previous evening. The clergyman hesitated, fearing to bring disgrace upon his cloth; but on a taunt of cowardice from the aggrieved soldier, he hesitated no longer, but offered to fight him on the spot. A ring was formed; and it is satisfactory to be able to add that the Macaroni captain received a very sound thrashing.

The Macaronies gave their name to a magazine, now very scarce, which was almost as short-lived as their own absurd costume. In 1772 was published 'The Macaroni and Theatrical Magazine, or Monthly Register of the Fashions and Diversions of the Times.' It changed its name the following year to the 'Macaroni, Stavoir Vivre, and Theatrical Magazine;' but shortly after ceased to appear.

The Macaronies did not retain their appellation for very many years. Fashions changed and new names were invented. The species was pretty well extinct by the end of the century: in 1805 George Barrington writes in the *New London Spy* of 'the present degenerate race of Macaronies, who appear to be of a spurious puny breed;' and about 1815 there was published at Bath a poetical pamphlet, probably by Thomas Haynes Bayly, on 'Bath Dandies of the Present and the Macaronies of the Past.' To them succeeded the Corinthians, whose sayings and doings are recorded in those books of Pierce Egan which were the delight of the youthful Thackeray; the Dandies, so belaboured in *Sartor Resartus*; the Swells, with their ample cuffs turned back over their coat sleeves, of whom Count d'Orsay was the type and model; the Counts, the Toffs, the Johnnies, the Chappies, the Mashers, and, latest of importations from America, the solemn, emotionless, faultlessly attired Dudes.

OLD LYON'S INN:

A LAWYER'S TALE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

SOME twenty-five years ago—for it is close upon a quarter of a century since it was demolished—there stood within sound of the dreamy chimes of St Clement Danes an ancient inn of Chancery. A mote silent, haunted-looking inn, so near to the noisiest thoroughfare in London, was never known; at least, so thought I, while seated by the fire in my rooms one gusty autumn evening.

It was never denied by any one—any one, be it understood, who ever walked through Lyon's Inn—that it must have been an abode of disembodied lawyers. Even by daylight, strange shadows flitted about the dwarfish doorways, and fled up the spiral staircases into the low-pitched upper stories, with their small bay windows looking out upon Booksellers' Row, like the windows in the stern of an old ship. Below these windows there was an entrance to the inn,

and there was another approach through a dismal alley known as Horne Court, where a corner-post, carved with a lion's head and paws, had bravely supported the mouldering brickwork for some four hundred and fifty years. Nearly three centuries ago, Lyon's Inn^o was spoken of as 'a guest inn or hostelry, held at the sign of the Lyon, and purchased by gentlemen, professors, and students in the law, and converted into an inn of Chancery.' It has also been described as a 'nursery of lawyers'—the nursery too often, it is to be feared, of lawyers in their second childhood; for there are many quaint stories told about the aged men of the law who dwelt in this weird retreat. One of these was heard to say that he was born there, and that there he should wish to die; and another, in his dingy garret, took such strange delight in his window-gardens that he never sighed for bowers, fresh fields, or 'pastures new;' but he lived there to a great age 'in measureless content.'

In the courtyard below my windows, on this particular autumn evening, the rustling of the fallen leaves broke the silence of this sombre old place; for in those days there were still a few trees alive in Lyon's Inn. The wind, sweeping round the old sun-dial, as it sounded to me, was driving these leaves into nooks and corners and up the open staircase into the dark landings and passages above. How well I remember the sun-dial, that symbolic adjunct to an old inn of Chancery! It was sadly out of repair: its gnomon was gone—as if to express contempt for the flight of time—and its figures were going fast.

The rooms which I occupied were cosy enough with their dark-panelled walls and oaken furniture. The curtains were drawn across the windows, and the shaded lamp described a limited circle of bright light upon the table. On the other side of the hearth opposite to my chimney corner was a vacant arm-chair, antique and comfortable. I can distinctly recollect, while staring at that chair, that I became exceedingly drowsy, for I was worn out after an exceptionally hard day's work; and between sleeping and waking—as I fancied—the rustling of the withered leaves sounded like footsteps crossing the old courtyard.

I began to dream; and from thinking of the footsteps, I suppose, my dream took this outward form. It appeared to me that I opened my eyes and saw a stranger seated opposite. He was a tall lean man, and his face was very thin and pale. His dark eyes and black beard may perhaps have made this pallor all the more remarkable. He held a letter nervously, fast in one hand and then in the other. His whole manner expressed agitation; his restless fingers tugged now at his beard and now at the shabby coat-collar almost without ceasing. He had the appearance of a broken-down gentleman—broken down through mental suffering. Suddenly meeting my glance, a confused expression crossed his face. He got up, and held the letter towards me without uttering a word. I took it from him as one might do in one's sleep, but without feeling it; and as my lips moved to question him, he vanished.

When I awoke, I found my lamp flickering dimly, as if a current of air had caught the flame: it flared up feebly and went out. But the fire was still burning, at least with sufficient brightness to throw an uncertain light round the room. My first thought was about my dream; and I looked instinctively towards the arm-chair. It was empty.

I listened. No sound reached me except the rustling of those dead leaves outside; and again they seemed to me like footsteps hurrying away through the open staircase and across the courtyard. I sprang to my feet, drew back the curtain, and looked out. The court was in darkness; only at the gateway beyond a few straggling rays of light, from some flickering street-lamp, seemed to me contending for entrance with the opposing shadows outside. I saw no one. Lighting a candle, which stood on the mantel-shelf, I walked through my rooms, passing into every corner. So vivid an impression had this dream made upon me that I could not at once shake off the feeling that I had actually received a visit from a pale-faced man. I even went into the little hall, opened the outer door, and glanced up and down the landing. No one was there that I could see. I turned to re-enter my chambers, and as I turned, the wind blew out my light.

Groping my way back to my sitting-room, and thinking to myself that I must indeed have been overworking my brain of late, I knelt upon the hearth-rug to relight the candle. But as I was bending down something caught my attention—something that set my heart beating loudly. A strange-looking letter was lying upon the floor close to my arm-chair. It was surely no dream this time; there it lay, with the fitful flames from the fire playing upon it, as if in silent ironical laughter at my surprise. An odd thought crossed my mind; I fancied that if I stretched out my hand to grasp this letter, it would disappear. I hesitated—glanced round the room—and again looked at it. There it was still, with the flicker of the fire upon it as before.

The candle was soon relighted, and I was holding up the letter and scrutinising it on both sides. It had a very autumnal appearance; for it was yellow with age, and begrimed with a dust that was not to be shaken off. Had it been blown in like a dead leaf from the courtyard below? On one side was a large red seal, that had upon it the impression of a lion's head. On the other side, written in a bold hand, was an address. But the ink was so faded, and the writing in consequence so difficult to decipher, that I puzzled over it despairingly for some minutes. It then appeared to read as follows: 'Miss POINING, 31A Dean Street, Soho.' I am not superstitious. Never at any moment of my life, unless it was now, have I believed in the supernatural. And yet—I must confess it—when I placed that letter in my iron safe and locked it up, I never expected to find it there next morning.

Speculations as to who 'Miss Poining' was—whether alive or dead—kept me awake the greater part of the night. Was she young and beautiful? The antique appearance of the letter chased away a vision of bright eyes. I was a bachelor in those days—twenty-eight or thirty, at the most; but I saw no prospect, though the

thought naturally crossed my mind, of finding a suitable partner for life in Miss Poining, of Dean Street, Soho.

An important case in the law-court, a case which demanded my undivided attention, compelled me to dismiss this incident from my thoughts, until evening again came, and I was once more seated at the fireside. It then recurred to me with all its former vividness and force. The letter, which had not taken flight, was again undergoing the most severe examination. 'What shall I do with it?' This was the question I asked myself over and over again. An impulse suddenly seized me; I resolved to clear up this mystery, if the thing were possible. Soho was only a short walk from Lyon's Inn. I would go there and inquire if such a person as Miss Poining lived, or had lived, in Dean Street, at No. 31A.

I hurried along through dingy courts and dark alleys; for not a street in the neighbourhood of Seven Dials, which lay in my way, had been pulled down twenty-five years ago. I soon reached Dean Street, and stopped before a small old-fashioned house with steps leading up to the front-door and a square canopy overhead of carved oak. I grasped the knocker, which I noticed was an iron fist, gave a bold 'rat-tat,' and waited the result with blank expectation.

A neat little maid-servant presently answered the summons.

'Does Miss Poining live here?'

The girl replied unhesitatingly, 'Yes.'

'Is Miss Poining at home?'

'Yes, sir.—What name, if you please?'

'Mr Robert West.' And I handed the servant my card.

An oil-lamp hung from the hall ceiling, dimly lighting the dark oaken staircase. I followed the servant up the narrow flight to a drawing-room floor; and I presently found myself in a quaintly furnished room, where the curtains were closely drawn, and everything had a very snug appearance. An elderly lady with a pinched face sat near the hearth wrapped in a white woollen shawl. She looked up with a slight shiver when the door was opened; and something in the expression, like a passing shadow, reminded me of the face in my dream.

'Mr Robert West?'—she was studying my card with a troubled look—'of Lyon's Inn?'

I bowed acquiescently.

'Pray, be seated.' And when I had taken a seat opposite to her, she added in a formal tone: 'I don't remember the name. To what may I attribute the honour of this visit?'

'A matter of business, Miss Poining.—Have I the pleasure of addressing that lady?'

She inclined her head stiffly.

'A matter of business—I can give it no other name—brings me here,' said I. 'A letter has come into my possession—was, in fact, left in my rooms in Lyon's Inn last evening; and it is addressed to Miss Poining, Dean Street, Soho.'

'Left at Lyon's Inn?' repeated Miss Poining in a low agitated voice, with her eyes bent upon the fire, 'and addressed to me?'

Taking the letter from my breast-pocket, I got up and held it towards the old lady. She looked

round quickly, glanced at my hand and then at me. 'Is that the letter?'

'Yes. It was delivered yesterday evening. Miss Poining, dusty and discoloured as you now see it. The writing is very faded; but the red seal'—I stopped abruptly; for at this moment the door opened, and a lovely girl—a girl of nineteen or twenty—stepped into the room. She paused at the door with her pretty lips half parted, and a quick inquiring expression filled her large dark eyes. Again the face in my dream—it seemed to recur to me strangely to-night—passed across this girl's face and vanished.

As a busy student in Lyon's Inn, with no romantic surroundings, with nothing but prosaic law-books and bilious-looking deeds to stimulate my imagination, this poetic figure seemed almost like a revelation to me. I had come to this old house in Dean Street, with this mysterious letter of introduction to Miss Poining, simply to satisfy a craving curiosity, without the expectation of finding that she was alive and ready to receive me. It had astonished me in no small degree to discover the old lady, with her pinched and wrinkled face—so young looking and so alert: nothing under the age of a hundred, by the name of Poining, would have caused me the least surprise. But who was this, I wondered, with these bright eyes and that inquiring glance? I looked from her to Miss Poining, and back again into the girl's face. I began to think that I was still dreaming, and that I should wake up and find myself once more at my fireside in Lyon's Inn, with nothing but the vision of this beautiful creature, lingering in my memory, in that haunted old place where such beings are never seen.

'Hester, my dear,' said the old lady, with a wave of her hand, 'this is Mr Robert West of Lyon's Inn.—Miss Gretworth.'

Hester Gretworth regarded me, as I thought, with an expression of actual dread. Did she suspect me of being disembodied?

'Lyon's Inn?' She appeared more troubled than Miss Poining at the mention of my address.

Miss Poining hastened to explain. 'Mr West has brought that letter, left at his rooms, and addressed to me.' Then she added: 'Will you take it to the lamp, my dear, and look at the handwriting?'

The girl's agitation increased; it was painful to witness. After examining for a moment the dingy superscription which had so puzzled me, she said in a tearful voice: 'It is his, aunt; it is Reginald's!'

Miss Poining hastened to adjust her spectacles with trembling fingers. She spoke somewhat sternly: 'Break the seal, my dear, and give me the letter.'

The girl instantly obeyed, and then placed the lamp on the table beside Miss Poining.

The old lady turned to me as she took the open letter in her hand: 'Pray, be seated, Mr West,' for I had been standing since Miss Gretworth entered the room; 'and you too, my dear. You make me nervous.'

Every detail of that distressful moment—every shade of expression on Miss Poining's face and on Hester Gretworth's too, as she sat down between us with hands tightly clasped—comes back to me

now. The letter was not a long one—three pages of not very closely written matter; but it appeared to take a long time to read; at least the minutes seemed to me like hours. The old clock on the mantel-shelf, whose 'tick-tack' had not until now caught my ear, filled the room with its loud vibrations. I began to wonder that the noise did not awaken the white Persian cat which was lying curled up on the hearth-rug at the old lady's feet.

Hester Gretworth never took her troubled eyes off Miss Poining's stern face. It was a painful study. Miss Poining's spectacles had to be taken off and wiped more than once during the reading, and each time that she removed them I noticed tears upon her wrinkled cheeks.

At last the letter was read and slowly folded; and while Miss Poining was folding it, I remember thinking the expression in her fingers suggested a struggle with her worse nature. I expected every moment to see her tear the letter to atoms and fling it into the fire. Perhaps the same thought crossed Hester Gretworth's mind; for she now rose and took the letter gently from her aunt and quickly refolded it; she seemed to dread even to give a glance at the writing.

'May I ask,' said Miss Poining, suddenly looking towards me, 'who left that letter at Lyon's Inn?'

I knew not how to answer. I had asked myself this very question more than a hundred times within the last four-and-twenty hours; and so little had I anticipated finding the person in Dean Street to whom this letter was addressed, that it had never entered into my head to prepare even a plausible explanation about the affair beforehand. That Miss Poining noticed my hesitation, and that Hester Gretworth's eyes were fixed searchingly upon my face, did not mend matters; for the first time in my life I knew what it was to feel utterly embarrassed. All that I could do—with those bright eyes persistently bent upon me—was to stammer out in a disjointed sentence: 'I do not know; I found it there.'

'In your letter-box?' said Miss Poining.

'No. I fell asleep last evening in my arm-chair; I had over-fatigued myself in the law-courts; and when I woke up the letter was lying on the rug near my chair.'

Miss Poining stared at me in blank surprise. 'Indeed?' Her tone was studiously polite, but devoid of credulity.

'I had a vivid impression'—the courage to call it a dream had deserted me—'a very vivid impression in my sleep that I saw some one—a young man with a pale face and dark eyes—seated opposite to me; some one who handed me a letter and disappeared. That is the only explanation,' I added, 'that I have to offer you. I have puzzled my brain'—

'Perhaps,' interrupted Miss Poining with suppressed emotion, 'perhaps you would know the face again—the face of the young man, I mean, who gave you that letter. Do you think you would, Mr West, if you were to see it now?'

The tone in which Miss Poining spoke was somewhat startling. Was it in her power to solve this mystery? For a moment I felt completely unnerved; the incident of the preceding night had filled my mind with all sorts of odd

fancies, and I was almost prepared, at a word from this lady, to see the pale-faced man appear, as he had done at Lyon's Inn, and confront me in her presence. I answered with as much assurance as I could muster: 'I should know it again; I am sure of that.'

The old lady instantly glanced at her niece. 'Hester,' said she, pointing towards a recess, 'let Mr West see his face.'

The girl crossed the room and lifted a heavy curtain. I could not suppress a slight exclamation. A pale young man with a short black beard looked out upon me. I recognised him at once; and yet there was no trace of restlessness in the fine dark eyes, no shade of mental suffering about the brow. Such expressions gathered there out of my own imagining while I gazed at the portrait.

'It is the face,' said I, 'the face in my dream.'

UNREST.

THE rose that is perfect to-day is blown overfull to-morrow;
Life is nothing but change, and change is nothing but sorrow.

The world sways back and forth, a measureless vast machine,
High and low, and ever bringing back what has been.

The days that dawn and die, the moons that wax and wane,
The seasons that freeze and burn, the grain and the crop and the grain,

Are symbols of change unchanging, of cycles whirling by,
The living aping the dead, and ripe in their turn to die.

Could we clear our eyes to gaze, we should see to the verge of time
The long dead level of death and life and love and crime,

Torn and tossed by passion, and ridged and quarried with graves
As the changeless level of ocean is broken by tides and waves.

Where shall our feet find rest? Or is there a rest to find?
Is rest a dreamy delusion shaped by a restless mind?

A rainbow arching our sky, looked on but never possess?
Our feet must stumble on, while our hearts cry out for rest.

The world sways back and forth, suns kindle and flash and die,
Our stars arise and set till the dawn of eternity.

M. FALCONER.

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A MORNING WALK IN BANGKOK.

THERE had been a heavy fall of rain the night before, and when we awakened at six o'clock in the morning it was delightfully cool; and everything smelt so fresh and pleasant that we were vividly reminded of those clear crisp summer mornings in England that betoken a warm day. In two minutes we had donned the European tropical dress of a thin white jacket and trousers, and taking a peep at the thermometer on the wall, which marked eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit, we strolled out, thankful that the scorching hot days of April were over, and that the first few showers of the rainy season were rapidly cooling the oven-like atmosphere. The air was filled with innumerable noises—the trilling of birds, the guttural cawing of rooks, the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, and the indistinct humming and buzzing of myriads of invisible creatures. A sweet perfume was wafted from the flowering shrubs of the Consulate grounds, and all Nature was joyous and full of life. Even the wretched prisoners in their dress stamped with the arrowhead of infamy, who were busily sweeping out the walks under the superintendence of our native warder, armed with a huge baton, seemed to have less dejected looks than usual.

Passing out under the shadow of the Lion and the Unicorn, which here, in Siam, establishes law for its own British subjects, where all else is lawless, we emerged upon the New Road of Bangkok, built some years ago, and extending from the city wall to a distance of three or four miles along the river. A strange scene presents itself to view. So many foreign objects and curious figures press themselves upon the attention that it is difficult at first to grasp details, and one stands gazing upon the passing tide of human beings as upon a vast panorama, moving but unreal, which will presently vanish, leaving the astonished spectator in wide-awake matter-of-fact England again. The thick red dust has been laid by the previous night's rain, so that the foot-passengers glide along noiselessly; and even the dingy 'buses,'

drawn by a couple of scraggy woe-begone nags, whose harness is a compound of broken straps, old strings, and ropes, presided over by a dirty jehu in a ragged cinglet and wide Chinese trousers, rumble forward with a subdued sound. Wretched dirty 'jinrickshas,' patched and repaired to the last stage of decomposition, pulled by a Chinaman of herculean breast, and calves whom 'James' might well envy, and loaded by a couple of his fat smiling countrymen, are whirling along, creaking and groaning to such an extent that it is a merciful interposition of Providence that the whole affair does not completely collapse, and land the placid smiling Chinamen in the ditch.

The latest witness to European enterprise and energy in this distant corner of the globe is the tramway, which traverses the entire road, and penetrates to the heart of the city. It has only been running a few months, but its success is already assured, as it found immediate favour with the lazy natives, who will ride instead of walk as long as they possess a cent in the world. The brand-new tramcars sweep along at a rapid gate, to the tinkling of little bells, and the continual tootling of a horn blown by a proud youngster in all the glory of a gaudy-coloured sash and a smart red cap. There is no outside to these trams; but the inside is crammed with a host of more or less unclothed natives, while they cluster like bees round the steps and beside the driver. For the use of Europeans and any others who care to pay a higher price there is a small cushioned enclosure separating them from the common herd. It took the Siamese some months to realise that when a tram and a foot-passenger are on the same path it is necessary for the foot-passenger to get out of the way; but now, when several people have been injured, they clear off the path with astounding agility at the sound of the horn.

Towards seven o'clock the cooks may be seen returning from market with the purchases for the day, consisting of meat, fish, fowl, vegetables and fruit, slung in two baskets across the shoulder.

They march with slow and solemn tread, their wide blue trousers fluttering in the breeze, their imperturbable 'Celestial' faces as if lost in deep reverie—cunning, thieving rascals, calculating; doubtless, how much they have pilfered from their unfortunate European masters.

Chinamen are staggering onwards, each with two enormous panniers, loaded with quacking ducks or cackling hens, with cakes and fruit, with rice, broth, and other strange-looking decoctions steaming from a peripatetic fire, with cups and water-bottles, induced with all kinds of merchandise. A rude native straw-hat, at least two yards in circumference, protects their glistening skulls from the rays of the sun; their yellow chests and backs are bare, and the perspiration slowly trickles down their weary faces, grim and scarred by want and never-ending toil.

The sun is just beginning to tip above the little wooden thatched houses at the side of the road, and between the variegated dark-green foliage and graceful palms that rise up behind them; but the native Siamese, who, in contrast to the slaving Chinamen, apparently have nothing to do, feel how cool it is. Here comes a shaggy-looking specimen, his black hair bolt upright, his thick cigarette wrapped in a palm leaf, stuck behind his ear, and wearing a large striped bathing-towel flung across his dusky shoulders. That old grandmother, whom the heat and rains of many a season have left with innumerable wrinkles indelibly impressed on her face, back, and arms, despises the protection of a bathing-towel for her shoulders, or even hair for her poor old head, as she is closely shaven, but steps out bravely, with a scarf over her bosom and a bright-coloured cloth around her loins. The indented mark on her bare shoulder clearly shows that it is neither to-day nor yesterday for the first time that she carries those panniers, in which we notice sliced pine-apple and little cakes and sweets so delightful to the Siamese palate. At intervals she gives utterance to a prolonged mournful howl, that bears a strong family resemblance to the deeper melancholy 'Co-o-o' of the Glasgow coal-seller. Young girls of diminutive stature, but with well-developed and well-proportioned bodies, and a free-and-easy gait that has never been trammelled by Parisian boots or Swanbill corsets, pass along with small baskets in their hands, laughing and chattering gaily with each other. They seem so happy and pleased with themselves and everybody, that one is inclined to question whether civilisation would really prove a boon to those innocent creatures.

The contrast between the industrious hard-working Chinaman and the easy-going Siamese is very marked. From early morn till dewy eve, and much later, the Chinamen are there hulling rice with cumbersome machines worked by the feet, hammering at the anvil, making shoes and tables, pulling 'jinrickshas.' They do the heavy work in the rice-mills and timber-yards, make active and obedient servants and good cooks to Europeans; have some of the best stores in Bangkok; keep pawnshops, and receive all manner of stolen goods without a word—in fact, do everything by which an honest (or a dishonest) penny may be turned. They speak a mongrel Siamese, and the better class of them English, and know how to make their services so valuable that their

presence is absolutely indispensable in Bangkok. The toil of the lower class is never-ending. Sunday or Monday, during the live-long day they persevere over their labour, seeming to have no relaxation except when for a few minutes they stop to bolt down their indigestible food, squatted on a bench in a row, with their backs turned to the street; afterwards to smoke a long opium pipe, and occasionally, in the evening, stand and listen to the internal din and apparently senseless motions of their native actors.

How different is a Siamese family group! There, on a few boards, under a palm-thatched roof, are displayed for sale cakes, dried fish, abundance of fruit, and a few odds and ends of European goods. The wrinkled old 'granny,' toothless but grinning, sits dangling her dried-up skinny legs, while around are playing her numerous grandchildren, naked as the day on which they entered the world; or if clothed, it is with a string of silver coins round the neck. The mother squats tailor-fashion on the boards beside her goods, ready to serve any customer; but as for the husband, he is not to be seen. If he does pretend to work at all, he is the adherent or hanger-on of some prince or great man: he carries his teapot, his betel-box, or his umbrella. At anyrate, whatever he does, it must be light and easy, even though the wages are small; for as long as he has a waist-cloth, a handful of rice, and the unflinching cigarette of native tobacco, he is perfectly content.

We are approaching the country now, and cross one of those creeks, or canals, communicating with the river which are here more numerous and important than the roads; indeed, there is only one road of any pretension to that name, and we are walking on it. The creek is crowded with canoes, conveying merchandise of all kinds; and the speed and dexterity with which these craft are propelled by single-bladed paddles are truly remarkable. The water is muddy and extremely dirty-looking; but every one bathes here; the children in happy laughing groups, playing and dashing the water over themselves; while their more sedate parents stand on a plank and solemnly 'douche' themselves with painful after-painful of the yellow water. The Siamese are fond of bathing; but, to judge from the quality of the water used, it is not from a sense of the duty of cleanliness, but simply to cool themselves. At this point in our walk it becomes necessary to hold the postriks firmly and advance at a quick trot, to escape as quickly as possible from the stench of a tannery and pigsties on the one side, and a particularly evil odour from some huts on the other.

That safely accomplished, we find the scene suddenly changes from Siam to India; for we are passing through the Hindu quarter, or at least where those who are engaged in the cattle-trade do congregate. Their Siamese wives are busily preparing the morning meal of fish and rice over small fires in front of their wooden houses; and some hoary old men, the repositories, doubtless, of the wisdom and traditions of the tribe, sit gravely on their haunches warming their skinny fingers at the leaping flames. The mongrel children playing around and emitting baby sounds remarkably like those to be heard in the best-regulated nurseries of England, would make

a curious study for an ethnologist. Their fathers, however, exhibit the flashing eyes, well-marked features, and dark skins of the genuine Hindu, as they move about, haughty and imperious-looking, in their coloured turbans and white robes. They are a rough lot, and are continually hurling volleys of abuse at each other, or beating their wretched wives, and in consequence get heavily fined in the Consular Court, when their better halves (or thirds, or quarters, as the case may be) pluck up courage to prosecute them. They are very religious, after their fashion, in spite of their evil doings, and preserve the faith of their fathers in a gaudy little temple adorned with painted figures of peacocks, placid cross-legged Gaudamas, and other strange monsters. The cattle which we see standing in the open sheds, or being made to leap out of the boats at the landing-place—for there is no plunking to enable the poor beasts to land in comfort—are mostly the result of foraging expeditions among the agriculturists, who receive scant justice from the Siamese governors.

Dirty brown-coloured 'pariah' dogs, with no particular home or master, come rushing out, smelling at one's heels and barking furiously. A big stick is an indispensable 'vade mecum' on a walk in Bangkok, to beat off those ugly ferocious brutes, that swarm everywhere, lighting for morsels over the dunghills. The Siamese are reluctant, in accordance with the precepts of Buddha, to kill any living thing if they can help it, so these pests multiply and replenish the earth to the danger of the calves of passers-by. Though they won't kill dogs, they make little scruple of wringing the necks of innocent ducks and chickens, slaughtering bullocks and pigs, or of killing anything else that may fill their stomachs or put a cent in their pockets. They evidently act upon the principle that if they must sin, they will have something materially comforting in this world to counterbalance to some extent the punishment in the next.

We are now really in the country; and a refreshing breeze, laden with the ozone of the Gulf of Siam, comes blowing across the level fields. The road is fringed with palm-trees and tropical shrubs; but beyond, the scenery is dull and uninteresting—nothing but the dreary rice-fields, bare and sunburnt at this season of the year, divided into plots by ridges of earth, which, later on, when the rains come down with the persistent doggedness of the tropics, will serve as footpaths through the midst of a vast inland sea. A herd of buffaloes—or the long-horned cattle that go by that name—are grazing peacefully in the distance; and on the backs of two or three of them are seated brown little imps, the guardians of their 'father's flocks.'

The Chinese cemetery lies up here. The majority of the Chinamen in Bangkok are of the low coolie class, and their cemetery is dirty and unkempt, showing none of that care for the graves of their ancestors for which the Celestial Land is renowned. A herd of young pigs—the Chinaman's favourite food—are rooting and grunting around the white tombstones, so that whatever merit is lost through negligence of their fathers' graves is substantially compensated by extra juicy pork. That strange booming eerie sound we hear is caused by pieces of wood that

go whirling round by the wind to drive away the evil spirits who come to disturb those who are now 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

On one side of the road are some European houses, their brown tiled roofs and the light painted lattice-work of the verandas almost buried in a profusion of rich tropical verdure. Happy voices of youngsters are issuing from one of them as we pass, accompanied by the cheery sound of some one sarcastically whistling 'Up in the morning's no for me, up in the morning early,' announcing that the inevitable Scotchman, to judge from the melody, has here planted his home, and is flourishing.

It is curious to observe the most advanced civilisation and the lowest stage of barbarism existing side by side. That naked Siamese child who is putting his ear to one of the telegraph poles which line the road is probably wondering, just as his white brothers do in England, what the wires are saying; and we see from a single wire issuing from a neighbouring house that the advantages of the telephone are as much appreciated by the residents of Bangkok as by the busiest merchants of London or New York. The funny old postman who is slowly advancing to meet us exemplifies in a ridiculous manner the contact of Western civilisation with Eastern barbarism. He wears a green waistcloth, and carries a white umbrella, but is without shoes, stockings, or trousers; while his cap, coat, and bag are of the genuine English regulation type. There, however, the similarity ends. He does not emulate the zeal and speed of his English fellow-workers, tearing along the road, giving thundering double rat-a-tats on the doors of the houses and at the hearts of the innuates. Indeed, there are neither knockers to rap nor bells to ring; and when he has a letter to deliver at a European house, he saunters slowly in through the ever-open door and delivers it to the boy who is always at hand. We are denied the luxury, or curse, as the case may be, of those double knocks, and if there is any pit-patting of hearts, it is when the 'boy' comes slipping up with noiseless bare feet and puts the letter in our hand.

Our boyish days are again brought to mind by the sight of two children going off to school. The one is a Chinese boy, exhibiting in his neatly-plaited pigtail and snow-white clothes the care of a fond mother at home; and the other a half-caste. They are both carrying slates and exercise-books, and show by their dilatoriness the same reluctance to go to school which we all felt when we were young.

What a contrast between those two innocent children on their way to school and the string of wretched dirty convicts, fastened like wild beasts to each other by a rope, who pass along with haggard looks and clanking chains. Their scarred backs, skeleton frames, and hungry wolfish faces, painfully impress upon us that the civilisation we see around in the shape of telephones, telegraphs, and posts is only skin-deep, and underneath festers the most brutal barbarism and injustice.

The sun is now mounting in the heavens, and his rays becoming more and more unendurable, warn us to retrace our steps—literally speaking, as we cannot vary the walk by coming back in a different direction. Arrived at home bathed in

perspiration, we have a cold bath, a luxury which one must come to the tropics to enjoy to the utmost, demolish a hearty breakfast, and then prepare for our daily toil.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER X.—THE HUMOURS OF AN INDIAMAN.

THE mystery being at an end, most of the passengers, after a brief spell of loitering and talking, went below, little Saunders leading the way with the meteorolite, and the captain closing the procession, to finish the glass of grog he had been disturbed at by finding the ship off her course. I was exchanging a few words with Mr Cocker on this second queer incident of the day, when the fellow who was at the wheel exclaimed: 'Beg pardon, sir,' and I saw him shift very uneasily from one leg to the other with a drag of the length of his arm over his brow, as though he freely perspired.

'What is it?' inquired Mr Cocker.

'Am I expected to stand here alone, sir?' asked the fellow.

'Certainly. What! On a fine night like this? What do you want? That I should call hands to the relieving tackles?' cried the second mate.

The man sent a look up at the stars before answering, with a sort of cowering air in the posture of his head.

'One of them blooming boomerangs,' said he, 'might come along again, sir. What's a man to do if time ain't allowed him to get out of the road?'

'Your having a companion won't help you,' said the second mate.

'I dunno,' answered the fellow. 'Whatever it be that chucks the like of them things, might hold off at the sight of two of us.'

The second mate stooped looking at him a little, and then burst into a laugh.

'Well, well!' said he; 'if there's ever a lead-line to sound the depths of forecastle ignorance, I allow there must be fathoms enough of it to belay an end to the moon's horns.'

Nevertheless he called to one of the watch to come aft and hold the wheel with the other man, making some allowance, I daresay, for the superstitious feelings which possessed the sailor, and which were certainly not to be softened down by the sight of the great blood-stain close to his feet.

I went below, and found the passengers listening to Mr Saunders, who, with the meteorolite before him, was delivering a discourse on that kind of stone, pointing to it with his finger, speaking very slowly and emphatically, and looking in his wistful way up into the faces of his audience. Even Miss Temple seemed interested, and stood listening with her back against the mizzen-mast, the embellished trunk of which formed a very noble fanciful background for her fine figure. However, I was more in the temper for a pipe of tobacco than for a lecture, and was presently on deck again, for after half-past nine o'clock in the evening we were privileged to smoke upon the poop. Colledge presently joined me; but in twenty minutes he gave a prodigious yawn and then went to bed; and I paced the deck

alone, with deep enjoyment of the hush coming to the ship out of the dark scintillant distance—a silence of ocean-night that seemed to be deepened to the senses by the marble stillness of the wide white pinions stealing and floating up in a sort of glimmer of spaces to the faint mist-like square of the main royal. There was a faint noise of trembling and rippling waters over the side, and the line of the taffrail with the two fellows at the wheel rose and fell very softly to the black secret heave of the long deep-sea undulation. The cuddy lamps were dimmed, the interior deserted; there was a small group of smokers on the quarter-deck in the shadow of the bulwark conversing quietly; abaft the mizzen rigging flitted the dusky form of old Keeling, who had come up to take a turn or two and a final squint at the weather before turning in.

Some one emerged through the companion hatch, and, after looking about him a little, crossed to the lee rail, where I was standing.

'Is that you, Dugdale?'

'Yes,' said I. 'What's the matter, Greenhew? Time to be in bed, isn't it?'

'Oh, I say, Dugdale,' exclaimed the young fellow in a breathless kind of way, as though the effort to check some fit of merriment nearly choked him, 'there's such a lark down-stairs—in my cabin—Riley, you know!—And here he laughed out.

'What's the lark? I asked.

'I want you to come and see,' he answered. 'I found it out by the merest accident. Heavens, what capers! And if I don't contrive some excuse to introduce Miss Hudson into the cabin, that she may see him—Well! well!—But come along, though.'

'But, my good fellow, let me first of all know what I am to see,' said I. 'I am enjoying the silence and coolness of this deck and my pipe and—'

He interrupted me as he cautiously stared around him.

'You know, of course, that Riley's got the bunk under me?' he exclaimed in a fluttering voice, as though he should at any moment break out into a loud laugh; 'well, you can make him do whatever you like when he's asleep.'

'Go on,' said I; 'I may understand you presently.'

'When I went to my cabin to turn in,' he continued, 'I found him in bed; and imagining him to be awake, I exclaimed, just as a matter of chaff, you know: "Look out, my friend! There'll be a meteorolite crashing clean through my bunk into your head in a minute—so, mind your eye, Riley!" The moment I said this he hopped out from between his sheets on to the deck, and stood cowering with his hands over his head, as if to shelter it. His eyes were shut, and I supposed he was playing the fool. "Get back into bed, man," said I; "you can't humbug me." He immediately lay down again in a manner that surprised me, I assure you, Dugdale; for it was as full of obedience as the behaviour of any beaten dog. I watched him a little, to see if he opened his eyes; but he kept them shut, and his breathing proved him fast asleep. I thought I would try him again. "Hi, Riley!" I exclaimed. "Here's Peter Henskirk come to

haul you out of your bunk. Protect yourself, or he'll be dragging you into the cuddy, dressed as you are, and Miss Hudson is there to see you." Instantly, Dugdale—here he clapped his hands to his lips, to smother a fit of laughter—"he doubled up his fists and let fly at the air, kicking off the clothes, that he might strike out with his legs; and thus he lay working all over like a galvanised frog. You never saw such a sight. Come down and look at him."

'Have you observed anything of the sort in him before?' said I, knocking the ashes out of my pipe.

'Never before,' he answered; 'but I have him on the hip now. He's tried to make a fool of me to Miss Hudson, and this blessed evening shows me my way to a very pretty rejoinder.—Come along, come along! Should he wake, there can be no performance.'

He went gliding with the step of a skater to the companion, and I followed, scarcely knowing as yet whether the young fellow was not designing in all this some practical joke of which I was to be the victim. We passed through the deserted cuddy, faintly lighted by one dimly burning lantern, and descended to the lower deck, where the corridor between the berths was illuminated by a bull's-eye lamp fixed under a clock against the bulkhead. The cabin shared by the young men stood three doors down past mine on the same side of the ship. Greenhew stood a moment to listen, then turned the handle, took a peep, and beckoned me to enter. Affixed to a stanchion was a small bracket lamp, the glow of which was upon Riley's face as he lay on his back in an under bunk, unmistakably in a deep sleep. His eyes were sealed, his lips parted, his respiration slow and deep, as of one who slumbers heavily. The wild disorder of the bedclothes was corroboration enough of Greenhew's tale, at least in one article of it.

'Try him yourself,' said my companion in a low voice.

'No, no,' I answered. 'I have a sailor's reverence for sleep. You have invited me here to witness a performance. It is for you to make the play, Greenhew.'

He at once cried out: 'Riley! Riley! the ship is sinking! For God's sake, strike out, or you're a drowned man!'

I was amazed to observe the young fellow instantly rise to his knees and motion with his arms in the exact manner of a swimmer, yet with a stoop of the head to clear it of the boards of the upper bunk; which I considered as remarkable as any other part of the extraordinary exhibition for the perception that it indicated of surrounding conditions; whilst his gestures on the other hand proved him completely under the control of the delusion created by his cabin-fellow's cry. I also observed an expression of extreme suffering and anxiety in his face, that was made dumb otherwise by the closed lids. In fact it was the countenance of a swimmer battling in agony. Greenhew looked on half choking with laughter.

'Oh,' he whipped out in disjointed syllables, 'if Miss Hudson could only see him now!—Dugdale, you'll have to find me some excuse to introduce her here. Her mother must attend too—the more the merrier!' and here he went off again into a fit, as though he should suffocate.

For my part, I could see nothing to laugh at. Indeed, the thing shocked and astonished me, rather as a painful, degrading, mysterious expression of the human mind acting under conditions of which I could not be expected of course to make head nor tail. Riley continued to move his arms with the motions of a swimmer for some minutes, meanwhile breathing hard, as though the water's edge rose to his lip, whilst his face continued drawn out into an indescribable expression of distress. His gesticulations then grew feeble, his respiration lost its fierceness and swiftness and became once more long drawn and regular, and presently he lay back, still in a deep sleep, in the posture in which I had observed him when I entered.

'What d'ye think of that?' exclaimed Greenhew with a face of triumph and enjoyment.

'A pitiful trick for a sleeper to fall into,' said I. 'I like your show so little, Greenhew, that I wish to see no more of it.'

'Oh nonsense!' he exclaimed; 'let's keep him caper-cutting a while longer. I'll have a regular performance here every night. It shall be the talk of the ship, by George!'

As he spoke these words, Riley uttered a low cry, opened his eyes full upon us, stared a moment with the bewilderment of a man who has not all his senses, then sat upright, running his gaze over his bedclothes.

'What is the matter?' he exclaimed, looking around at us. 'Who has been?'

The light and expression of a full mind entered his eyes. He threw his feet over on to the deck and stood up.

'Have I been making a fool of myself in my sleep, Dugdale?' said he.—'I was at a loss for an answer.—He proceeded: 'I know my weakness. I have heard of it often enough—at school—from my mother—again and again since, Dugdale.—Greenhew has brought you here to watch me. And that means,' cried he, turning fiercely upon Greenhew, 'that you have been exercising your humour upon me in my sleep, and instead of compassionating a painful and humiliating infirmity, you have?'

His temper choked him. He clenched his fist and let fly at friend Greenhew right between the eyes. Down went the Civil Service man like a statue knocked off its pedestal; but he was up again in a minute; and neither of them wanting in spunk, at it they went!

'For heaven's sake, stop this!' I shouted; 'consider how terrified the ladies will be.—Greenhew, cease it, man.—Riley, get you into your bunk again!'

Here there was a violent thumping upon the door of the cabin.

'Anybody fallen mad here?' was bawled in the familiar notes of Colonel Bannister. 'Or is it murder that's being done?'

He opened the door and looked in.

'What on earth is the matter?' exclaimed some one at the door.

It was Mr Emmett. He trembled, and was very pale. He had thrown his tragedian cloak over his shoulders, and looked a truly ludicrous object with a short space of his bare shanks showing and his feet in a pair of large carpet slippers. In fact, by this time the whole of the passengers were alarmed, the ladies looking out of their

doors and calling, the men hustling into the passage to see, with the sound of Mr Prance's voice at the head of the steps of the hatch shouting down to know what the noise was about. The captain, arriving on the scene, insisted on one of the young fellows quitting the cabin and sharing the berth tenanted by Mr Fairthorne. Both vehemently refused to budge. The captain then asked who struck the first blow. Riley answered that he had, and was beginning to explain, when old Keeling silenced him by saying that he would give him five minutes to retire to Mr Fairthorne's berth, and that if he had not cleared out by that time, he would send for the boatswain and a sailor or two to show him the road. This ended the difficulty, as I was told next morning, and the rest of the night passed quietly enough.

Next day, Mr Riley put in an appearance at breakfast. On seeing me he came round to my seat, and in a few words begged me not to explain the cause of the quarrel, as he had no wish that his peculiarity as a sleeper should be known to the rest of us. I gave him my word, but regretted that he should have exacted it, as I should have liked to talk with Saunders and Hemmeridge on the very extraordinary manifestations I had witnessed. It was fortunate, however, that my share in the disturbance was not guessed at. The Colonel, Hemskirk, and the rest imagined that I had been drawn to the young men's berth by the noise, as they had, and no questions were therefore asked me.

Nothing happened worth noting in the week that followed this business. The trade-wind blew as languid a breeze as ever vexed the heart and inflamed the passions of a shipmaster. It was to be a long passage, we all said—six months, Mr Johnson predicted—and old Keeling admitted that he had nothing to offer us in the way of hope until we had crossed the equator, where the south-east trades might compensate us for this northern sluggishness by blowing a brisk gale of wind.

However, if the dull crawling of the ship held the spirits of us who lived at somewhat low, forward the Jacks made sport enough for themselves, and of a second dog-watch were as jolly a lot as ever fetched an echo out of a hollow topsail with salt-harshened lungs. There were a couple of excellent fiddlers amongst them, and these chaps would perch themselves upon the booms, and with bowed heads and quivering arms saw endless dance-tunes out of the catgut. Many a half-hour have I pleasantly killed in watching and hearkening to the fore-castle frolics. The squeaking of the fiddles was the right sort of music for the show; the Jacks in couples lovingly embracing each other, slid, twirled, frisked, polked with loose delighted limbs between the fore-castle rails, their hairy faces grinning over each other's shoulders; or one of them would take the deck—the rest drawing off to smoke a pipe and look on—and break into a noble maritime shuffle—the true deep-sea hornpipe—always dancing it to perfection, as I would think.

In this same week about which I am writing, Mr Collodge, inspired possibly by the noise of the fiddles forward and the spectacle of the fore-castle jinks, made an effort to get up a dance aft; but to no purpose. Some of the girls looked engerly

when the thing was suggested; and certainly Collodge's programme was a promising one: there was the wide spread of awning for a ballroom ceiling; there were flags in abundance to stretch between the ridge-rope and the rail, as a wall of radiant colours through which the moon would sift her delicate tender haze without injury to the light of the lanterns, which were to be hung in a row on either side fore and aft; there was the piano to rouse up from its moorings below, and to be secured on some part of the deck where its tinkling could be everywhere heard.

Collodge was enchanted with his scheme, and went about thirstily in the prosecution of it; but, as I have said, to no purpose. Colonel Hannister shouted with derision when asked if he would dance; Greenhew was not yet well, was extremely sulky, and hung about in retired places; Riley called dancing a bore; Fairthorne pleaded tender feet; little Saunders smote his breast to Collodge's inquiry and said plaintively: 'Who would stand up with me?' In short, every man-jack of us aft, saving Mr Johnson and myself, declined to take any active part in the proposed ball; and Collodge, with a face of loathing, abandoned the idea, vowing to me that he had never met with such a pack of scarecrows in his life, and that we should have been better off in the direction of jollity and companionship had the cargo of monkeys been spared to take the place of our male passengers.

Thus did we somewhat wearily roll our way through the Atlantic parallels, fanned by a light north-east wind over the quarter, under a heaven of blue, with the sun in the midst of it splendidly shining, and a night-sky of airy indigo rich with stars from sea-line to sea-line. The flying-fish shot from the coppered sides of the Indianman, but saving them and ourselves, the ocean was tenantless of life; we sighted no ship; no bird hovered near us; once only, when it was drawing near to midnight, I heard the sounds of a deep respiration off one or the other of the bows—the noise of some leviathan of the deep rising from the dark profound to blow his fountain under the stars; but there was no shadow of it to be seen nor break of white waters to indicate its neighbourhood. It was but a single sigh, deep and solemn, as though old Ocean himself had delivered it out of his heart, and the glittering heights seemed to gather a deeper mystery from the mere note of it.

THE TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS IN THE PAST.

WE have less definite information about the punishment of criminals in ancient times than about any other portion of their public and private economy. The prevalence of slavery left much of what is now public jurisdiction in private hands, and few records have consequently been preserved. In an early stage of civilisation, moreover, the retribution which overtook the wrong-doer—when it did overtake him—generally took the form of private and bloody vengeance on the part of the relatives or tribe of the person injured; to use a legal phrase, the law of *tort* had a much more extended application than at present.

Such particulars as have come down to us relate chiefly to the treatment of prisoners of war. These were employed by the Chaldeans, Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, and the Persians on great public works, such as palaces, temples, cities, and roads; the Pyramids, Nineveh, and Persepolis were thus constructed. One of the kings of Assyria returned from a single campaign with more than two hundred thousand prisoners, and they were immediately set to work in this way. Diodorus Siculus tells us that in Egypt offenders against the law, as well as prisoners taken in battle, were employed in mining for stone, and were treated with the utmost rigour and barbarity. They were bound in fetters, and obliged to work so hard that the greater proportion speedily succumbed under the strain. No rest or indulgence was granted to the sick, the feeble, or the aged, and all were compelled, by blows and ill-treatment, to labour to the extreme limit of human endurance. No attention was paid to their persons, and they were all driven to their work with the lash, until death intervened to put an end to their sufferings.

In the history of Greece and Rome it is difficult to find any distinction between the treatment of slaves and that of criminals; both were set to heavy outdoor labour and treated with brutal harshness; but any distinct system for the punishment of crime can hardly be said to have existed until a late period of the Roman Empire. Even then, incarceration in noisome dungeons and labour in mines seem to have been the chief methods of dealing with offenders. The prisons were without light and ventilation, and abounded in filth and pestilential odours. But prisons formed a costly and troublesome means of punishment; and torture, mutilations, and whippings were preferred for many offences. The earliest account of prisons in China is found in the *Shuking*, or Book of History, compiled by Confucius, a work which covers the period from 2356 to 723 B.C. The prisons seem to have been arranged somewhat on the plan of a large stable, having an open central court, occupying nearly a fourth of the area, and small cribs or stalls covered by a roof, in which the prisoners were lodged. They were secured by manacles and gyes, a chain joining the hand to the neck, and desperate criminals were even more heavily ironed. Whipping and branding were also employed as punishments.

Coming down to more modern times, the most common form of dealing with criminals in France for many centuries was condemning them to the galleys or *galères*. Philip the Fair (1285-1314) appears to have been the introducer of this system, and from his day until well into the present century it continued in vogue. The galleys were huge rowing-vessels, often containing several banks of oars, which were largely used for the transport of soldiers and military stores. The labour of rowing was very heavy; and as scant consideration was shown to the prisoners, they frequently died from the excessive exertions to which they were compelled. To prevent the possibility of escape, each man was fastened by chains to the oar at which he laboured, a practice which

gave rise to the still familiar expression, 'chained to the oar.' Convicts undergoing this punishment were also branded in early times with the three letters GAL (an abbreviation of *galères*), and later with only two, T. F. (*Travaux forcés*) or T. P. (*Travaux à perpétuité*).

Closely connected with the establishment of the galleys are to be found the rudiments of a penal institution known as the *bagne* or *bagne*. This name was derived from a prison in Constantinople which contained a central alley where large quantities of water were gathered for the baths; from this circumstance the Italians called the prison *bagno* or bath, and the name soon became a generic one for all prisons of the same kind. The labour imposed upon the inmates was very severe, and they were constantly under strict discipline, in addition to being chained and heavily ironed. When the galley system was introduced into France, *bagños* were built for the accommodation of the rowers when not employed at the oars, and they continued in use for centuries; indeed, it was only so recently as 1854 that they were finally abolished.

Another class of prisons in which labour formed no part of the punishment were those of which the Bastille, the Conciergerie, La Force, and La Salpêtrière were noted examples; and their inmates were a motley crew of political offenders, debtors, vagabonds, and thieves. They were either kept in dungeons, called *cachots*, *oubliettes*, and *cabanons*, without sufficient air, space, food, or clothing; or were allowed to congregate, play games, and to purchase superior accommodation and food, in both cases, however, leading lives of enforced idleness. The evils of this state of things were perceived some time before the Revolution, and led to a gradual abandonment of the use of such prisons; and when the Bastille was taken and destroyed in 1789, it was found to be almost empty, the few prisoners which it, still contained being either mad or utterly friendless persons, to whom release was no boon. The present treatment of convicts in France is very similar to our own, except that transportation is still in use, the worst class of criminals being deported to New Caledonia.

England was late in adopting any steady system of incarceration and prison discipline. Speaking of even so comparatively recent a period as the sixteenth century, Captain Arthur Griffiths says in his *Chronicles of Newgate* that the prison records are very meagre. 'No elaborate system of incarceration, as we understand it, existed. The only idea of punishment was the infliction of physical pain. There were prisons; but these receptacles, except for debtors, were only the antechambers of the pillory and the scaffold.' Transportation was a common form of punishment during the seventeenth century; and even such persons as were confined in prisons and jails could often obtain release by accepting military service. We can readily understand that the sparsity of population and the political insecurity of those times must have militated considerably against the establishment of an organised system of imprisonment and convict labour. In the beginning of the eighteenth century some steps were taken towards improvement, but they were desultory and spasmodic. Transportation to the American plantations was maintained until the war of inde-

pendence, and only debtors and minor offenders were regularly imprisoned. Their lot was a terrible one; the jails were for the most part under the complete control of the local authorities, and were often farmed out to individuals, to whom was committed, with little or no supervision, the whole treatment and discipline of the prisoners.

The terrible results of this system—or rather want of system—were made known by the investigations of Howard. When he began them in 1773, the prisons were for the most part dirty, unhealthy, and poisonous dens, and their wretched inmates were dependent for food, clothing, and all necessities of life on the caprice of their jailers or on the charity of the benevolent. No distinction was made between tried and untried prisoners, all being alike heavily ironed. A malignant disease, known as jail-fever, was developed in these places, and was often communicated at assizes and jail deliveries to barristers, officials, and judges. Howard computed that it carried away far more than the gallows, though executions were numerous enough. His researches made a great sensation, and led to an almost immediate improvement. By an Act passed in 1779, the first and a very important step was taken towards our present system of reformatory punishment. It provided for the erection of penitentiary houses—probably the first use of the term in English law—with a proper staff of officials to manage them, and with the necessary provisions for setting the prisoners to steady and systematic work. This Act also appointed visiting justices to superintend the administration of the new system. The treadmill, oakum-picking, and stone-dressing were among the employments specified as suitable for the prisoners, and regulations were adopted to insure proper sanitary arrangements. From the date onward, progress has been steady, though often slow, and our present methods of dealing with criminals may be considered as on the whole satisfactory. It only remains to notice briefly the more important changes which have been made during the present century.

When transportation to America had to be abandoned, the practice began of sending criminals to Australia, the first batch leaving for Botany Bay in 1787. This deportation to the antipodes continued until 1853, when it was abolished, in deference to the wishes of our colonists there. Though the system had its advantages, it was not on the whole satisfactory, and led to grave difficulties in the early history of New South Wales and Tasmania. A graphic if somewhat highly-coloured picture of its working is given in a novel by the late Marcus Clark called *For the Term of his Natural Life*. About the middle of the century it was found that the prisons were administered with considerable tyranny and severity by the officials, and that a great deal of useless labour was performed on the crank and treadmill. Many of our readers will remember the fierce attack made on this state of things by the late Charles Reade in *Never too late to Mend*. When transportation was finally abolished, a thorough reorganisation of our prison system took place, and the present plan of long sentences and tickets of leave was introduced. It has on the whole worked satisfactorily, as it

lessens the cost to the taxpayer, and offers prisoners inducements to good conduct and reformation. Recent statistics reveal the encouraging fact that our convict population is steadily on the decline.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER X.

HOLMES started to go to Cadogan Place to settle that important point referred to at the end of the last chapter. He had forgotten the business upon which he had sent Mr Vizard until that gentleman met him at the door. Deliberating a moment as to whether he would not let Vizard's report stand over till next day, being at present of but secondary interest, he carelessly asked the agent if he had obtained any information.

'I have obtained all you want, Mr Holmes. There was no difficulty at all about it.'

'I am just going out,' said Holmes undecidedly; 'perhaps you had better call in the morning—or I will spare your time by coming to your office.'

'As you please, Mr Holmes; a very few minutes will suffice.'

'Is that so?—Come up to my room, then, and tell me.'

Without removing his hat or gloves, Frank Holmes pointed to a chair for Mr Vizard, and threw his leg over the back of another.

'This cheque,' said the agent, proceeding in a dry methodical way, and reckoning off the points of his report on his fingers, 'was paid in to the Anglo-Canadian Bank on Monday, June 12th, by a gentleman named John Henry Musgrave, and credited to the said Musgrave's account.'

'Musgrave!' exclaimed Holmes in amazement—'John Henry Musgrave!'

'The same,' said Vizard, glancing curiously in his face. 'The money was drawn out this morning by the said John Henry Musgrave in a draft on Montreal. I went no further than this point. Have you any additional instructions?'

'Not just now—it was the name that struck me. I shall probably look you up to-morrow, Mr Vizard.—Till then, good-bye, and many thanks.'

He remembered now, as he went out into the Strand, that he owed the Musgraves a call, and indeed had promised Mrs Musgrave that he would call. He had forgotten about it until Vizard recalled them by that curious and puzzling report concerning the cheque. It might possibly have been some other 'John Henry Musgrave'; it could hardly have been the man Holmes dined with the evening before. He decided to call and take an opportunity of asking about it. He had no exalted opinion of Musgrave; and if the latter were really the recipient of the cheque, it was doubtless an incident of a gambling transaction. But what, in this case, was the meaning of taking out the money that morning in the form of a draft on Montreal? If Musgrave and his wife were going to Canada, their decision was very sudden.

The entire interest of Holmes, however, in

regard to that money was for the present referable to the possibility of Musgrave being the man who received it from Faune. For this being so, at once made the advertisement to 'M' intelligible as daylight, and furnished an explanation of Faune's behaviour on the night of the 10th of June that might be worth his life to him.

As Holmes went into the *Grand Hotel* he felt that accidents were beginning to tell in the prisoner's favour. If it could be proved that he spent the evening of Friday the 9th of June at Cadogan Place, and that he kept this appointment with Musgrave the next evening at half-past nine o'clock, two powerful points in the defence were secure.

Greatly to his surprise and discomfiture, he was informed at the hotel office that the Musgraves had left. They went away before luncheon, in a railway omnibus, to Euston Station. So, then, they were gone to Canada. It must be admitted that Frank Holmes felt a little mortified and indignant at the needless deception they had both practised towards him the previous evening—needless, because he had not the slightest interest in their movements. But small impulses sometimes send great rocks rolling; and Holmes took a cab down the street to Vizard's office, and asked that gentleman to discover, if he could, the steamer by which they had taken passage. He meant that a letter from himself, couched in no complimentary terms, should overtake Mr Musgrave either at Queenstown or Moville.

Mary Clayton was lying on a couch, looking ill and anxious, when Holmes rang at the door. She sat up, seeming to recognise who it was, and that unbidden colour came to her face for an instant which often inspires new hope in a despairing lover. Of course in her case it was assignable to another cause; but her eyes were not so brave and steady when he met them now as when he saw her last.

'You are ill, Mary,' he said at once, drawing a chair near to her and looking in her altered face with deep concern. 'You ought to leave London and stay a while in some quiet seaside place on in the country. You would know all that was taking place as well as if you remained here.'

'I will go away, Frank, as soon as I am sure,' she answered gently. 'I cannot go now.'

'I wish you would.'

'I am afraid, Frank,' she said timidly—what a change from the earnestness of yesterday!—'that I have put a hard task upon you. Why should you do it, for me or for him? I have been thinking since I asked you, and I know I was wrong. You are too generous. If he—did what he is charged with—you are the last that should be asked to defend him.'

'But if he is innocent, Mary?' She started a little, and he added: 'You recollect what I said? We must not hold any one guilty until he is proved so. Suppose that I had knowledge which satisfied me, morally, of Faune's guilt, would you wish me to still try to get him acquitted? Guilty men, of course, are sometimes acquitted.'

'Oh Frank!' she exclaimed, turning white and staring at him with fear. 'Do you think he is guilty?'

'It is because this is not the time to think so,

that I am doing what I can for him. To be honest, Mary, even at the risk of paining you, I am not able to form a decided opinion one way or the other yet. I am giving him, for your sake, the benefit of the doubt.'

'Thank you, Frank,' she faintly replied, letting her head sink forward.

He was profoundly distressed, but thought he had said what was best. It was not, to his view, a case for deception even temporarily.

'Matters have reached a critical point now,' he continued, 'and any moment may bring forth evidence that will be decisive. The police have possession of the fatal message which brought Margaret Neale to the Park that night; but they are as yet unable to lay their hands on its source. It is only a question of time. But so far they have not actually traced it to Faune. Something else, however, has been discovered that may have an effect distinctly in his favour. You will not attach to it more importance than at present it is worth, if I tell you what it is?'

She promised.

'It is known, then, that Faune had an appointment not far from the scene of the murder, at half-past nine that night. This would account for his leaving here so early. I am almost certain I know the man he had the appointment with, and that it related to a money matter.'

That she heard this statement with keen interest need hardly be said; but as he spoke, there came at the same time a curious reflective look into her eyes which was very singular.

'May I ask, Mary,' Holmes said, as she continued silent, 'if he made any reference to an appointment or engagement when going from here that night?'

'No,' she answered; 'he suddenly said he must go—that was all.'

'You must have thought it odd?'

She did not answer. The same reflective look was still in her eyes. 'Are you quite sure,' she asked, to his surprise, 'that Mr Faune had the appointment you refer to?'

'Quite sure; the singular thing is that he did not mention it, as an explanation of his leaving you so early.'

'He did not mention it,' she merely said.

It struck Frank Holmes that Miss Clayton knew something that she was holding back. As she kept silence about it, he could not question her.

After a pause, he made the inquiry which was the chief purpose of his call, and made it so casually that Miss Clayton did not suspect its import: 'At what hour was Faune in the habit of leaving here?'

'As well as I recollect, about half-past ten, when he dined with us.'

'How odd that it should be that particular Saturday evening he went away so early. Do you recollect whether he dined with you the previous evening, Friday?'

'I recollect very well. Mr Faune was not here on Friday at all; he did not even call in the afternoon. He dined here on the Wednesday, and then papa asked him to come on Saturday—you know why,' she added, colouring.

This statement threw the shadow of fell suspicion back on Faune again. The effect upon Holmes was depressing; he needed the stimulant

of strong facts to keep him to his task. He had built a good deal on the hope that Faune had been at Cadogan Place that important Friday evening, and now it was clear he had not been there. 'Holmes felt no confidence prompting him to pursue the inquiry further and ascertain where the man had been that evening.

'There is a perplexing amount of uncertainty concerning that evening of the 10th of June,' he said, in a tired way. 'It just comes to this, Mary: if Faune will not help himself in throwing light upon the points that are obscure, no one else can do much for him. I am very anxious, for your sake, to help him; but if he persists in keeping silent I must abandon the task.'

'Are you going to see him?' she asked, a little startled.

'I suppose I must. I would rather not, of course. I will see his solicitor first; and if I then find it necessary, I will go on and see him. He must speak, or be left to his chances, which at present are not many.'

He was surprised to see signs of agitation in the girl at this point. He had spoken strongly, but not more so than the case demanded.

'I really cannot do more than I am doing, Mary; I could not do more if Faune were my best friend.'

'I know that, Frank.—It is something I had never meant to mention that—that I suppose I must tell you. Even papa does not know.'

'Do not speak of aught that will distress you, Mary.'

She showed signs of great distress, and after a minute's silence, the flush left her face and she was very pale. 'When I think,' she said, in a very low voice, and commanding herself with evident pain, 'that he may have gone from here that night with the intent to murder his wife a few minutes later—oh Frank, it horrifies me, because he asked me to be his wife, while you and papa were speaking down-stairs.'

'What answer did you give him? Pardon me for asking, but everything is so important.'

'I gave him no answer—I had no time to give an answer. I could not think what to say,' when papa returned. Of course, there was nothing more, until Mr Faune went away after nine o'clock.'

'That was very curious,' the young man observed. Then he waited, thinking she had something further to communicate; indeed, she seemed on the point of saying more for a minute or so; but she disappointed him.

He could not help suspecting that some fact remained untold, whether of importance or not it was of course impossible to conjecture, except on the presumption that if it were important, or had any bearing on the prisoner's case, Miss Clayton, at any pain to herself, would not conceal it.

Holmes had observed of Faune's going away without an answer to his proposal that it was 'very curious.' This was how it first struck him. He thought over it on his way back with other results. No man would, if he could help it, go away from a maiden without receiving an answer to such a momentous question. Even if he read consent in her face, he would have the words from her lips before he left her. What

Faune read in Mary Clayton's face when he asked her to be his wife, and during the half-hour he remained afterwards, was beside the question now. Holmes had it from her own lips that she would not have married Faune; but it was in the highest degree improbable that Faune was disposed to expect such an answer. Looks will not suffice for confident lovers, nor sometimes even words. The central fact was, that Faune, without waiting to receive a reply from Mary Clayton to his proposal, left the house more than an hour earlier than was usual.

Was the keeping of the appointment with Musgrave at half-past nine sufficient to account for such extraordinary conduct? It was not. Let the business have been ever so urgent, it was not sufficient. Thus the net results of Holmes's visit to Miss Clayton pointed more and more decidedly to the fatal identity of Claude Faune and Julius Vernon.

Even while Holmes was coming to this conclusion he felt it to be very possible that the keen activity of Cracroft and his colleagues might have riveted the last link in the chain of evidence by the discovery of the agency by which the message had been inserted in the newspaper. Still, though his view of Faune's case grew hourly gloomier, he was determined to keep his thoughts to himself, and to offer the prisoner's solicitor such material as he had. This consisted now only of the undoubted fact of the appointment with Musgrave, indicated by the advertisement to 'M' in Faune's own handwriting, and the transfer of the cheque. It would be for the prisoner and his solicitor to prove an *alibi* (if they could) between the hours of nine and ten at night on the 9th and 10th of June. Surely this was an obvious defence, and its absence would be a terrible admission of weakness.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF COMMENTATING.

USEFUL, even necessary, as is the work of the commentator, too much zeal or lack of the critical faculty has in numerous cases given us amusing and astonishing productions. Swift in one of his bitter 'Epistles' ridicules those

who view

'In Homer more than Homer knew;

and many a 'philosophic mind' has fully deserved his denunciation. Hawthorne, in his delightful account of the books in the Old Manse, mentions a lengthy commentary on Job 'which Job himself would not have the patience to read.' The 'great books' of history—the classics—have naturally had hosts of industrious scholars at work on them, with the idea of explaining them to their less learned brethren. Many of these expounders have been wise, many otherwise; but on the whole the reading world has been the gainer.

Bentley's Horace is considered the most valuable work of its kind ever produced; but his edition of Milton is perhaps the most extraordinary failure a great scholar ever made. As a pretext for a new edition, he struck out the ingenious though absurd assumption, that as Milton in his blindness was compelled to employ an amanuensis, the accepted edition of the great poet was full of corruptions, owing partly to the carelessness of the amanuensis, and partly to the

interpolation by him of some of his own verses in the text. Bentley then pretended to restore the original purity of the reading; but his emendations only prove him to have been quite destitute of taste in his own language. The fine lines,

No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,

were far more difficult than Greek to his unpoetical mind, and he proposed to render them thus:

No light, but rather a transpicious gloom!

The conjectures of this hero of erudition were most unfortunate, and it is not necessary to give any more of his new readings. Pope, while appreciating some of the alterations, attacked him in the *Dunciad* as

A mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull and humbled Milton's strains;
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain;
Critics like me shall make it prose again.

One writer has wittily said: 'Bentley did so vilely execute his trust that *Paradise Lost* under his ignorance and audaciousness may be said to be twice lost.' It was one of Bentley's quarrels with a brother-scholar which made Sir Isaac Newton complain that two such divines should 'be fighting with one another over a playbook.'

Of Porson many amusing anecdotes are related, most of them being fairly well known. From the fact of his visiting the British Museum so often to examine the inscription on the Rosetta Stone, he received from the officials the name of Judge Blackstone.

It need hardly be said that Shakespeare has had a goodly number of men at work on the elucidation of his text, or for the mystification of his readers. Mr Lowell in his caustic criticism of the editorial work in the 'Library of Old Authors,' remarks on one suggestion by an editor, that 'this would amaze us were we not familiar with the commentators on Shakespeare.' In explanation of those grand lines in *Hamlet*,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,

Steevens makes the characteristic comment: 'Dr Farmer informs me that these words are merely technical. A woodman, butcher, and dealer in skewers lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only assist him in making them; he could rough hew them, but I was obliged to shape their ends. To shape the ends of wood-skewers—that is, to point them—requires a degree of skill; any one can rough-hew them. Whoever recollects the profession of Shakespeare's father will admit that his son might be no stranger to such terms. I have frequently seen packages of wool pinned up with skewers!'

In the old editions the word 'canon' is spelt 'cannon;' and with reference to the lines,

Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter;

many commentators thought it necessary to prove that the word did not suggest the idea of artillery.

Steevens frequently wrote notes on Shakespeare to mislead his industrious rival Malone, and obtain an easy triumph in the next edition. The latter having in his edition taken great pains in the elucidation of the Sonnets, Steevens, in his

edition which followed, in order to spite Malone, rejected all of them, and in the style of Dr Johnson asked, 'What has truth or nature to do with sonnets?' On another occasion, he opened a lively controversy with Malone respecting the famous second-best bed, which is still worth reading.

Pope's *Essay on Man* has always been a favourite playground or battlefield with commentators. Mr Swinburne thinks Pope unfortunate in having so many 'cassocked commentators' interested in his famous poem. He says: 'After the Rev. Mr Warton came the Rev. Mr Bowles; and after the Rev. Mr Bowles comes the Rev. Mr Elwin.' Bishop Warburton, however, was really useful to Pope, for when the *Essay* was condemned, much to the author's annoyance for its deistical arguments, he came forward, and in a brilliant and paradoxical manner, made Pope quite a respectable champion of orthodoxy. The latest commentary on this poem has been described by Mr Leslie Stephen as 'in three cases out of four more in error than the text,' and he severely criticises the common error of taking poetic ideas too literally, and treating Pope as a philosopher and theologian rather than as a poet pure and simple.

With regard to the sentiment contained in the lines,

Or ask of yonder argent fields above
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove!

Voltaire prosaically remarked: 'Any mathematician could have shown him that if Jupiter was less than his satellites, they would not revolve round him!'

Many are no doubt familiar with Mr Swinburne's article on Lamb's notes on some comments by a 'grotesque pedant' Dr Nott, who had the honour of looking over Lamb's manuscript observations on the works of the Puritan poet Wither. In illustration of one passage, Lamb quotes an apt parallel from Milton's *Apology for Smeethmannus*, and the unlucky doctor asks, 'Why is this quoted? I see little similarity.'—'It was quoted for those who can see,' rejoins 'Elia.' In relation to one of the Satires, Nott observes: 'There is but little pungency in this either.' Lamb punningly replies: 'Pray, expunge your observations, or make them a little more pungent.' In another place it is remarked: 'The beauty of this passage is too apparent to need a comment;' to which the commentator's witty tormentor replies: 'Then why give it one?'

• OLD LYON'S INN.

A LAWYER'S TALE.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

At a sign from Miss Poining, after a moment of painful silence, Hester Gretworth dropped the curtain with a gesture of despair. As she turned towards me, I noticed that her lips were trembling and that tears glistened in her eyes.

'That picture,' said Miss Poining, 'is a portrait of my nephew, Reginald Gretworth—this young lady's brother. It was taken five years ago. He was a law-student at that time in Lyon's Inn. May I ask how long you have resided there?'

'Three years this autumn,' was my reply. Then I added: 'My rooms are at No. 7.'

'No. 7?' said Hester faintly. 'Those are the very rooms which my brother occupied before——' She stopped suddenly.

But Miss Poining finished the sentence: 'Before he disappeared.'

She then went on to inform me that the furniture, which I had purchased, had belonged to him. 'Since then—for the last three years,' added Miss Poining, 'we have heard nothing of him. This letter, which you have been kind enough to bring us, is dated more than three years back. It contains no news: it only confirms all that we dreaded might be the reason for his disappearance. We are still in ignorance as to whether he is living or dead.'

What answer could I make? I did not yet feel fully convinced that the incident of yesterday was more than a dream; and it is possible that Miss Poining, with some knowledge of the matter-of-fact legal mind, understood that no questioning would lead me to commit myself to any opinion without clearer identification. It was a strange coincidence; but that was no great consolation. I began to wish that I had burnt that mysterious letter before I had brought it to this quiet home; it seemed to have revived in the hearts of those two women such a deeply-rooted sorrow.

Miss Poining expressed a hope, when I rose to take my leave, that I would visit them again. I have little doubt in my own mind that I should have found some excuse for calling even had she said nothing; for Hester Gretworth had in this one short hour made a most pleasing impression upon me. No hint had been given me in Dean Street as to her brother's motive for his disappearance; but I soon learnt from a firm of lawyers with whom I was on intimate terms that there was a warrant out against a man named Reginald Poining Gretworth, who formerly occupied my rooms at No. 7 Lyon's Inn, on an accusation of forgery. Every one, they added, believed that he was dead.

Months went by; another autumn came round with its withered leaves and dull gusty weather. I had learnt to love Hester Gretworth as a man only can love once. I was no longer a briefless barrister; through interest and hard work I was gradually becoming recognised at the bar; and if I could win this girl's heart, there would be, I thought, no happier man imaginable. No obstacle—not one that I could recognise—lay in our path. Miss Poining and I were the best of friends; no word about my love for Hester ever passed her lips. But there was a tacit understanding between us on the subject which no words could have made more explicit. My serious fears—fears that sometimes almost drove me to despair—were concerning Hester Gretworth herself. Did she care for me? Sometimes—when we sat under the old plane-tree in the little back garden of a summer's evening—I thought that, though I had not yet spoken, she loved me as deeply as I could have desired. But a change would come over her; she would suddenly avoid me, and in a manner, as I fancied, too marked to be misunderstood. At last I screwed up my courage and resolved to bring all doubts to an end. The chance

soon occurred. Miss Poining had left us alone, as she frequently found occasion to do, and we were standing near one of the windows, looking out upon dreary old Dean Street, where the lamplighter was hurrying along with his ladder and distributing tremulous lights along the narrow thoroughfare. Hester was moving away; and, as I thought, an excuse was on her lips for leaving the room.

'Miss Gretworth, why do you avoid me? If you only knew—but you must have guessed it long ago—how dear your presence is to me! I have so much to say to you, if you would only give me by one word, one look, the right to speak.'

She became greatly agitated, but she made no reply.

'Ever since I have known you,' said I, 'for a whole year, you have been most in my thoughts—never, indeed, absent from them. My greatest ambition while working, sometimes day and night, has been to make a home for you, one in which my only aim would be to bring you happiness. Hester, I love you. I can keep silent no longer. Will you be my wife?'

She stood at some little distance from me with clasped hands and head bent low. Looking up now, tearfully, despairingly into my face, she said: 'I cannot; it can never be.'

Had it not been for the look she unconsciously gave me—a look of overwhelming love while she spoke—her answer would have been more than I could have borne.

She continued in a troubled tone: 'It grieves me deeply, more deeply than I can tell you, to be forced to give the least pain to one for whom I have such a very, very deep regard.'—I opened my lips to question her; but she raised her hand entreatingly, and said: 'I implore you, Mr West, let me show you how impossible it is for me ever to be your wife. The name of Gretworth has been disgraced. Reginald, of whom we once had every reason to be proud, has brought this trouble upon us. I could not have believed it possible—nothing would induce me to believe it now—had he not as good as confessed his guilt in that conscience-stricken letter which you brought us a year ago. At my moment—my heart seems to stand still when I think of it—my brother may be arrested and brought to justice! Can you believe that I—knowing what dishonour is hanging over his head—would consent to throw a blight over your brilliant career? Let us try to forget—if it be possible—that we have ever'—

'Forget? Oh Hester, that can never be! Do not your words assure me that—more than I dared to hope—you love me? There is no sacrifice—this of your brother's misfortune is none—that I would not gladly bear for your sake. Give me the right, dear Hester, to share this trouble with you. May you not some day need my aid? If your brother still lives, if he is ever found, will he not retain me for the defence? A man is innocent in the eyes of the law until the word "Guilty" has been pronounced. Is there no gleam of hope?'

Tears came into Hester's eyes—tears of gratitude, more touching than words. But when I said, 'Is there no gleam of hope?' she slowly shook her head.

We parted; and as long as I live, as long as my memory lasts, never shall I recall that parting without a sense of pain. I was too restless to return to Lyon's Inn; I walked like a raving madman through the city into the darkest and most deserted streets that could be found in the east of London; and I chose the river-side, where the wind would perhaps cool my heated brain.

But something presently happened—something that gave me new purpose. I was hurrying along in sight of the Thames, when a man ran swiftly past me. This man, upon whose face the light from the lamp happened to fall, reminded me strangely of my dream of a year ago. I turned instantly to follow; I heard the footsteps, and saw the dark figure creeping along under the high wall of a huge dockyard, where the lamps, hanging from brackets, were far apart. For some minutes I kept this shadow—I can call it nothing else—persistently in view. Was it Reginald Gretworth? Hope revived in my heart at the mere suggestion. I shouted his name; but no answer came back. The figure grew more dim; and at last it disappeared across a drawbridge, where I could hear the wind whistling mournfully in the rigging of large ships which were lying in the docks beyond.

Night after night, following upon this incident, I wandered about the neighbourhood of Limehouse. It brought a certain relief to my restless spirit. I had begun to experience a faint hope that Hester's brother was still living; and if he could be found, a new light would be thrown upon the crime of which he was accused; for a careful investigation, which I made with the assistance of the firm of lawyers who had a knowledge of the case, convinced me that Reginald Gretworth was more 'sinned against than sinning.' His sudden disappearance had awakened a strong suspicion of guilt; but nothing positive concerning the forgery had been proved against him.

My visits to Dean Street had ceased. But I wrote to Miss Poining and asked her—if she saw no objection—to send this firm of lawyers a copy of the strange letter which I had found that eventful evening upon my hearth-rug at Lyon's Inn.

Returning late to my rooms, after one of these barren midnight searches in the East end, I threw myself into my chair by the fireside completely worn out. Again the rustling of the dead leaves outside, blown about by gusts of wind, sounded to my drowsy senses like some one crossing the courtyard; and then, I fancied, in a dream, that I was following quick footsteps—the footsteps of Reginald Gretworth—through dark ways, where I groped along like one who is blind. And yet I had no fear of the darkness; for every moment the footsteps grew louder as I gained upon them; and at last they sounded so close that I sprang forward to grasp the runaway; and in the effort I started and awoke. Or was I still dreaming? On the opposite side of the hearth, in the old armchair, sat the man with the pale face and black beard as I had seen him in my fancied dream a year ago. I could not speak or move; my limbs seemed to be paralysed and my tongue

too. A strong inclination to express myself by word and action was there, but all volition had deserted me. The man now rose from his chair, as he had previously done. Meeting my glance, he held out towards me—not a letter this time—a rusty-looking key. 'Take, it!'—he spoke in a hoarse voice—'I will trouble you no more.'

In an instant—at the first sound of his voice—my paralysis vanished. 'What key is this?'

'The key to No. 7 Lyon's Inn.'

'To my rooms?'

He nodded, and stepped towards the door.

'Stay!—Answer me one question: Are you Reginald Gretworth?'

His hand was on the latch. He looked at me with a searching glance and said: 'What can that matter to you?'

'I will tell you. A year ago, you brought me a letter: you gave it to me in my sleep. I was so tired that I thought at the time that I had dreamt it. The letter was addressed to Miss Poining, Dean Street, Soho.'

For a moment the man looked bewildered, as if he had half-forgotten the incident. But his face presently brightened, and he said: 'I remember. In those days I was worried out of my life. It was like a dream to me. My name is Reginald Gretworth. What became of that letter?'

I told him; and then I related, in as few words as possible, how I had become a constant visitor at Miss Poining's house, and what grief his disappearance had occasioned.

He listened attentively to every word, and seemed much concerned; but I still observed a slightly bewildered look in his eyes. After glancing despairingly round the room, he said: 'What could I do? An old schoolfellow—a man in a good position in the City—came and asked me to endorse a bill for five hundred pounds. I gave him my signature. A few weeks afterwards, my friend was pressed—owing to some irregularity which I could not get him to explain—to "retire" the bill. He had not the money to meet it; and I could no more pay such a sum than he could. Learning from him that he must leave the country—I have no idea where he has gone—I also went abroad. It may be years,' he added, 'before I shall be able to settle this debt, and so'—

'Do you call it a debt?' said I, looking him keenly in the face. 'I should call it by a far worse name than that.'

He met my glance unflinchingly. 'What would you call it?'

'A forgery.'

A startled look came across his face—a look of blank amazement. He spoke scarcely above a whisper: 'I knew nothing of this. Who is accused?'

In a low voice I answered him: 'You'

He gasped as though he had received a keen stab. Sinking down into a chair, he pressed his hands to his forehead and stared vacantly before him into space.

I stood looking at this man, the brother of the woman whom I dearly loved, and the thought crossed my mind: 'What a weak character is this that I have got to deal with!' But I soon had reason to alter my opinion. Reginald Gretworth suddenly sprang up with an

expression of purpose in his whole attitude. He was a changed man.

'I will stop,' said he, 'and face this affair. Had I known,' he added, 'that it was a case of forgery, I would never have left these rooms. This is indeed a grave accusation, and I will not rest until my innocence has been proved!'

I was overjoyed at his words. 'Let me defend you,' cried I. 'You are not guilty; I am convinced of that. I have already gone deeply into the matter, and your presence was all that was needed in order to remove the suspicion which your disappearance had roused in everybody's mind.'

He grasped my hand and said: 'This is true friendship. What have I done to deserve it?'

Reginald Gretworth little knew. As soon as I had proved him innocent and had restored him to his place in society, would not Hester Gretworth consent to become my wife?

We sat down face to face under the shaded lamp and went thoroughly into the affair that very night; and during our conversation he explained to me how the letter to Miss Poining appeared so dusty and faded as it had done. He had placed it in the corner of an old cupboard in the hall outside, with the intention of returning for it. His latchkey—the rusty one which he had given me this evening—had been dropped into a hole under the staircase, and had remained there ready for use in case he should at any time find it possible to steal into his rooms at Lyon's Inn, as he had done on the night when he handed me the letter.

That letter, composed hurriedly, had been vaguely expressed. 'I am concerned,' he had written, 'in the drawing-up of a bill for five hundred pounds—the man who asked me to endorse the draft is a scoundrel; but I am little better than he.' And so it happened that even Hester had been led to believe that her brother was guilty.

The man who misled him was never brought to justice. But it was soon shown, to the satisfaction of every one concerned—by letters and other documents in Gretworth's hands—that he was unaware of any criminal action on the part of his schoolfellow. This individual had forged the name of a large City house, and in order to remove any possible suspicion as to whether the bill was genuine or not, he had asked his friend to endorse it. His object in raising the money was to restore credit at his banker's. Signs of suspicion on the part of the bill-brokers who had discounted the bill had alarmed him; and being unable to get the forged draft into his possession again without paying the amount—namely, five hundred pounds—he had quietly decamped.

Nearly twenty-five years ago! In a few months' time Hester and I hope to celebrate our silver wedding. Reginald Gretworth, under my guidance, had proved his innocence; and so I had won the hand of the woman who had already given me her heart.

Soon after our marriage, I remember, the notice to quit Lyon's Inn arrived. It was 'coming down.' And when I recall to mind its mouldering walls and creaking staircases,

it is a surprise to me that the place had not 'come down' of its own accord. Not a stone remains to indicate the precise locality of this ancient landmark of old London; but upon the site of old Lyon's Inn—haunted no longer now—two theatres have been built, and the gloom has gone.

Are the dramas that are played there now, I sometimes wonder, as stirring as those which were played at various times in that old inn of Chancery?

A MYSTERIOUS AND DREADED LIZARD.

THE Gila Monster (*Heloderma horridum*), which lives in the valleys and sandy plains of Arizona and Sonora, is called by the native Mexicans *Escorpion*, which means 'Spitter,' derived from the Spanish verb *escupir*, to spit. It has at all times given rise to many seemingly improbable stories, and excited considerable curiosity; so it may not be amiss to take a closer look at the mysterious object in the light of recently-developed facts, and an experience of many years spent in the regions of this animal's habitat. The lizard—for such it evidently is—varies in length from fifteen to thirty inches, and has a heavy rounded body, which touches the ground when the animal creeps along, unless enraged, when it assumes a more erect posture, moves quicker, and begins to spit. Its colouring is like that of a rattlesnake, black figuring on yellow, the entire body being apparently scaly, though in reality the whole skin is composed of small particles, closely joined together, like an embroidery-work of beads. It is the only one of the lizard family that is extremely venomous.

Mr Paul C. Brown, in a most interesting recent article, says that the long-debated question as to the venomous nature of the Gila Monster was brought up at a late meeting of the College of Physicians at Philadelphia. Drs Mitchell and Reichart had on hand live vigorous specimens of the lizard. Dr Mitchell caused one to attack the edge of a dish, and some of the saliva was caught in a watch-glass. This was first tested. The venom of poisonous reptiles is acid, but this was alkaline. A minute quantity was then injected into a live pigeon, which died in less than nine minutes. Other experiments were tried which demonstrated the dangerous character of the poison. According to these learned doctors, 'rattlesnake poison is a bagatelle in comparison.'

The writer's personal experience with this saurian, which covers a period of over twenty-two years, may be condensed into the following facts. In 1867, while in the employ of the United States Quartermaster Department, I was stationed at Fort Wallen—since abandoned—in the Territory of Arizona, on the upper San Pedro River, and having considerable leisure time, I occupied myself frequently in collecting tarantulas, centipedes, snakes, campamochas, &c., and studying their habits. One day during the summer, our mail-rider from Tucson reported to me that he had met on his home-trip—in fact,

that very morning—with a horrible animal, at sight of which his horse shied precipitately, almost unseating him. He quieted the horse, which, although trembling in every limb, came to a stand. Before the rider had time to pull his revolver and take aim, the strange animal disappeared among the rocks which line both sides of the road at that place. He described the animal as about four feet long, and not unlike a young caiman or crocodile (the rider was a native of Louisiana). We had at the fort several Mexicans, employed as brickmakers and herders; and upon their hearing his imperfect description, they came unanimously to the conclusion that he had seen an *escupion*; only they shook their heads at the alleged size of the animal, all stating that they had never seen one exceeding a *vara* (thirty-three inches) in length.

In the evening I called these men to the office, and offered them five dollars for a live specimen, and half that amount for a dead one, not mutilated to any great extent. On the following Sunday two of them started out, and towards evening brought in a Gila Monster twenty-eight inches in length, which they had lassoed while it was asleep, or apparently so, on the sunny surface of a large rock, which allowed them to crawl up from behind unperceived and to throw the noose over its head. They were carrying it between them, hanging from a *Ceruus* pole, the ends of which rested on their shoulders, leaving between the dangling animal and its carriers a distance of at least six feet. Still they appeared to me to be uncomfortable, and as soon as I approached—in my ignorance and eagerness—somewhat close to the reptile, they both burst out with: 'Por Dios, señor, cuidado!' (For God's sake, sir, take care!)

There being an empty grain-room about the place, I lodged the saurian in it, attached to a raw-hide rope fastened to an iron picket pin, giving him about four feet playroom. This I did with the help of my two Mexican friends, armed with long blacksmith's tongs, while they continually cautioned me to look out for my fingers and keep out of reach of the animal's spittle. After paying the men, I sent for something from the sutler to compose their nerves, in order to ascertain from them the cause of their abject fear. Their stories mainly coincided with those of the other Mexicans and Indians whom I have interrogated upon the subject since, and though but hearsay evidence, I would state that these reports may be accepted as facts, the narrators being men of unquestionable veracity, and my later experiments bearing them out in their assertions.

A woodcutter who had lain down in complete health to sleep, wrapped up in his blanket, failed to arise in the morning, when his co-labourers called him. Upon uncovering him they found him stone-dead, and near his body a Gila Monster, which, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, made good his escape. The body of the man bore no mark of a bite or other wound.

Near Magdalena, Sonora, a man was hunting rabbits with a dog. The latter inserted his snout into a rabbit hole, but immediately retreated, uttering fearful howls while he was trying to shake off a Gila Monster which had fastened its

teeth into the dog's nose, and, although snarling and spitting without interruption, could not be made to let go its hold till it was killed, and even then its jaws had to be forced apart with an iron rod. The dog, upon being released, began to act very strangely, and showed something like the same symptoms as a horse does when suffering from the 'blind staggers'; but soon began turning around itself in a circle with the head for its centre, and in about twenty minutes fell down dead. The same actions before death were observed in a mule, only this animal was bitten in a hind-leg, and lived for several days.

A young miner while prospecting was bitten just above the shoe. Although previously in the best health, he at once began to lose flesh, became melancholy, and died after a few months in the manner of those who succumb to what in Germany is called the galloping consumption.

If space allowed, I could enumerate many similar cases, more or less authenticated; but suffice it to say, that among the natives the universal belief is that the spittle or saliva, and even the mere breath and exhalation, of the animal in an excited state is deadly poison. I have been told by many Mexicans that the Yaqui Indians hunt the Gila Monster for the sake of its flesh, which is indeed appetising enough to look at; but several Yaquis to whom I spoke about the matter have denied the assertion.

After this digression, let us return to my prisoner in the grain-room. The reader may imagine that, after the repeated cautions I had received from its captors, I personally gave the animal a wide berth, although I tried to induce a pointer, which we kept for hunting quail, to investigate the nature of the new-comer's temper. When the dog perceived the big lizard, he stood perfectly still and trembled with fear, then turned about and fled. One of the men now brought a very brave and even vicious rat-terrier, who entered boldly enough and walked, sniffing cautiously, towards the Gila Monster, which in its turn came forward to the length of the rope. The two animals were now only a few feet apart; the dog began to whine and bark alternately, advancing a few inches and retreating again, showing plainly that he would like to go in and shake his adversary, who by this time had straightened his legs and was spitting furiously, shooting out his forked black tongue, while his little black eyes exhibited the 'uncanny' fire of an angry snake. The dog could not be induced to go any nearer, and the fight was abandoned. The lizard was then given the corner of a woollen blanket; into this it bit furiously, holding on with such tenacity that we had to procure a crowbar to pry its jaws open. Cats placed in the same room—which had no floor—with the saurian would, upon perceiving the animal, bristle up like the 'fretful porcupine' and make a very speedy exit. I placed some chopped meat and a bowl of water within the reach of my captive, and left him to himself. On the following morning he was gone, having dexterously slipped the noose over his head—at least there was no visible sign of gnawing on any part of the rope.

Since then, I have experimented with many

specimens; in fact, I buy a few every summer, either for that purpose or for stuffing. One I kept for over three months. It appeared to be quite old, and I used to place in its prison—a large dry-goods box—rats, mice, lizards, and birds with clipped wings. It remained entirely inoffensive; but the animals thus introduced into the box would at once retire into the farthest corner and remain there with evident signs of abject fear.

Finally, I resolved to stuff it, and now became acquainted with a new feature of this animal's nature, a feature so extraordinary, so altogether incredible, that I almost hesitate to relate it, although I can produce several eye-witnesses to the performance. In order to preserve the skin without the least mutilation, I thought that the best way to kill the animal with the least possible suffering would be to drown it. I therefore attached a heavy stone to the wire which held the animal fast around the shoulders, and immersed it in a barrel full of water, keeping the lizard completely under its surface, anchored as it were. But when I found, after twelve hours of continuous immersion, that the saurian was as alive as ever, I then, with the help of another man, tried to strangle the animal, but did not succeed. At this stage, a friend arrived at the house, and I related to him my perplexity; and he—a native of Sonora—killed the animal in a second by giving it a moderate short dry knock with the poker on the back part of the skull where the latter joins the backbone, telling me that the Gila Monster had a soft spot there, which I found to be the case while stuffing the animals.

In direct contrast with the last-mentioned peacefully inclined specimen were several which I kept at different times. They would pounce upon anything that came in an aggressive manner near them; and I do not remember any small animal or bird that lived longer than from ten to thirty minutes after being bitten, with one exception. Small creatures, like mice and little pullets, would die almost immediately. A good-sized three-year-old rooster, however, which had a fight with him one day and was bitten in the leg, survived the battle for several years, although remaining lame. The lizard had one eye put out and was otherwise pretty badly used, so that I killed him in order to make a new experiment. I boiled him for about two hours in a well-cleansed kerosene can, and then gave a street cur about one pint of the liquid substance. He lapped it eagerly, as if it were beef-tea, appeared to enjoy it greatly, and manifestly looked about for more. Although I kept him locked up for several days in my courtyard, I failed to discover in him the least inconvenience resulting from the unaccustomed diet. This experiment I repeated at different times, whenever I received a specimen whose mutilated carcase did not admit of stuffing, and always with the same harmless result; so that I came to the conclusion that either the process of boiling or the gastric juice of the dog's stomach neutralised the venom.

But where is this deadly venom located? When I dissected the first *Heloderma*, I found, to my great surprise, that notwithstanding the evident outer resemblance of its head to that of the rattlesnake, there were no fangs, no venom-

bladders, no visible receptacle for venom; and furthermore, that whereas the jaws of venomous snakes are simply held in position by a number of elastic skins, which allow their throats to stretch to a great extent, and thus enable them to swallow bodies of a much greater circumference than themselves, the jaws of the *Heloderma* are well locked or hinged like those of the quadrupeds.

Although I have always been careful not to come in direct contact with a live Gila Monster, I have never taken any particular precautions for my hands while stuffing one and have handled its flesh freely. The animal has two rows—upper and lower—of very sharp teeth on each side, those of the upper jaw being considerably longer than the lower. The stomach is very small. Strange to say, the skin is thinnest on the back, and along the spine is as thin as paper, while it becomes thicker towards the belly, and is thickest around the tail. The little paws are exquisitely shaped, and the forepaws resemble—the thumb excepted—very much a human hand in form.

I have never yet seen a Gila Monster eat or drink, although I had several that became tame enough. What little they did eat or drink was made away with either at night or when nobody was present. I generally gave them chopped meat or earthworms; but am positive that quite frequently, especially after being recently captured, they would go without food or drink for a week or more. Its natural food I suppose to consist of small insects, bugs, worms, and larvæ; and as it has never been seen before April or after September, it is rational to conclude that it hibernates during the cool and cold seasons.

TRUE GIFTS.

He gives no gift who gives to me
Things rich and rare,
Unless within the gift he give
Of love some share.

He gives no gift who gives to me
Silver and gold,
But to make his own heart glad;
Such gift is cold.

He gives me gifts who, giving such,
My wants would ease,
Feeling most pity for my need
In lacking these.

He gives me gifts most rich and rare
Who gives to me,
Out of the riches of his heart,
True sympathy.

He gives best gifts who, giving nought
Of worldly store,
Gives me his friendship, love, and trust—
I ask no more.

LAURA HARVEY.

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OUR MARGINS.

By MRS LANN LINTON

WITH the bulk of our possessions, the sane among us know pretty well how to deal. With the margins we are often at a loss, squandering and going wide, or hoarding and not utilising. Take our income as one example: we pay so much in rents, taxes, servants' wages, and the principal items of housekeeping. Take our time for another: we devote so many hours in the day to our professional work, our domestic duties, our intellectual life. So far good; but the unappropriated surplus and what we do with it—the unoccupied margin and how we fill it—these are the vital questions for the present moment; and the answer is of more consequence in the fit conduct of life than some will allow. But among the many marks of a fool, one is his contempt for small things and his grand way of overlooking the cumulative power of aggregation and repetition. In spite of the lessons taught by flint and chalk and coral, the good old saw setting forth how many a pickle makes a muckle is without significance to him. Only a few shillings—only a few pounds—surely he can afford that out of his margin!—Only a few minutes in the day—what is the worth of a few minutes? Nothing! Out of the twenty-four hours, half an hour here, a quarter there, ten minutes—just ten—what folly to make a fuss and call that waste!

The learned man who wrote a book in the intervals of waiting while his wife put on her bonnet and settled her strings, must have been a horrid bore, argue these idle ones who let their unappropriated time lie as fallow as an Irishman's corners and quarter acres. No one can be always between the shafts; and the sweet Do-nothing has its mental uses as well as its charms. It is so restful to sit and dream, weaving fairy stories of improbable chances out of the golden threads of hope and imagination! It is so pleasant, too, to dawdle and potter and linger over the thing that is in hand—to save one's energies—as if energies did not grow with the using!—

and to waste the margin in long halts of inactivity between the stages of accomplishment! Why should life be a cruel taskmaster, gaunt and grim, priggish and precise, and not the jolly, generous, loose-handed friend who winks at faults, overlooks lapses, and lets things run free in a happy-go-lucky kind of way, the margin not counting! Why not indeed! When we all emigrate into the kingdom of Cockaigne, and our larks fall from the sky ready roasted for supper, it will be so; but till then the margin has to be considered and its best use made clear.

In whatever way we spend our money, some one profits. This is one of the points of conflict between morality and political economy. After all, squandering is distribution, and personal loss is public gain. If even you waste your substance on horseracing and cards, what you disburse others pocket; and a five-shilling button-hole helps the flower-seller to live. That other bill is left unpaid—that the wife and children go short of their rightful share—these form distinct questions of their own. They are moral knots which are not untied by the most dexterous use of 'distribution' and 'public gain' or any other verbal juggle. Like metaphysical arguments on the subtleties of free-will and necessity, we blow them all aside when we come down to the 'hard pan' of common-sense and personal experience. And our dealing with our margin in income is a matter of common-sense and personal application, the rightness or wrongfulness of which is wholly and entirely conditional. The cottager who spends his margin on his flowerbeds and lets his cabbage-garden go bare and his potato-patch unweeded, is a thriftless husbandman; the woman who fills her drawing-room with knick-knacks and does not renew her broken jugs and basins is as thriftless a housewife. But the millionaire may give thousands for his orchids and his vines, and his margin is well employed. And if there were no wealthy ladies with a taste for pretty things, Regent Street would go into the Bankruptcy Court, and the large world which

lives by means of 'the arts and crafts' would have to take to house-building or road-making or some other form of elemental social necessity.

Your bindings, my dear sir, are superb. The literature they adorn is not perhaps quite up to the mark, but the tooling of the covers, and the workmanship from start to finish, leave nothing to be desired. They have cost you a small fortune, you say? Evidently. A small fortune soon goes in work of this supreme excellence.—And so you have been obliged to take your son from the school where he was doing so well and put him into business, young and only half educated as he is? That is a pity. With fair chances the lad would have made his mark and probably earned both wealth and fame. Now he is an oak in a flower-pot—transplanted from the forest where he ought to have grown to his full stature. But your bindings are superb, and quite worth, to an amateur, the money they have cost.

You are the best-dressed woman I know, my dear. Your colours, are always so well chosen and perfectly assorted—not too dull, not too garish. It is a pleasure to look at you. You are like some sweet picture stepped out of its frame, and your milliner regards you as her best advertisement.—I am sorry to see your husband look so white and thin. He suffers from dyspepsia? Your cook is so ignorant she cannot cook at all? her bread is like so much masticable lead? her made dishes are all grease? Would it not be better to have some one more experienced, whose *cuisine* would suit your husband's delicate digestion and thus spare him suffering and give him ease? You cannot afford it, you say? Good cooks are so expensive, and they would not be content with the makeshifts in the way of the "buttery" with which your clumsy Phyllis at sixteen pounds the year muddles on anyhow? Well! you know your own concerns better than I do. I am really sorry to see your husband look so ill;—out that richly-embroidered dove-colour you wore at church last Sunday is the prettiest dress I have seen for a long time. You were better dressed than the Countess; and that is saying everything.

Will any one say that these two margins are well employed? Do they not both break the first great law of beautiful living—proportion? It is not a sin to get fine bindings for one's books, nor to dress in well-chosen colours, and well-made clothes. But when it comes to the question of breadth of margin and the application thereof, the thing changes its complexion; and the chameleon which was green while it rested on the leaf becomes mud-colour when it falls into the swamp.

With our margin of time, things go the same way. It all depends on the amount of time we have in hand whether we squander foolishly or use with permissible generosity. But the rule which held good with money is inverted when we deal with time, and the man who has nothing to do, and whose whole day is therefore one wide margin, has a heavier account against him than the busy worker whose narrow little strips of leisure are almost too small to be put out to interest. And yet it is the busy people who have time for extras. The idle never have

margins. Ask the man who gets up at twelve and who has not the very ghost of a duty to employ him—who has not an obligation save those which he chooses to make for himself—ask him to undertake any matter that will fill up half an hour in the fourteen he takes from sleep for idle pleasure, and he cannot find that half-hour in all his margin. Ask the man who is in his office at nine and who leaves at six, and he will do it 'off the reel' at once, and without boggling more than a thoroughbred hunter boggles at the easy fence. His margins are always available, like the corners and little vacant spaces left in close packing for the small extras; and you can always count on him for extra work and unseen margins as you can stuff into your corners the loose-lying odds and ends. One of the busiest professional men in London is also one of the most helpful friends. One of the most earnest students and prolific writers is he on whom of all you know you can most surely rely. He utilises his margins. This is the secret of his life and the answer to the enigma of how he does it. What a contrast to that man of pleasure with nothing to do—that idler, unmethodical, dawdling, irregular, unpunctual, who has never any margin at all to use for himself or for others!

With women the same rule holds good; but with women the manner in which they use their margins in time is very varied. Some never know what it is to have an unoccupied moment; others waste whole days in absolute idling, and let their time run away like water in a leaky vessel. With the first, the margin is filled in with beautiful art-work, or given to outside deeds of benevolence in the parish or the district. Or they use it for self-culture; and with a house to look after and children to bring up, they manage not only to do the first two duties thoroughly and well, but to add the third grace—proficiency in such and such a study. You never know where they find the time for all they have to do. Surely they have learned the secret of lengthening the hours so that they measure into the worth of forty-eight for them! For they do all their own work and have margins at the service of their friends over and above the main bulk. If you want any personal help, go to these women, rather than to their sisters with nothing to do beyond dress and pleasure. They will write letters of introduction for you among all that they have of their own to write; they will carry you through a press though they themselves are in the midst of a throng; they will help you in your house-moving and afterwards in your house-warming; if you have sickness in the family they will be good fairies, bringing you extra hands and extra energies; and whatever their own difficulties with work and time, they will find the margin for your benefit and help you to adjust yours. They live at high-pressure, you will say—you, the indolent dreamer sitting in the easy-chair before the fire and letting fancy run as it may without the exertion of even thinking. So be it. Living at high-pressure is not a bad thing, provided it does not increase into a strain too tense for health; and the employment of margins in active work is better than sitting before the fire half dreaming, half dozing, and letting

the mind run into nothingness—as a stream of living water, which should fertilise and bless, runs into sand and is lost. All ages have agreed to condemn the idler, man as well as woman. It is a vice that brings in its train as many disasters as those of more criminal complexion, and it holds within itself the two evils of sins of omission on the one side and of evil employment on the other. One has only to go into the house of an idle woman to see the bane of her vice in the dirt and disorder, the unpunctuality and the neglect of all about—with too probably the death of this child, and the evil career of that, directly traceable to idleness which, so far from employing margins, neglected the main portion of time.

Those who use their margins are rich in all ways; those who do not, but who let hours and weeks and months pass by like derelict vessels floating on a sluggish stream, are poor in all ways. Ask the first what they have gained?—A row of pearls would but ill emblemise the things they have accomplished and the reward they have earned. Ask the other—emptiness, and not so much as a handful of chaff to fill up the void of Nothingness! These people, if innocently and not actively vicious, come into the category of that large class who are 'owre guid for banning and owre bad for blessing.' They do no active harm, or of intention; but they do no positive good, and they suffer evil to obtain if they do not themselves effect it. Like the wild growths of the field, they bear no poisonous berries, but neither have they roots for healing. They simply hold the ground, no more. With them the world is no richer; without them, it would be no poorer. Idle dreamers, wasting time that is more precious than gold, they are the spiritual sluggards of humanity, whose souls are undeveloped and whose conscience is asleep. The shock of adversity which would arouse them would be a blessing in disguise; and the tyranny of circumstance which should force them to use their energies would be the kindly coercion of a benevolent friend. This coercion would make their margin bear fruit and give back interest, instead of, as now, lying like barren clods—buried like that famous talent by which no man was the gainer.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XI.—A STRANGE SAIL.

It was a Friday morning. On going on deck before breakfast for a pump-bath in the ship's head, I found as queer a look of weather all about as ever I had witnessed in my life. A troubled swell, but without much height or power, was running from the westwards, and the Indian land rolled awkwardly upon it with much noise of beating canvas aloft and of straining spars.

'Hillo, Mr Smallridge,' said I, as I stepped over the rail out of the head, addressing the boatswain, who was superintending the work of a couple of hands slung over the bow, 'what have ye yonder?' and I sent my gaze at a sail I had now for the first time caught sight of that was

hovering down upon our port quarter some two or three miles distant.

'A brig, sir, I believe,' he answered; 'she was in sight much about the same place at daybreak. There's been a little air of wind, but it's failing, I doubt.'

'Making way for something to follow, I fancy?' said I, casting a look round the horizon.

'Ay,' he answered; 'that muck's a-drawing up, and there'll be thunder in it too, if my corns speaks right. Niver had no such aching in my toes as this morning since last Toosday was two year, when we fell in off the Hope with the ugliest thunderstorm that I can remember south of the heequator. When my corns begins to squirm I always know that thunder ain't fur off.'

'Well, thunder or no thunder,' said I, 'I hope there's to come wind enough in the wake of all this to blow us along. We shall be having to call it sixty days to the Line, bo'sun, if we don't mind our eye;' and giving him a friendly nod, I made my way to my cabin to finish dressing.

The gloomy appearance continued all the morning without the least change. The wind fell dead; and a prodigious hush overhung the sea, a stillness that grew absolutely overwhelming to the fancy, if you gave your mind to it, and stood watching the heave of the swell running in ugly green heaps without a sound.

By noon the sail that I had noticed early that morning had neared us in some insensible fashion till she hung something more than a mile away off the quarter as before. I had several times examined her with the telescope, and was not a little impressed by her appearance. She was a brig of about two hundred and sixty tons; a most beautiful and perfect model, indeed, with a clipper lift of bow and a knife-like cutwater and a long wonderfully graceful arching sweep of side rounding into the very perfection of a run.

Observing Mr Prance at the rail, steadfastly observing the brig down upon the quarter, I went up to him.

'Pray, what do you find in that craft yonder, Mr Prance, to interest you? The skipper does not seem able to keep his glass off her.'

'What do you see, Mr Dugdale?' he answered, viewing me out of the corners of his eyes without turning his head. 'Come, you have been a sailor. What is your notion of her?'

'She's a beauty, anyway,' I answered; 'no builder's yard ever turned out anything sweeter in the shape of hull—a trifle too lofty, perhaps. For my part, I hate everything above royals. Give me short mastsheads, the royal-yard sitting close under the truck, English frigate-fashion'—I was proceeding.

'No, no; I don't mean that, Mr Dugdale,' he interrupted with a hint of a seaman's impatience at my criticism.

'What, then?' I asked.

'Does she look honest, think you?' said he.

'Ha!' cried I; 'now I understand.'

'Hush! not a word, if you please,' he exclaimed with a glance along the poop; 'the ladies must on no account be frightened, and it is but a mere suspicion on Captain Keeling's part at best. Yet he has had some acquaintance with gentry of her kind, if, indeed, yonder chap be of the denomination he conjectures.'

'She must have been stealthily sneaking down upon us,' I exclaimed, 'to occupy her present position, otherwise she should be a league distant out on the beam. But then such a hull as that must yield to a catspaw that wouldn't blow a feather out of the *Countess Ida's* mizzen-top. What has been seen to excite misgiving, Mr Prance?'

'Too many of a crew, sir,' he answered; 'the outline of a *long-ton* on her fore-castle, but ill concealed by the raffle thrown over it. Six guns of a side, Mr Dugdale, though the closed ports hide their grins.'

'She will not attempt anything with a big chap like us, surely, Mr Prance?'

At that moment the captain called him, and he walked aft.

Ten minutes or so before the tiffin bell rang, after the hands had come down from aloft, the order was quietly sent along to see all clear for action; and as I took my seat at table, being close to the cuddy front, as my chair brought me, with a clear view of the quarter-deck through the open windows, I could see the men preparing our little show of cannonades, removing the tampions, placing rams, sponges, train-tackles, and the like at hand, and passing shot and chests of small-arms through the main hatch.

Captain Keeling, stiff, and bolstered up as usual in his brass-buttoned frock coat, his face of a deeper rubicund from some recent touch of soap and towel, seated himself at the head of the table; but Prance and the other mates remained on deck. One noticed a deal of uneasiness amongst the ladies, saving Miss Temple, whose haughty beautiful face wore its ordinary impassive expression. There was no coquetry in the startled eyes that Miss Hudson rolled around. Mrs Bannister fanned herself vehemently and ate nothing. There were some of us males, too, who looked as if we didn't like it. Mr Emmett was exceedingly thoughtful; Mr Fairthorne drank thirstily, and pulled incessantly at his little sprouting moustache; Mr Houlder watched old Keeling continuously; and Mr Riley made much of his eyeglass. Nothing to the point was said for a little while; then the Colonel rapped out:

'I say, captain, have you any notion as to the nationality of that chap whom your people are making ready to resist?'

'No, sir,' answered Keeling stiffly; 'we gave her a sight of our ensign this morning; but she showed no colours in return, and I am not a man to keep my hat off to one who will not respond.'

'Dot iss my vay,' exclaimed Peter Henskirk, bestowing a train of nods on the skipper.

'But, captain,' said Mrs Jolliffe, a nervous gentle-faced middle-aged lady, with soft white hair, 'have you any good reason for supposing that the ship may prove dangerous to us?'

'Madam,' responded Keeling with a bow, and you noticed the prevailing condition amongst us by the general nervous inclining of ears towards the old fellow to catch what he said, 'there is reason to believe that certain Spaniards of the island of Cuba have equipped two or three smart vessels to act the part of marine highwaymen. The authorities wink at the business, I am told. Their practice is to bring ships to and board them, and plunder the best of what they may come across. Last year, a West Indian named the

Jamaica Belle was overhauled by one of these craft, who took specie amounting to twelve thousand pounds out of her. I believe they are not cut-throat in the old piratic sense.'

'Oh, don't speak of cut-throats!' cried Mrs Hudson. 'Will they dare to attack us—the monsters!'

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said Keeling, 'pray, clearly understand: my suspicions of the stranger may be ill founded. Meanwhile, our business is to put ourselves in a posture of defence ready for whatever may happen.'

'Certainly,' exclaimed the Colonel very emphatically with a look round; and then speaking with his eyes fixed upon Mr Johnson: 'I presume we shall be able to count upon all our male friends here assembled to assist your crew to the utmost of their powers, should the stranger make any attempt upon this ship?'

'We shall expect you to cover yourself with glory, Colonel,' said Mr Johnson, in a familiar sarcastic voice; 'and I shall be happy to write and print a full description of your behaviour, sir.'

'I am quite willing to fight,' exclaimed Mr Fairthorne in an effeminate voice. 'I mean that I shall be glad to shoot; but I am no thworthman.'

'Passengers hov no beesness to vight,' exclaimed Mynuheer Henskirk, enlarging his immense waistcoat by obtruding his chest; 'dey gets in der vay of dem as knows vot to do.'

Miss Temple bit her lip to conceal a smile.

'That's all very well,' exclaimed Riley, talking at Miss Hudson; 'but suppose, Henskirk, you should find some greasy Spaniard with earrings and oily ringlets rifling your boxes, hauling out all the money you've got, pocketing that fine silver-mounted meerschaum pipe of yours?'

'I would coat old hiss head,' answered the Dutchman, breathing hard.

'Gentlemen, you are unnecessarily alarming the ladies,' cried old marline-spike from the head of the table.

'I suppose there's no lack of small-arms with you, captain?' roared the Colonel; 'plenty for us here as well as for your men?'

'I shall insist upon your not meddling, Edward, in whatever may happen,' cried his wife, giving him an emphatic nod over the edge of her fan with her Roman nose.

'I shall meddle, then, my dear,' he shouted. 'If it comes to those rascals attacking us, I shall fight, as of course we all will!' and again he bent his little fiery eyes upon Mr Johnson.

'My note-book is ready, Colonel,' said Mr Johnson pleasantly, with a satirical grin at the peppery little soldier. 'I'll not lose sight of you, sir.'

'I believe you will then, sir,' sneered the Colonel, 'unless Captain Keeling takes the precaution to clap his hatches on to prevent anybody skulking below from off the deck.'

'Mere bluster is not going to help us,' said Colledge, who disliked the Colonel; 'no good in railing and storming like heroes in a blank-verse performance for an hour at a time before falling to. If Captain Keeling wants any assistance outside that of his crew, he may command me for one.'

'I wath never taught fenthing,' said Mr

Fairthorne; 'if I fight, it mutht be with a muthket.'

'If the ship should be captured, what's to become of us?' cried Mrs Hudson. 'I've read the most barbarous histories about pirates. They have no respect for sects or age; and it's quite common, I've heard, for every pirate to have twelve wives.'

Here Mrs Trevor suddenly shrieked out for some one to bring her baby to her, then went into hysterics, and was presently carried away in a dead faint by the stewards, followed by her daughter, weeping bitterly. Old Keeling whipped out an oath.

'Now, gentlemen,' he exclaimed, 'you see what your conversation has brought about.—Ladies, I beg that you will not be uneasy. The stranger will give us no trouble, I am persuaded;' and rising with a look of contempt, he bowed stiffly to Miss Temple and her aunt, and went on deck.

I was too curious to observe what was going forward to linger in the cuddy amid this idle rattle of tongues.

Our crew hung about the decks in groups, ready to spring to the first command. The captain, the chief-mate, and Mr Cocker stood abreast of the wheel, looking at the brig with an occasional glance round the sea at the weather. I was accosted by some one at my elbow.

'Do you think it possible, Mr Dugdale, that if that vessel fired at our ship she could hit us, so violently rolling as she is?'

I turned; it was Mrs Radcliffe, and with her was Miss Temple. With the exception of a 'good-morning' or a 'good-night,' I had never exchanged a syllable with this lady in all the time she and I had been together on shipboard.

'Her gunners,' said I, 'would need to be practised marksmen, I should say, to hit us from such a tumbling platform as that tender.'

'Just my opinion, as I told you, Louise,' she exclaimed.

'If she were to begin to fire,' exclaimed the girl, keeping her gaze bent seawards, 'she would be sure to hit us, though it were by chance.'

'Very possibly,' said I.

'There will be some wind soon, I think, don't you?' said Mrs Radcliffe.

'I hope so,' I answered.

'In that case,' said she, 'we shall be able to sail away and escape, shan't we?'

'She will chase us,' exclaimed Miss Temple; 'and as she sails faster than we do, she will catch us.'

'Now, is that likely?' cried Mrs Radcliffe, with a nervous toss of her head at me.

'Everything is possible at sea,' said I, laughing; 'but there is a deal in our favour, Mrs Radcliffe: first the weather, that as good as disables that fellow at present anyway; then the coming on of the night, with every prospect of losing the brig in the darkness.'

'Would you advocate our running away from him?' exclaimed Miss Temple, looking at me with a fullness and firmness that was as embarrassing and vexing in its way as an impertinent stare.

'Oh yes,' said I; 'certainly. We are a peaceful trader. It is our business to arrive in India sound in body.'

'I should consider,' said she, gazing at me as if she would subdue me into acquiescence in anything she chose to say by merely cycling me strenuously, 'that Captain Keeling would be acting the part of a coward if he ran away from that little vessel.'

'Oh Louise, how can you talk so?' cried Mrs Radcliffe, with a sort of despairful toss of her hands.

'I should like to see a fight between two ships,' said the girl, removing her overbearing eyes from my face to send them over the deck amongst the groups of men. 'Of course, if that vessel attacks us, we ladies will be sent below to rend the cabin with our screams at every broadside; but I for one am perfectly willing, if the captain consents, to shoot at those people through a porthole.'

'Oh Louise, the whims which possess you are really dreadful!' cried Mrs Radcliffe: 'imagine, if you should even wound a man! it would make you miserable for life; perhaps end in your becoming a Roman Catholic and going into a convent. Think of that.'

Miss Temple looked at her aunt with a little curl of her lip.

'I do not know,' she exclaimed, 'why it should be more dreadful in a woman to defend her life than in a man. Nobody, I suppose, wishes to hurt those people; but if they attempt to hurt us, why should we women feel shocked at the notion of our helping the sailors to protect the ship by any means in our power?—I am like Mr Fairthorne,' she continued, with a sarcastic glance at me; 'I could not fight with a sword, but I can certainly pull the trigger of a musket.'

'It is really hardly lady-like, my dear'—began Mrs Radcliffe.

'Nonsense, aunt! Lady-like! Is it more genteel to fall into hysterics and swoon away, than to take aim at a wicked wretch who will have your life if you don't take his? and as she said this, she whipped a cotton umbrella out of her aunt's hand, and putting it to her shoulder, as though it were a gun, levelled it at the brig.

Colledge, who was standing at a little distance away, talking to two or three of the passengers, clapped his hands and laughed out. For my part, I could not take my eyes off her, so fascinating were the beauties of her fine form in that posture, her head drooped in the attitude of the marksman, and her marble-like profile showing out clear as a cutting in ivory against the soft shadowy-mass of gloom of the sky astern.

Mrs Radcliffe made me a little staggering curtsy, and walked with Miss Temple to the companion, down which the pair of them went, followed by Mr Colledge.

A few minutes later Mr Emmett and Mr Johnson approached me, bumping against each other like a brace of lighters in a seaway as they struck out on the swaying deck with their staggering legs.

'I say, Dugdale,' cried the journalist, 'shall you fight?'

'Why, yes,' I answered. 'We shall all be expected to help the crew certainly.'

'I don't see that!' exclaimed Mr Emmett, drawing his wide-awake down to his nose and folding

his arms with a tragic gesture upon his breast, whilst he swung his figure from side to side on wide-stretched legs. 'It's all very fine to expect; but I agree with Johnson, whose argument is, that we have paid our money to be transported in safety to Bombay; and I cannot for the life of me see that the captain has any right to look for co-operation at our hands, unless, indeed, he so contrives it as to enable us to help him without imperilling our lives.'

'But that fellow yonder may be full of ruffians, Emmett,' said I; 'and if you do not help our sailors to defend the *Countess Ida*, they may board us; and then they will cut your throat,' I added, with a look at his long neck, 'which is no very agreeable sensation, I believe, and an experience quite worth a pinch of heroism to evade.'

'It's a beastly business altogether,' said he, wrinkling his nose as he stared at the brig.

'But why should they board us?' exclaimed Mr Johnson. 'If they do, it will be the captain's fault. Why does he want to go on sticking *here* for, as if, by George! we were a man-of-war with three decks bristling with guns and crammed to suffocation with men?'

'There is no wind,' said I; 'and without wind, Johnson, ships cannot sail.'

'Then why the confounded dickens don't he lower all the boats,' he cried, 'and fill them with sailors, and tug the ship out of sight of that beast there?'

I laughed outright.

At that instant there was a flash of lightning that made a crimson dazzle of the dark heavens beyond the brig, where the sky sloped in a horrible yellowish slate colour into the sooty thickness which circled the horizon.

'Ha!' cried Mr Emmett, 'I don't like lightning;' and he abruptly trundled down the poop ladder to the quarter-deck and disappeared, followed by Mr Johnson.

ABOUT THE CANARIES.

It is no uncommon thing nowadays for a doctor to suggest to his patient a voyage to the Canary Islands, and a sojourn in Tenerife of two or three months during the winter or spring. The sick man is perhaps alarmed at the word 'voyage.' Perhaps, too, he does not know much about the Canaries: what hemisphere they lie in; whether they are inhabited by civilised people or barbarians; and whether or not he will find a respectable roof for his head in this mysterious place of exile. The doctor's counsel is by no means so welcome as it would have been if Nice, or Algiers, or even Madeira, had been mentioned instead of the Canaries. My little paper may do something to enlighten our friend the patient, as well as others who stand in need of doctor's advice.

The Canaries are a group of seven principal islands, and five rocks, some threescore miles to the west of Morocco, and rather less than two hundred miles south of Madeira. In the order of their size the inhabited islands are Tenerife, Fuerteventura, Grand Canary, Lanzarote, Palma, Gomera, and Hierro. Of these the principal in every way is Tenerife. It lies between Grand Canary and Palma, with Hierro and Gomera

flanking it farther to the south. Its chief town, Santa Cruz—where, in 1797, Nelson got such a warm reception from the Spaniards that he was glad to retreat, and with the loss of an arm—is also the capital of the archipelago. The famous Peak rises in this island to the height of more than twelve thousand feet above the sea-level; and in the spring and winter you may see its snowy crest from the Atlantic at a distance of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles.

It is to Tenerife that the doctor is most likely to send his patient, if he thinks that the dry warmth of the Canaries will be beneficial in his case. Three or four years ago, a speculative company started a very luxurious hotel on the north coast of the island, at a place called Orotava. The hotel was broadly advertised; several influential doctors from London spent a few weeks in it, to test the island air, and determine that in sanitary matters this new health-resort was not deficient; and a number of visitors of all kinds and classes and nationalities came to it by each mail-boat from Europe. The success of this opening season was so great that the following winter found three hotels where there had formerly been but one. The number of visitors increased in proportion. A season in Tenerife is now almost as recognised a cure in some circles as a season on the Riviera. And it is probable enough that in ten years' time the flanks of the great volcano on the northern, that is, the coolest side will show as brave and gay a collection of villas, owned by the English, as one of the more fashionable resorts in the south of France.

The 'voyage' to the islands, which seems so terrible an ordeal to some of us, need not really be much of a trial. The New Zealand mail-steamer goes as smoothly as boats can go. It often happens that no one is ill on board before Tenerife is reached. The much-maligned Bay of Biscay is three times out of four as calm as a lamb; and even when the waves run high, the big mail-steamer does not yield to their bullying and bluster half so much as you expect. And on the fourth or fifth day after leaving England the angular mountains behind Santa Cruz come into sight, and you are at anchor in the Bay, awaiting a visit from His Spanish Majesty's Health Officer, to certify that you are free to set foot on shore. In front of you, by the Marina, and the Botanical Garden, of which the Spaniards of Santa Cruz are deservedly proud, are two or three large houses with the British flag unfurled at the roof. These are hotels and the British Consulate.

Now, though a novel city to an Englishman unaccustomed to the Continent, this capital of Tenerife is not on the whole worth loitering in. It is several degrees hotter than Orotava or than Laguna, the old capital of the island—situated in the mountains five miles away; and in the night, if there is one mosquito wintering in Tenerife, it will pay you a visit in Santa Cruz. Most people, therefore, straightway hire a carriage, and drive the five-and-twenty miles to Orotava with heroic promptitude. I think they are too hasty. They might just as well get a little insight into Spanish methods and Spanish life before undergoing this fatigue. A Spaniard is so easy-going a fellow, that there are times when

he would rather shrug his shoulder than speak. He cannot understand why we Britishers are so energetic. What is the use, he asks, of being in a hurry? Do you lengthen your life by running, and do you make it any the more pleasant? 'Caramba!'—his favourite ejaculation—'it is better at all times to be calm; and so he lights a cigarette, and looks as happy as he feels.

Perhaps you have a letter of introduction to a Spanish resident in Santa Cruz. If so, do not fail to use it. You can either present it in person or send it. In the former case, you find yourself at an outer door of the house, which, when you have knocked at it, opens with a curious ringing of several little bells. These are arranged in a rotary fashion and attached to a pulley, which loosens the door by a string connected with the upper part of the house. The string being pulled sets the bells ringing as the door opening works the pulley. 'Who is there?' says a voice from one of the balconies which surround the inner courtyard, where you find yourself when you have stepped within; and it is your business to reply, with due formality 'Gente de paz' ('a peaceful person'), after which you are ceremoniously invited up-stairs.

There is not much conversation in an ordinary Spaniard. He is too self-contained, too happy to need any external addition to his well-being. He does not, therefore, make a social charge upon you, like some of our own countrymen, as if he meant to be the better for your visit in one way or another. Nothing of the kind. He desires to show his appreciation of the honour you have conferred upon him by giving yourself the trouble to call upon him. This is signified with some amount of ceremony that may almost annoy you. The salutations are elaborate; the phrases of compliment lengthy; and the looks which he and his wife and family—if you be favoured with the sight of these—bestow upon you are all of the most civil yet easy kind. You cannot help feeling that if you are made uncomfortable by the formalities of a first visit, it is due to a defect in your own training, not in the hearts of your entertainers. There is another thing to which your new friends pay great respect, a respect which is really a reflection of that they pay you. Even as they ceremoniously bow you to a chair in front of the divan upon which they are seated, so also they place another chair for your hat, of which they relieve you with firm tenderness, and which they set gently, with every possible regard for it, upon the seat thereof. If you are so foolish as to wish to retain possession of your hat, all the family join issue against you. They declare they will allow you to do no such thing: it is a reproach to their hospitality. They wish to give you as hearty and full a welcome as they can, and is your hat to be mulcted of its share in their civilities? There is nothing for it but to release the article, and allow your friend, or it may be the pretty Donna Dolores, the daughter of the house, to give it its due once more. By the time this amicable little engagement is ended, in your discomfiture, and when you have drunk a glass of Canary wine—a poor liquor compared to its ancient fame—and eaten a biscuit, and exhausted your Laedeker phrases of Spanish, it is also time to rise and resume possession of your hat. But no. Even though you are on your

legs, this honourable though detachable part of you shall remain in the care of your host until you are at his door. And thus in procession you make your retreat: your hat borne after you, like the coronet of a deceased Earl carried upon its cushion; and only when you have got one foot in the street, are you at liberty to re-cover your head.

The novelty of Spanish home-life, even in its most superficial phases, makes it, therefore, quite worth while presenting your letters of introduction as quickly as possible. You will then the sooner get to like these people, and to appreciate their innate as well as their formal courtesy. Every one knows that the Spaniard's phrase, 'My house is at your disposal,' must not be interpreted literally; otherwise, your ambitious desire to take advantage of the offer by carrying off, let us say, the carved balconies of the *patio*, or inner courtyard, would be doomed to disappointment.

You will like Orotava much better than Santa Cruz—that is, if you follow the fashion in the matter of preferences. There are sure in the season to be several score of English here, of the kind one meets at hydropathic establishments and Swiss hotels, with perhaps a slight flavouring from Mentone. This last, however, is not obtrusive. Though the big hotel is called a sanatorium, it is not by any means full of invalids. The doctor attached to the establishment will feel your pulse, if you wish it; but he will be far more entertaining if you press him to give forth some of his information about the history or products or people of the island in which he was born. Though a Spaniard by birth, he has matriculated in London schools of medicine and surgery, and he has much of the energy of manner which astonishes the Spaniards as our national characteristic.

We are in a sunny sweet atmosphere here. The gardens round the hotel, and the very roadsides, are perfumed with flowers and orange blossom. There is a long row of banana trees by one of the hotel walks; an arbour of purple bougainvillea elsewhere; between the other trees, clusters of date-palms; flowers on the walls and by the stems of the trees, and round about the fountains, which splash with a lazy sleep-innelling rhythm all through the day and night. Above, the sky is of the deep blue of heat. There is, however, a breeze in the air that keeps you from sighing about the oppressive closeness; and the noise of the surf, as the breakers of the Atlantic curl high against the black lava beach by the town and hurl themselves upon it, is another aid to coolness. One may go far to see such waves as those on the Orotava strand. They are of the kind that thunder upon the coral islands of the Southern Ocean.

There is one thing above all others that you will be tempted to do while you stay in sunny, quiet Orotava. Every day, if you are fortunate, you will see the mighty cone of the Peak, white against the blue, above the dark nearer wall of mountains which frames what is called the Valley of Orotava. It is an enchanting spectacle. You must have more than the average boldness to declare point-blank that you will ascend the mountain; but you cannot help longing to do it.

In truth, it is not altogether an easy task, this climb up the Peak. During the first season of Orotava, the rare adventurers who succeeded in getting to the summit were treated with a certain amount of distinction by their comrades in the hotel. They went away in the morning, with a cavalcade of guides and mules, blankets, baskets full of good things, and barrels of water. They toiled all the day until about an hour before sunset. By that time they were nearly ten thousand feet above the sea. Little deserts of ash and cinders and sand had been crossed in the meantime; some steep climbing had been done, and a perch on the great final pyramid of the mountain itself had been attained. Here they pitched their camp. The sun set magnificently before their eyes. The guides made fires of retama boughs. Soup was warmed; potatoes were cooked; and thus, in the shades of evening, supper was eaten, and all preparations were matured for the toil of the next day. But even ere this some of the travellers had begun to feel uncomfortable. The air is rarefied on the Peak, as it is elsewhere at great elevations. It makes certain people ill: they vomit, as if they were at sea; and suffer from headache and inability to proceed. When the final toil came, therefore, the candidates were sure to be reduced in number. From the place of bivouac the ascent is made wholly on foot, over ash and dust and lava blocks and obsidian and hot sulphur. It is an arduous piece of work. By day it is fearfully exhausting; for the sun's power is much greater here than upon the sea-level. It is better, therefore, to ascend in the night, with the moon for a lamp. This further enables one to view the sunrise from the summit: a spectacle of wonderful beauty and strangeness. It is bitterly cold at this height (twelve thousand one hundred and eighty feet) at five o'clock in the morning; but by seven o'clock, when you have seen the sun tread from out yonder opaline thicket of clouds in the east, and take its place in the blue zenith, it is as hot as formerly it was cold. The exertion of descending is not really greater than that of the ascent: but one feels it more. And so it happens that when, upon the evening of the second day, the traveller rides, weary and worn and amazingly sunburnt, into the courtyard of the hotel, he feels good for little except his bed, and not so sensitive about the honours he has gained as he might be. But the morrow brings its reward; and while the visitor stays on the island, he is known as a man who has ascended the Peak.

Nor is the Peak the only scenic feature of the Canaries which may be said to compel admiration. In the island of Palma, which you may see from Orotava when the day is clear, is that stupendous old extinct crater of a volcano known as the Caldera or Caldron. It is impossible to forget this when once you have seen it. The crater is several miles long, by three or four broad; and its entire circuit is bounded by walls of rock or steep inaccessible slopes several thousand feet high. The highest point these mountains attain is seven thousand five hundred feet; and the jagged rocks of the summit tear the clouds asunder, and seem to drop the fragments into the vast still hollow beneath. Now and then the stillness of the Caldera is broken. You hear a dull echoing boom; the sound is repeated from

side to side. It is the result of an avalanche—of rocks, not snow. Another pinnacle or promontory of the mountains has given way, and been hurled into the depths of the crater.

There is one serious drawback to Palma—a drawback it shares with the other islands of Gomera, Hierro, Lanzarote, and Fuerteventura: the lack of regular steam communication with the main island. A weekly postal smack gives the necessary facility for arriving at these places. But the smack is an intolerable craft; the sea is sometimes very rough; and the voyage of fifty or sixty miles may extend over five or six miserable days. On the whole, therefore, the visitor to the Canaries may be advised to stay in Tenerife, or at least to be content with a further trip to Grand Canary, the second island of the group, which may be readily reached by a weekly steamer, and whence the view of the Peak is very memorable.

When his lease of holiday has expired, the visitor will be an exceptional person if he be not sorry to leave this bright and refreshing little fragment of Spanish territory.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XI.

IN crossing St James's Park, Frank Holmes lit a cigar, and for a while considered—not very seriously—certain questions of conscience which occurred to him. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, he began to speculate how far any citizen was morally justified in contributing to defeat the ends of public justice by his mere silence, as he was doing. But the ethical questions by no means touched him so nearly as another one of somewhat lower moral elevation—namely, his obligations towards the officers Cracroft and Burton, who trusted him so fully with their confidence. He was certainly not assisting them; the most he could lay claim to was the negative merit of not thwarting them.

Without settling those points with his conscience, he reached his rooms, to make some change before going out to dinner to his club. But the most unexpected of all things under the stars awaited him, involving a moral responsibility that was simply tremendous in comparison with that which he had just been weighing. Sitting in his room, waiting for him, was Musgrave.

'I thought you had left London?' said Holmes, in the first surprise of seeing Musgrave sitting in his room.

'We left this morning for Liverpool. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to let you know. But there was something I considered it best to explain to you before leaving England, and I have run back for the purpose. I leave again by the Irish mail to-night.'

A Holmes disliked and distrusted Musgrave, and scarcely concealed the fact. 'Very well,' he said, sitting down.

'After looking about, I conclude that the chances of making a business in London are not many. We have decided to try another part of the world. It is not, however, to speak about this that I have returned. It is about Faune's case. I have concealed from you—from every-

body—certain important knowledge which I possess; but after thinking it over anxiously, I feel it will be best for Faune that I should make it known to you.'

'Why to me? Faune has a solicitor.'

'I have considered it,' he replied uneasily. 'I will tell you at once why I have not gone to his solicitor. There is one matter—an appointment I had with Faune the night of the murder, close to the spot—which the solicitor would certainly require me to give evidence upon. I do not want to be a witness.'

Holmes saw dimly the drift of this, and hesitated. The transfer of the cheque was connected with the murder; the confession was written in Musgrave's face. Would it be prudent to let him go on with the statement? Foreboding what it would lead to, Frank Holmes shrunk from it.

'You had better see Mr Crudie,' he said at length. 'Of course he would not put you in the witness-box if he saw any danger in doing so.'

'I will not go to Mr Crudie,' replied the other doggedly. 'It was to ward off great peril from Faune that I resolved to come to you. I guess how you stand in the case, and that how little soever you have cause to care about Faune, you would not help in the hanging. Faune murdered the woman, as surely as your name is Frank Holmes; but there is a great obstacle in the way of bringing it home to him.'

'How do you know that?' Holmes demanded, in astonishment.

'No matter; you admit that I am right. If you listen to what I want to tell you, Holmes, it will be in your power to keep the defence clear of a dangerous shoal. I was no accessory in the murder—I was as astounded as you were, when I heard of it—for I believed that Faune's wife was dead more than a year ago.'

'Faune's—wife?' exclaimed Holmes, in amazement. 'Do you say that Margaret Neale was his wife?'

'I do. Will you let me tell you? I have not much time to spare, and if I leave without putting you on your guard—or Faune's solicitor through you—the consequences may be fatal.'

'Go on, then,' said Holmes.

'In my travels, the only profitable knowledge I acquired was gambling, and I needed it when I arrived here. The second night I was in London I met Faune at a gambling club in the Leicester Square neighbourhood. Afterwards I met him there frequently. I learned that his luck had generally been good until lately, when he began to take too much brandy-and-water, and of course to lose. One night, in a confidential moment, he showed me a list of his losses: there was eleven hundred pounds' worth of his paper out amongst those professionals. I was astonished that they took it, until he told me of his approaching marriage with Miss Clayton.'

'Do you mean to say,' Holmes asked, with disgust, 'that he gave those gamblers his prospects as security?'

'Certainly. In such society everything is done.'

'Well, what next?'

'I made inquiries,' said Musgrave, 'and found his prospects to be as he said. I offered to take

up all his paper for him, and did so. I saw no reason why I should not have a share of the good fortune he was so freely distributing. And then came the matter of the former marriage. Considering how events have turned out, I have been sorry enough for bringing it up, or for not making more out of it.'

'How did you come to know of it?' inquired Holmes. He was strongly disposed to distrust the man; but the ready answer took him aback.

'How!' he replied, looking straight in the other's face, which was not his habit. 'Because I was a witness to the marriage. I was in London, and chanced to meet them almost at the door of the registry office. Faune took the dilemma by the horns, and I went with them, only stipulating not to use my own name, as I was not sure that all was right. I signed the register as "J. O. Spiller." The other witness was some poor woman (carrying a baby), to whom we gave ten shillings for the service. When I referred to this marriage, Faune told me the lady was more than a year dead.'

'You say nothing of the name in which Faune was married?'

'It was because he used an assumed name that I did the same. I said, "Hillo, Faune!" when I met them in the street. I remember the lady looked surprised, and he whispered something to her that apparently satisfied her. Soon afterwards I went to Sandhurst, and never saw him again until I came to London. After certain questions I put to him, it became clear that Faune had deserted his wife. His reason for marrying her I never knew, but I suppose it was a case of love.—Of course, Holmes, he added sullenly, 'I know what your opinion of me will be when I tell you how I used my advantage; but if you had been in my situation, perhaps you would have done the same.'

'Never mind my opinion,' said Holmes.

'I discovered my advantage the moment I asked him whether Miss Clayton was aware of his previous marriage. As to his desertion of his first wife, I merely hinted at that matter in the same connection. It was a few days later that he told me he should be able to raise five thousand pounds, and I agreed to be satisfied with that and to leave England immediately.'

'Will you tell me this, Musgrave? The police are in possession of an advertisement in a morning paper of the 10th of June addressed to the initial "M," and making an appointment in the Park at half-past nine. It was inserted by Faune. Was it addressed to you?'

'It was addressed to me. It meant that he would be there with the money at the time and place named. This had been arranged beforehand.'

Holmes was puzzled by the straightforwardness of the explanation. 'Why did he not write a line to you instead, or send a telegram?'

'The reason may appear a very odd one, but it was the actual reason. From private motives of our own, my wife and I have always observed a mutual agreement to read each other's letters.'

Very conjugal, Holmes thought, as well as very odd. Of course, with a couple who trusted each other so unreservedly, it was superfluous to add that Mr Musgrave desired to secure the

money without his wife's knowledge either of that fact or of the circumstances as to how he came by it.

'You say you met Faune at half-past nine. The advertisement said "South of Grosvenor Gate." Could you indicate the precise place?'

'Quite well. Faune was waiting for me. There was a small gate close by, opposite the top of a street—South Street, is it? After our business was done, which was in three or four minutes, he went away, inside the railings, towards the fountain.'

This completed the statement. If it was true, it left no doubt of Faune being the murderer. But though the circumstantiality of the statement was dreadfully emphatic, and corroborated in several important points by what Holmes already knew, he was distrustful of this man. Granting it all true, his behaviour was not quite satisfactory.

'Will you clear up one or two points for me?' Holmes inquired.

Musgrave nodded.

'You stipulated with Faune to quit London immediately. Why did you not do so, when you had the money in your pocket?'

'In the first place, I had to wait until the cheque was cleared. In the next place, no time was specified, and I did not like to create curiosity in my wife by acting too suddenly. For that reason, also, I kept up the pretence of the emigration scheme—as you yourself know—for a week longer.'

'When you heard of the murder, did you suspect Faune?'

'No more than I suspected you,' was the ready answer. 'Why should I? It was the evidence of Lady Southfort at the inquest that first opened my eyes. I never had an easy moment in London afterwards. It was my wife's morbid interest in the murder—being a new experience to her—that prevented me from clearing out of England at once. I was day and night haunted with the horrible fear that my meeting him that night would be discovered, and that all this would be dragged from me in the witness-box.'

This seemed likely enough to be true. It was borne out by the man's conduct the evening Holmes dined with them at the hotel. He also remembered Mrs Musgrave's observation regarding her husband being 'white-livered,' and wanting to leave London as soon as he heard of the murder.

So the gist of the statement was that Faune bribed Musgrave to take away with him from England the fact—which he alone knew—of the previous marriage, and that the latter was now anxious to get away with his damning evidence, and to have the authorities kept off from all knowledge of him.

'My wife,' he said, 'sailed from Liverpool this evening, and I will catch the steamer to-morrow at Queenstown. I feel easier now I've told you everything, for I know you can avert inquiries from that affair of the money.'

That information was certainly Holmes's own, and considering all it imported now, he may be excused for wishing that it was not so.

At this moment a telegram was brought to Holmes. He opened it and glanced at its contents carelessly; the message was from Vizard:

'The parties booked passages to Montreal by mail-steamer *Uranian*, sailing to-day.'

Now the Canadian steamer never went by Queenstown.

'I take it, then,' said Frank Holmes presently, 'that you do not intend to return to England again?'

'No. I can do nothing in England. We are going first to New York, and from there, either to California or Buenos Ayres—very probably the latter. I know a man in Buenos Ayres who could put me in the way of making a business. England would never suit my wife, even if I had a fair prospect in it.' With this he stood up to go.

Holmes rose at the same time, and with apparent reluctance accepted the proffered hand of the other. He neither answered Musgrave's 'Good-bye' nor mentioned Musgrave's wife—a significant omission—but gave the man a look which caused him to breathe more freely when he was outside the door.

The young man took five minutes' thought, standing in the same position after Musgrave left. Whatever conflict might be in his mind regarding certain points of Musgrave's statement, its general effect was indicated by the fact that Holmes took no step to detain the man as a witness to the meeting in the Park—that point which he had expected to tell so much in the prisoner's favour.

Musgrave was undoubtedly a dangerous man, and best out of the way. His anxiety to escape was scarcely so disinterested as he represented it; to the mind of Frank Holmes it was only too probable that the reference to Faune's wife being believed dead was a fiction, and that Musgrave extorted the money as the price of a more criminal silence. In any case, it was better to have him out of sight, although the burden left upon Holmes was a heavy one to carry.

Mr Vizard, being impressed with the professional value to himself of the favourable opinion of Frank Holmes, had been smart about obtaining the information desired, and as Holmes was going out to his dinner he met the man coming close on the heels of his own telegram—to ask if there were any further instructions. His arrival suggested an idea to Frank Holmes which might probably not have occurred to him otherwise.

'Your telegram reached me very opportunely, Mr Vizard. The man was with me at the time; he had returned from Liverpool concerning something he had forgotten.'

'Then he hasn't sailed by the *Uranian*.'

'He informed me his wife had sailed this evening by a New York steamer, and that he was going on by the Irish mail to overtake her at Queenstown. From New York he proposes going to California or Buenos Ayres—probably, he says, the latter.'

The agent whistled thoughtfully, but offered no observation.

'He has told me all I want to know about that cheque, and I don't know that I have any further interest in his proceedings. Still'—he hesitated, in indecision.

'If you want to keep your eye upon him,' the agent suggested, 'we must look sharp. No doubt he is going by the Irish mail, as he said; but he

will be more likely to head for Moville than Queenstown. Of course he is going to Montreal direct, not New York.'

'Very well. Follow him, and let me know what becomes of him after his arrival. I don't want to know anything further.'

After receiving a brief description of Musgrave for his guidance, the agent started on his mission, and Holmes sought his dinner.

FRESH OBSERVATIONS ON COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

MR THOMAS GRAY, the assistant-secretary to the Marine Department, presented, some months ago, to the Board of Trade a very admirable Report regarding the prevalence of Colour-blindness in the Marine Department, over which he presides. That colour-blindness does exist, no one with any knowledge of the Civil Service, governmental or railway Reports, will deny; and since so much importance is attached to the ability to distinguish and read intelligently the meaning of language given by colour-sign, it is well that some attention should be devoted to the subject. This will be all the more apparent when we think of the great steamers crossing the ocean, or the railway trains travelling over the length and breadth of the land: one mistake regarding the colour of a light or the appearance of a semaphore might be, and has been, the means of many disasters attending both life and property.

Young and Helmholtz tell us that the three primary colours, red, green, and violet, have special nerve-fibres in each point of the retina of the eye; but very often these fibres are wanting or defective, and so arises the difficulty of distinguishing between the various colours. To such persons the world must appear quite differently coloured from what it appears to us. There are a great many persons—almost one in twenty—who are incapable of distinguishing red colours distinctly. They know from ordinary conversation that a certain colour is called red, and by experience only are enabled to use this expression.

Governments and railway companies have taken up the subject; and examinations are periodically held in order to ascertain the powers of men to distinguish the different colours. That the examination is indispensable alike to engine-drivers and sailors admits of no avail. And it is always a highly commendable plan to stop a man on the threshold of a business which he by nature is unfit to occupy, to the safety of others as well as to himself.

The colour-test has been in operation since 1877; from that time, the power of identifying with readiness and certainty the coloured lights required under the regulations for preventing collisions at sea to be carried by vessels navigating in the dark, has taken its proper place as a necessary element in the qualification demanded of masters and mates.

The Board of Trade has enacted that the examinations be open to any person serving or about to serve in the mercantile marine. The examination in colours alone is purely voluntary, and the fee asked is but a trifle, which is made smaller if the candidate, having once been rejected, comes up again for re-examination. But when a master's or a mate's certificate is wanted, then the examination

becomes compulsory. And should it happen that the candidate is unable to distinguish the colours, he is instantly debarred from proceeding further. There are thus two examinations, the voluntary test and the compulsory test. Mr Gray in his Report gives statistics for the last ten years. In the first department, 'the voluntary,' eleven hundred and ninety-five candidates appeared; eighty-one were rejected; showing that, on an average 6·78 per cent. were unable to distinguish or note the different colours. In the compulsory test, forty thousand came forward; and of these two hundred and thirteen failed; showing a percentage of ·53. The figures are very instructive; they clearly show that when the voluntary test is applied, nearly seven out of the hundred fail; whereas in the compulsory test only one in the two hundred failed. This shows a certain discrepancy from the voluntary statistics; but then it must be borne in mind that the eye for the compulsory test has been trained, and has so far rectified the defect apparent in the untrained eye. But still the statistics of the Board of Trade do not agree with the statistics of the celebrated physiologist Bernstein; but this, too, can be accounted for partly by the fact that in the physiologist's statistics mere results are aimed at; whereas the examiner in the Board of Trade must take a broad-and-better view of the matter, for rejection may be for the person rejected loss of occupation for life. When these facts are borne in mind, it will not be difficult to see how the two tabular Reports may differ.

The Board of Trade, however, were not satisfied with the home results, and accordingly circulars were issued to all the British colonies asking returns for the percentage of failures in the colour test; and it is a strange fact that these colonial Reports show a remarkable agreement with those already given. Out of four hundred and six candidates two failed to satisfy the examiners—that is, one in every two hundred. The aid of the governors of the various training-ships was also utilised; and they, too, give tabulated results. The *Conway*, the *Akbar*, and the *Mars* are the most interesting of all; and we cannot do better than give a few of the principal results. The *Conway*, stationed at Liverpool, has on board one hundred and fifty-four intending officers; and of these two were found weak in colour-sense, and a third cadet was pronounced so defective that he was promptly relieved from his situation. On the *Akbar*, also lying at Liverpool, one hundred and forty-eight boys were examined; four were reported very weak, and five others weak in colour-sense. On board the *Mars*, lying in the Firth of Tay, four hundred and twenty-five boys were examined, and of these eight were found defective.

The compulsory examination cannot be forced upon all seamen by the Board of Trade; yet it would be well if some method was adopted by which it might be possible to force every one, from the captain downwards, to undergo this compulsory test of colour; for it is very difficult to say when this requirement will not be called into use, when the want of such knowledge may be extremely perilous.

People affected with this colour-blindness seldom declare a white colour to be black, but oftener the reverse. Pink and green are very puzzling colours

to the candidates; pink is over and over again described as white; green, yellow; and green gets every other colour but its own. Drab and yellow also appear to be puzzling. Yellow is sixty times said to be red, and nineteen times to be green. Neutrals are made particulars, and pale blue is often called green. But the most remarkable fact of all is that a green colour shown in a darkened room was called red one hundred and seven times out of one hundred and eighty-nine.

It is not only necessary that there should be tests in the Marine Department of our trade, but also that the greatest strictness should be exercised towards those who are in any way connected with locomotion on our various railways. And it will be satisfactory to our readers to know that in this department also great care is taken that none but those capable of distinguishing the various colours are allowed to pass. That colour-blindness is widely spread is a well-known fact; three per cent. of the males in Europe are affected with it; and so far it has not escaped the notice of medical men, for they are agreed upon four different symptoms—it affects the human race (in different degrees of course); it runs in families; it is an incurable defect; and affects particularly the male section of families.

Mr Jabez Hogg, the consulting surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, took a prominent part in bringing to light many facts connected with colour-blindness, and, if we are not mistaken, has been instrumental in getting laid before the public the Board of Trade Report. He says: 'In a family of seven children, four sons and three daughters, the eldest and youngest of the sons are colour-blind. The defect is inherited from the grandfather through the mother; but neither the mother nor any other member of the family is colour-blind. In a family of five, three sons and two daughters, the three sons inherit colour-blindness through their father and grandfather; while the two daughters, and indeed the whole of the females of this family, are free from colour-defect.'

The question may be fairly asked, Does colour-blindness increase with increasing age? There are some physical defects which can be outgrown and lost for ever; but Mr Jabez Hogg says of this very thing: 'A few carefully recorded cases lead me to think that age does aggravate the defect of colour-blindness, as it does certain other defects of vision. It undoubtedly becomes more pronounced as the near point of vision recedes. In the case of Mr D. B. C.—, who at the early age of fourteen went to sea, and who, five or six years afterwards, consulted me before he applied for his certificate as third mate, I pronounced him red-colour blind; nevertheless, afterwards, he obtained his certificate; and subsequently those of second and first mate. But when, at the age of twenty-six, he applied for his master's certificate, he was unable to pass the colour-test. At this date I once more tested him for colour, and on referring back to my notes of an earlier date, I came to the conclusion that his colour-blindness had sensibly increased.'

'Another case was as follows: Captain F— consulted me for a disturbed state of vision—tobacco amaurosis. His colour-sense was also very imperfect; but as he soon recovered, I saw no more of him for nine or ten years, when he one morning called upon me, complaining of defective sight

and of an inability to distinguish the ship's light. He was then very uncertain about his greens; dark-greens he called black, and dark-reds were simply warmer colours than greens. In short, he was colour-blind. Soon afterwards he retired from the service.

'The next case is more strikingly corroborative. H. J—, a lad aged sixteen, myopic before going to sea, was examined at an ophthalmic hospital and pronounced free from colour-blindness. On his return home, he passed the colour-test examination and obtained his certificate. Four years afterwards his father brought him to me. He was then complaining of his inability to distinguish the colour of the ship's signal-lights, and he often missed the ropes. This he attributed to his short sight. He was unable to select or sort the skeins of coloured wool; in short, he was completely colour-blind. I recommended him not to go up for his second examination. His friends thought otherwise. He was rejected, and his certificate was endorsed "colour-blind." This of course put a stop to his further career in the service. The father of this patient was not colour-blind; but he was unable to say whether his father or grandfather had suffered from any defect of vision. The myopia must have been transmitted.'

Nothing is so characteristic of our present educational training of youths and others for spheres in life as 'aptitude' for the trade or profession to which the candidate aspires. This is a distinct gain on the old cast-metal arrangement by which it was thought, if a man was put to any work, success would ultimately be the result. This is not so. The statistics we have just presented to our readers plainly prove that the utmost caution must be exercised by parents, railway officials, and marine inspectors before they allow their children or their candidates to enter upon a line of occupation for which by nature they are wholly unfitted. And the public themselves ought to lay to heart the many facts revealed by Messrs Gray and Hogg. A large percentage of the public are every day travelling either by sea or rail, and it is absolutely necessary that the utmost precaution should be exercised in ascertaining the competency of the men in charge for reading aright the coloured signs and signals which in their various and silent ways predict safety, caution, or danger.

A TALE OF MANY MONKEYS.

ORIENTAL tradition assigns to monkeys a very peculiar beginning. Satan, we are told, tried to imitate the works of the Creator, but failed signally to equal them. Instead of the horse, he could produce only the ass; instead of the fish, a serpent; and instead of man, the monkey. Yet in India, the paradise of monkeys, they are held in high honour because of the aid which their king, Hanoman, 'in the days of old,' gave to the god Rama when, to rescue his wife, Sita, he invaded Ceylon; Hanooman helping to bridge the strait.

Duty had taken me to Dharmasala, a hill-station considerably west of Simla. On the return journey I turned off the main road at Kangra, an ancient fortress, named by Runjeet Singh 'the key of the Punjab,' though utterly incapable

of standing a week's siege from a civilised army. The object of this excursion was to see a neighbouring shrine, much venerated by the Hindus, and called Jwala-mookhee. Not only was the temple said to be worthy of a visit, but we had been told that self-fed jets of natural fire burned night and day within its walls. To die with a cow's tail in one's hand, to have one's funeral obsequies performed by one's own son, to have one's corpse burned on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, and to have the funeral pyre lighted with fire brought from Jwala-mookhee, constitute the *ne plus ultra* of a happy Hindu's death and funeral. Hence the temple was considered particularly sacred, and the Hindu rajahs of India vied with each other—as they do at Benares, their holy city—in decorating it. We knew that quite recently the Rajah of Faridkote had covered the huge doors of the temple with thick plates of chased silver. But more than the building, I was curious to see and investigate the phenomenon of the natural fires. So from Kangra I rode to the shrine.

A few hours' ride brought us to the little town, which lies on the hill-side, below the temple, and is the off-spring of the temple, in much the same way that many cities have sprung up around our own cathedrals, and for similar reasons. The native pilgrims, who come in thousands, lodge in the open air under the trees and cook their own food; the rich bring tents for their accommodation. But there was no place for a European to lodge in except the usual 'District officers' bungalow.' This is always a small house, with two or three rooms, built and furnished by the government, and put in charge of a man-servant, who both looks after it and attends to the wants of those who occupy it. In it the officers whom duty takes to such out-of-the-European's-world places, lodge and transact business during the few days of their periodical visits. To this bungalow, therefore, we went. On telling the care taker who we were, he opened the house; and while I went in and indulged in a very needful and refreshing wash, he attended to my horse. These preliminaries being over, we sent him into the town, for the double purpose of procuring us some food and of inquiring from the priests at what hour we might pay the temple a visit.

The main road passed through a dense wood not one hundred yards from this house, which was more than half a mile away from the nearest part of the town. From the road, a narrow avenue had been cut among the trees to a small clearance around the house; otherwise, it was quite buried in the wood.

When the care-taker left me, I found the house stuffy and damp: it had probably not been opened or aired for days. The stillness around was oppressive. Not a sound was heard except the munching of our horse in the neighbouring stable or the rare cry of a bird in the trees. There was nothing in the house to read, and nothing to do. Moreover, I had had a long ride and felt rather stiff in the legs. So rising from the chair I strolled out of the house. After walking listlessly around it, and pacing the small cleared space in front, I followed the avenue to the main road; and then returning, passed into the wood, immersed in my own

thoughts. It was literally a 'twilight wood;' for though it was nearly noon on a bright August day, the trees stood so close and their leaves grew so thick that scarce a patch of sunshine lighted up a few favoured spots. The giant branches of the grand old trees more than touched; they interlaced, and formed a leafy canopy overhead, with just here and there a rent, to admit a ray of light and to give a glimpse of the bright blue sky above.

Sauntering under these trees, I suddenly became conscious of noises in the branches above me. I looked up and about; but though the branches stirred and the leaves moved, I could see nothing. I was not, however, long left in doubt or speculation. A monkey, a large male, dropped from a branch to the ground at a distance of about thirty feet in front of me. As he reached the ground, he squatted on his heels, resting both his hands on his knees and gazing fixedly and solemnly at me. His gravity upset mine. Then near him another monkey dropped down; a third and a fourth followed. It began to rain monkeys. In tens, in scores, in hundreds; old, middle-aged, and young; large and small; males and females—many of the latter carrying babies, some on their backs, others in their arms—kept dropping from the trees around me. I was standing under a mighty giant of the forest; and against its trunk, some five feet in diameter, I set my back, as the monkeys in their hundreds squatted down in an irregular semicircle around. They did not go behind the tree; for its trunk was much wider than my back, and they chose to sit only where they could see me. Around they left a clear space; but at the distance of about thirty feet they sat, huddled close together, in several rows, six hundred and more in number.

It may be said in passing that monkeys are sacred animals in India. They are fed and protected and allowed to roam at large with impunity. Vast numbers infest Delhi, Agra, and other large towns. At Benares they are a perfect plague. In so favourable a situation as Jwala-mookhee, they naturally multiply beyond reckoning, and people the woods in sufficient hordes to account for the hundreds that now surrounded me. At some distance beyond, several young monkey-urchins, which preferred play to curiosity, kept suspending themselves from the branches in long living chains, holding on to each other's hands or tails, and swinging themselves pendulum-wise to and fro. They were not the small puny creatures generally seen in European menageries, but the real genuine Indian Hanooman, of which race the large and strong males stand, when erect, fully four feet in height. There were many such among others of smaller size, in the crowd around me.

It had not taken three minutes to form that solid semicircle of monkeys. They had come down as thick as a shower of hailstones; but so softly and gently had they descended to the grass- and leaf-covered ground that scarcely any noise had been made. For a short time they sat motionless and silent, staring hard at me; and a baby-monkey having made a noise, was instantly smacked by its mother in a most human fashion. They looked at me, then at each other, and again at me; and then they began to chatter

—first one, then a few together, then many at once, finally all in a chorus. They talked, chattered, jabbered, discussed, argued, shouted, and yelled; gesticulating meanwhile, making faces, and grinning. Suddenly there was dead silence for a short interval, during which they gravely stared again at me harder than ever. Every now and again, one or another, or several at once would grin, snarl, and growl at me, showing their large canine teeth. Again the chattering discourses would be renewed.

The laughter with which I had greeted the first of my visitors died a very sudden death; for my curiosity to watch their behaviour did not prevent my realising the fact that I was not in a very safe position. Even one or two monkeys would be difficult enough to deal with, if they chose to attack a man, for though small, they are extremely mischievous and agile; and it would be harder to prevent them from biting and tearing than it would a mad dog. True, I knew that one or two would hardly dare to attack a man; but when hundreds crowded together around one stranger, the circumstances were far from encouraging. Here I was, unarmed, nothing but a light riding-whip in my hand, surrounded by hundreds of monkeys, to which my white face and European dress were evidently objects of as much aversion as curiosity. Natives they did not mind; but Europeans they seemed to regard with the hatred due to intruders. I fully realised my danger, but continued calm and collected and reasoned the position out with myself. The only chance of safety was to remain quietly against this friendly tree, silently observing the monkeys, careful to give no offence or provocation, watchful to give them no advantage over me, till the return of the care-taker or some other chance came to my aid. Had I attempted to strike them or to frighten them or to break through them or to flee from them, I have not the slightest doubt that I should not now be writing this account. Their enormous numbers would have emboldened them to any act. I should have been quite helpless in their grasp—I would, indeed, have been pounced upon by scores of them, overpowered, bitten, and torn to pieces. So making a virtue of necessity, I kept up a bold front, watched, waited, and prayed.

In one of the intervals of silence, the great monkey that had first arrived and that seemed to be one of the leaders, suddenly hopped nearer to me—two feet or so. His action was immediately imitated by all the monkeys forming the front row of the semicircle, while those behind closed up as before; and the semicircle contracted around me by two feet in the radius. More chattering and gesticulating followed, more growling and grinning, with intervals of silence. They had a great deal to say, and they all said it, and it was all about me too; for they frequently pointed at me with their hands and snarled and gnashed their teeth at me. Again they contracted the semicircle as before. And so they kept gradually coming nearer and nearer, and growing more and more excited. Still I remained quiet and silent; and still in the distance the monkey-youths played the mad gambols of their living pendulum, heedless of what engaged the attention of their seniors. All else was silent and undisturbed—no sign of man.

The semicircle had gradually contracted to within fourteen or fifteen feet of where I stood; the monkeys indeed were so near that in two or three leaps they could easily have jumped upon me. I felt decidedly uneasy; wondered how they would attack me, and when? From the right or the left or the front? With their teeth first or their claws? By jumping on me from a distance or waiting till quite near? Then I wondered whether the care-taker would return in time to stave off the assault, for I was still quite close to the house. Of the dreadful results of the attack, if once made, I had not the slightest doubt. Still I remained leaning immovable against the tree, calm and cool, facing them straight, looking fully into their faces all in turn, and showing outwardly no sign of flinching or alarm. Yet I began to think that it was now only a matter of a few more minutes. Before a quarter of an hour at the furthest they would be within touching distance of me. They would be sure to begin to handle my clothes; and whether I permitted it, or resisted, or tried to fly, I would with equal certainty be attacked and overpowered and killed.

But my deliverance was at hand. In the midst of one of their most noisy discussions—or did it only seem more noisy because they were now so near?—they one and all became suddenly silent and perfectly still. They seemed to be listening attentively. I listened too, but at first could catch no sound anywhere: the stillness of death was all around; for even the young monkeys had ceased their tricks. What could have disturbed and silenced the noisy throng? Or what did they now purpose? Next from afar off came the loud cry of a monkey—evidently the warning call of a scout on outpost duty. Then, first faintly from afar, and then gradually nearer and louder, came, down the main road through the wood, the welcome sound of the clatter of a horse's hoofs at a swift walking pace. This it was which their quicker ears had detected long before I had heard it. They kept their ground for a few moments more; but their attention was now evidently divided between me and the approaching horse. Again, and nearer, the scout's cry sounded through the wood. There was an immediate stampede. One and all the monkeys rushed off to the neighbouring trees, and scrambling up the trunks and into the branches, they were, in the twinkling of an eye, lost to sight in the leafy canopy overhead. They had disappeared in their hundreds as rapidly as they had come, and almost as silently, save when the rustling among the leaves indicated their course as they passed from tree to tree and fled farther into the wood.

I waited still against the tree till the horse and his rider—a mounted policeman going his rounds—had come quite near. Then I made for the house and bolted myself in, thankful for the timely arrival and involuntary aid of the unconscious patrol. Unknowingly, but providentially, he had saved my life. Through the window I could still see the monkeys in the distant trees and hear their chatter. When the policeman had gone away, numbers of monkeys again descended to the ground and walked about, perhaps looking for me. I was, however, secure within doors; nor did I open them till, half an hour later, the care-taker returned with food, and a message from the Brahmins, fixing

the same afternoon as the time for visiting the temple. Having satisfied the calls of hunger and, later on, visited the temple, I left Jwala-mookhee and its monkeys behind me, and rode back the same day to Kangra. I don't care if I never see a monkey again in all my life.

And what about the temple and the fire? Well, there was not much to see except 'barbaric pearls and gold.' The temple is large and lofty, certainly, and differs much from the usual style of Hindu temples: it is, however, without any pretension to architectural beauty or grandeur. But the constant flames are really there. There are fissures in the rock on which the temple is built, especially in a hollow, like a rectangular cistern, natural or excavated, in the centre of the temple. These fissures are vents for the escape of natural gas, produced most probably from vast reservoirs of earth-oils in the bowels of the hill. These jets of gas, once set on fire, naturally keep burning for long spaces of time. Sometimes one jet fails, and sometimes another, to be rekindled when a fresh supply of gas has been accumulated in Nature's laboratory below. When I was there, no fewer than seventeen jets were in active combustion in various parts of the temple, the greater number being in the cistern.

FANCIES AND DEEDS OF CELEBRATED MEN.

ANECDOTES relating to the life of a great man are always interesting, since, although they may not be an index to his character, they show the leaning of his mind for the time.

Prince Bismarck has filled for twenty years the largest space in European politics. Little romance is associated with our idea of the iron Chancellor; but when the story of 'Nitschewo' is told, it is evident he is not altogether devoid of sentiment. He wears a large iron ring with the inscription of 'Nitschewo,' a Russian word signifying 'No matter,' and much used by the natives of that country. The story of the ring, which everywhere excited remark, was told by the Chancellor himself. In 1862, when he was ambassador at St Petersburg, he received an invitation to an imperial hunt; but, unluckily, he missed the rendezvous. A peasant undertook to drive him in his two-horse sleigh to the spot in time, and Bismarck accepted. Being an enthusiastic huntsman, and afraid of losing the sport, he said: 'You'll be sure to be in time?' The answer of the peasant was a curt 'Nitschewo.' The pace was not swift enough for Bismarck; the peasant, therefore, with another 'Nitschewo,' lashed the horses into such a pace that the sleigh was overturned and its occupants thrown out. Bismarck threatened punishment, but still his answer was the laconic 'Nitschewo.' However, they reached the hunt in time. Bismarck did not forget to pick up a piece of iron from the broken sleigh, which he had made into a ring as a memento of the occasion. Bismarck is said to have added: 'My good Germans have often reproached me with being too indulgent to Russia; but they should remember that while I am the only one in Germany who uses "Nitschewo" on critical occasions, a hundred thousand in Russia are saying it at the same moment.'

Every one knows how, when Sir Walter Scott was a boy, the future novelist was lost during a thunderstorm, and found by the alarmed searchers lying on his back on the hill-side looking at the lightning, clapping his hands at each flash, and exclaiming 'Bonnie! bonne!' But a story of the same kind, with Friedrich von Schiller, the German poet, as the hero, is not so well known. One day, while a very small boy, a severe thunderstorm came on; the boy was missed, and could nowhere be found. The whole household searched for him; but it was not until the storm was past that he was seen descending from the top of a high lime-tree near the house. To the inquiries of his father as to his motives, he replied: 'I only wished to see where all the fire came from.'

Practical joking has had many followers among 'great men'; but the manner in which Beethoven was cured of it should be a lesson to all who still practise the 'art.' The wife of a pianist in Vienna was a great admirer of the composer's works, and had set her heart on getting a lock of his hair. She induced her husband to get a mutual friend to ask for it; but the friend, being a practical joker, instead of carrying out her wishes, persuaded Beethoven, who also was fond of a practical joke, to send her a lock cut from a billy-goat's beard, the hair of which in texture and colour slightly resembled that of the composer's. The lady was very proud of her supposed treasure, until another friend, who knew the facts, informed her of the trick, when she was so distressed that her husband wrote an indignant letter to Beethoven. His discourtesy to a lady being thus brought home to him, he was so ashamed that he immediately wrote a letter of apology, enclosing a genuine lock of hair; and he resolved never to be a party to such jokes again.

The following anecdote of Mozart shows that he must have been a born musician. When fourteen years old he heard in Rome the Miserere of Allegri; and knowing that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this famous piece, he paid such attention to the music that, when he reached home, he noted down the entire piece. He was enabled a few days afterwards to check the copy, when he found that he had not made a single mistake! The next day he produced such a sensation in Rome by singing the Miserere at a concert, that Pope Clement XIV. requested that he should be presented to him. Thus, by his wonderful memory, he was enabled to begin with success his musical career.

Michael Angelo, at a time when Italy paid so much attention to ancient art that modern had no chance of being judged fairly, had, it is said, resort to a stratagem to teach the critics the fallacy of shaping their judgments by fashion or reputation. He sculptured a statue representing a sleeping beauty, and breaking off an arm, buried it in a place where excavations were being made. It was soon found, and lauded by critics and the public as a valuable relic of antiquity, far superior to anything done for centuries. When Angelo thought it had gone far enough, he produced the broken arm, and, to the great mortification of the critics, revealed himself as the sculptor. Though the praise was not so great after the disclosure, Angelo had the consolation of knowing that

he had taught the lesson that merit and not antiquity should decide the worth of a work of art.

Among many stories told of the Dumas, father and son, the two following are worth reproduction. The elder was exceedingly careless of his money. One afternoon he was in an outlying part of Paris, when he remembered that he had a debt to pay that day, and not a sou in his purse at the time. He ordered his coachman to drive to a friend's near at hand, where he asked the loan of a hundred francs. His friend was out, however, and had the key of the strong-room with him; but his wife gave Dumas one louis, which was about one-fifth of the sum needed. This he accepted, trusting to get the balance somewhere else. His hostess had been making pickles, of which the novelist was very fond, and she presented him with a jar. As he was leaving, the servant followed him to his carriage and presented the pickles. 'Thanks—take that for your trouble;' and he slipped into her hand the coin he had just borrowed from her mistress. Mr Edmund Yates narrates the following: When the first successful novel of the son appeared, the elder wrote to him as though to a stranger, congratulating him on his book, and saying that he himself should know something of novel-writing, having been guilty of several works of fiction. Alexandre the younger replied in the same spirit, thanking his friend for his congratulations, which he valued very much, as coming from one of whom he had often heard his father speak in the highest terms.

We had almost neglected to give the story of a practical joke played by Peter the Great, which had a very comical effect. During his second visit to a town in Holland he attended church along with the burgomaster, and feeling his head cold, seized the large official wig of the magistrate and placed it on his own head, where it remained during the remainder of the service, to the amusement of the congregation. Then he returned it to the deeply insulted burgomaster with his thanks. But that functionary's wrath was not appeased till one of the Emperor's suite solemnly assured him that His Majesty meant no offence; that it was his usual custom, when he felt his head growing cold, to seize the nearest wig he could clutch. The Dutchman devoutly thanked his stars that he was not a Russian.

This anecdote of Sir Ralph Abercromby, the victor of Aboukir, shows that even in the presence of death he did not forget that consideration for others which is the ruling spirit of truly great men. After the battle, at which he was mortally wounded, he was carried on board one of the ships, and a soldier's blanket placed under his head, to ease it. He felt the relief, and asked what it was. 'Only a soldier's blanket.'—'Whose blanket is it?'—'Only one of the men's,' was the reply.—'I wish to know the name of the man to whom the blanket belongs.' 'It is Duncan Roy's, of the 42d, Sir Ralph.'—'Then see,' said the dying general, 'that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night.'

The late Ole Bull, the well-known violinist, was perfectly fearless of consequences when his self-respect was touched. As an example of this: The Grand-duchess of Mecklenburg gave the musician a letter of commendation to her father,

then King of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor William. With this he went to Berlin, where, as directed, he called first on the superintendent of the Royal Opera House, to whom he stated his mission. That gentleman was so patronising that Bull could hardly stand it; but eventually an hour was fixed on the following day for another call at the Opera House. The violinist, with his usual punctuality, presented himself at the hour, determined to stand no nonsense. 'Where is your violin?' demanded the superintendent. 'In the case,' responded Ole Bull coolly.—'And where is the case?' 'At the hotel.'—'But did not I tell you to play for me?' 'Excuse me, sir,' was the answer; 'I did not think you were in earnest. I play either for money or honour, and in this case neither is in question.' The manager was piqued, and he replied sharply: 'I cannot present you to His Majesty without having heard you.' 'If the request of the Grand-duchess is not a sufficient recommendation to His Majesty, her father, I am content to leave the city;' which he did that day.

HEARTSEASE.

I FOUND a faded Pansy on the page
Of an old book, long lost, one winter day;
Its velvet heart was dim with dust and age;
The beauty of its tints had passed away.

Why did my eyes gaze through a mist of tears
Which dropped on that dead flower in tender rain?
Because unbidden from the vanished years
Old hopes, old dreams, old joys came back again.

Faded away my quiet fireside nook,
And, on the wings of Memory swiftly borne,
I stood 'mid purple pansies by a brook
That sang and sparkled in the summer morn.

Rough winds no longer shook the dripping trees,
Whose leafless branches snote my lattice-pane:
I heard instead the drowsy hum of bees
Among the roses in a winding lane.

June's mellow sunshine lay on all the land;
I saw the starry eyes of daisies shine;
And from the fingers of a clasping hand
This purple Pansy found its way to mine.

Ah me! To think of all the lonely tears
My eyes have wept since that blue summer day
When, flushed with trembling hopes and girlish fears,
In this old book I hid my flower away.

You know my story, little pale Heartsease!
As long as Time rolls on, such things will be:
Death laid his hand upon Life's golden keys,
And all their melody was hushed for me.

Yet, dear dead flower, although the old, old pain
Still dims my sight and makes my heart beat fast,
I know that God will wake for me again
In years to come the music of the Past.

E. MATHESON.

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GIRLS IN ITALY.

THE nineteenth century will be renowned for the strides made in education all over the world, as well as for innumerable other advances, improvements, inventions, discoveries, &c. It is not our intention, however, in the present paper to deal with education generally, but to turn our attention to that momentous question in Italy, and see in what condition it is with regard to the education of girls. In days long gone by, it will be remembered, women in Italy held high positions, and exercised a considerable influence in letters, science, and art; but affairs are very different now, and much to be deplored. The education of girls is in a low state. No progressive spirit has induced the people to endeavour to improve the lamentable state of affairs. A few ladies, fired with energy and zeal, are working strenuously to obtain the better education of the daughters of Italy. There is nothing in Italy like our own girls' schools, which, indeed, are almost unique. Ours are pre-eminently 'formative' institutions. It is rather apt to be overlooked, that in order to elevate girls into good and thoroughly useful women a very careful training is necessary.

Italy is in much the same condition as to the education of her girls as we were some fifty or sixty years ago, before Newnham and Girton leavened us. The universities are open to girls; but only about five or six avail themselves of university teaching, because the school education is not of a kind to fit them for the same place at the commencement as the young men; and in Italy girls of thirteen and fourteen would not be allowed to go to the *lycée* and *gymnase* schools with the boys of the same age, who obtain a thorough education there. As a rule, Italian girls are listless and care only for dress. There is no word for 'training' in Italian, a significant fact, just as there is no expression equivalent to 'comfortable.' In order to show how low the state of education is, we should here mention that there is no home-life in Italian

circles. Father, mother, sons, and daughters do not discuss with each other what is going on in the world, at home and abroad, nor do they venture upon literary topics. The gentlemen seek their mental companionship elsewhere, either at the cafés or the ballets. Both they and their ladies would laugh at reading and having literary talks. It would be an immense boon if intellectual intercourse between the sexes, now unknown, could be effected. Education till recently was so backward among the upper classes, that Madame Zampini Salazaro's father was a distinguished man, broad-minded, whilst his sister could not sign her name! Madame Salazaro, an Italian lady with Irish blood in her veins, who lives at Naples, is quite a pioneer of intellectual development amongst Italian ladies.

Till 1800, any lady who could write her signature was supposed to make no other use of her accomplishment except in the writing of love-letters, not much to her ultimate benefit. This explains in a great measure the view taken of women in Italy, and the position they allow themselves to occupy. Innocence was supposed to be only compatible with ignorance.

There are for middle-class girls three kinds of schools: the convent schools, where nuns teach, chiefly embroidering flowers, and religion—not its history, but 'practical' devotions. The Government schools do not answer to our high-schools, and are not nearly so good. The terms are low, some five or six francs a month. These attempt to teach the natural sciences; but they are all badly organised. The teaching is very poorly paid, and is not appreciated. There are examinations, and the schools work up for anything they just happen to have set before them for the time being, so that there is no firm basis of mental culture. There are three or four so-called superior schools, two of which are in Rome (*Scuola Femminilia Superiore*), and these are not much better. There is the most languid interest in higher education, although there are a few notable exceptions. There is one lady-doctor

practising in Rome, who is doing fairly well; but, as might have been expected, she has had to encounter many prejudices. Queen Margherita is very anxious to see the better education of girls, and with that the advancement of women. She has named this lady, Lady-doctor to her Court; and she has also been appointed doctor to the employees on the telegraph service in Rome. There are two other lady-doctors at Bologna, who studied with the men at the universities. Bonghi opened the road of medicine to women. No Italian lady has spoken in public except Madame Salazaro, who lectures at Naples on women's education and rights. She frequently lectures in Rome at the Palombella, where the Roman Scuola Femminilia Superiora is, expressly for the Italian women. There is a private school in Rome, which is really a very good school, kept by a family named Nathan, and here girls can obtain some knowledge to fit them for their later years if they so choose.

For the daughters of poor parents there are the municipal schools, which provide a free elementary education. At these schools they are just beginning to teach them to cook and sew; but their tendency is to be too technical and not sufficiently mental. They do not attempt to talk or read to them whilst they sew, but sit silent. Primary instruction is compulsory, according to the law of 1859. The schools are composed of a lower and higher grade, each of two classes. In the former are taught reading, writing, elementary arithmetic, the elements of the metrical system, the Italian language, and religion. In the higher grade, in addition to the studies of the lower, are taught composition, penmanship, national history, elementary geography, book-keeping, and elementary science. The schools of the lower grade have to be maintained by every commune; whilst those of the higher grade have to be established in all towns having more than four thousand inhabitants. Teachers are allowed to punish their pupils by admonition, a note of censure in the school register, separation from their comrades, or suspension, of which parents must be informed; but they are forbidden to use harsh and offensive words, or to inflict corporal punishment, and extra lessons as penalties. Girls of fifteen are allowed to enter the normal schools, which are of three kinds: those supported by the Government, by the provinces, and by private persons. The normal schools are also governed by certain laws, and the course of study comprises three years. The first two years are devoted to a preparation for teaching in the lower grades, and in the third year for the higher grades. The curriculum includes religion and morality, pedagogy, the rudiments of natural history and natural philosophy, drawing, music, and the principles of hygiene, as well as arithmetic, geometry, and book-keeping.

In 1861, Milan founded a higher school for girls, as it was found that so many attended the normal schools without any idea of ever teaching, but merely for the sake of a higher education. This school met with such success that other cities established similar schools. In these schools the course of study comprises ethics, Italian language and literature, hygiene, the natural sciences, French language and litera-

ture, book-keeping, penmanship, gymnastics, and needlework. Besides these studies, which are obligatory, some have also introduced the study of German and English.

It will be observed that in all schools great stress is laid upon penmanship; but little attention is bestowed upon foreign languages. The course of instruction comprises three years in all these higher schools, except in Milan, where it is four years, so that more time may be devoted to natural science. The school in Milan was for some time free; but as it was seen in other cities that a fee could be required without detriment to the school, a charge of fifty lire was made, which is the usual fee in the other cities. Students must be twelve years of age, and must have graduated from the primary school and passed a certain examination. Besides these, there are some other schools which board either all or a part of their pupils, and here special stress is laid on the so-called 'accomplishments'—music, dancing, drawing, foreign languages, &c.

With all these Government schools and 'high' schools, if we may use the term, it would seem that Italian girls should be able to make some better use of their lives. Of course, all are not equally apathetic and frivolous; to instance this, one young girl in a Government school broke her right arm, but she persevered, and accomplished all her writing with her left arm! Unfortunately, women in Italy are still regarded as the moral slaves of men, as may be judged from the civil and penal codes, and as a result, a low opinion of them is very general. Nothing is provided to elevate their characters or to make them self-reliant or strong.

There are several cultivated and influential men and women endeavouring to bring about a better state of things. The Countess Augusta Balzani, an Englishwoman, daughter of Professor Simon of Edinburgh, is Vice-president of the Society for promoting women's superior culture. The Queen of Italy is President of the Society, and most of the court ladies are interested in the work. The prime-minister's wife, Signora Crispi, is a zealous worker. Mrs William Grey, too, the authoress of that delightful book, *Last Words to Girls*, does a great deal for the educational cause—it can hardly be called 'movement,' for so few move.

Unmarried girls in Italy are supposed to look after the children of their married brothers and sisters, if they have any, as it is looked upon as degrading if they take to business; and the majority are very prejudiced against women-writers.

Signora Zampini Salazaro is about to establish an International Scientific and Literary Institute in Rome, to try whether that will help to elevate the girls of Italy.

From the foregoing remarks, it will be seen that the girls of Italy have a very different time of it from the girls of England. Italy must bear in mind that to instruct woman is to instruct man; to elevate her character is to raise his; and to enlarge her mental freedom is to extend and secure that of the whole community. For are not nations the outcomes of homes, and peoples of mothers? Her girls need not live grand lives, but good and useful ones,

doing the work which falls to their lot faithfully and conscientiously; for, as George Eliot tells us, 'the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XII.—A STORM OF WIND.

THE atmosphere now took a deeper tinge of gloom. Thunder had followed the blaze of lightning in the west, low, distant, but continuous, like a rapid succession of the batteries of several ships of war heard from afar; and as the echoes of this ominous growling swept to our ears over the glass-smooth heave of the swell, the fresh dye of gloom came into the day and made an evening darkness of the afternoon.

All the ladies were below; but shortly after Mr Johnson had left me, Miss Temple came on deck and went to the side to look at the stranger and there lingered, with her gaze upon the western sky, over which the lightning was now running in fluid lines, a cascading of fiery streaks with a frequent dull opening blaze low down, which the heads of the swell would catch and mirror as though it were an instant gleam of sunset. Had she condescended to glance my way, I should have joined her. She loitered a while, and then left the deck; and at the same moment the second mate came forward to the break of the poop and called out an order for the foresail and mizzen topsail to be furled and the foretopsail to be close reefed.

'Very unpleasant state of suspense this,' said little Mr Saunders, 'stealing to my side and looking up into my face.'

'Very,' I answered; 'but it seems as if the weather was to extinguish our anxiety as regards the brig.'

'Yes,' said he. 'I heard the captain tell Mr Prance that he believes there is a gale of wind behind that storm yonder.—Gracious me! what a very vivid flash. Hark! it nears us quickly.'

There was a rattling peal of thunder now, a long volleying roar of it, and a few large drops of rain fell. Mr Cocker stood at the rail with a telescope in his hand. He busily watched the men up aloft, sometimes letting fly an order to the boatswain in a voice that went past the ear like a stone from a sling. A large drop of rain splashed upon Mr Saunders' nose.

'It's about to burst, I think,' said he, looking straight up into the heavens with his modest yearning eyes. 'It shall go below;' and down trotted the little creature.

'Mr Cocker,' said I, 'lend me your glass for an instant, will you?' I pointed it at the brig. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, talking to the second mate with the telescope at my eye; 'I believed I was not mistaken. Full of men, indeed! Phew! Why, there are hands enough upon her yards to furnish out the complement of a fifty-gun frigate.'

It was indeed as I said. They were furling

all canvas upon the stranger, intending apparently to let her meet what was to come with a small storm foretrysail, which I could see a crowd of seamen bending and making ready for setting. Her fore and topsail yards were loaded with men swarming like bees along the thin delicate lines of spars, and even as I watched, the canvas they were rolling up melted away into slender streaks of white, like leaves of trees devoured by insects. There looked to me to be at least a hundred of a crew to the vessel.

'The weather will put an end to her, I expect,' said I. 'Very lucky for us, Mr Cocker. A large crew of ruffians and six guns of a side, not to mention a twenty-four pounder in the bows, and cutlasses and small-arms in galore, hardly form a joke. It is easy to figure the beauty, that sail, I daresay, three feet to our one, quietly sheering alongside and throwing seventy or eighty of her children aboard, dark-skinned assassins, armed to the teeth, reeking of garlic.—Well, hang me, Mr Cocker, if I didn't believe that the times of those gentry had passed some years ago.'

His lips were moving to answer me, but there was a wide and blinding flash of lightning at that instant that set the heavens on fire, immediately followed by a crash of thunder as deafening as though a first-rate had blown up close aboard us. Yet again the scowl of the clouds deepened in darkness, and the brig grew vague on a sudden in the gloom of the storm.

'There comes the rain!' cried Mr Cocker, pointing to a line of grayish shadow with a look of steam boiling up as it were from the base of it. It drew creeping slowly on to the brig, and its perpendicular fall made one think of it as of a vast sheet of water up above overflowing and cataracting sheer down over the edge of a cloud.

'There is no wind there,' said I; 'it is a regular Irishman's hurricane right up and down.—But here goes for a waterproof.'

I trundled below for a suit of rubber clothes, being too anxious to observe what was to happen to choose to leave the deck. All the passengers were congregated in the cuddy, and the lightning, as it glittered in the portholes and skylights, flashed up their faces in the gloomy atmosphere, making them look a pale and trembling crowd. The Colonel was pacing the deck near the piano. Miss Hudson leaned against her mother with her hands over her eyes. If ever there came a brighter flash than usual, one lady or another would scream. Colledge and Miss Temple sat over a draughtboard; but I could not gather from the hurried glance I threw over the people as I passed through them that they were playing. I equipped myself from head to foot in waterproofs and came again into the saloon on my way to the poop.

'Are you going on deck, Dugdale?' cried Mr Johnson, shouting aloud, to render his voice audible above the continuous cannonading of the thunder.

'Yes,' I replied.

'You will be struck dead, sir,' called out Mrs Hudson.

'I have half a mind to join you,' said Mr Emmett, jumping up with a wild look at the skylight: 'it's simply beastly down here.'

'Hark to *that*!' bawled the Colonel; 'there's a shower for you!'

The wall of rain had reached us. For a minute before it struck the ship you could hear it hissing upon the sea like twenty locomotives blowing off steam; then plump! came the cataract on to our decks. Had every drop been a brick, the noise could not have been more astounding. One couldn't hear the thunder for the roaring of the fall of water and hail-stones, though the deep and awful note of the electric storm was in it to add to its tremendous sound.

'Where's the steward?' bawled the Colonel in his loudest tones. 'Confound it, are we to be left in total blackness here? Why don't some one light the lamps?'

'Are you coming on deck, Mr Emmett?' I cried; but he had sunk back on his seat with his arms folded and his head bowed; and obtaining no reply, I walked to the companion steps, receiving, as I passed Miss Temple, a half-interrogative glance from her, which made me look again in readiness to answer the question that seemed to hover on her lips. But her eyes instantly dropped, and the next instant she had turned to say something to her aunt, who was on a sofa behind her; so, rounding on my heel, up I went into the smoking wet.

There was nothing to be seen but rain—such a sheet of it as one must explore the latitudes we were in to parallel. The lightning flashed amidst it incessantly, and every line of the falling water sparkled like glowing wire in dazzling hues of crimson and of violet alternating.

I had not been a minute in the hatchway when the heavens seemed to be split open to the very heart of their depths by a flash of lightning, followed in the space of the beat of a heart by a shock of thunder that seemed to happen immediately over our mastheads—a most soul-subduing crash, if ever there was one! and as if by magic, the rain ceased, and the atmosphere sensibly brightened. There was a great noise of shrieking in the cuddy, and half-blinded, and pretty handsomely dazed by that terrible blast of lightning and the thunder-clap which had followed, I crept down the steps with my pulse beating hard in my ears to see what had happened, scarce knowing but that some one had been struck, and perhaps killed.

'What is it?' I shouted to the Colonel, who stood at the foot of the ladder.

'Only Mrs Hudson in hysterics,' he roared; on hearing which I went up again, being in no temper to make one of the nervous company below.

The swell had flattened; all to starboard there was an oozing as of daylight into the breathless thickness, with ugly hump-shaped masses of black vapour defining themselves up in the ugly shallow another in a sort of writhing way, as though they were coming together in a jumble; but to port it was as black as thunder, an inky slope hoary with rain, with lightning spitting and zigzagging all over it. I went to the rail, where stood Mr Cocker with his clothes full of water.

'A pretty little shower!' said I.

'Very,' he answered, with his face showing of a bleached look like the flesh of a washerwoman's

hand. 'A plague on this sort of work, say I! This serge shrinks consumedly when drenched, and my trousers will be up to my knees to-morrow morning—three pounds ten as good as washed out of a man's pocket.'

'Where's your glass, Mr Cocker?'

'In that hencoop there,' said he.

I pulled it out, and directed it at the dim blotch of brig that had caught my eye stealing out of the wet dusk like the phantom of a ship.

'By my great-grandfather's wig!' cried I with a start. 'So! No fear *now* of being boarded. Our windpipes are safe for the present.—Look for yourself, Mr Cocker.'

He ogled her an instant, then bawled to the skipper, who was speaking to Mr France.

'The brig's been struck, sir! Her mainmast is over the side.'

In very truth it was as he declared. I whipped the glass out of his hand for another look, and, sure enough, could clearly distinguish a whole lumber of wreckage lifting to the roll of the subdued swell alongside the swaying hull of the brig. Her foremast and topmast stood intact to the cross-trees, but abaft she was as completely denuded as if a chopper had been laid to the foot of the mast.

I went to the companion way and called down to Colonel Bannister.

'Halloa? What now? Who wants *me*? ' he shouted.

'Tell the ladies, Colonel,' I sung down, 'that the brig has been struck by lightning, and that our safety, so far as *she* is concerned, is assured.'

I heard him roar out the news as I went to the side again, and a moment after up rushed the whole body of passengers to see for themselves.

Old Keeling cried out: 'Ladies, be good enough to take my advice and return to the cabin. We shall be having a strong blow of wind coming along in a few minutes.'

'Mein Gott, she iss on fire!' here shouted Hem-kirk, pointing directly at the brig with a fat forefinger, whilst with the other hand he kept a binocular glass glued to his eye.

'It is so then, sir!' cried Mr France to the skipper; 'there is smoke—apparently rising from her fore-hatch.'

Mr Cocker had replaced his telescope in the hencoop; I jumped for it, and in a trice had the lenses bearing upon the brig. There was an appearance of smoke, a thin bluish haze of it, as though mounting from a newly-kindled bonfire, slowly going spirally into the motionless air; but almost at the instant of my first looking I thought I could witness something of a ruddy tinge flashing for a breath into this smoke, as though to a sudden leap of flame. Though the brig lay at the same distance that had separated her from us throughout the afternoon, the shrouded and heaped-up vaporous wall of firmament beyond her seemed to heave her as close again to us as she really was; and now quite easily by the aid of the glass I could see her decks as she rolled them our way dark with her people, many of them hacking and hewing at her rigging, as though to clear away the wreckage; others seemingly passing buckets along; others, again, running wildly and as it might seem aimlessly about, whilst with the regularity of a swing

in action the beautifully moulded hull rolled quietly from side to side with a rhythmic oscillation of her one mast upon which the fragment of white trysail filled and hollowed as it beat the air; starting out upon the eye with a very ghastliness of pallor as it swelled to its cotton-like hue out of the shadow of its incurving, and hovered like some butterfly over the hideous dusky green of the swell.

I replaced the telescope.

'Here comes the wind!' I heard Mr Cocker sing out.

'Ladies,' cried old Keeling, 'let me beg of you to step below.'

Most of them complied, but a few lingered, staring with curiosity at the coming weather. I watched it with amazement, for never before had I seen a storm of wind coming down upon a ship in a sort of wall.

The wind struck the brig. My eye was upon her, and she disappeared in the shrieking whirl of flying spume as you extinguish a reflection in a mirror by breathing upon the glass. A minute later it was upon us. It smote the Indianan right abeam, and down she lay in a seething and hissing flatness of boiling waters, stooping yet and yet, till the line of the topgallant bulwark rail looked to be flush with the furious yeasty smother. There were two men at the helm holding the wheel jammed hard over. I swung to a belaying pin on the weather rail, and the poop deck went down from me to leeward at an angle that made one's eyes reel in the head to look along it.

I was waiting to see what the ship meant to do, when the weather maintop-sail sheet parted, though a treble-reefed sail, with a sound like another clap of thunder, and in a moment the canvas was flogging away from the yard in ribbands, with Mr Cocker shouting at the top of his voice, and a crowd of seamen tumbling and capizing about the main deck to the officer's orders to haul upon the clewlines. It was at that instant, amidst all this prodigious hullabaloo, that I caught sight of Miss Temple to leeward of the mizzen mast holding on to some gear that was belayed at the foot of the mast. As my gaze rested on her, the rope she grasped either overhauled itself or was detached from the pin, and she swung out to leeward. There were hencoops and rails and the mizzen shrouds to save her from going overboard; but there was nothing to prevent her from breaking a limb, or even her neck, if she let go. Though my legs yet preserved something of their old seafaring nimbleness, the slope of the deck made desperate work for them. Yet the girl must be reached, and at once. She did not appear to have sense enough to lower herself down the rope till her feet touched, in which posture she might have hung with safety. She maintained her first clutch of the gear, and swung above the deck to the height of some two, perhaps three feet. Keeling, who was clinging to the weather vang, did not seem to see her. The helmsmen grinding at the wheel heeded nothing but their business.

There was only one means of arriving at the girl with any approach to swiftness. I dropped on to the deck, and went down upon my knees with my head to windward, and worked my way stern first in that attitude to the line of lee hencoops,

along which I made shift to travel half jammed by my own weight against the bars of the coops; until, coming abreast of the girl, I got upon my legs, and firmly planting my left foot against the bottom of the row of boxes in which the fowls were immured, and leaning on my right leg in a fencing posture, I put my arms round her waist and told her to let go. She did so at once, as likely as not because she could hold on no longer. The weight of her noble figure was rather more than I had bargained for. I had thought to hold her fairly off the deck and ease her away, whilst in my arms, down to the hencoop behind, on which she could sit; but she was too much for me. I was forced to let her feet touch the planks, where, losing her balance, she threw her arm round my neck to save herself from falling. The next moment I was lodged upon the hencoop, she on my knee, and her arms still enclosing my head; but this was only for a breath or two. It was easy to lift her to my side, and there she sat, her fine face dark with blushes, and her eyes sparkling with alarm and confusion and twenty other passions and emotions, whilst the curve of her bosom rose and fell with hysteric swiftness.

'What a very ridiculous position! It serves me right. I should have taken the captain's advice. I should have gone below.'

This was all my haughty companion condescended to say. Not a syllable of thanks—not a glance of softness to reward me! However, to be reasonable, she could have scarcely been audible had she attempted more words. Even to catch the few sentences she uttered I had to strain my ear to the movement of her lips, off which the wind clipped her speech with a silencing yell.

There had been but little thunder in the storm, which still showed livid over the eastern horizon, that surpassed the wild and prodigious roaring of this first outflow of the hurricane. The ship continued to lie down to the fierce sweep of the wind at the angle she had first reached to—it was as good or bad, indeed, as being on her beam ends—and Miss Temple and I were forced to keep our seats upon the hencoop, no more able to crawl up the deck to where the companion hatch was than had it been a slope of polished ice.

'Look!' I shouted to Miss Temple, and pointed over our stern, where, out of the flying faintness and thickness of spray, the figure of the brig was at that instant forming itself.

I sprang upon the hencoop, the better to see, grasping the mizzen shrouds for support.

'Shall I give you a hoist?' I cried to the girl.

Her curiosity was too strong: the flying brig—a fleeting vision of the object which had filled us with alarm and suspense throughout the day, was a wonder to be witnessed at such a time as that at any cost. Her lips parted in the word *yes* to the howl of the gale, and in a moment I had her up alongside of me, my arm through hers, securely gripping and supporting her, and the pair of us gazing breathlessly at the sight astern.

With her single mast rising to the topmast cross-trees, the yards square, the remains of the trysail streaming like white hair from gaff and boltrope, the brig swept under our stern, shooting sheer athwart, seething smoothly as a sleigh over a level plain of snow, and rushing before the

wind straight as the flight of an arrow. A coil of thick black smoke, whose base was reddened by sudden tongues of fire, blew over her bow, and coloured the atmosphere into which she rushed with a complexion of thunder. But the vision came and went in a few breaths like an object seen by lightning. So dense was the gale with spray, that there was scarcely a cable's length of opening round about us. The brig showed and was gone! a phantasm, with the white waters pouring over her sprit-sail yard as she rushed through it, and scarce more to be noted by the eye during the headlong swiftness of her plunge from one wall of spindrift into another, than the delicate lines of her rigging supporting the foremast, the bowsprit vanishing in the cloud of smoke blowing ahead of her, a length of white deck, a flash of skylight glass, the glimmer, so to speak, of some score of faces turned our way.

'She is on fire,' I cried in Miss Temple's ear: 'she carries a doomed crew into that thick-ness!'

She moved, as if to resume her seat, and very carefully I got her on to the heucoop again.

But the first terrific spite of the gale was now gone, and the squab form of the Indianan lifting a little out of the seething caldron in which she lay with her main-deck rail flush with the yeasty surface, was beginning slowly to pay off. Her decks gradually grew level, and presently she was right before the wind, with the howl of it at her taffrail, and her huge bows heaping up the white sea till the leaps of the summits were at either cathead.

Mr Colledge's face showed in the companion-way.

'Oh, there you are, Miss Temple!' he roared. 'Mrs Radcliffe is firmly persuaded you have been blown overboard.'

She rose, but sat again, for the wind was too strong for her. Friend Colledge himself seemed pined by the weight of it in the hatch.

'We may be able to manage it between us,' I shouted; and passing my arm through hers, I drove the pair of us to windward, and got her on to the companion ladder, down which she went.

HOW WARS ARE DECLARED.

ONE morning about the middle of January all the newspapers announced that Lord Salisbury had sent, through our Minister at Lisbon, an Ultimatum to the Portuguese Government requiring 'the withdrawal of all forces, officials, and expeditions of any kind from the banks of the Shire River, beyond the confluence of the Ruvo, and south of the Zambesi and Mashona Land.' Coupled with this demand was an intimation that failing a favourable answer within twenty-four hours, Mr Petre, our Minister, would leave the capital with the whole staff of the legation, and await further developments at Vigo.

Even to those unacquainted with the technicalities of diplomatic phraseology, the interpretation of this Ultimatum did not cause much difficulty. Whatever might be the precise significance

of the language, nobody doubted that practically if Portugal did not yield and our Minister went to Vigo, we should be in a state of war with Portugal. How far this conception of the state of affairs is strictly accurate will be shown shortly. That it should be the general impression, however, points to an interesting difference between the practice of ancient and modern times in the matter of the formalities incident to the Declaration of War.

It is no doubt true that the gravity of a great war is more realised now than in earlier ages; or perhaps it is more correct to say that the gravity of such a struggle under existing conditions is so utterly unrealisable that no Power cares rashly to provoke war. Hence, when events arise which lead to friction, the tendency has been in recent times to prolong diplomatic negotiations in the hope of finding a peaceful solution. But, on the other hand, when it has once become apparent that hostilities are inevitable, the final plunge into war is now taken with far less of courteous formality than in days of old.

Readers of Greek history must be familiar with instances of formal embassies sent to denounce and justify war. Among the Romans, a College of twenty priests known as Fetials was maintained for the express purpose of such services. They had certain implements and sacred herbs set apart for their special use; and they often travelled great distances to demand reparation from nations who had injured the Roman State, and, if this was refused, to denounce war against them.

Even had the practice of Rome not set such a precedent, it was inevitable from the nature of the organisation of the states which rose out of the ruins of the Empire, and which afterwards formed the nations of modern Europe, that the utmost formality of Declaration should precede a great war—and this for two reasons. In the first place, where, as on the Continent, there was almost unlimited right of private war, some official pronouncement was essential for the purpose of establishing a distinction between a mere squabble among a few barons and an act of hostility for which the community was responsible. Further, military enterprises were regarded as being not so much national undertakings as personal expeditions, levied for the private honour of the sovereign as feudal superior, and to be conducted therefore with all due observance of the rites of chivalry. Witness, as instances of this feeling, the challenge of Richard I. to Saladin, and that of Edward III. to Philip of France, to settle their disputes by single combat. Under such a régime it was not to be expected that men so exact in their observance of the punctilio of the tournament would be more remiss in their wars; hence, we are not surprised to learn that as a necessary preliminary to the commencement of hostilities, letters of formal defiance were always exchanged. Of these a somewhat burlesqued example is given in *Ivanhoe*.

At a rather later date, verbal proclamation through a herald was substituted for these letters of defiance. This continued to be practised till the sixteenth century, and there are two instances of it so recently as the middle of the next century. In 1635, Louis XIII. sent a herald to Brussels to declare war against Spain; and twenty-two years afterwards, Sweden declared war against Denmark by the mouth of a herald sent to Copenhagen.

But even prior to this time, influences had been at work which undermined the old usages. After the close of the Hundred Years' War, the civil wars in England, the consolidation of the great European states, and above all, the fierce rancour engendered in the religious wars, had all contributed to discredit the old forms of feudal chivalry. Written declarations were substituted for proclamation by heralds, and as early as 1588 the Great Armada attacked England without any Declaration at all.

The great legal writers still lent their support to the older usage; as where Grotius declares that the voice of God and Nature alike order men to renounce friendship before embarking in war. But in spite of their influence, practice became very loose. On the one hand, we have the two cases already cited, and our war with the Dutch in 1671, where there was solemn proclamation. On the other, we have the war of Gustavus Adolphus with the Empire, and an English expedition against the Spanish West Indies in 1654, carried through without Declaration; and our Dutch wars of 1652 and 1665; the war between Portugal and the Dutch in 1615; and finally, the war between France and the Empire in 1688, in all of which hostilities were in an advanced state before any Declaration was issued.

Still, the lingering influence of the older usage is shown in the distinction which Molloy, a writer in touch with the practice of men of action, draws between 'solemn' and 'unsolemn' wars. 'A general war,' says he, 'is either solemnly denounced or not solemnly denounced; the former is when war is solemnly declared or proclaimed by our king against another state. An unsolemn war is when two nations slip into war without any solemnity, and ordinarily happeneth amongst us. Again, if a foreign prince invades our coasts or sets upon the king's navy at sea, a real, though not solemn war may, and hath formerly, arisen. So that a state of war may be between two kingdoms without any proclamation or induction thereof, or other matter of record to prove it.'

In far the greater number of the struggles of the eighteenth century, no Declaration was issued until a state of war had been constituted *de facto*, and had even in some instances existed for many years. In some few cases the whole contest was begun, continued, and ended without notification, while it is difficult to find a single case where the commencement of hostilities was preceded by Declaration.

An influential minority of jurists now began to lend the weight of their authority to the new usage; but the majority continued to support the old doctrine, which died hard. Practically, however, the only two directions in which it manifested its continued vitality were equally unfortunate.

On the one hand, by furnishing a defeated nation, against which no Declaration had been made, with a formal ground for regarding itself as wronged, it led to feelings of rancour being perpetuated against the conquerors. One instance of this is to be found in the indignation of Austria at the unannounced attack by Prussia on Silesia in 1740. In this case the irritation was perhaps hardly to be wondered at, as Frederick had actually his armies in Silesia two days before the Emperor even knew of the ground of quarrel.

Where, on the other hand, Declarations were issued, as was customary, long after war had commenced, angry disputes arose whether property captured before the date of issue was lawful prize. The decision that such property was good prize if *condemned* after the Declaration, shows how merely formal was even the show of respect which its supporters still managed to secure for the old doctrine.

During the latter part of the century, when the burdens laid upon neutrals had become more onerous, the very commendable custom sprang up, and was generally adopted, of issuing a manifesto or notice of the commencement of war, not necessarily to the enemy, but to the diplomatic agents of other nations who were required to observe the laws of neutrality.

The opinion of the great jurists of this century, since the close of the Napoleonic wars in 1815, has been more equally divided on the necessity of Declaration. Several of the leading continental authorities still maintain that some form of notice to the enemy is imperative. Others, along with the more influential British and American authorities, take the opposite view. Let us glance at the practice in the matter as shown in the greater recent wars.

In neither the war with England in 1812 nor with Mexico in 1846, did the United States issue either Manifesto or Declaration. Of the smaller wars down to 1870 in which a European power was engaged on one side or the other, our own unimportant contest with Persia in 1838 affords what seems to be a solitary instance of Declaration. The Opium War of 1840, the Italian War of 1847-49, the Anglo-Persian War of 1856, as well as the Danish struggle about Schleswig-Holstein in 1863, and the war between Brazil and Uruguay in the following year, all commenced by acts of hostility, preceded, indeed, in several instances by diplomatic notes and manifestoes, but in no case heralded by Declaration of War.

In November 1853, after prolonged negotiations had already taken place, the Ottoman Porte protested against Russian claims, and intimated its intention of going to war. To this the Emperor Nicholas responded in a very elaborate formal Declaration, emitted at Moscow. Hostilities did not actually commence till the 4th of November, three days after the Czar's proclamation, of which the Sultan had thus time to become aware. Relations between the Czar and the English and French courts became more and more strained during the next few weeks. On the 8th of February 1854, the Russian minister left England; and six days later, Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords stated that we were 'drifting into war.' On the 21st, Nicholas issued a manifesto complaining of the unfriendly attitude of England and France. On the 27th, Captain Blackwood was sent to St

Petersburg with an Ultimatum, his instructions being to wait six days for an answer. Before that time had elapsed, the Emperor declined to give any reply; but the Russian Foreign Minister stated privately that his master would not declare war.

* On the 22d of March a message from the Queen was read in the House of Lords declaring war; and the *Gazette* of the 28th contained the announcement and justification of this step. On the 31st, according to a quaint old custom, the High Sheriff and other chief City dignitaries of London attended in their robes and proclaimed the war from the steps of the Exchange. Early in April, we completed the alliance with France, now also in arms against the Muscovite. All these steps, it will be observed, were simply for the information of our own subjects and of neutrals, no steps being taken, as in earlier times, to give a formal notice to the enemy.

This also was the case five years later in the Austro-Italian war of 1859. The Emperor's Ultimatum was presented on the 23d of April; and two days afterwards, Count Cavour intimated its rejection. On the same day Victor Emmanuel announced to the army the outbreak of war, and on the 26th operations commenced.

The American Civil War presents an interesting instance of the modern tendency to rely on facts rather than forms. As the North never recognised the Southern States as being other than rebels, of course they were precluded from declaring war against them; but in a way which may be readily summarised, a state of war came to be recognised as having in point of fact supervened on a state of insurrection. The Secession movement, which began in South Carolina on the 20th December 1861, speedily spread to the other Southern States. On the 9th of January 1861 the first shot was fired from the batteries of Fort Sumter on the *Star of the West*, attempting to enter Charleston with reinforcements. Notwithstanding this, Lincoln on the 4th of March still characterised the movement as insurrectionary. Nine days later, Charleston surrendered to the Confederates, and war-votes were then asked for. On the 15th of April, letters of marque were issued by the South, and a blockade proclaimed by the North. On the 3d of May, larger war-votes were asked, and Mr Seward announced in a letter to the American Minister at Paris that the Government had 'accepted the Civil War as an inevitable necessity.' England and France thereupon recognised the rights of the South as a belligerent State, and issued proclamations of neutrality. This action they justified on the ground that although there had been no Declaration of War, the credits voted and the proclamation of blockade were facts consistent only with a state of war, not of mere insurrection.

The Seven Weeks' War of 1866 began with the rupture, on the 12th of June, of diplomatic relations between Prussia and Austria, followed on the same day by a Declaration of War by the former power against Saxony, whose territory was entered on the 15th. On the 16th, Austria intimated her intention of supporting Saxony, and this Prussia interpreted as a Declaration of War. A bellicose manifesto addressed 'To My Armies' was issued by Francis Joseph. On the 22d, Prince Fritz Carl complained of the violation of the Silesian frontier

by the Austrians, without any formal Declaration of War. This complaint is a curious example of historical retribution, a precisely similar protest having been made, it will be remembered, one hundred and twenty years earlier by Austria against the Prussian invasion of Silesia. The Red Prince followed up his complaint by formally declaring war against Austria, a measure which Italy had taken two days previously.

Four years later, Prussia was again involved in a war which was destined to complete the unification of Germany, to which the Seven Weeks' War had been the first step. On the 15th of July 1870 it was announced by the French Ministry that the King of Prussia had refused to receive the Emperor's ambassador, and that the German Minister was preparing to leave Paris. Large war credits were asked, as, in the face of these facts, France could no longer maintain peace. On the 16th the slighted French Minister reached Paris, and the German representative left. France thereupon, with a self-assertion characteristic of the popular feeling of the time, issued a Declaration of War, a copy of which was handed by the chargé d'affaires at Berlin to Count Bismarck, by whom it was laid before the parliament of the North German Confederation on the 20th. England on the 19th had recognised the existence of war by her proclamation of neutrality.

In the next war of any moment, the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, we have a *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine of the necessity for a Declaration so far as demanded in the interests of the enemy. On the 24th of April the Czar emitted a Declaration of War at Kischeneff. Copies were circulated among the commanding officers of the various regiments, and the diplomatic agents of the Great Powers were also properly enough apprised of the contents, with the result that England, France, and Italy issued proclamations of neutrality six days later. The Sublime Porte, for whose information the Declaration was presumably, in the first instance, intended, of course got a copy of the manifesto; but the precise extent to which it benefited by the war being declared (not simply begun) will be appreciated when it is remembered that by the evening of the day when the Emperor made the proclamation at Kischeneff, fifty thousand troops had already crossed the frontier into Roumania.

Among struggles of less importance, our Ashantee War of 1817, the Transvaal War, the French wars in Tonquin and China, and the Egyptian War, all began without Declaration. In the last-mentioned case, Arabi-Pasha was required by Admiral Seymour, on the 10th of July 1882, to surrender the forts of Alexandria; and on his failure to do so within the time specified, the bombardment began.

Lastly, we have two instances in which small states have recently reverted to the ancient practice. On the 12th of November 1885, King Thebaw of Burmah favoured us with a Declaration of War, the information conveyed by which, however, appears rather superfluous, as our troops were already advancing on his capital. Our reply was a proclamation deposing his dusky majesty.

In the same month Servia went to war with Bulgaria. Servia, to be so juvenile a power,

seems to be a good deal of a formalist. In both of her attacks on Turkey—in June 1876 and December 1877—she duly declared war before attacking; and when she came to differ with Bulgaria in 1885, she acted consistently, sending a most orthodox Declaration of War, the challenge in which was cordially accepted by Bulgaria all in due form, *selon les règles*, just as if the disputants had been a couple of feudal barons of the middle ages. As, however, both parties complain of previous invasions of territory, we are tempted to inquire of what use was all this ceremony?

And now to revert to our recent dispute with Portugal, it is to be hoped that the acceptance of our terms by the court at Lisbon has obviated the possibility of this resulting in the addition of another to the precedents on the commencement of modern warfare. This being so, we can with more satisfaction consider the theoretical question as to what would have been the precise result had the required concessions been declined. Well, from the cases considered we are in a position to say that the withdrawal of our ambassador would have been sufficient intimation of our abandonment of all hope of diplomatic settlement to justify us in beginning hostilities. At the same time it would not of itself have involved us in war. Nay, even the more unequivocal step of the dismissal of their ambassador, while rendering hostilities inevitable, would not, at least in questions with outside nations, have established a state of war until followed by some recognised act of war (such, for example, as a blockade). Until this took place, it would still have been in the option of Portugal to have made terms with us, by mediation or otherwise, on the footing that we were still at peace.

As to the merits of the contention for explicit Declaration handed to the enemy, there is no better pronouncement than that of Mr Hall: 'The use of a Declaration does not exclude surprise, but it at least provides that notice shall be served an infinitesimal space of time before a blow is struck. A manifesto, unless it be understood that hostilities are not to commence until after there is reasonable certainty that authenticated information of its contents has reached the enemy's government, is quite consistent with a blow before notice. The truth is that no forms can give security against disloyal conduct, and that when no disloyalty occurs, states always sufficiently well know when they stand on the brink of war.' The incidents of the opening of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 furnish sufficient comment on this passage.

In short, steam and electricity have rendered communication so rapid, and the state of organisation—not merely national but international—is so complete in modern society, that two nations cannot approach a rupture without both being fully aware of it. The withdrawal and, still more, the dismissal of an ambassador is therefore sufficient warning how matters stand to warrant an immediate commencement of operations, which is in fact a Declaration of War. Written declarations, proclamations, manifestoes, gazette notices, and the like, are chiefly useful as bringing under the notice of outside nations the existence of a state of war which demands the observance by them of the rules of neutrality.

Even for this purpose, however, unequivocal acts of war raise a necessary presumption of the fact of war which neutrals are not entitled to disregard.

J. R. C.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Mr Clayton learned from his daughter of Frank Holmes having been there and of the efforts he was making in Faune's behalf, he was touched by the young man's generosity. This was greater than he knew, but he knew enough to appreciate it. It somewhat altered, however, an opinion he had half formed—which events had forced upon him—that Holmes was himself in love with Mary. Mr Clayton had never had a firm opinion as to this; for if Holmes were a lover, why did he suffer himself to be cut out by Faune when the field was open to him? It indeed seemed on the whole, to the banker, that as regarded his daughter and Frank Holmes—who had both had ample opportunity of knowing each other's sentiments before Faune came upon the scene—there was a failure of love on one side or the other, or both. Faune's success seemed to have been easily won; and if Holmes loved Mary, he would hardly be so zealous a defender of his rival now.

And this brought Mr Clayton to consider the situation that would arise in the event of Faune being acquitted. It occurred to him this evening to mention it to his daughter, because that telegram from Holmes stating that the meeting with 'M' in the Park had no reference to the murder, had inclined him to a more favourable view of the prisoner's case. When he told his daughter about this matter, he found that she had already heard of it, and learned from her the important deduction which Frank Holmes had indicated—namely, the explanation of Faune's leaving Cadogan Place so early.

'That is very important, Mary: it takes away one of the most serious links in the case against him. I am beginning to feel that he has been the victim of very unfortunate appearances.'

'I hope so, papa,' she replied, without seeming to share his confidence.

'In case of his acquittal, Mary, of course a good deal of reparation will be due to him.'

Mary Clayton said nothing, and in truth her father found it difficult to get at his position. Assuming Faune to be acquitted, no stain could be prestified to remain on his character on account of the awful charge. Should he not be entitled, then, to resume his former social position and to receive the warm congratulations of his friends? Only one thing barred—this was the matter of the cheque. Mr Clayton as yet knew only a part of that transaction, enough, however, to cast a deep shadow on Faune's honour. But, unconsciously, he was still under the influence of the young fellow's manners, and if his daughter's wish was to resume former relations, the banker's sense of reparation due to the unjustly accused man would probably cover over the transgression of the cheque. And—assuming Claude Faune to be proved guiltless, and to have no worse offence against him than the affair

of the cheque, which might be open to mitigating explanation—Mr Clayton, in his present frame of mind, saw no reason why former relations should not be resumed, if his child's affections were at stake.

He shrank, however, as yet from approaching that subject with her; there was not sufficient certainty. He half resolved it would be advisable to consult Frank Holmes first. Poor Frank!

When his daughter came to say good-night to him Mr Clayton was startled by her looks. 'My child,' he said, caressing her hand, 'you are making yourself ill. Have courage; all will be well in time. Why do you not go out for a while every day? Shall I take you for a drive to-morrow?'

'Thank you, papa. No; I will not take you from your business. Perhaps I may go by myself.'

'Shall I send Frank Holmes to take you out?' he asked, after a pause.

'If he can spare time, papa, I shall be glad,' she answered; and Mr Clayton promised to ask him.

Can a refined woman willingly become the wife of a man whom she despises, or has good cause to despise? This was the problem that filled the reflections of poor Holmes as he trudged wearily towards the offices of Mr Crudie, Faune's solicitor, after Mr Clayton had called on him next morning. Mr Clayton had asked him to take his daughter out, and Holmes had promised to do so, after calling on Mr Crudie. Then Mr Clayton went on—unconscious of the pain caused to his patient listener—to state his anxieties regarding the situation on Faune's release, should he be released. The tendency of the banker's feelings was plainly indicated; and it seemed clear enough to Holmes that, if Mary Clayton consented, the marriage would eventually take place in the contingency of an acquittal.

Of course he expressed no opinion, but consented to think it over; however, that which Mr Clayton was most anxious to find out was the attitude his daughter would be likely to take in the eventuality contemplated. Frank Holmes could have told him that his daughter loved Faune; but past that, he knew nothing.

Could she marry Faune, if he should be acquitted? He remembered what she had said to him on that matter. He knew that she could never respect the man. But certain powerful forces had come into operation since then, and who can count on the decisions of a woman when her affections are concerned? We find women who are worthy of all the reverence man can give them, wedded to worthless husbands; but it was probably after marriage they discovered the clay their idol was made of. Sometimes we see such women voluntarily giving themselves to men whose worthlessness they know; alas, for the forlorn-hope of love making the creatures better! There was no variety of the melancholy case that Holmes did not turn over in his thoughts.

He believed that to Mary Clayton's pure and delicate sense there was no gilding over, with love's poor art, that which was unworthy of respect. But supposing him to be innocent, the man would come out of prison after suffering most cruel

wrong, and it was far from unlikely that the girl would regard herself as in some measure responsible for the wrong. How far, then, would the combined forces of pity for his suffering and anxiety to repair her own share of the injury go towards counterbalancing the opposite feeling? To offer herself as an expiation is just the sacrifice at which some girls, of Mary Clayton's character, would not hesitate.

In the opinion of Holmes, the event would hardly occur to demand the sacrifice; none the less was the possibility distressing to him. If he did not love her so truly himself, and if he could exonerate himself from the silent reproach of having delivered her over to this rival without one attempt to win her for his own, he could regard the contingency of her becoming after all the wife of Faune with as much pity, but with much less pain. He did not think that Faune would be acquitted; but Mr Clayton had strongly impressed him with the possibility that, if acquitted, the man would still be able to win his prize. With a heavy sigh, Frank Holmes wished it were all over. One way or the other, there was no hope for him; he was long too late for that; and was so sure of his strength that he was ready to come to her whenever she wished, in the old manner. All the kindness of his nature was at her service, and he knew how she needed kindness now.

This visit he was paying to Faune's solicitor was the last step he intended to take in the case. He saw no good that he could do in any direction; but after learning how far the defence had got, he could form a more decided opinion.

Mr Crudie was a gentleman who had achieved some fame in criminal cases. He willingly gave Holmes an interview; and when the latter stated his position in relation to the case, the solicitor expressed his readiness to discuss it with him.

'I have thought of asking to see Faune,' said Holmes; 'but I am afraid it would be of little use.'

'It would be very little use, Mr Holmes,' said the solicitor emphatically. 'He is the most impracticable client I have ever had. I am afraid I cannot do much for him; and but that it would prejudice his case, I would throw it up.'

This was a surprising statement.

'Is his case so bad as that?'

'We have practically nothing to go upon, Mr Holmes, unless the prisoner's friends find something for us. Our position is simply a negative one. The only point the Crown have not yet established is the identity of Faune with Julius Vernon, or the fact of communication between him and the governess. There is something in the dark which we do not know, and which it is important we should know.'

'Will he tell you nothing at all?' asked Holmes in astonishment. 'If he closes his lips, he may as well plead guilty. Does he give any account of himself on the night of the 10th of June?'

'Merely that he left Cadogan Place soon after nine o'clock, that he met you at Albert Gate about a quarter past, and that he kept an appointment with a man in the Park for two or three minutes at half-past nine.'

'He has told you that?'

'Then you were aware of it?' said the solicitor, a little surprised.

'I happened to find it out.—I may say more about it presently.—What does Faune say about it?'

'Nothing more than what I have told you. He silently says: "You ask me what I did that night. I met a man by appointment inside the Park railings opposite the top of South Street at half-past nine; we spent about three minutes together; then he went back by Hyde Park Corner, and I went home."—He has refused to give me either the man's name or the business they had.'

'But he did not go straight to his rooms. Mount Street was close by, and it was within five minutes of ten when he entered his lodgings.'

'He says he had a smoke.'

'And the previous night, Friday, has he mentioned where he spent it?'

Mr Crudie took a paper from a drawer and referred to it. 'Wednesday, dined at Cadogan Place; Thursday, at club, did not leave till 11.30—that's the Schools Club; Friday, at club, left at 9, and smoked in the Park till past 10 o'clock.'

Holmes felt the gravity of that last statement. Inch by inch, from unexpected quarters, conviction was creeping upon the doomed man. The solicitor noticed the change in his visitor's face.

'I know the man he met in Hyde Park on the Saturday night, Mr Crudie, and I know why he met him. At first, I thought the fact might be important as accounting for Faune leaving Mr Clayton's when he did.'

'Don't you think so still?' Mr Crudie asked with interest. 'Is the man to be had?'

'Mr Crudie, it was chiefly to warn you against that mirage that I desired to see you. The man is gone out of the country. It is unnecessary to say more. Accept my assurance that it is best to ignore that incident, as matters at present stand. Should they take another turn, of course I would put everything I know into your hands. If Faune refuses to help himself, his friends are powerless.'

'That is very true, Mr Holmes. There is his disappearance from London on Sunday the 11th, which Faune obstinately refuses to explain. It was not done in the fashion of a murderer, was it? Of course there are exceptions to every rule; but the method of the murder, and the manner of his disappearance from London and reappearance in an East-end lodging-house, are not, to my mind, suggestive of the same origin.'

'You think it possible, then, that his conduct had reference to some other motive?'

'What can I think?' replied the solicitor with a gesture of impatience. 'The man's manner to me is reserved and sullen even; he seems apathetic, indifferent as to his fate. Now, my experience is that a guilty man is seldom able to keep up a show of that sort. But a man's fortunes and character may be so desperate, that an acquittal would be felt by him as no boon; that, in fact, being hanged for a crime of which he is innocent may be regarded as the less of two evils; the other being the usual catastrophe of suicide, to get rid of a miserable and hopeless existence.'

Holmes was growing interested.

'There is much about Faune that sometimes suggests these thoughts to me. Mind, my theory is only a theory, and a speculative one, and the furthest I will go is to think that it leaves room for a doubt as to his guilt. Of course it would be no use mentioning such a theory in court. What do you think of it, Mr Holmes? You are better acquainted with his affairs than I am.'

'Holmes thought over it for a few minutes. The theory was that, if guiltless of the murder of Margaret Neale, Faune was sunk to that low ebb of existence whose only available cure is suicide, and was willing to accept judicial death with the melancholy consciousness of innocence, as a relief from the moral responsibility of self-destruction. From his own point of view, Holmes could not admit that the man's case in life was desperate, but he could not see it with Faune's eyes. All the same he shook his head.

'I do not think it is that, Mr Crudie. It is something he is afraid to confess even to you. Has he accounted for himself in no way at all since leaving London?'

'Yes—to some extent he has.—Was he, to your knowledge, addicted to drinking?'

'To my knowledge, as long as I knew him, his habits in that respect were as delicate as a lady's. I have heard, indeed, that he gambled, and lost a good deal lately from taking too much brandy; but I have hardly credited it.'

'Nevertheless, he had been drinking heavily before his arrest. I saw the evidence of it myself. He has admitted to me that all that fatal Sunday in his rooms he had been taking brandy; that he had hardly a recollection of his departure from London; that, however, he slept in the train, and therefore remembered his arrival in Dover; that there he drank more, and believes—without being certain—that he wrote a letter to Miss Clayton: what the letter contained and whether he posted it or not he does not recollect at all. Then he darkly refers to some act of perfidy which he refuses to explain; after this his memory is a blank until he finds himself, shattered and penniless and degraded, in a low lodging at the docks.—What do you think of that story?'

'I am afraid it is of little use to you, whether true or not. Miss Clayton received no letter from him, I am certain.'

'Perhaps he failed to post it, or never wrote it at all. But it is of no consequence. The only leg, in fact, we have to fight upon,' said the solicitor, 'is to stick fast to the theory that no person on earth had any motive to kill Margaret Neale except her husband, and make the Crown prove that Faune was the husband before they can ask the jury to convict him. Cases have been won on weaker grounds.'

'You mean to fight on that line, then? They will challenge you to account for the prisoner's movements the night of the murder, and I warn you again, you dare not produce the man he met in the Park, even if he was to be had.'

'That's a difficulty; but we may get over it. If they don't find evidence connecting Faune with the governess, we will make it warm for them, at all events. That is how we stand at present.'

The only hope, therefore, of an acquittal depended on the Crown being unable to establish

the prisoner's identity with Julius Vernon, or his correspondence with Margaret Neale since his return to England; in which event an able counsel might succeed in so shaking the jury as to compel them to bring in a verdict of acquittal.

HOW SAILORS ARE PUNISHED.

In the matter of punishments at the present day the sailor has a much greater variety than 'Tommy Atkins.' Although the days of flogging are past, and the severe and inhuman cruelties which were formerly inflicted by martinet and merciless captains have long been abolished, some of the offences of England's 'jolly tars' and their punishment may still be interesting.

Breaking leave—in sailors' parlance, 'stretching it'—and drunkenness are the two offences for which the majority figure in the defaulters' book. When a seaman comes on board intoxicated he is put into the cockpit or 'flats,' and if noisy, put in irons until he is sober. The irons, it may be said in passing, consist of two steel bracelets and two anklets, and these are fastened together by a heavy chain weighing from sixteen to thirty pounds; the whole forming the 'jewelry' the noisy culprits are compelled to wear. He who breaks his leave goes to his work as usual. Both classes of offenders have their names entered in the defaulters' book, and are marshalled on the quarter-deck next morning to receive punishment. When the bugle sounds the 'Cornish Mill,' each man must answer to his name—to be 'stretched off,' as it is termed—when read from the defaulters' book by the master-at-arms, before the Captain and the Commander. Usually, the sentence for a first offence of drunkenness is to have one day's pay stopped for every six hours the culprit was unfit for duty. If on this occasion it should be a second offence, in addition to this the offender loses any stripe or badge he may have and is also 'black-listed.' If the offence is continued, the punishment is doubled when possible, and the culprit is sometimes confined to cells or imprisoned on shore.

The punishment for being absent 'over leave,' for a first offence, is a day's pay stopped for every six hours over the time for returning. If the offence is repeated, the additional punishments are, being black-listed or confined to cells, and one day's leave stopped for every six hours' absence. According to conduct, the men enjoy one of four classes of leave: Special, Privilege, General, and Habitual. Special leave is an allowance of every other night ashore; Privilege, twice each week—Thursday and Sunday; General, once each month; Habitual, once in ninety days. Being 'black-listed' means that the seaman has his grog stopped, is not allowed to smoke, is put back into a lower class for leave, and has to work in all his 'spare' time. Another punishment for minor offences is '10 A'—that is, having to eat all your meals on the upper deck, being employed between watches in the daytime hollystoning or cleaning bright metal-work; and when in harbour, standing from eight till ten at night facing the ship's side, aft; in addition to having the grog stopped and not being allowed to smoke. The other seamen are allowed to 'enjoy the weed forrards' in the fore-castle meal-times and in the evening. At nine o'clock every morning the

bugle sounds 'Divisions'—that is, the inspection by the Lieutenant of Divisions—on Sunday by the Captain. This is for the purpose of seeing that every man is clean and tidy and in the 'full rig of the day.' Should the officer be of opinion that a seaman requires a shave, that his silk is not tied as per regulation, or the tapes sewn on the collar too close, he will order the man to appear for punishment next morning. The sentence is generally the same as for breaking leave; but sometimes when a seaman is not shaved properly, he is ordered to stand on the quarter-deck during dinner-time, and afterwards allow the ship's barber to shave him there—not an easy shave by any means.

While the Divisions inspection is proceeding on the upper deck, the Commander goes below to see that the mess is properly scrubbed out, and the mess-traps, hook-pots, kettles, &c., polished and in their proper place. Each mess numbers from sixteen to twenty men; these are divided into two watches, and one from each watch is appointed cook for the day, each man taking his turn. This cook draws the meat from the steward, the cocoa for breakfast, &c., from the ship's cook, makes the pie or stew for dinner, lays out the table, &c., and after each meal 'cleans up' for inspection. Should any fault be found with the appurtenances of the mess by the Commander, the cook for the day receives the punishment.

Another tour of inspection is made by the Commander at nine p.m., principally to see that all naked lights are out. If a hammock is found down on the deck instead of being 'strung up' in its place, the owner has to carry it about the next evening from eight till ten. Similarly, the owner of any bag the number of which is not properly polished has to carry the bag and all it contains for a couple of hours at night on deck.

If found washing clothes on any other but washing nights—twice each week—a seaman will be ordered to carry the article on a boat-hook round the upper deck until it is dry. As the officer of the watch is the judge as to when all the moisture has evaporated, it is as well to be 'on good terms' with him.

If a seaman should leave any article of clothes out of his bag, it is appropriated by the man in charge of the deck, and deposited in what is called the 'scran-bag.' This is opened once a week, and each sailor who is the happy owner of 'anything contained therein is mulct in the value of one piece of soap for each article 'bagged.'

These are the minor offences and punishments. If, however, a seaman persists in getting tipsy or breaking leave, then—should the vessel be in harbour—he is sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for terms varying according to the offence.

To strike, 'check,' or even 'answer back' an officer, means being tried by court-martial and perchance dismissed from the service. We never hear now of the cases of tyranny by officers which in former times produced such a dread of the sea; but at the same time, when vessels are stationed abroad for any length of time, some of those in authority like to try punishments originated by themselves. The following is still in the memory of the writer, and occurred on a foreign station. Not being up in time when the

boatswain's mate pipes 'reelers'—those who are to hold the log five minutes before each hour—is a punishable offence, and the culprit is usually ordered to stand under the lee of the trysail for a couple of hours, so that the back-wind will beat down and chill him to the bone. On this particular occasion one man was not up to time. He was taken before the officer of the watch, who then ordered the boatswain's mate to make the 'tripping line' fast around him, giving enough 'drift' (loose rope) to allow the seaman to go down to his mess as usual. When it was again time for piping 'reelers,' several hands were ordered to 'stand by' the tripping line. The moment the whistle was heard, away ran the men hauling the line, and up came the delinquent in 'double-quick' time, with greater alacrity than he was prepared for, and being slightly bruised in his flying passage through the hatchway from his mess to the upper deck. The officer was not yet satisfied, so the culprit was ordered another dose at the next hour. We again went below, and passed the time lying on the mess-deck round the wardroom galley, some snoozing, some thinking of home. In this galley, on a stove, there always stood a large iron stock-pot, this being a receptacle for odd bits of meat, bones, pieces of fish, &c., and which was occasionally turned into a stew and sold to the hands by the wardroom cook, this being one of his perquisites. No sooner was all quiet than the culprit stealthily unfasted the tripping line from around him, and after passing it through the two handles of the pot, made it fast. The time soon arrived. The whistle sounded, and away went the pot clattering, spilling its greasy contents all over the place, and was at last hove empty on deck in front of the now literally aghast officer of the watch.

The culprit was brought before him. Whether owing to the fact that it was not a 'regulation' punishment, or that the officer could scarcely stifle his laughter when he saw the joke, we cannot say, but the seaman escaped by scrubbing and holystoning out the grease in his 'watch below.'

LA CHASSE.

FROM THE DIARY OF JONES.

'Of course I don't suppose that my wishes will influence you,' said my wife; 'but if you cared to please me, you would let me accept the Comte's invitation.'

'My dear,' I replied, 'if I could shoot, I would ask you to write and accept it at once. But, as I've told you before, I can't shoot; haven't had a gun in my hand since I was a boy. I'm sure you wouldn't like your husband to go off and make an exhibition of himself before a lot of French strangers?'

'That's nonsense, Algernon. And to say you can't shoot is to tell a deliberate untruth. Were you not a Volunteer for seven years, and didn't you win a cup?'

'That's a totally different thing, my dear; you mustn't confuse target practice with field-sport.'

'I'm quite aware that I don't know anything about it,' answered Mrs Jones, with that air of

acid humility that always aggravates me. 'It's my stupidity, of course; but I confess I can't see the difference.'

I knew better than try to demonstrate a difference which Mrs Jones didn't want to see; so I overlooked her remarks and endeavoured to escape in another direction.

'De Villebrotonne isn't a real Count, you know, dearest.'

'Monsieur le Comte de Villebrotonne is a real Count, Algernon. You will want to persuade me next that he is not a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, though one never sees him without the ribbon in his button-hole. Besides, that's got nothing to do with it.'

It was all very well for her to say so, but I knew better.

'Well,' she said, finding I did not answer, 'I suppose it's no use my saying any more about it. But I must say, Algernon, that I can't understand your dislike to good society.' She rose from the breakfast table with a sigh and went up-stairs to her own room to answer the note which had caused this little unpleasantness. I would have liked very much to let her accept it; but if there's one man I despise more than another it's the man typified by Mr Winkle. Personally, I always avoid doing what I can't do really well; and to go out shooting with a French party, who would expect the Englishman to make an enormous bag, was not to be thought of for a moment—not for a moment.

I was pleased to find that Mrs Jones had given up all idea of going to the Château de Brotonne when she returned to our sitting-room an hour later. She produced her work, and began to converse on different topics with her usual good-temper and shrewd sense.

'Oh, by the way,' she remarked after a time, 'I heard from Mrs Jobson this morning. I can't say I like that woman, Algernon.'

The Jobsons are our next-door neighbours at Tooting; I don't know Mrs J. very well, but Jobson is an awful snob.

'They've been spending a few days with Sir Solomon Meeler,' continued my wife; 'from her letter, you would suppose they had been staying at Sandringham.'

'We shall never hear the last of that,' I said, 'though Sir Solomon is only a City Knight.'

It was not a kind thing to say, I know; but it was quite true. That fellow Jobson is always cramping his grand acquaintances down one's throat. I wonder he never sees himself what fearful bad form it is. How he would have jumped at an invitation from a French nobleman!

'Well, if she bothers me about it, I shall just tell her'—Mrs Jones didn't say what she would tell Mrs Jobson; she broke off with a meaning nod, and began mending one of my socks.

'It's a great pity you're not a shot, Algie,' she said presently; 'but of course it would never do to go out and miss everything you fired at.'

'I don't suppose I should be quite so bad as that,' I answered.

'I wonder if Mr Jobson had any shooting at Sir Solomon Meeler's?' said my wife, ignoring my disclaimer.

It was more than probable that he had. Sir Solomon possessed very large covers round his

place in Kent, and I believe Jobson really is a bit of a shot.

'Well,' said my wife, after a long silence, 'I must run out and post my reply to the Comte's invitation.—Or will you take it for me, Algie?'

'Maria,' I said—a little awkwardly, I fear, for in principle I never change my mind—'I—er—think perhaps you might accept De Villebrotonne's invitation.'

I could not wish my best friend better luck than that he may find as good a wife as mine. She's a paragon, that woman. She has converted an old suit of tweeds into the most workman-like shooting costume, with a belt round the waist; she has begged the loan of Brunel's gun for me, and went herself to a gunmaker to order a hundred cartridges, and hire a bag for them. The man wouldn't let her have a game-bag unless she bought one at forty francs, so she very rightly declined it; it would be rather extravagant to purchase a game-bag for one day's sport.

Although I can't speak a dozen words of French, I am very glad we came. The Château is a beautiful place, well worth visiting for its own sake; and if I felt rather out in the cold at dinner last night, Mrs Jones enjoyed herself thoroughly. Never mind; my turn comes to-day. We have had early breakfast in our own room, and I am on my way down-stairs to join the shooting party; they are all waiting for me in the great entrance hall.

They make a very effective group, I must confess. De Villebrotonne is attired in a dress of dark green with brass buttons, and he wears a black velvet cap like a huntsman, and tanned yellow boots drawn high over his knees. Slung at his back he carries a number of bags and silver-mounted pouches, and an immense curly horn. All his friends are similarly attired, and I feel rather a moth among butterflies as I join them.

'Aha! my friend,' says the Count, coming forward to shake hands. 'How you are, Jone? You sleep vell this night? Good-morning. Permit that I introduce my several friends at you, Jone.'

Nice fellow the Count; he always calls me 'Jone,' which he appears to think is the proper way to pronounce my name. He presents me to eight other men, all of whom carry guns, and huge game-bags tastefully fringed with many-coloured strings. Some of them look rather severely at my costume as we stream out of doors; but no one says anything. I wish I had had an idea what these people wore out shooting; I wouldn't have gone to the expense of buying a green coat, of course; but I could at least have brought my cornet: not a man among the lot is without a musical instrument of some kind, and a few of them have two, a small and a large one.

'You have moch cartritch,' says the Count, pinching the bag that hangs over my shoulder. 'That is good; you shall see moch sport ven ve beat le plain.'

'Yes, Count,' I reply; 'I have only a hundred cartridges, but I hope they will be sufficient.'

De Villebrotonne nods emphatic approval, but suddenly he stops short and exclaims: 'You have not one game-bag, Jone!'

'I couldn't find mine,' I say uneasily. It has

dawned upon me all at once that it's rather an anomalous proceeding to start with a hundred cartridges and no game-bag. Looks odd, to say the least of it.

But the Count nods again good-humouredly and says: 'Ah, it shall not import. The *garde de chasse* shall supply; it is your Engleesh custom, I know.'

I didn't know; but I thank him, and we move on. After a quarter of an hour's walk, which the Count and his friends beguile by narrating what are clearly shooting stories, we reach the corner of a wood where a number of men holding dogs in leashes and carrying sticks and horns are awaiting us. Two or three wear handsome green liveries; and after a little discussion, which I don't understand, De Villebrotonne calls a gigantic keeper and assigns him to me. 'This my chief *garde de chasse*, Jone,' he says. 'Pierre vill accompany to carry your games you shall shoot. It is vell that two gardes shall be vit you, I tink. Also I send Henri.'

He beckons to a second keeper, and then turns them round to examine their accoutrements. My heart sinks as I see that each man has on his back two game-bags of the very largest size. I knew it! I was perfectly convinced, as I told Mrs Jones, that a great deal would be expected of me. If I shot every day for six months, I shouldn't fill one of those bags; and here I am expected to fill four in a single day. However, it's no good going half-way to meet misfortune; so I respond with grave dignity to the low bows of the smiling keepers, and try to look as though an escort of two game carriers and four dogs is what I have always been accustomed to.

'It most be that you have the favourable place, Jone,' says my host, after another animated conversation with his companions; 'all my friends are moch inseeing that the favourable place is proper to you.'

'You are really too good,' I protest, while a cold stream of perspiration begins to trickle down my back; 'but I cannot think'—

'Not a word, my dear Jone—not a word, I beg you,' interposes the Count. 'It is my wish express.—Do you not say so?'

There's no escape; the Count is backed up by the entire company; and with a sickly smile I bow assent.

'Just tell the *gardes* that I cannot speak French,' I say, as he instructs them where to take me.

'Already I tell to them. But to-day vat imports it? To-day is busnees of *chasse*, not talk; talk after.'

He waves me off; and I follow the keepers down a narrow path which runs between a hedge and a flint copse; some small detachments of sportsmen, keepers, and dogs have preceded me, and when I look behind, I see others following at intervals.

Before long I hear the notes of a horn in the distance. My escort halts abruptly, and stands listening; the first horn-blast is succeeded by others. Pierre gives one in his turn, and it is taken up by the parties who are in front of us. Then, with polite gestures, he beckons me to come through the copse and load my gun. As soon as we have got clear of the trees and under-wood, I find that mine is the central party of a

line of similar ones, stationed about two hundred yards apart. Before us lies a stretch of open country, grass land and stubble, which is doubtless the 'plain' we are to beat. I regulate my movements by those of the Count, whose yellow boots are conspicuous on the left, and advance slowly across the field, while the two keepers fall in behind, and step solemnly together like soldiers at a funeral.

Game is not plentiful on my beat; every now and then a lark or starling gets up and flies away twittering, under a volley of smothered exclamations from my attendants. They have set their dogs free, and those obliging animals are ranging gaily before us in a light-hearted fashion which promises to disturb any game in plenty of time to let it escape my gun. The rest of the party are very busy; on both sides gunshots and horn-blasts alternate rapidly, while the men with sticks, who dot the spaces between guns, keep up a vigorous yelling. The noise is inspiring, and my bosom palpitates with a new-born ambition to slaughter something; a French 'beat' properly conducted being very exhilarating.

I am strolling along, with my gun ready for action, and keeping a sharp lookout for something to shoot, when Pierre springs forward, and touching my arm, points to a bird perched on a tiny mound of turf. 'Tirez, Monsieur!' he whispers with hoarse eagerness. 'Tirez! vite!'

It isn't sportsmanlike to shoot at a sitting bird, but the two keepers evidently expect me to do it; Henri is opening one of his bags, and Pierre is nervously fingering his horn. I don't care whether its sportsmanlike or not, and taking careful aim, I fire. The two men dash forward to pick up the quarry, and I follow, trying to appear cool and unconcerned. Henri has picked up the bird, and comes to meet me carrying it in both hands. Involuntarily, a disgusted 'Oh!' escapes me. It's a thrush.

'Don't!' I shriek to Pierre, who now has his horn at his lips—'Don't! Stop that, will you!' For I am in agony lest the Count or some one should come to see what I have killed. It's no good. The wretched man is straining his cheeks over a peal of triumph that might fitly celebrate the fall of a brace of elephants; and then Henri chimes in with his instrument until I fairly dance with shame.

'Pitch it away!' I scream passionately; 'throw it away, will you—down that hole! Oh, and stop that row for any sake, before any one comes!'

But they don't take the least notice of me; they cease their music at last from sheer breathlessness; and despite my protests, Henri carefully bestows the miserable thrush in a game-bag. I suppose he means to eat it himself. I make a firm resolution to fire at no bird or beast I don't recognise, and reload. I'll get that thrush from Henri before any of the others see it, if it costs me fifty francs. I did not believe so respectful a man as Pierre would have been guilty of such an insolent practical joke.

After a time we reach a stubble field, and a small covey of partridges gets up; they rise quite fifty yards away; but I am desperate with anxiety to redeem my character, and give them both barrels. The keepers rush forward as

before, and are still searching the ground with the dogs when I join them.

'How many?' I inquire carelessly, in English.

'M'rien, Monsieur,' says Pierre, horn in hand.

'All right. Leave it in the bag; I don't want to see it.'

The keeper says 'Monsieur!' and blows away at his horn as though his life depended on it. When he stops, the other man begins, and goes on till he is black in the face; then they play a duet together until my frowns grow so alarming that they desist. I should rather like to see the partridge I have killed, but would not deign to ask Henri to produce it, even if I could speak the language. It doesn't do to display such childish interest in details before one's subordinates.

In spite of the disturbing ravages of the dogs, two other coveys get up during the next hour, and I increase my bag. Both are long shot, and the keepers are so quick at finding the birds that they are safely stowed away before I come up, and I don't even see a feather of the spoil. I just ask Pierre 'How many?' in English, and he replies 'M'rien, Monsieur,' before making the echoes ring with his horn. We are within sight of the farmhouse where the ladies are awaiting us with lunch when I make my last addition to the bag. It is a rabbit; rather a young one, certainly, but still a rabbit. I fired into a lot of them playing among some bushes, and one fell. I don't quite understand Pierre and Henri; they made a great fuss about that wretched thrush, and make more over the rabbit, but they never even offered to show me one of the three 'm'riens.' Personally, I'd rather shoot a partridge than a rabbit any day, and I believe all Britons would. But I have learned that English standards don't apply in this country, so do not trouble myself about it. As we enter the farmyard gate, I button-hole Henri, and ask him to give up the thrush, offering a ten-franc piece in exchange. He accepts the coin, but doesn't quite grasp my meaning, for he takes the bag containing the bird from his shoulder and endeavours to throw the band over mine. There's no time to lose, for the Count, who arrived first, is coming to meet me; I am only just able to pull the thrush out of the bag and drop it under the hedge, before he seizes me by the arm.

'Aha, Jone!' he says, 'you do not fire much this morning. Have you make a big bags?'

'Pretty fair, thanks,' I reply. 'I got a rabbit and three m'riens.'

'Tree vat?'

He looks puzzled, so I hastily add: 'Partridges, we call them in English.'

'Vat! You have shoot tree parritch! Vell don you, Jone. Excellent indeed, excellent!'

It is really delightful to see how pleased he is; he shakes me by both hands, and then takes my arm to lead me to the long wooden table, upon which the keepers are turning out the game-bags. Most prominent are two rabbits, four partridges, and a squirrel; there is quite a little heap of blackbirds, thrushes, and larks, and I am wondering if these are considered 'game' in France, when Pierre comes up, and a space is cleared for him to discharge his cargo. I flatter myself that it will make a very respectable addition to the total head of game.

Mrs Jones comes round to congratulate me, while Pierre, with a good deal of unnecessary display, is laying out that rabbit; it looked small when I shot it; but it seems to have shrunk to half its size now, as it lies stretched out before twenty pairs of eyes.

'Is that *all*, Algernon?' inquires my wife in a disappointed whisper. 'The Count told me'—

'Oh no, my dear; I got three partridges; the other man has them.'

Henri now comes forward and lays down—that confounded thrush! beside the rabbit.

'He says you dropped that at the gate,' interprets my wife as the man says something to me.

'I throw it away,' I whisper in reply; and Mrs Jones's disdainful frown vanishes.

'Ask him where the *m'riens* are, Maria,' I say after a pause; for Henri is backing out of the crowd, shaking his bags, to show that they are empty.

'*M'riens*, Algernon!'

'Yes; isn't "*m'rien*" French for partridge?'

I am glad that none of the Count's friends understand English, for I turn purple under my wife's sarcastic reply: 'If you weren't a fool, Algernon, you'd know by this time that *mais rien* means "nothing."'

'Oh!' I say faintly, 'I didn't know.'

'Never mind,' she says more kindly, as she sees how distressed I am. 'Only I do wish you had asked me before you told the Counte you had shot them. It can't be helped; perhaps he will think that the men couldn't find them.'

It is a very small ray of consolation, and I take good care to sit as far away as possible from the Count at lunch. There a lot of people—the whole party from the Chateau—and my wife and I get places together unobserved. The storm of conversation is deafening. Every man is giving his neighbour full particulars of how he shot each item of his bag—so my wife tells me—and excitement runs high. Suddenly there is a lull, and De Villebrottonne takes advantage of it to address me from the head of the table.

'After lunch, *Jone*'—he begins, but gets no further. He is stopped by a man, who bounds from his chair with a shriek, and, with eyes starting from his head, points to the window.

'A hare passed over the lawn,' says Mrs Jones hurriedly. Every one has seized his gun, and the men are falling over each other in a frantic rush through the door. 'Vere is *Jone*?' cries the Count as he leads the charge. 'Come, *Jone*, here is now a sport!'

My wife detains me by catching my sleeve. 'Jump out of the window, *Algie*!' she says quickly.

I grasp my gun, and she throws the hinged window open; all the other ladies are crowding round another which commands a view of the direction in which the hare has gone, so my wife's readiness of resource gives me a long start of the rest, who will have to go round the house.

'Quick!' she cries, as I jump into a frightfully thorny rose-bush. 'There it is in the orchard!'

If the animal had only had the discretion to sit still, I should not have detected it; but as I step on to the gravel path, it hops a little farther away and stops behind a bush. Here is my

chance! That awful blunder about the partridges I never shot is raging in my mind as I kneel down on the grass, for I mean to take a deliberate pot shot and bag that hare, if I can. I fire and kill it!

The creature is what poulterers call, 'badly shot,' but no one seems to mind this. All the keepers form up in a row, and blow a psalm of praise on their horns for eight minutes. The Count himself carries my quarry into the house to show the ladies; the whole company insist on shaking hands with me; and they won't hear of beginning lunch again until I have described, through Mrs Jones, how I consummated the event of this shooting season.

We did not go out again after lunch. The Count had forgotten the *m'riens* in his joy about the hare, and he playfully said that as I had killed every head of game on his property, it would be no use attempting to shoot any more. So we played cards for an hour, and then walked back to the Chateau. De Villebrottonne would have it that we should march in procession from the entrance gates to the hall door. He put four *gardes de chasse* in front, who walked abreast, blowing horns; Pierre came next, carrying the hare on his shoulders—the Count wouldn't have it put in a bag—then Mrs Jones and I arm-in-arm, she carrying my gun. The others came behind in pairs; and about a dozen more keepers, blowing horns, brought up the rear. Mrs Jones thought they made rather too much of it.

WAITING FOR MAY.

'Tis weary waiting for May, my dear;

'Tis weary waiting for May,

When never a breath of the warm south wind

Comes to open a green-leaved spray;

'Sunshine for some, with its glow and light;

And for some, gray skies—but it must be right.

'Tis weary loving too well, my dear,

And finding it all in vain;

'Tis ever the hand we have clung to most

Can stab with the sharpest pain.

And hope dies hard; but the old wounds stay,
Heal them, hide them, as best we may.

My hair was glossy and bright, my dear,

When I watched, and waited for May;

'Twas silvered long ere I learned to know

It never would come my way.

Yes, I know—the May-blooms wither and fall;
To have never had them is worst of all!

I should like to have had a time, my dear,

To look back on at close of strife,

And warm myself in a ghostly sun,

Which once had colour and life;

Oh, never had light such a golden haze
As that which shines through the mist of days!

The shadows are falling fast, my dear;

The night is coming soon,

And I am hastening fast to a land

That needs no sun nor moon;

And I think beyond the grave I'll see
Sunshine and Spring-time kept for me.

MARY GORGES.

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DUELLING IN GERMANY.

BY S. BARING-GOULD.

MARK TWAIN has described and made merry over the duels that are so frequent in the German universities, winked at by the authorities, and never interfered with by the police. If these duels were comparatively harmless, as they are in France, where a scratch and a drop of blood is regarded as sufficient to satisfy honour, they might be passed over with a contemptuous laugh; but when they cost precious lives, they merit the indignant comment of civilised humanity in Europe. An incident of recent occurrence in the university of Freiburg, in Baden, calls attention to the entire system and provokes comment.

But before narrating the circumstances, a few words must be said on the societies or voluntary associations entered into by the university students. In a German university there are no colleges, as at Oxford and Cambridge, in which the students reside, and forming a sort of bond holding the men together. The German students live in lodgings, and the only bonds into which they enter towards each other are those voluntarily undertaken when they join a *Corps* or a *Burschenschaft*. To belong to a *Corps* costs a good deal of money, and entails the obligation of submitting to the code of honour which directs the members when and how to resent injuries real or fancied. The members of the *Burschenschaften* are not bound to duel; they are looked down on by the members of the *Corps* as social inferiors, and are usually men of inferior means or position in life. In the university of Freiburg there are three of these *Corps*, distinguished by their caps—white, red, and yellow, and the cost to each member is not under one hundred pounds per annum. The members of the inferior associations wear caps of other colours—green and purple. Each *corps* has its officers, its banner, and its insignia, and affairs of honour are regulated in it by an *Ehrengericht* or Court of Honour. It has its code or *Comment*.

Duels are fought even when no provocation has been given; the officers decide that one is to be fought between such-and-such members, no doubt with the object of accustoming them to use their swords, and to keep their hands well in. In such cases, pistols of course are not employed. From the decision of the Court of Honour there is no appeal. The member who refuses to obey its most unreasonable and tyrannical mandates must leave the *corps*. A student need not belong to either a *Corps* or a *Burschenschaft*; if he does not, he stands much alone, and is designated a *Wilder*, a *Savage*, or a *Camel*.

And now, we cannot better illustrate the working of this system than by narrating an incident of recent occurrence in the university of Freiburg, which exemplifies the utter barbarity and irrationality of the whole system. It was Carnival time, and on Sunday, February 2, 1890, in a Beer hall much frequented by the students, a group of the *Rhenanen* or Red Caps sat at a table drinking beer, and having imbibed quite sufficient to have exhilarated them. At another table some medical students—Purple Caps and 'Savages'—were also drinking, when a friend entered, and desiring a chair, went to the table where were the Red Caps, and finding one there unoccupied, removed it to the table where were the medical students without the usual 'With your leave, gentlemen.' The Red Caps at once fired up, and abused the new-comer, who retorted that he had a right to a chair that was occupied by no one. One of the medical students, a Jew, named Salomon, now rose from the table and endeavoured to stop the quarrel, when one of the Red Caps told him to mind his business, 'Crooked Jew that you are.' A Jew he was, and also crooked, for he had received a sabre-cut some years previously that had severed the tendons of his neck so that he could not turn his head. The insult was gross. Salomon's blood was heated, and he replied that the insolence of the *Rhenanen* was so great that they deserved to have their ears boxed all round.

Next morning the young medical student realised that he had spoken indiscreetly, when he found on his breakfast table three challenges, two with pistols, and one with sabre. On Tuesday he was due for his final examination, having passed which, he would be qualified to practise as a surgeon. He at once sent a request that the duel with sabres might be commuted to one with pistols, as, owing to his crippled condition, he was incapable of fighting with swords. This was allowed. Then he requested that the duel might be postponed till after he had gone through his examination. This was refused. The seconds agreed that the first duel was to be fought on Tuesday morning, February 4, at half-past seven, in a forest near the town, that three shots were to be fired, and that the combatants were to stand at a distance of fifteen paces apart.

Before going to the appointed place of combat, Salomon told his friends that he intended to fire into the air, and it is allowed by all who were present that he did not take aim at his adversary. It must be observed that the chances were against Salomon, as, owing to his stiff neck, he was constrained to stand full front to his opponent, and not, like the latter, sideways. For some inexplicable reason, moreover, contrary to usual custom, breech-loaders were employed instead of muzzle-loaders.

At the first round, Vehring, the adversary of the young Jew, failed to fire, the pistol hanging fire; and Salomon discharged his bullet among the bushes. Vehring can hardly have failed to observe this; nevertheless, at the second round he took such deadly aim that he shot Salomon in the breast; the bullet penetrated the lung, came out at the back, and wounded the left arm held behind. At the same time Salomon again discharged his bullet among the bushes. Directly Salomon fell, Vehring, concerned only for his own safety, ran away, neglectful of the usual custom of going up to the fallen adversary, asking his forgiveness, and shaking hands; nor did his seconds concern themselves with anything but getting off the ground as fast as their legs could carry them. Incredible as it may seem, the wounded man was left alone in the forest with his second; not one of those who had accompanied his adversary, Vehring, took the trouble to send a litter from the town, so that it was not till five hours after he had been shot that he was conveyed to the hospital at Freiburg, where he was at once attended by the very Professor before whom he was to have appeared that morning for his final medical examination.

From the first, Salomon knew that his condition was hopeless. He died on February 12, and was buried on the following Sunday in the Jewish Cemetery. A large attendance of students, representing the various corps and brotherhoods, showed him honour; but an incident occurred during the procession of the funeral carriages which shows an almost incredible lack of good taste. The Sunday was one of Carnival, and the streets were full of clowns and merry-andrews. One great body of the masqueraders came round the corner of the main street of the town just as the funeral procession entered it. As already said, this was made up of students representing their several societies, in their coloured caps and wearing broad sashes, and in

each carriage one bore the banner of the corps, with crape attached to the head. The coffin is never conveyed in the procession—that is invariably taken the night before to a mortuary near the burial-ground. No sooner did the merry-makers encounter the train of mourners than they surrounded the carriages, cutting capers and casting jokes, that were freely responded to. We observed that in one carriage was a young student hardly escaped from boyhood, holding one of the banners, his face quivering with emotion which he vainly endeavoured to conceal. At the pranks and witticisms of the clowns he attempted to laugh, but the effort was beyond his power, and he burst into a flood of tears.

It is hardly credible that such bluntness of feeling, such levity, such want of good taste, should exist among people whom we regard as civilised. It can hardly be supposed that the masquers were ignorant that this was a funeral procession, for the circumstance of the death of Salomon was well known, and his funeral advertised in the daily papers.

One bold manly voice was raised after the duel to protest against the entire system. A Herr Abel, who has travelled, has made himself a name in literature, wrote an article on the topic in the *Baden Academic* paper, from which we quote a few passages:

‘We cannot let this sad incident pass without comment. What has brought this young and blooming life to such an abrupt termination? What has robbed an old and sick mother of her beloved son? What has deprived mankind of the skill of an able surgeon?—German prejudice, that specially German prejudice which has already been the cause of incalculable misery.

‘Let us consider the circumstances. Here were tipsy students—tipsy at Carnival time. In their cups they insult one another—that is, if drunken men are capable of being insulted. And when, next morning, they come to their senses, they are aware that they have spoken things unbecoming men, and utterly unbecoming gentlemen. But this precious German prejudice steps in and forbids an apology; it converts the sense of honour seated in man into a miserable caricature. Their honour forbids them to admit that they have done wrong, and to seek reconciliation is regarded as “cowardice.” Their honour forbids them to admit that they have acted dishonourably, and orders them to convert the squabble into a fight for life and death, and to submit their case to be decided for them by comrades who have only just put off jackets and put on tails, and these are constituted judges of life and death. Each of the combatants has parents, brothers and sisters, and kinsmen; away with all, away with Christian teaching: what is the care of parents, love of kindred, what is Christian teaching, in comparison with the insult one tipsy man has tossed in the face of another? Honour enacts blood—so stands it in the code, and the code stands above everything else. The compiler of this code of honour, scribbled at a table reeking with stale beer, commands more obedience than the founder of the Christian religion. The law of honour will have it so; away, then, with Christianity, brotherly love, and common morality.

‘Why was no reconciliation effected between

Salomon and the Red Cap? He was a peaceably-disposed man. He would willingly have apologised if an apology had been admissible, although insulted in the grossest manner by a sneer at his race.* What merit was it in the Red Cap that he was not himself born a Jew or an Australian negro? Providence orders our lots, and he who scoffs at a man for his place allotted to him scoffs at Divine Providence which set him there.

After some further remarks, the writer appeals—though, he admits, without hope of a favourable answer—to the Emperor to say the word which would put down duelling in the army. If put down there, it would speedily vanish from the universities. But if the Emperor will not speak, then he appeals to the Reichstag to act as has the English parliament, and make duelling punishable as murder when death has ensued. Now, a student who has killed another in fight gets off with what, considering the awfulness of the crime, is but a slight punishment, and public opinion does not condemn him; it may almost be said that it looks upon him as something of a hero.

But the story of Salomon is not quite ended. We learn that the article of Herr Abel has roused the wrath of all the Red Caps in the university, and that he has been challenged by the entire corps, of some thirty men, to fight them one after the other in succession.

It is high time that the opinion of the Christian civilised world outside Germany should be known; the Germans are sensitive to English opinion; it is well, then, that public opinion in England should be loudly expressed in the cause of humanity, to demand the extinction of what is a relic of savagery and is eminently unchristian.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XIII.—FIRE!

It blew fiercely all that night. A mountainous sea was rolling two hours after the first of the gale, amid which the *Countess Ida* lay hove-to under a small storm trysail, making very heavy weather of it indeed. There was a deal to talk about, but no opportunity for conversing. Few were present at the dinner-table, though the sea then running was moderate in comparison with the sickening heights to which it had swelled later on.

And you may add to all this a good deal of consternation amongst us passengers. I had seen some weather in my time, but never the like of such a tossing and plunging bout as this. There were moments, indeed, when one felt it high time to go to prayers: I mean when the ship would lie down on the slant of some prodigious surge until she was hanging by her keel off the slope with her broadside upon the water, as though it were the bottom of her. There were many heave-overs of this sort, every one of which was accompanied by half-stifled shrieks from the cabins, by the sounds of the crash of boxes, unlashd articles, chairs, movable commodities of all kinds rushing with lightning-speed to leeward.

I vividly recall the appearance of the cuddy

at eleven o'clock when the hurricane was nearing its height. The ship was hove-to on the star-board tack, and the lamps in the saloon would sometimes swing over to larboard till their globes appeared to rest against the upper deck. I had managed in some sort to slide down to a sofa on the lee-side; and there I sat looking up at the people to windward as at a row of figures in a gallery.

Heaven knows I was but little disposed to mirth; yet for the life of me I could not refrain from laughter at the miserable appearance presented by most of my fellow-passengers there assembled. Near to the cuddy front, on the windward seats, sat Mr Johnson, with terror very visibly working in his white countenance. His eyes rolled frightfully to every unusually heavy stoop of the ship, and his long lean frame writhed in a manner ludicrous to see, in his efforts to keep himself from darting forwards. Near him was Mr Emmett, who strove to hold himself propped by thrusting at the cushions with his hands, and forking out his legs like a pair of open compasses with the toes stuck into the carpet on the deck, although he was a ballet dancer about to attempt a pirouette on those extremities. Little Mr Saunders, who had thoughtlessly taken a seat on the weather side, sat with his short shanks swinging high off the deck in the last agonies, as one could see, of holding on. My eye was on him when he slid off the cushion to one of those dizzy heaves of the ship which might have made any man believe she was capsizing. He shot off the smooth leather like a bolt discharged from a cross-tree, and striking the deck, rolled over and over in the manner of a boy coming down a hill. There was nothing to arrest him; he passed under the table and arrived half-dead within a fathom of me; on which I edged along to his little figure and picked him up. He was not hurt, but was terribly frightened.

'What shocking weather, to be sure!' was all he said.

But to end all this: at three o'clock in the morning there was a sensible decrease in the gale. I had fallen asleep in the cuddy, and waking at that hour, and finding but one lamp dimly burning, and the interior deserted, I worked my way to the hatch, groped along to my cabin, and tumbled into my bunk, where I slept soundly till half-past eight. The sun was shining when I opened my eyes: the ship was plunging and rolling, but easily, and in a floating launching manner, that proved her to be sailing along with the wind aft. Colledge was seated in his bunk with his legs over the edge, gazing at me meditatively.

'Awake?' he exclaimed.

'Yes,' said I.

'Fine weather this morning, Dugdale. But preserve us, what a night we've come through, hey? D'ye remember talking of the fun of a voyage?' Yesterday was a humorous time certainly.'

I sprang out of bed. 'Patience, my friend, patience!' said I; 'this trip will end, like everything else in our world.'

'Ay, at the bottom of the sea, for all one is to know,' he grumbled. 'A rod of land before twenty thousand acres of shipboard, say I.—By

the way, you and Miss Temple looked very happy in each other's company when I peeped out of the hatch yesterday to see what had become of her, at her aunt's request.'

'You should have risen through the deck a little earlier,' said I. 'You would have found her hanging.'

'Hanging!' he cried.

'Oh; not by the neck,' said I.

'What did you do?'

'I rescued her. I seized her by the waist and bore her gloriously to a hencoop.'

'Did you put your arms round her waist?' said he, staring at me.

'I did,' I exclaimed.

He looked a little gloomy, then brightening in a fitful kind of way, he said: 'Well, I suppose you had to do it—a case of pure necessity, Dugdale?'

I closed one eye and smiled at him.

'She's a very fine woman,' said he, gazing at me gloomily again. 'I trust you have not been indiscreet enough to tell her that I am engaged to be married?'

'Oh now, my dear Colledge, don't let us trifle—don't let us trifle!' said I. 'Scarcely have you escaped the risk of being boarded by pirates—the chance of being belearded by some giant picaroon—of being struck dead by lightning—of foundering in this ship in the small-hours, when round with circus speed sweep your thoughts to the ladies again, and your mouth is filled with impassioned questions. Where's your gratitude for these hairbreadth escapes?' and being by this time in trim for my morning bath, I bolted out of the cabin, laughing loudly, and deaf to his shout of, 'I say, though, did you tell her that I was engaged?'

The ocean was a very grand sight. The wind still blew fresh, but as the ship was running with it, it seemed to come without much weight. The sea was flowing in long tall surges of an amazing richness and brilliance of blue, and far and near their foaming heads flashed out to the sunshine in a splendour of whiteness that contrasted most gloriously with the long dark slopes of unbroken water.

I saw Mr Prance on the poop, and having had my bath, stepped aft to exchange a greeting with him.

'The ship appears to have come safely out of last night's mess,' said I.

'It was a real breeze,' he answered; 'nothing suffered, but the main-topsail. The *Countess Ida's* a proper ship, Mr Dugdale. Those who put her together made all allowance, even for her rats. There's some craft I know would have strained themselves into mere baskets in last night's popple. But there was not an inch more of water this morning in the *Countess's* well than will drain into her in twenty-four hours in a river.'

'And the brig, Mr Prance? I believe I and Miss Temple were the two who saw the last of her.'

'No. Captain Keeling spied her as she swept under our stern,' said he. 'She was on fire; and by this time, I reckon her beautiful hull—and truly beautiful it was, Mr Dugdale—will be represented somewhere around us here by a few charred fragments.'

'Or,' said I, 'even supposing they managed to extinguish the fire, Mr Prance, her one mast with most of its heavy hamper aloft was not going to stand the hurricane very long. So she'll either be a few blackened staves, as you say, or a sheer hulk. And her people?'

'Ah,' exclaimed the chief-mate, fetching a deep breath, 'from eighty to a hundred of them I allow. There's no boat put together by mortal hands could have lived last night.'

'Now, honestly, Mr Prance—do you really believe there was anything of the pirate about that brig?'

'Honestly, Mr Dugdale, I do, sir; and I haven't a shadow of a doubt that if the weather had taken any other turn, if a sailing breeze had sprung up, or the water had held smooth enough for a boating excursion, her people would have put us to our trumps with a good chance of their crippling us and plundering us, to say no more.'

Here the breakfast bell rang, and I rushed to the cabin to complete my toilet for the table.

There was no lack of talk this morning, when the passengers had taken their places. The anxieties of the preceding day and night seemed only to have deepened the purple hue of old Keeling's countenance, and his face showed like the north-west moon in a mist betwixt the tall points of his shirt collars, as he turned his skewered form from side to side answering questions, smirking to congratulations, and bowing to the 'Good-morning, captain,' showered upon him by the ladies. Mr Johnson came to the table with a black eye, and Dr Hemmeridge's forehead was neatly inlaid with an immense strip of his own sticking-plaster, the effect in both cases of the gentlemen having fallen out of their bunks in the night. Colonel Bannister had sprained a wrist, and the pain made him unusually vindictive and aggressive in his remarks. The weather had not apparently served the ladies very kindly. Mrs Hudson presented herself with her wig slightly awry, and her daughter looked as if she had not been to bed for a week. It was hard to realise, in fact, that the pale spiritless young lady with heavy violet eyes looking languidly through their long lashes, which deepened yet the dark shadow in the hollows under them, was the golden, flashful, laughing, coquettish young creature of the preceding morning.

I had made sure of a bow at least from Miss Temple; but I never once caught so much as a glance from her. Yet she was very easy and smiling in her occasional conversation with Colledge across the table. She alone of the women seemed to have suffered nothing from the violent usage of the night that was gone. In faultlessness of appearance, so far as her hair and attire and the like went, she might have stepped from her bedroom ashore after a couple of hours spent with her maid before a looking-glass. Not even a look for me, thought I! not even one of those cold swiftly-fading smiles with which she would receive the greeting of a neighbour or a sentence from the captain!

I was stupid enough to feel piqued—to suffer from a fit of bad temper, in short, which came very near to landing me in an ugly quarrel with Mr Johnson.

'D'ye know, I rather wish *now*,' said this journalist, addressing us generally at one end of the table, but with an air of caution, as though he did not desire the Colonel to hear him, 'that that brig yesterday had attacked us. It would have furnished me with an opportunity for a very remarkable sea-description.'

'Tut!' said I, with a sneer; 'before a man can describe he must see; and what would *you* have seen?'

'Seen, sir?' he cried; 'why, everything that might have happened, sir.'

'Amongst the rats perhaps down in the hold. Nothing more to be seen *there*, unless it's bilgewater.'

'Goot!' cried Mynheer Hemskirk. 'It would hov been vonny to combare Meester Shonson's description mit de reality.'

'I will ask you not to question my courage,' said Mr Johnson, looking at me with a face whose paleness was not a little accentuated by his black eye. 'I believe when it came to the scratch I should be found as good as another. *You* would have fought, of course,' he added with a sarcastic sneer at me.

'Yes; I would have fought then, just as I am ready to fight now,' said I, looking at him.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' exclaimed Mr Prance, in a subdued reprimanding voice, 'the ladies will be hearing you in a minute.'

'You have been a sailor, Dugdale, you know,' remarked Mr Emmett in a satirical tone, 'and night, therefore, have guessed yesterday that either the brig was a harmless trader, or that, supposing her to have been of a piratical nature, she would not attack us.'

'And what then?' cried I, eyeing him hotly. 'Well,' said he, with a foolish grin, 'of course, under those circumstances, a large character for heroism might be earned very cheaply indeed.'

Johnson lay back in his chair to deliver himself of a noisy laugh. His seat was a fixed revolving contrivance, and its one socketed leg might have been injured during the night. Be this as it may, on the journalist flinging himself back with a loud applauding 'Ha! ha!' of his friend Emmett's satire hit at me, the chair broke, and backward he went with it with a knife in one hand and a fork in the other. Old Keeling started to his feet; the stewards came in a rush to the prostrate man. Those ladies who were near gathered their gowns about them as they watched him plunging in his efforts to extricate himself from the chair. For my part, having breakfasted, and being half-suffocated with laughter, I was glad enough to run away out on deck.

I would not own to myself that the sullen cast of my temper that day was due to Miss Temple; but secretly I was quite conscious that my mood was owing to her, and the mere perception of this was a new vexation to me. For what was this young lady to me? What could signify her coolness, her insolence, her cold and cutting disregard of me? We had barely exchanged a dozen words since we left the Thames. Though my admiration of her fine figure, her haughty face, her dark, tragic, passionate eyes was extravagantly great, it was hidden; she had not divined it; and she was therefore without the influence over my moods and emotions which she might have possessed had I known that she was conscious

how deeply she fascinated me. She would not even give me a chance to thoroughly dislike her. The heart cannot steer a middle course with such a woman as she. Had her behaviour enabled me to hate her, I should have felt easy; but her conduct was of the mangle-like quality of her features, hard and polished, and too shippy for the passions to set a footing upon. 'Pshaw!' thought I again and again, as I viciously hammered the ashes out of the bowl of my pipe on the fore-castle rail, 'am not I an idiot to be thinking of yonder woman in this fashion, musing upon her, speculating about her—a person who is absolutely as much a stranger to me as any fine lady driving past me in a London Park!' Yet would I repeatedly catch myself stealing peeps at her from under the arch of the courses, hidden as I was right forward in the ship's bows, whilst she was pacing the length of the poop with Mr Colledge, or standing awhile to hold a conversation with her aunt and Captain Keeling, the nobility of her figure and the chilling lofty dignity of her bearing distinctly visible to me all that way off, and strongly defining her amongst the rest of the people who wavered and struggled about the deck.

The wind lightened towards noon; the noble sailing breeze failed us, and sank into a small air off the larboard beam; the swell of the sea went down, but the colour of the brine was still the same rich sparkling blue of the early morning.

It was somewhere about three bells that evening—half past seven o'clock—that I was standing with Mr Prance at the brass rail that protected the break of the poop, the pair of us leaning upon it, watching a grinning hairy fellow capering in a hornpipe a little abaft the stowed anchor on the fore-castle. The one-eyed ape which we had rescued, and which by this time was grown a favourite amongst the seamen, sat low in the fore-shrouds, watching the dancing sailor—an odd bit of colour for the picture of the fore-part of the ship, clothed as he was in a red jacket and a cap like an inverted flower-pot, the tassel of it drooping to his empty socket. It was a most perfect ocean evening, the west glowing gloriously with a scarlet sunset, the sea tenderly heaving, a soft warm breathing of air holding the lighter sails aloft quiet. All the passengers were on deck saving Miss Temple, who was playing the piano to herself in the cuddy.

I was in the midst of a pleasant yarn with Mr Prance, whilst we hung over the rail, half watching the jiggling chap forward, and half listening to each other. He was recounting some of his early experiences at sea, with a hint in his manner of lapsing anon into a sentimental mood on his lighting upon the name of a girl whom he had been betrothed to.

All on a sudden the music forward ceased. The fiddler that was working away upon the booms jumped up and peered downwards in the posture of a man snuffling up some strange smell. The fellow that was dancing came to a halt and looked too, walking to the fore-castle edge and inclining his ear towards the fore-hatch, as it seemed. He stared round to the crowd of his shipmates who had been watching him, and said something, and a body of them came to where he was and stood gazing.

'What is wrong there?' exclaimed Mr Prance abruptly, breaking off from what he was saying, and sending one of his falcon looks at the fore-castle. 'The pose of that fiddling chap might make one believe he was tasting cholera somewhere about.'

A boatswain's mate came down the fore-castle ladder and went to the fore-hatch, where he paused. Then, with a glance aft, he came right along to the quarter-deck with hurried steps, and mounted the poop ladder, coming to a stand when his head was on a level with the upper deck.

'What is it?' cried Mr Prance.

The fellow answered in a low voice, audible only to the chief-officer and myself: 'There's a smell of fire forwards, sir, and a sound as of some one knocking inside of the hatch.'

'A smell of fire!' ejaculated the mate; and swiftly, though preserving his quiet bearing, he descended to the quarter-deck and walked forward.

I had long ago made myself free of all parts of the ship, and 'guessed, therefore, that my following in the wake of the mate would attract no attention, nor give significance to a business which might prove a false alarm. By the time he had reached the hatch, I was at his side. The boatswain and sailmaker came out of their cabins, a number of seamen quitted the fore-castle to join us, and the rest gathered at the edge of the raised deck, looking down. The fore-hatch was a great square, protected by a cover that was to be lifted in pieces. A tarpaulin was stretched over it with battening irons to keep it fixed, for this was a hatch there was seldom or never any occasion to enter at sea, the cargo in all probability coming flush to it.

I had scarcely stood a moment in the atmosphere of this hatch, when I became sensible of a faint smell as of burning, yet too subtle to be detected by a nostril that was not particularly keen. As I was sniffing to make sure, there came a hollow, dull noise of knocking, distinct, and unmistakably produced by some one immediately under the hatch striking at it with a heavy instrument. Mr Prance lunged in the wind for a second or two snuffing and hearkening with the countenance of one who discredits his senses.

'Why,' he exclaimed, 'there is somebody below, and—and'—Here he sniffed up hard with much, too much energy, methought, to enable him to taste the faint fumes. 'Carpenter,' he exclaimed to the withered old Scotchman who made one of the crowd of onlookers, 'get this hatch stripped and the cover lifted—quickly, but quietly, if you please.'

He looked sternly round upon the men; and then sent a hurried glance aft, where stood Captain Keeling in the spot we had just vacated with Mrs Radcliffe on his arm.

The battens were nimbly drawn, the tarpaulin thrown aside, and some seamen stooped to raise the hatch cover. A few seconds were expended in prising and manoeuvring, in the midst of which the knocking was repeated with a note of violence in it, accompanied by a general start and a growl of wonder from all hands.

'Heave!' cried the carpenter, and up came the cover, followed by a small cloud of blue smoke, and immediately after by the figure of

the hideous sailor Crabb, who sprang from off the top of a layer of white-wood cases with a loud curse and a horrible fit of coughing.

(To be continued.)

TRADE-PIRACY.

MANY attempts have been made to protect by legislation the good repute of British manufactures, and to save the public from imposition by preventing the sale of goods as British which were not so. Until lately, these attempts have been comparatively ineffectual; but in 1887, in consequence of loud complaints of the home market being flooded with fraudulently-marked foreign goods, the drastic measure known as the Merchandise Marks Act was placed upon the statute book.

Englishmen have never been believers in the worth of foreign workmanship. The preamble of an Act passed in the third year of Edward IV. runs thus: 'The artificers of manual occupations hath piteously complained how that they be greatly impoverished by the great multitude of divers commodities and wares pertaining to their mysteries and occupations, being fully wrought and ready made to sale, fetched and brought from beyond the sea, whereof the greater part in substance is deceitful, whereby many inconveniences have grown before this time, and hereafter more be like to come (which God defend) if due remedy be not in this behalf provided.' Thereupon 'our redoubted sovereign lord the king' ordained that 'after the feast of Saint Michael the Archangel next coming,' none of the articles specified in a list which probably includes all the imports of the time, should be brought from parts beyond the sea on pain of forfeiture of the goods. The trade policy pursued by this country for the four following centuries may be described as prohibitive towards foreign manufactures—either absolutely prohibitive, or practically so by the imposition of import duties; and it has only been in comparatively recent years, owing to the growth of free-trade ideas and the effort of other countries to rival English industries, that the question of trade-piracy assumed its present importance. In 1698, however, it being found that watches sold abroad were falsely described as English, parliament forbade the exportation of cases or dial-plates unless marked with the maker's name and accompanied by the movements. In 1845 the legislature turned its attention to imported watches, an Act of that year ordering them to be marked with the name and address of the foreign manufacturer; and in 1887 the word 'Foreign' was made an essential and prominent part of the assay mark.

Legislation was later in protecting other classes of merchandise. In 1845 the importation of goods bearing the marks of British manufacturers was prohibited. Individual makers were thus protected, as, say, cutlery stamped 'Joseph Rodgers and Son, Sheffield,' could not be imported; but 'Best Sheffield Steel' would not be objected to. In 1862, 1876, and 1883, steps were taken to protect the industrial community generally as well as individually. Any mark on foreign goods implying British origin was for-

bidden; and if the maker resided in a town bearing the same name as one in the United Kingdom, the name of the country was to be added. In the case of Boston, for instance, the letters 'U. S. A.' had to be appended. This would seem to do all that was required; but, in fact, parliament defeated its own intentions. The use of English characters was permitted; the word 'Manufacturer' was held to include 'Dealer'; and if the name on the goods were that of the actual importer they were to pass unquestioned. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent a Glasgow or Manchester dealer from importing, marked with his own name and address, German goods of a class for which his town was celebrated, and selling them as genuine productions of that district. It is obvious, too, that in the absence of qualification, the use of the English language on, say, French manufactures implies British make.

The measure of 1887 was much more stringent than any of its predecessors. A person selling, or having in his possession for sale, goods with false trade-marks became liable to a year's imprisonment and the articles to forfeiture; and to falsely represent one's self as purveyor, &c. to Her Majesty or the Royal Family or a government department was forbidden, as was also the application of a false description to goods in respect of quantity, quality, place of origin, or method of production. To say that an article was 'all wool' or 'hand-made' or the subject of a patent, if it were not so, became punishable; carpets could not be described as 'Kidderminster' or shawls as 'Shetland' unless legitimately entitled to the designation; and briefly, the intention of parliament was that purchasers should know what they were buying. It will be seen that this Act deals with internal trade as well as foreign; but the latter portion is all that the writer of this paper proposes to touch upon. It may be noticed in passing that British marks are not alone protected, the same privilege being given to those of the countries which have entered into a convention for the purpose; and that of the European states the only prominent dissentients are Russia, Austria, and Germany.

During the first three months after the Act came into force, one hundred and ten thousand packages were detained by the Customs officers, of which some were released without restriction, and others on the marks being qualified or defaced; while a good many were confiscated, and subsequently destroyed or sold by the Crown. One would naturally expect importers to grow wise with time, yet during the year 1888-89 there were nearly eight thousand detentions, affecting two hundred and twenty thousand packages. Of these eight thousand, nearly three thousand were in respect of German goods; France was responsible for five hundred and two, Holland four hundred and eighty-eight, Sweden one hundred and forty-six, and the United States for three hundred and seventy-eight. It is curious to find more detentions of West Indian goods than of Spanish and Swedish combined. In their thirty-second Report, the Commissioners of Customs furnish a list of the articles respecting which questions have arisen, and this list comprises an extraordinary variety of merchandise: albums and Apollinaris; biscuits and blacking;

cattle-medicine and cartridges; egg-beaters, fans, furs; matches and macaroni; tambourines and pigs' heads; weather-gauges, shoemakers' wax, yeast, and toothpicks. These are just a few. The general reader will better understand the spirit as well as the operation of the measure we are dealing with, if the writer describes some of the cases which have come under his notice.

Here are several packages of bottled wines variously labelled 'Port,' 'Spanish,' and 'Xeres.' They have come from Belgium, and it is extremely likely that the contents of the bottles never saw the sun of Andalusia or of Portugal, being more probably the result of chemical operations. At all events, it was odd to find goods coming from Spain through Antwerp. Here are other bottles, this time from Hamburg, bearing the legend 'Vieux Cognac.' That port, too, is far from the usual route between the French brandy districts and England. France, on the other hand, has sent this consignment of 'Old Jamaica Rum.' Beside these drinkables lies a case of cigars from Hamburg, marked 'Habana.' There is a well-grounded suspicion of German cigars, especially when they claim to be Havanas, and no one will be surprised to hear that the importer of these was, when challenged, unable to prove their claim to the title. In all of these cases there was misrepresentation, which in some was aggravated by the use of a language other than that of the country from which the goods came. All the labels quoted were destroyed. Of course on American merchandise the English language is used, and that is one of the vulnerable portions of the Act. Still, we protect ourselves to some extent against our Transatlantic cousins. Chicago bacon-packers may describe their goods as 'Cumberland,' or any other English 'cut,' if American origin be clearly indicated; and on the other hand we have detained French macaroni, which was going to New York under Italian labels. Waltham and Waterbury watches were admitted on a promise that in future 'U. S. A.' should be inprinted beside the name of the firm. Revolvers marked 'Newhaven' were detained until it was made clear in indelible characters that they were made in America and not in the Sussex seaport. In the treatment of these cases there is apparent inconsistency; but as everybody knows the Waltham and Waterbury companies to be American, deceit could not be suspected.

Blocks of blacklead stamped, 'The Raven Silver, Superior Quality,' look innocent enough until we remember that the use of an English name implies English make. The words were accordingly ordered to be obliterated. Tiles from Holland marked, say, 'Asterisk Works, Manchester,' evidently pretended to be what they were not, and deserved their fate, which was confiscation. A similar lot betell a consignment of Spanish revolvers intended for Mexico, which pretended to come from famous American makers, and Belgian rifles for South America bearing the name of a London maker.

Many attempts are made to sail close to the wind and to adhere to the letter of the law while infringing its spirit. The 'intent to deceive' is clear in the case of these lead pencils marked prominently in English on the front and in small letters on the back, 'Made in Germany'; and in these buttons on cards, styled 'Bouton de Nacre'

in front, and their Teutonic origin modestly announced on the back of the cards; and in those purses, the statement of whose nationality might be easily removed.

Among the articles forfeited were glass bulbs stamped with the name of an English electric lighting company; cigarette papers bearing French, Spanish, and Greek wording, with 'Paris and Vienna'; pocket-knives stamped 'H.R.H. the Princess of Wales'; and cloth marked 'Extra best French merino quality.' All these came from Germany. China vases of Austrian manufacture marked, say, 'Saint Blank Church, Exeter,' together with a picture of the church, met the same fate. Some fancy goods were imported fitted with microscopic views of noted places in Great Britain, the names of these places being printed in English, 'A Memory of,' &c. The owner got off comparatively lightly, the goods being delivered when the views had been destroyed. American tinned beef which boldly claimed to be English was released on the destruction of the labels, a laborious and expensive process, and payment of a fine of fifty pounds; and some thousands of medical plasters from the same country were only given up when the word 'London,' which each bore, was erased and a large fine paid.

In the examples quoted the offence lay in the implication of British origin, the rule being that when English wording is used, the possibility of misunderstanding is to be avoided by a definite statement of origin. The mark 'Best Steel' or 'Pure Wool' would not be objected to on German goods, if in proximity to these words and equally indelibly, the statement 'Made in Germany' were added. The last case mentioned—that of the vases—belongs to the same class as the ware one sees in cheap china shops, marked 'A Present from Edinburgh,' &c., and which very often comes from abroad. Except where the intention to defraud is obvious, confiscation is rarely resorted to, the authorities contenting themselves with a warning to the importer, or ordering the qualification or erasure of the offending marks. The owner of lenses marked 'Real Pebbles,' who protested that he meant no dishonesty, received his goods when he had ground out the obnoxious words; and illustrated books were passed as soon as their country of production had been confessed on the front cover. An impudent German importer of sewing-machines, bearing the name of a very celebrated maker, was more severely dealt with. Confiscation was at first ordered; but the authorities ultimately permitted the owner to take the goods back to their native place on the offending marks being removed, a by no means easy task. He was also warned that he was still liable to a civil action on the part of the maker whose name had been used.

Nice questions are often raised. What, for instance, was the legal position of barometers marked with the usual signs, 'Stormy,' 'Fair,' &c., and in addition, 'Compensated Barometer?' Well, instruments to be used in England must have the signs in English, but this did not apply to the last two words, which were consequently obliterated, this course being more convenient than to add a statement of origin. It is not easy to see consistency in the decision which permitted the importation of brooches marked 'Alice' and

'Lizzie,' while prohibiting the delivery of others marked 'Forget me not' and 'Mother'; but a knowledge of the circumstances would make the distinction clear. The question of what is foreign manufacture has frequently arisen. Pipes made in England are sent to Vienna in order to have mouthpieces attached; razors are sent to Germany to be hollow-ground; and art-work of various kinds, commenced in this country, goes abroad to be coloured or finished. No general rules can be laid down to meet such cases, and each is decided on its merits.

Enough has been said to show that a strong effort is being made to render the Merchandise Marks Act conducive to commercial morality, and while intelligently administered, no legitimate objection can be taken to it, as it merely insists on common honesty in the description of goods. The large number of packages detained is proof at once of the need and the value of such legislation. It would be too much, however, to say that the Act has crushed trade-piracy. The examination of goods landed in this country is only partial, and is carried out by men without technical training. The prevention of smuggling is the primary duty of Customs officers; the detection of offences against the Merchandise Marks Act is, from their point of view, of secondary importance; and a thorough examination of all merchandise would either involve considerable delay or necessitate a large increase of staff. But in any case it would be difficult for revenue officials to make themselves sufficiently intimate with private marks and brands to prevent their being wrongly used. Palpable misrepresentation is detected and punished, and at every port a register is opened in which makers may record their trade-marks for the guidance of the officers; but anything beyond this must be done by private individuals or by commercial bodies. The power of the officials is limited. Large quantities of goods, for instance, are imported without brands, and labels arrive in separate packages, evidently intended for use with the unmarked goods; but nothing can be done by the Customs to prevent the intended fraud.

A good deal has been done to suppress the operations of trade-pirates in Great Britain; but they have, generally speaking, a happy hunting-ground in foreign markets. Serbia is one of the signatories to the trade-mark convention, yet our vice-consul at Nisch reports that Austrian and German merchandise, bearing British marks, literally pours into Serbia. Hats of brown paper, with the legend inside the crown, 'Melton, 194 Regent Street, London, Maker to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Napoleon III.,' and a copy of the Royal Arms, had, under the binding, the private brand of a Vienna merchant. Lozenges stamped 'Savory and Moore' were made abroad; and cakes of soap with a Frankfort manufacturer's name on the back, had the letters 'S. O. A. P.' on the front. German and Austrian dealers in steel implements were discovered borrowing Sheffield names; and the term English was found to be generally applied to linen and hosiery of continental origin.

To check this kind of thing would be extremely desirable; but it would also be exceedingly difficult unless the task were entered on heartily by the foreign governments whose subjects are being

cheated. Meanwhile, British manufacturers must console themselves with the reflection that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and that the prevalence of the piracy we have been dealing with, is the best possible testimony to the excellence of British workmanship.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XIII.

Now, in view of the possibility which Frank Holmes had been considering in relation to Miss Clayton, such a conclusion of the case would be the most terrible misfortune. It turned his blood cold to contemplate that girl, for whom he would give his life, as the wife of an acquitted murderer.

Holmes knew what a skilful advocate, instructed by so able a man as Crudie, could accomplish. The prospect of such an issue threw him into a fever of anxiety. At all risks—to her, to himself, to every one—he would try to save her from the appalling fate of placing her pure hand in one from which Justice had not cleansed the stain of blood. Holmes had no clear idea of what course to take in the contingency foreshadowed by the solicitor; but he was resolved at all hazards to save Mary Clayton. If driven to it, for her sake he would—before allowing a verdict to be won by such means—place before the prosecution the fatal evidence in his possession. Better the guilty man should forfeit his life, than live to lead an innocent girl to a fate worse than death.

He was going west to take her out as promised, and in passing Charing Cross he called at Scotland Yard on the chance of finding Cracroft there. The officer was just going out, and walked with him as far as the Haymarket. They were still at fault in regard to the woman who wrote and handed in the advertisement, and who also addressed the newspaper to Miss Neale. The stupid clerk who took the advertisement in could recollect nothing about her except that she was 'well dressed'; he could not even describe her attire, and many and sincere were the professional execrations heaped on his head from Scotland Yard. An ancient commissionaire, who dozed at the office door, under the somnolent effects of idleness and beer, succeeded in remembering a certain lady coming into the advertisement office that 8th of June. What hour of the day it was he failed to recollect, until he went to a neighbouring office to consult another official with whom he had been taking beer a short time before he saw the lady: it was at or about three in the afternoon. The commissionaire had an eye for beauty, and the lady struck him as an object of beauty not often seen east of Temple Bar. Was she dark or fair, or tall or small? He could not recollect more than that she was rather tall, and, generally, 'a stunner' (as he termed it); but she transacted her business with the unobservant clerk already referred to.

'That was the party, beyond doubt,' observed Cracroft with strong disgust; 'but for all the clue we have to her identity, we might as well have been told that she wore a dress-improver.'

There was, however, one woman whom Holmes

could not help thinking of as he drove over to Cadogan Place. He would not for a moment suppose that Musgrave's wife could be induced, by any pressure or persuasion to become knowingly an accomplice in such a crime; he knew that she was not acquainted with Faine; but there was every possibility of her having been the innocent agent of the two men in the matter of the fatal advertisement. There were a hundred ways in which her husband could have led her to do it. Holmes was sure it was she, and no other, who put the advertisement in the paper and addressed the wrapper, whatsoever might have been the persuasions which induced her to do so. This conviction confirmed his suspicion that Musgrave's explanation of the cheque was not the whole truth.

Miss Clayton was waiting for him at Cadogan Place, and had not yet lunched. He perceived a little change in her that gave him pleasure. The expectancy of his coming gave her cheeks a faint colour, and though the traces of suffering were visible enough, there was a look of shyness in her eyes that was as charming as it was new to him. In her bosom she wore a sprig of lilac, which he knew to be a compliment to himself, and she smiled when he noticed it.

'It was papa who suggested this waste of your time, Frank,' she said when they were at luncheon. 'He wanted to take me out himself; but I did not like to take up his time; then he asked me if I would have you to come with me.'

'I'm very glad of it, Mary. I'll come every day and take you out, if you will let me.'

'I know you would; but it would waste too much of your time.'

'My time is not very valuable, Mary, so that your conscience may be easy on that score.—And this reminds me,' he said, 'that I owe an outing to another young lady whom I have neglected of late. I must see about that.'

She slowly raised her eyes with a glance of inquiry, but dropped them again the same instant.

Holmes did not notice this, and went on: 'Have you ever ridden on the outside of an omnibus? I don't think you have, though; it is a pleasure you have missed. Now there is a commodious staircase for ascending, gallantly designed for the encouragement of ladies; and then when you are on the top, the chairs facing the front are only large enough to contain two persons, which is another mark of design in the construction of these luxurious vehicles. If you sit in front, you command a bird's-eye view of the streets and a legal prospect of drawing-rooms, and you avoid the tobacco smoke. That is how my young lady and I take our outings, and I have owed her one to Hendon for some time past. She has been ill.'

'Do I know her, Frank?'

'No; I have sometimes wished that you did. Nellie is a winsome child.'

'Oh—it is a child, then?'

He laughed. 'Of course it is, Mary. May I bring her here some day to see you? I am sure you would like the little thing as much as I do. I found her in Kensington Gardens one evening when she was lost, and carried her half a mile on my shoulder before I discovered the lamenting wench who had lost her; that's how we became

acquainted, and we have been sworn friends ever since.

'Why not kill two birds with one stone,' Mary Clayton suggested, 'and take her for a drive, to-day?'

'It is good of you to propose it, Mary. But my promise to Nellie can only be redeemed by an omnibus ride out Hendon way.—Have you ever travelled in that direction?'

'No,' she answered dubiously.

'It is an elevated and bracing region, where you suddenly get out of London into country lanes which might be a hundred miles away. Come now, Mary, what do you say to an expedition of that kind?'

It had just struck him that if he could persuade her to join him in an excursion northwards by the popular mode referred to, it would be the best thing he could devise for the benefit of her health and spirits. A depressing drive round Hyde Park would be little better than staying at home.

'Oh, I don't know, Frank,' she answered doubtfully.

But Frank Holmes, resuming for the occasion his old powers of persuasion, soon overcame her hesitation, and his plan was rewarded with signs of dawning excitement in her looks as they walked down towards the cab-rank in the middle of the square.

They drove to Kensington in a hansom cab, and from there—having taken little Nellie Burton—to the Marble Arch, where Mary Clayton for the first time in her life climbed to the top of an omnibus. Frank Holmes seated himself beside her with the child on his knee. The girl shared to some extent with the child the pleased interest created by the novelty of the situation and the variety of objects which they passed. When these became monotonous from repetition, Holmes directed her thoughts another way, by describing the associations of that northern road and the places it led to. His object was to keep her from dwelling on anxieties for the time, and she submissively aided him by her passive acquiescence. It was a pleasant excursion, with a very pathetic side to it, which was presented full to them both when the affair was over and they were once more in Cadogan Place. Holmes was noting with satisfaction, as the girl took off her hat in the hall, the change which the air and exercise had effected in her face, when she suddenly put her hand on his arm and looked up with glistening eyes.

'Frank,' she said simply, 'how good you are!'

'Nonsense. I have enjoyed the ride more than you,' he answered, laughing.—'Will you give me a cup of tea now?'

Up to this point, no allusion had been made by either to the subject which was uppermost in their minds, and Holmes would have left without alluding to it. There was, indeed, only one matter of any interest to him in regard to Mary Clayton, and this was in reference to the letter supposed to have been posted in Dover. He brought away the impression on the previous day that there was some matter that she was keeping back from him; but he concluded that the reservation was due to maidenly delicacy. There must have been passages between her and Faune which

it would distress her to communicate, and probably pain him to hear.

But now, as he was about to go away, she asked him, nervously, if he had gone to see Faune—as he had spoken of doing.

'No,' he answered; 'because I am satisfied it would be useless. Mr Crudie has told me all he has been able to learn from Faune, and it serves no useful purpose. He will not reveal his motive for leaving London.' Then he related to her briefly what the solicitor had told him, including the reference to the letter. At this, greatly to his surprise, her face confessed that she had received the letter. Holmes did not know what to say. He paused a while in embarrassment, and then proceeded to point out to her the ground on which the defence would be based, and the possibility of an able advocate obliging the jury to acquit the prisoner.

The girl did not appear to apprehend the matter clearly at first, and inquired, doubtfully, whether the verdict would be final.

'It would be final, of course. He could not be tried again on the same charge after being acquitted.'

'But acquitted would not mean innocent?'

'No; in such a case a Scotch jury would find a verdict of "not proven" instead of "not guilty." It would really mean "not proven."'

She thought over it for a while before she spoke again.

Holmes was anxious, very anxious that she should be able to see clearly for herself the situation resulting from such a verdict. What she did at length say disconcerted and even grieved him considerably.

'That would be an unfortunate result for an innocent man, Frank, unless he could satisfy his friends better than the judge and jury.'

'Any rascal with cleverness enough could do this; and under the circumstances Holmes foresaw little difficulty in the way of Claude Faune's success with Mary Clayton and her father. It was enough to make him weary of the case, and he was indeed weary of it. He was resolved to move no further in it, but he hardly knew how to explain why. To avoid doing so, he renewed the advice he had given her the day before, to go away for a change to the country or seaside; but it was no use.

'Shall I come to-morrow to take you out again?' he asked, rising.

'Thank you, Frank, if you have time to spare.'

Then he saw from her hesitation that she had something else to say.

'Frank,' she said, clasping her hands before her and letting her head fall with a look of great distress, 'you must not misjudge me as to that letter which I have concealed from you. I cannot let you or any person see it. If they knew I had it, they might demand it from me.—Oh Frank!' she exclaimed, 'protect me from that!'

'I certainly will,' he promised, greatly astonished, 'as far as lies in my power. No one shall know of its existence from me.'

'The letter contains not a word affecting his guilt or innocence, Frank—not a word. I was sorry when I received it; there was no purpose which he could serve by writing it, beyond

informing me of the reason of his leaving London.

'Why, Mary,' cried Holmes, greatly startled, 'that is above all things what we want to discover!'

After a minute's hesitation she took the letter from her pocket, and having opened it, folded down the first page. 'You may read what he says about it,' she said, handing Holmes the letter.

He took it eagerly, and the first glance at the handwriting confirmed what he had heard from Mr. Crudie. The writing was wretchedly shaky and the lines irregular, such as only a penman prostrated with drink would have written. These were the words which he was allowed to read:

DOVER, June 11th.

MY DEAR MISS CLAYTON—I am suddenly obliged to go to Paris. I shall be back in a few days; but until I receive some sign from you—

'That is all?' said Holmes.

'That is all. I thought it not worth communicating to you, Frank.'

'You were quite right, Mary; that information is useless. Well, I shall come to-morrow.'

He only remembered now that the child was in the housekeeper's charge, and that he had to take her home. Mrs. Burton was out when they called, and Nellie had been left in charge of a neighbour, with whom Holmes left his name when he took her away. The child was sent for accordingly, and while they were waiting for her appearance, Mr. Clayton came in, wearing a look of excitement.

'I expected I would find you, Frank. Have you heard the news?'

'I have heard nothing.'

Mr. Clayton looked at his daughter undecidedly for a moment. 'There is no reason why you should not know it, Mary,' he said, dropping in a chair and sinking his voice. 'It is bad news—for Mr. Claude Faune.'

'What is it, Mr. Clayton?' the young man inquired, moving a step nearer. Then he turned and looked at the girl; but she stood, still and pale as a statue, and apparently as strong.

'They have found the woman who sent the message for him to Margaret Neale.'

'Are you sure of that? Who is she? Where is she?'

'There is no doubt of it, Frank. She is Musgrave's wife. She and her husband were on their way to Canada; but an accident to the mail-train has detained the steamer at Merville. Cracroft has started with a warrant for their arrest.'

The young man's hands dropped to his sides, and they saw him turn pale. He knew, better than any other person, that Faune was doomed now beyond all hope of escape. 'Heaven help him!' he said. 'There is no chance for him now.'

Holmes turned quickly, just in time to catch Mary Clayton's swaying form in his arms. In spite of all his discipline and strength, as he laid her on a sofa, a sob choked him and a dash of tears fell among her hair. It was not love, but remorse, that fired him, gazing on her unconscious

face. 'Mary, Mary—it is I who have done it—I!' And, her father looking, he kissed her colourless lips and left the room. Making for the door, something light brushed against his leg, and a little soft hand was placed in his.

'Ah, Nellie!' he said, taking the child up in his arms; 'come home.'

(To be continued.)

AN EQUINE CARNIVAL.

MAY-DAY IN LIVERPOOL.

WE live in an age of utilitarianism, and little that is not practical in some degree or other is tolerated. Our Gallic neighbours dub us a nation of workers, and certainly there is some ground for the criticism, for so keen is the struggle for existence, that romance and sentiment are fast being expurgated from the English national character. Yet our forefathers were not so woefully prosaic as we; time was when they were religiously observant of all the old festivals and customs:

When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree.

Foremost among these ancient festivals was that of May-day. 'Tis but three centuries ago that the good Bishop Latimer complained that once when he was to preach in a certain place on the 1st of May, he could get no audience, because all the young men and maidens were gone a-Maying. He says: 'I found the churches fast locked. I tarried there half an hour or more, and at last the key was found; one of the parish came to me and says: "Syr, this is a busy day with us; we cannot heare you; it is May-day." So,' writes the Bishop, 'I was faine to depart, and leave them to their merry-making.'

We do not now observe May-day in such a style; neither do we bring home the hawthorn bush at four on a bright May morning; nor do we, like Herrick, call upon our Corinna to awake and rise early and go a-Maying; yet we hail the merry month with none the less delight as the advent of the genial summer: and in not a few old-fashioned villages of rural England, the May-pole is still reared and the May Queen crowned amidst the merry-making of the assembled country-side. But the observance of this old-time festival is not confined to secluded village or rustic hamlet alone; for Liverpool, busy city as it is, has long been celebrated through the North Countree for its May-day observances, and it still continues to set aside from its busy roll of working-days the 1st of May, and upon it the inhabitants of the mighty seaport parade their equine workers, and the assembled multitudes pay their homage to horse-flesh with quite as much devotion as the Romans of old paid to their Mars or bestowed upon a Floralia. 'May flowers, violets, fresh and sweet,' are the cries that greet the ears of the pedestrian in Liverpool on a May morning; and such are the enticing sweetness of the flowers and the importunity of the itinerant vendors, that you find yourself nilly-willy adorned with 'a nosegay fresh and sweet.' Nor are you alone with your floral decoration. On all sides, the sombre hues which characterise the masculine attire of the inhabitants of the north are relieved by a button-hole

of some description or other, from the orchid of the wealthy merchant to the more modest lily or bunch of violets that reposes on the bosom of his perky office-boy. In the streets, vehicular traffic, is almost entirely suspended, and the mighty arteries of the city, usually resonant with the din and roar of commerce, are hushed and silent. The abnormal quiet, however, is but the hush of expectancy and preparation.

As noon approaches, the principal thoroughfares become crowded with sightseers. Excursionists from the neighbouring districts flock into the city, and lend an appearance of gaiety and variety to the scene which is quite in contradistinction to the usual air of bustle and business, and in perfect harmony with the festive nature of the celebration. The love and admiration for the horse which we have no doubt inherited from our Teutonic ancestors has still a great hold over the sympathies of the modern Englishman. One has but to be in Liverpool on May-day to realise the truth of this statement. Strangers flock into the city on all sides. The busy hives of manufacturing industry, so profusely dotted over the South Lancashire coalfield, all contribute their quota to the ever-swelling throng. Smaller in stature and of a less robust physique do these visitors from the mines and factories appear, than the sturdier denizens of the northern seaport; yet their restless activity and their native capacity for good-humoured fun, combined with their broad dialect, place them very much in evidence during the day's proceedings.

Side by side with these 'Lancashire lads,' as they delight to style themselves, may be seen sturdy agriculturists from the adjoining county of Cheshire, men whose walk of life renders them competent to scan with critical eye the approaching procession, and to pronounce with just deliberation upon the relative merits or demerits of the equine specimens brought under their consideration.

Pretty thickly, too, is the crowd besprinkled with natives of the Principality, for Wales is justly proud of the fact that she furnishes a recruiting-ground from which Liverpool is wont to replenish her store of equine workers. Sailors, British and foreign, Americans, Turks, and sallow-faced, almond-eyed wanderers from the 'far, far East,' all unite to constitute the human *olla podrida* collected in the streets of Liverpool on May-day.

Perhaps the most favourable site at which to see the procession pass is Lime Street, right in the heart of the city. Here, at one side of a great open space, along which passes a continual stream of traffic, stands St George's Hall, of which the inhabitants are justly proud, claiming for it the distinction of being the finest specimen of Grecian architecture in the kingdom. Now, its classical façade and comprehensive approaches flanked as they are by gigantic couchant lions, memorials of the mighty Landseer, and containing equestrian statues of Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort, and the pedestalled monuments of General Earle and Lord Beaconsfield, are thronged with an ever-restless, ever-surging crowd. Across the mighty roadway, which is so wide that the shadow of one edifice never falls upon the other, is the London and North-Western Railway Hotel, which fronts the

Liverpool terminus of that company's lines. Rising high above all is the Wellington Column, from whose lofty summit the eagle eye of the Iron Duke seems to glance with lofty scorn at the bubbling fountain, the architectural lions, and the gay pageant beneath him.

And now the din and roar that rise from the packed masses in the Trafalgar Square of the north is indescribable, for the cry, 'They come, they come!' is raised at the far end of the street; and barely have the police time to see that no spectator in his rash temerity has ventured through the barriers, before the procession is upon us. First come a detachment of hussars; then the mounted police; after them, the horses and engines of the Salvage and Fire Brigades; these are followed by the horses and wagons in the employ of the city corporation and the different railway companies; the teams of the cartage companies and the breweries come next; then come the turnout of the coal-firms; and a heterogeneous collection of the vehicles of private firms brings up the rear. Each horse is gaily decorated with wreaths of artificial flowers, bells, &c., and is groomed in such a fashion as plainly indicates that no amount of gaudy trappings will compensate for want of care and attention bestowed upon the creature itself. Every horse in that long procession that now winds its sinuous length through the main thoroughfares of the city knows what is expected of him to-day. Now is the occasion on which he is to show his appreciation of the extraordinary care and attention that has been bestowed upon him for months past: the careful groomings, the little delicacies, the careful loading, and the sympathetic driving must all bear their fruit to-day. And his driver, who walks beside him clad in his Sunday's best, one hand bearing his whip, gaily festooned with ribbons, and designed more for ornament than use, while the other ever and anon pats the glossy shoulder of the noble creature beside him, looking with affectionate pride at his equine charge.

His reward comes; and the acclamations that greet the show throughout its entire journey are as precious to him as was ever the wreath that crowned the brow of victor at Corinthian games. One may rest assured that the hand which grooms and feels the four-footed fellow-labourer will never be raised against him in anger, so perfect is the mutual understanding and sympathy existing between the teamster and his charge.

But the carnival is not without its humorous and even grotesque aspect. Here and there are wagons of chubby-faced urchins, whose decorations and deportment are provocative of much mirth. Sandwiched by some unaccountable means between two magnificent teams, whose accoutrements are as splendid as the saddle and carriage maker can make them, is a miserable donkey-cart, driven by and laden with a horde of gamins of the most Ishmaelitic description. Their sooted faces and elaborate floral decorations contrast most strongly with the raggedness of their attire; and the air of inimical gravity with which they arrogate to themselves the plaudits bestowed upon their neighbours, and bow their acknowledgments to the spectators, is perfectly irresistible. Such facilities as this celebration presents to the original advertiser cannot be

overlooked, and the humorous and ingenious devices, in the shape of trade advertisements which assimilate themselves to the procession, are both varied and numerous. Wagons laden with loaves, hams, or vegetables proclaim the excellence of such a one's provisions; while a gigantic boot, from whose open top protrudes a bevy of youngsters, affords at once a striking realisation of the old lady of our nursery days whose domicile was a shoe, and who, to quote the old rhyme, 'had so many children she did not know what to do,' and at the same time calls public attention to the fact that there is nothing like leather, especially that of Mr —. Here comes a ship's boat mounted on a huge wagon, and manned by sailors wearing the sea-going clothes manufactured by Mr —.

But the afternoon wears on; the procession has passed, and the dense crowds disperse homewards; and on the morrow the city resumes its wonted aspect of bustle and commercial activity. The gay trappings which adorned the horses in yesterday's parade are looked for in vain; but the hand that be decked his equine care with ribbons and flowers yesterday, to-day leads his charge with just as much kindness and sympathy, and the two together form a co-operative union of intelligence and instinct which is most touching to witness.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR WATSON SMITH recently delivered a lecture before the Society of Chemical Industry, taking as his subject a New Method of Tempering Steel, the invention of Captain Feodosieff, an officer in the Russian imperial navy. The lecturer commenced by pointing out that there was some confusion existing as to the meaning of the words 'hardening,' 'tempering,' and 'annealing,' as applied to steel, and he pointed out that the following definitions of these words had been accepted: Hardening is the result of rapidly cooling a strongly-heated mass of steel; tempering, that of reheating the hardened metal to a temperature far short of that to which it had been raised before hardening—to be followed or not by rapid cooling; whilst annealing consists in heating the mass to a temperature higher than that used for tempering and allowing it to cool slowly. In the new process, glycerine is employed in carrying out these various operations, and its specific gravity is altered by the addition of water, according to the quality of the metal and the effect which it is desired to produce upon it. The temperature of the liquid is varied from fifteen to two hundred degrees C., according to the condition of the metal, the harder steels requiring a high temperature, and a low heat being sufficient for the milder steels. Other effects are produced by the addition of different salts to the glycerine before the metal is plunged into it. The lecturer exhibited several specimens of steel and cast-iron which had been treated by the new process, and which had been sent to him from St Petersburg.

The gay Parisians have the knack of finding

material for popular exhibitions, and their last venture in this way is of a decidedly novel character. The exhibition consists of a collection of hoarding advertisements, the work of one artist. Such an exhibition might be made very interesting in our own country, and might perchance do some good in discouraging that taste for the sensational and repulsive which is too often in evidence on our street hoardings. It is certain that some of the better-class advertisements of this nature are full of artistic merit, and should in great measure cultivate a taste for good work. We must remember, too, that some of our most noted artists have not been ashamed to contribute to these open-air picture-galleries. One of the first to appear was the late Mr Walker's 'Woman in White.' Next, Mr Herkomer executed a beautiful drawing which appeared on the walls as an advertisement for a journal devoted to artistic interests. Various enterprising advertisers have given commissions to Millais, Marks, Frith, and other well-known artists, so that there is plenty of material ready for an exhibition of this character. There would, however, be a difficulty in providing interior wall-space for such a collection, and perhaps the general public would be disinclined to patronise a picture-gallery in which the principal works were so well known to them.

The lecture lately delivered at Aldershot by Colonel Slade upon the subject of Modern Military Rifles, a verbatim report of which has appeared in many of the newspapers, will prove of great use in acquainting the public with our position as a nation with regard to one of the most important means of defence. It seems only yesterday that the Martini-Henry breech-loader was advocated as the most efficient rifle that a soldier could possess, and yet before a sufficient number has been issued to supply our full force of regulars and Volunteers, the need of a better one has been acknowledged, and is now being supplied. The new Magazine Rifle, furnished with a detachable receptacle holding eight cartridges, has been tried with the most satisfactory results. Apart from the advantage which it gives of quick firing without reloading, its greater efficiency as a weapon of war is demonstrated by its far longer range and smaller cartridge. This means that an opposing column of men will suffer loss at a distance of considerably more than a mile from their adversaries, and that the soldier can carry a far larger number of rounds on his person without any increase of weight. It is easy to imagine a number of instances in recent warfare where such conditions would have proved most advantageous to our troops, and would in such a case as the battle of Isandula have prevented the annihilation of our men. All other nations have taken the advantage of a long peace to arm their troops with Magazine Rifles, and these seem to differ but in detail from the type of weapon supplied to our own troops. This new departure will necessitate many alterations in our instructions to infantry, who will now take the field under entirely new conditions. Colonel Slade's lecture foreshadows the direction which these changes will probably assume.

Another paper bearing upon the grim subject of future warfare, and dealing with Smokeless Explosives, was read by Sir Frederick Abel at a

recent meeting of the Royal Institution. This paper gave a great deal of technical information as to the experiments which have been carried on in this and other countries with reference to various kinds of explosives other than gunpowder, and their advantages and efficiency compared with the old black powder. We are glad to see that the lecturer dispelled the common error that some of these new explosives are silent in action. It is difficult to imagine how such an error could have originated, for it is clear that gaseous matter under tension cannot be projected into the atmosphere without noise. The mistake has been promulgated by descriptive writers, who have drawn pictures of battles of the future in which silence has been the most remarkable feature, and quotations from some of these highly coloured word-pictures formed an amusing part of Sir Frederick Abel's paper. The absence of smoke will no doubt form a feature of future warfare, and will be an important help, especially in naval operations; but it must be remembered on the other hand that the smoke from an attacking party, in spite of its inconveniences, has often formed a protecting screen of no little value to them.

The *Scientific American* publishes an interesting and instructive diagram with index numbers showing the heights of the principal buildings of the world compared with that of the Forth Bridge. Here we have pictured steeples, towers, and domes of various forms, the whole being covered with the skeleton ironwork springing from one of the mighty piers of the new Bridge. This diagram shows that, with the exception of the Eiffel Tower, only three buildings overtop the great erection on the Firth of Forth, and one of them, the steeple of Old St Paul's, London, is no longer in existence. The other two are Cologne Cathedral, which is five hundred and ten feet in height, and the Great Pyramid of Egypt, which is fifty feet shorter, but whose apex is just seen above the ironwork of the Bridge. In no better way can the actual size of this great triumph of engineering be realised.

Professor Stewart lately exhibited to the Linnean Society some specimens of British crabs, which showed their habit of covering the upper part of their armour-clad bodies with pieces of seaweed and zoophytes, which they detach with their nippers from marine plants for the purpose. This habit is continued even when the creature is blind, and is a provision of Nature for its protection from its enemies, the covering serving to conceal it among its surroundings. These specimens have been presented to the Royal College of Surgeons' Museum in Lincoln's Inn, where they will be accessible to the public. We may remind our readers that this protective mimicry on the part of animals is by no means uncommon, and is noticeable in other marine creatures.

A new apparatus for supplying fresh or rather distilled water to marine boilers has been patented by Mr Girdwood, engineer, of 13 George Street, Leith. The main feature of the invention is a closed vessel in which the salt water is evaporated by means of steam from the boiler, the salt deposited during the process at the bottom of the vessel being discharged through a blow-off cock provided for the purpose. The apparatus is so

designed that the heat employed is used in the most economical manner. A later improvement, which forms the subject of another patent specification by the same author, consists in heating the water used by carrying it through a coil of copper pipe which is associated with the exhaust, so that the heat of the exhaust steam is in this way utilised to advantage. The entire system aims at using up as much as possible of the heat afforded by the fuel employed, and is worth the study of all who are interested in the economical use of steam.

The newspaper report of a destructive conflagration too often ends with the stereotyped formula, 'the cause of the outbreak is unknown.' And the cause necessarily remains unknown, because all evidence of it perishes in the heat and flame. One fertile cause of such disasters we believe is traceable to the juxtaposition of steam-pipes with woodwork, owing to the ignorant idea that such pipes cannot possibly lead to ignition. It is true that the temperature of boiling water is far below that necessary to ignite wood; but steam under pressure can be heated to a far higher degree, and under such circumstances can be very dangerous. A case in point is afforded by some steam-pipes which were recently uncovered by the New York Steam-power Company in order to make room for street subways. These pipes had remained several years undisturbed, and it was now found that where they touched woodwork the wood had been completely charred.

Mr Lawson Tait, a well-known member of the medical profession, has made public an offer of a very meritorious character. Looking over the stock of an old curiosity shop, he found two church brasses, about twenty-two inches in length and six inches in breadth, which had been evidently wrenched from the stone slabs in which they had been originally embedded. They are believed to belong to the end of the fifteenth century. They represent each a female figure, apparently almost a pair, and are clearly of the same metal. Mr Tait is anxious to set a good example to other collectors by expressing a readiness to restore the figures to their original place, provided that place can be found. He will therefore hand them over as a free gift to any clergyman who can prove that they belong to his church; and for ultimate identification he will send rubbings, or take the brasses themselves to the spot indicated.

A new industry is foreshadowed in an invention which is due to Messrs Stevens and Mountfort, of Fielding, New Zealand, by which butter can be preserved without the addition of salt or any antiseptic compound. The process employed is as follows: The butter is placed in tin pans and covered with a lid to which an air-pump can be affixed. This lid is soldered into its place, after which the air is exhausted from the pan, an automatic valve closing the orifice. This orifice, through which the air was pumped out, is now covered with a cap, which is soldered to the lid. Samples of butter preserved under these conditions for three months have been pronounced by experts to be as perfect in condition and as fresh as on the day it was churned. As the price of butter in New Zealand averages fivepence per pound, and as the preserving process is not expensive, there is a large margin for profit. We

understand that samples of this preserved butter will presently arrive in this country, and the result of the enterprise may be looked forward to with interest.

We have received particulars of a new agricultural implement which is very highly spoken of by those who have tried it. This is known as Eddy's Patent Earth Scoop, and its purpose is to quickly gather loose earth and to distribute it in heaps over the surface of the land, an operation previously performed by shovels. In appearance the contrivance looks somewhat like a child's perambulator without wheels, for it has handles at the back by which it is guided over the ground. In front, the receptacle has a cast-steel cutter, which can be easily replaced when it becomes worn by constant use. A horse is attached to the front of the implement, and drags it over the land; and as often as the box becomes full of earth, it is emptied, almost automatically, into a heap, and the work is resumed until enough soil has been gathered to form another heap. The apparatus is very cheap, and represents an important saving of labour.

Much correspondence has recently been published on the subject of Colour-blindness, and the best method of detecting abnormal perception of colour in railway servants and others, to whom the matter is one of first-class importance. This correspondence clearly shows that experts differ in their opinions regarding these questions, and its importance justifies further scientific inquiry. Dr E. Green lately put forward in a paper before the Royal Society a new theory of 'Colour-blindness and Colour-perception.' Much attention has in this way been brought to bear upon what may be looked upon as a not uncommon defect in vision, and it has been stated that the Royal Society will presently appoint a Committee to inquire into the whole subject. The subject is both interesting and important, and some of the more recent results of investigators will be found in an article on Colour-blindness at page 171 of this *Journal* for the present month.

Various plans have from time to time been advocated for increasing the illuminating power of gas, chiefly by admixture with some volatile hydrocarbon, as in the alko-carbon system; or by the employment of some special form of burner, as in the various forms of so-called incandescent gas-lights. But with the exception of the method to be presently described, we know of no efficient plan for carrying out this object by a simple addition to the ordinary fittings of a gas-lamp. This is brought about by the Regenerative Globe Cover, which has been introduced by Messrs Gardner and Son, of Jamaica Street, Glasgow, which we have had an opportunity of testing with highly satisfactory results. The cover consists of a flat plate of asbestos, with a central hole one inch and a half in diameter, covered with a small disc of the same material, which can be drawn over the opening so as to reduce the orifice to any required size. Three studs project from the lower face of the plate near its edge, and these can be so adjusted that they will hold firmly to the inner edge of the gas globe upon which the contrivance rests. The shape of the globe is preferably that of a deep coffee-cup, and specimens of the pattern, made of annealed glass so as to stand a high temperature, are supplied by the patentees.

The result of almost closing in this manner the upper part of the gas globe is to turn it into a combustion chamber, and to supply the burner with highly heated air. The gas burnt under these conditions gives a wonderfully white flame, a great increase of light, amounting, according to the tests made by the Glasgow Gas Corporation, to no less than one hundred and twenty per cent., and absolute steadiness, for no draughts are able to affect the flame. Perfect combustion of this character means that no unconsumed carbon is left to blacken walls and ceilings, and we may also assume that other deleterious products of consumption are eliminated.

Disturbing reports have appeared recently in several of the technical journals with reference to the filtering of water for domestic use, and it has been asserted authoritatively, that many of the filters now employed are worse than useless, acting after a few months' employment as culture-beds for those germs which they are designed to eliminate and destroy. The great fault in most filters seems to be in the difficulty of getting at and renewing the filtering medium, which it stands to reason must after a time become charged with effete matter. This renewal cannot be made without reference to the makers, for the filtering medium is as a rule cemented into an inner compartment. This disadvantage is quite obviated in a new pattern of filter which has recently been made by Messrs Mawson, Swan, and Weddell of Newcastle, and which seems to possess qualities of an unusual kind. According to the report of a well-known analyst, the filter, besides separating completely organic matter from water passed through it, also eliminates the whole of the lime and magnesia salts, so that hard water becomes soft. The removal of lead, if present, is also effected. The filtering medium can easily be renewed by inexperienced hands, and the whole of the apparatus can be taken to pieces for cleaning purposes.

On the subject of Ambergris, a correspondent kindly points out that the market values named in a recent article in this *Journal* (February 8) were too low. At an auction sale in London on February 22, ambergris of 'fair-flavoured quality' brought 120s. per oz.; ordinary black and specky, 55s. to 60s.; and a lot of inferior quality, 35s. per oz. For 'fine' ambergris, almost unobtainable at present, 200s. per oz. is quoted in the lists.

SOUTH-AFRICAN SNAKE-BITES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

It would, we presume, be safe to assert that in spite of all modern appliances and helps to scientific methods of research, man has hitherto lamentably failed to discover an infallible cure for snake-poison. As in the cases of hydrophobia and other diseases of a like mysterious nature, the public are from time to time startled by the wide promulgation and unstinted praise of some new so-called specific for snake-bites; but this only lasts for a season, when, lo! the too hastily summied-up verdict is reversed, and the once loudly extolled remedy is allowed quietly

to pass into the limbo of exploded ideas, the knacker's yard of used-up fads.

We will for the present confine ourselves to a few remarks regarding the treatment of snake-bites at the Cape. It is noteworthy that the typical fresh arrival, or 'new chum,' as our Australian cousins designate him, sets his foot on African soil with ludicrously exaggerated ideas as to the prevalence of venomous reptiles. He fully expects, for instance, if he goes up country, especially if he camps out, that the monotony of his journey will occasionally be relieved by such startling incidents of travel as waking up in the morning to find a snake confidently secreted in the folds of his blanket, with a further consignment of one in each boot, to make his hair stand on end when he attempts to pull on those humble though useful peripatetic appendages. As it would be superfluous to dwell on the absurdity of such ridiculous notions, we will pass on to state briefly what are the ordinary specifics used in the colony.

The most common practice with the natives in cases of snake-bite is to kill a black fowl, divide it lengthwise, and apply the separated portions alternately to the wound for the space of about fifteen minutes, or until such time as they think the poison has been absorbed into the body of the fowl. Some tribes use a decoction of the *melk bosch* (wild-cotton plant). This bush exudes a nauseous, viscous, and extremely repellent fluid, which acts as a powerful emetic. It is, however, by no means a reliable remedy; and it appears to be more resorted to from the fact of its being highly offensive and revolting to the taste, than for any other particular reason.

The Namaquas, Bushmen, and Damaras have a singular and implicit belief in the all-potent efficacy of the snake-charmer's or doctor's night-cap, a decoction of which is made and given to the patient to drink! This horribly loathsome specific is made by dipping the cap into boiling water; or it is put in a pan of cold water and allowed to remain on the fire until all its virtues are extracted. The more grimy and saturated with perspiration the filthy head-covering is, so in proportion are the virtues of the decoction enhanced. The cap must be that of a snake-doctor—none other will do—one who, has obtained his diplomas by a long and arduous novitiate, and has himself become poison-proof. This immunity he obtains by gradually increasing the virulence of the poison inoculations which from time to time he inflicts upon his person. One of the methods adopted by the novice to obtain the desired immunity is to collect a goodly number of scorpions and place them on a bullock hide. He then goes and lies down, and rolls and tumbles about amongst the infuriated insects, which, acting as it is 'their nature to,' are not slow to wreak their vengeance on his nude body. Instances are known of embryo melicos who have actually succumbed to this barbarous method of 'walking the hospitals.'

To come to the European's or white man's remedy: the most popular and widely used is a preparation called 'Croft's Tincture of Life.' Croft was one of the original British settlers of 1820. He had been to India, whence he was said to have brought the recipe to the Cape. During his lifetime he stoutly maintained that its preparation was a profound secret, known only to himself, and discovered by him when resident in India. When he died, he bequeathed the secret to an only daughter, with the most solemn injunctions to keep it inviolate; and further, that she was to 'will' it with the same proviso to her descendants; or, in default of the latter, to her next of kin. Croft made immense profits out of the sale of his 'Tincture of Life,' as he used to charge fifteen shillings for a small bottleful, the ingredients of which did not probably cost him so many halfpence. Of its sterling curative properties there can be no question if used externally, and also internally, within a reasonable period following the infliction of the bite. Time, of course, is everything. If the poison be absorbed for any lengthened period before the application of, indeed, any remedy, the chances of cure are almost nil. As regards the absorption of poison into the system, Sir Joseph Fayrer, in his grand work on the *Thana-tophylus of India*, says: 'That any drug or substance, solid or fluid, that is either swallowed or inoculated, can counteract or neutralise the poison once absorbed and acting on the nerve-centres, I do not believe.'

THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

Slow dies the wintry day, the winds of March
Break with their icy breath the evening hush,
And snow-clad hills reflect the sunset-flush
That paints with purple all Heaven's western arch;
But, from the laden branches of the larch,
Upon the frosty air a happy thrush
Pours floods of melody, and flings a gush
Of gladsome music to the winds of March.

Thus when our life's drear winter lingers long—
When with the eve there comes no vision sweet
To our sad eyes, and hope has taken wing—
Oh, may some distant strain of seraph-song
Burst forth, and tell us that our faltering feet
Stand on the threshold of a joyous Spring!

J. G. F. NICHOLSON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE RED SEA SLAVE-TRADE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS

It is astonishing, considering the great interest felt in this country on the subject of the slave-trade, how little is known of the most revolting side of the question, and how little is done to attempt its suppression. The general idea seems to be that the slave-trade carried on between the east coast of Africa and the Persian Gulf is the only one worthy of our consideration, and that if a certain number of our men-of-war patrol the coast from Magadoxo to Mozambique during the south-east monsoon, and occasionally make a capture, England has done all that need be done to prevent the traffic.

Now the horrors of this East African trade, with its murderous raids on defenceless tribes, its cruel march through the desert and jungle, and its terrible voyage of six weeks or more in the crowded hold of a slave-dhow, have often been described, and are sufficient in all conscience to make every man with ordinary feelings of humanity anxious to do all that lies in his power for their mitigation; but the miseries end with the voyage, and when once a slave has been bought in the market, his life is seldom an unhappy one. The Persians and Arabs are good masters, and treat their slaves well and kindly so long as they do their work, providing them with good food and such clothes as they require; allowing them to marry, and considering them as members of their own families.

But the fate of the unfortunate victims of the Red Sea Slave-trade is a very different one. It is true they are spared the six weeks' voyage, as the run across the Red Sea occupies only from six to thirty-six hours; but the hardships which they undergo in the raid and on the march are fully as great as those endured by the slaves brought from the east coast, and are augmented by the fact that they are all children of tender years. For this revolting traffic is kept up for the purpose of supplying the harems of the

wealthier classes of Turkey and Arabia with children of both sexes, and involves cruelties unspeakable. Thirty-seven children only were released at Aden in the year 1889, and of these, eleven were girls. Though the eldest could not have been more than twelve, and the youngest barely seven years of age, every one of these infants had suffered shocking and indescribable cruelties, and they all had to be sent to the hospital at Aden. There, needless to say, they received every kindness, and were treated with the greatest skill; but the youngest child died shortly after her admittance, literally murdered by the inhuman cruelties referred to. The treatment to which the boys had been subjected was equally cruel.

It must not be supposed that this traffic is carried on a small scale. The political officers at Aden reckon that from two to five thousand children are taken across the Red Sea for this accursed purpose every year, and yet the market is never glutted.

If the law promulgated at Constantinople on the 15th December by the Turkish Government, and sanctioned by Imperial Iradé, is intended to be strictly enforced, a deadly blow has been struck at this traffic; but I fear that those who best know the Turkish nation will be the most doubtful of their *bona fides* in the matter. Slavery itself has the direct sanction of the Koran, and the horrible practices for which the Red Sea traffic provides victims are not looked upon in Turkey and Arabia with any of the disgust which they excite in the minds of the people of civilised countries.

Article 7 of the Iradé were obeyed in the way that a similar law would be by civil functionaries of Western nations, there would be an end of the traffic at once, as all the markets are held on the western coast of Arabia, where the authority of the Sultan is undisputed; but this is hardly to be expected, as the great officials on this coast are—almost without exception—interested in the traffic themselves; if not actually as owners or consignees of the vessels,

most certainly as customers of the slave-dealers, to whose misdeeds they are consequently conveniently blind. However, the trade immensely strengthens the hands of those nations who are really in earnest about putting a stop to this traffic, and few Englishmen would care to believe that their own country was not so. And yet to what we have at Aden only one small vessel. The disturbed state of our possessions on the Somali coast renders it necessary that Aden should never be left without a man-of-war for more than a very few days, so the only way in which the senior naval officer can contend with the slave-trade is by detaching the greater number of the boats belonging to his ship to cruise on the coasts where slaves may be expected to be embarked or landed.

The boats that can be spared are generally three in number—one steam-cutter, one ten-oared sailing-cutter, and one five-oared whaler. They are all the same length—twenty-five feet, and in them from seven to fifteen full-grown men have to live and have their being during the hottest time of the year in the Red Sea. They are all open boats, and far from safe in the heavy seas and sudden squalls which so frequently occur in the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb and the southern part of the Red Sea. They are far inferior in speed to the native vessels, and the officers in charge have barely time to begin to learn something of the local currents, &c.—with which the slave-traders are of course intimately acquainted—before it becomes necessary to send them to some cooler part of the station, if, indeed, they have not so broken down in health under the continuous work, anxiety, and exposure to the terrible heat as to be forced to return to England to recover their strength.

The slaves are brought in caravans from far inland, and marched to the coast to be embarked, the leader of the caravan choosing as a rule some point between Zeilah and Asab Bay for his embarkation. The Gulf of Tajurah, being under French influence, is a favourite locality for this purpose, as the French do not interfere with the trade in any way, even if they do not directly encourage it. As we have no treaty with France on the subject of the slave-trade, our cruisers cannot stop vessels flying that flag except for the purpose of verifying their right to fly it, and even that cannot be done in sight of a French man-of-war or of a French flag flying on shore. Consequently, it is a very common thing to see a dhow—when chased by an English man-of-war's boat—hoist French colours and run in for Obokh, in sight of which place they know that English cruisers cannot, and French cruisers will not interfere with them.

From the Gulf of Tajurah they hug the African coast until past Roheita, when they are generally able to lay up to the northward of Perim, and strike the Arabian coast, and beat up for Jeddah. They never make longer stretches off shore than are absolutely necessary, so as to be always able to run in shore and land their cargoes if there are any signs of danger. Their object is always to reach Jeddah, if possible, as it is there that the great market is held at which the pilgrims buy slaves to take back with them on their return from Mecca. But should there be danger either from the weather or the proximity

of hostile cruisers, they will land their cargoes anywhere to the northward of Perim and march them up to Jeddah inland. The distance across the Red Sea being so small, vessels are not built specially for this trade, as they are for that on the east coast; but any passing fishing-boats are requisitioned by the leader of the caravan, and the passages of the slaves are paid for at the rate of seven dollars a head when they are landed on the coast of Arabia.

The sharpest possible lookout is kept on the cruising-boats, and all their motions are closely watched. The slavers know well that these boats are dependent on a depot for their supplies of coal and water, and that they can never be either very long or very far away from it, and their every movement is always reported by some of the numerous canoes whose occupants make their living by fishing in the Red Sea. The caravans are frequently kept for many weeks on the coast before a favourable opportunity occurs for embarking the slaves. Khor Anjar, Ras Siyân, and Roheita are also favourite places for the caravans, as dhows can as a rule fetch to the northward of Perim even from Khor Anjar.

It is little use to watch the points of embarkation, because the slave-owners simply remain quiescent when they know that the cruisers are off the coast. Even if they have engaged vessels to take their slaves, they make some signal from the shore, on seeing which the vessels resume their ordinary occupations, and when searched, have nothing to show that they had contemplated engaging in any but lawful business. The only chance of catching them is by a strict and careful blockade of the coast on which the disembarkation takes place, and this—with the means at present at the disposal of the naval officers—is possible only to a very limited extent. A small steam-cutter able to steam at the outside seven knots in smooth water, and carrying coal enough for twelve hours' continuous steaming at full speed, can be very easily located by those whose very existence depends upon evading her, and the sailing-boats may be said to be absolutely useless.

With four—or still better six—powerful steam-launches, such as those known in the navy as picket-boats, a really efficient blockade of the Arabian coast could be maintained. Steaming twelve knots with ease, and carrying coal enough for four days' steaming at full speed, these little craft could watch the coast so thoroughly that no vessel could land at any point without being intercepted, while their superior accommodation would render life more bearable for the officers and men employed in them, and would largely diminish the number of invalids sent home from this station.

The Italians during the past year have been making strenuous efforts to destroy this trade, and have co-operated with us most heartily by giving us information when they obtained it from their native agents at or near Massowah. They kept three men-of-war constantly cruising during the season of the pilgrimage, and bought and manned native vessels, which cruised separately in the same way as the boats of our own men-of-war. They would certainly join with readiness in any scheme of blockade that was proposed by our Government, and their headquarters at

Massowah would form an admirable link between our two stations of Perim and Suakim.

No place could be better adapted for the base of operations of a flotilla such as I have suggested than the island of Perim. It absolutely commands the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, so that given efficient boats and officers whose hearts were in the work—and I venture to think that there would be no lack of these latter if they were asked for—it would be impossible for any vessel to enter the Red Sea from the southward without undergoing inspection. The island is in the hands of the Perim Coal Company, who have always shown the greatest courtesy to naval officers employed in the suppression of the slave-trade. It was the headquarters of the boats of H.M.S. *Ranger* last year, and they were assisted by the company in every possible way. Their factory was always at their disposal for any repairs the boats might require, and their engineers would at any time cheerfully work night and day to make good any defects that would have prevented the boats from going to sea, while it would be impossible to over-estimate the hospitality and kindness always shown by the manager and his subordinates to the officers and boats' crews. The surgeon of the company also was always ready to give them the benefit of his skill and attention whenever it was required; and the fact that the company always keeps an experienced and able medical practitioner in its employ on the island, adds greatly to its value as a boat-cruising centre.

The launches should be altogether independent of the man-of-war at Aden, and their duty should be the suppression of the slave-trade and nothing else. In this way the trade could be practically put an end to as long as the blockade of the Arabian coast was maintained; but the great danger would be the withdrawal of the boats as soon as the trade showed signs of material diminution. This was done in the case of the *London*, stationed at Zanzibar for the suppression of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa. As soon as a year came in which few captures were made, it was concluded that the slave-trade was finally crushed, and the vessel was withdrawn, when the trade at once revived with even more than its original vigour. To do any good, the trade must be kept down with a strong hand for enough years for the people to learn to do without slaves, and so stop the demand.

It seems curious that the king of Abyssinia does not take more active steps for the protection of his subjects, as most of these children are taken from his dominions; but I hope that was partly the object of the Abyssinian embassy which visited Zeilah in November last.

The question as to whether the employment of adult negroes as slaves for manual labour is a good or a bad thing for them is one that has been much discussed in the past; but there can be no two ways of looking at the case of these unfortunate children, and all Europe should rise and insist that such a scandal should cease. The new Treaty between England and Italy provides that vessels carrying slaves under their flags should be treated as pirates, and surely vessels under any flag whatsoever should be so treated when they are caught carrying children as slaves for such a traffic as this. But the Turkish government seems to consider

one to two years' imprisonment an adequate punishment; and the French government apparently thinks the offence too trivial to require legislating for; while we who have always led the way in the endeavour to put down slavery in every form, content ourselves with making what may be called a nominal protest against the most horrible side of it, and are forced to acknowledge that the Italians have shown treble the zeal and earnestness that we have.

It is high time that this state of affairs should cease, and that England should once more resume her proud position as champion of the oppressed; and there never was a more favourable time than the present for commencing an attack upon this abominable trade and carrying it to a satisfactory conclusion.

Bab-el-Mandeb means 'the gate of tears,' and the name must have fearful significance for some of these poor children; but if Perim—which might be called the hinges of the gate—is made the headquarters of a flotilla of English boats for the purpose of releasing the slaves, the name of the Strait may be altered to 'the gate of the drying of tears.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,
Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—CRABB.

THE atmosphere was still red with the sunset, though the luminary was below the horizon, and there was plenty of light to see by. An extraordinary shout went up from amongst the men at the sight of Crabb, as he leapt out of the hatch in the heart of the little cloud of smoke. Those who were on the side of the deck on to which he jumped recoiled with a positive roar of horror and fright, one or two of them capsizing and rolling over and over away from the hatch, as though they were in too great a hurry to escape to find time to get upon their legs.

I very well remember feeling the blood desert my cheek, whilst my heart seemed to come to a stand, and my breathing grew difficult at the apparition of the fellow. *Crabb!* Why, I had seen him lying dead in his bunk! I had heard of him as lying stitched up in a hammock on this very fore-hatch! I had beheld that same hammock flash overboard, and I had watched it lifting and fri-king away astern! Who, then, was yonder hideous creature that had jumped in hobgoblin fashion out of the hold? Could he be the buried Crabb himself?

There is no lack of things to frighten people withal in this world; but I cannot conceive of any shock comparable to the instant consternation felt by a man who meets another of whose death he is profoundly assured, and whom he has been thinking of as a corpse, dead and buried, for any number of days gone by. The general horror, the prodigious universal amazement which held the mate and me and others amongst us

speechless and motionless, as though we had been blasted and withered up by some electric bolt from heaven, scarcely endured a minute; yet by that handful of seconds was the picture of this amazing incident framed. I see Crabb now as he let fall his arm from his face when his fit of choking coughing ceased; and I recall the blind wild look of his distorted eyes, as he slowly turned his countenance round, as though the mild evening light was violently oppressive to his vision after the days of blackness passed in the hold. His repulsive countenance was dark with dirt and grime. I observed many scratches upon his arms, which were naked to the elbows, as though he were fresh from squeezing and boring through some ugly jagged intricacies of stowed commodities. His shirt hung in rags upon him; there were many rents in his loose trousers; and there was blood upon his exposed chest, from a wound seemingly made by the sharp head of a nail or some edge of iron-sheathed case.

'Seize that man, bo'sun,' suddenly roared Mr Prance, leaping out of his benumbed condition of astonishment in a way to make one think of a bull sweeping out through a hedge: 'handeuff him, and shut him up in your berth for the present. Get the head-pump rigged—the hose passed along.—Jump for buckets, and stand by to pass them down.'

The powerful hand of the boat-wain closed like a vice upon Crabb's neck. I thought to see a struggle, but the ugly sailor seemed weak and dazed, and stepped passively to the boat-wain's berth into which my friend shot him, following and closing the door, to conceal, I suppose, the operation of manaching the man from the eyes of the half-stupefied Jacks.

Half-stupefied, I say: but the orders of the mate were like the flourish of some magic wand over each man. There was a headlong rush, though with something of discipline in the hurry of it too, at the chief-officer's command. Smoke was draining through the open hatch, floating up thinly and lazily, though it was a thing to make one hold one's breath, not knowing but that the next vomit might prove a thicker, darker coil, with a lightning-like reddening of the base of it to the flicker of some deep-down tongue of flame. Fire at sea! Ah, great God! Out of the mere thought of it will come the spirit of the fleetest runner into the laziest and most lifeless shanks!

The mate sprang on top of the cases stowed level with the lower edges of the hold with a cry for men to follow him. The interior was the fore-part of the 'tweendecks, bulkheaded off some little distance before the mainmast, and filled with light, easily-handled goods. The hatch conducting to the ship's hold lay closed immediately under these few tons of freight in a line with the yawning square into which Mr Prance had sprung. Where was the fire? If in the lower hold, then heaven help us! I glanced aft and saw the captain hastily walking forward. The passengers had come together in a crowd, and were staring with pale faces from the head of the poop ladder. Old Keeling was perfectly cool. He asked no questions, made no fuss, simply came to the side of the hatch, saw Mr Prance and a gang of men at work breaking out the cargo, and stood watching, never hindering

the people's labour by a question. His keen seaward eye took in everything in a breath. One needed but to watch his face to see that. The placidity of the fine old fellow was a magnificent influence. In an incredibly short space of time, the captain meanwhile never once opening his lips, the head pump was rigged, the hose trailed along and pointed ready, a number of seamen were standing in files with buckets ranged along all prepared for drawing water and passing it to the hatchway with the swiftest expedition. I cannot express the wonderful encouragement the heart found in this silence alone. The captain trusted his chief-mate, saw that he exactly knew what to do, and stood by as a spectator, with just one look of approval at his quiet, resolute, deep-breathing ranks of seamen awaiting orders.

Once he turned his purple face, and observing Mr Johnson and Mr Emmett and one or two others nervously edging their way forwards, he beckoned with a long forefinger to a boat-swain's mate and said in a low voice: 'Drive those gentlemen aft on to the poop, and see that none of the passengers leaves it.' He glanced at me once, but said nothing, possibly because he had found me looking on when he arrived.

All as tranquilly as though the job was no more than the mere breaking-out of a few boxes of passengers' luggage, the work of removing the cargo so as to get at the fire proceeded. The smoke continued to steal stealthily up. The contents of the cases I do not know, but they were light enough to be lifted easily. A number of them were got on deck. The mate and Mr Cocker—who had arrived from his cabin shortly after the captain had come—headed the gang of workers, and rapidly disappeared in the lanes they opened.

'Here it is!' at last came a muffled shout.

Mr Cocker coming out of a dark hole like a rat, with the perspiration streaming from him as though a bucket of oil had been capsized over his head, sang out for the hose to be overhauled and the pump to be worked.

'Have you discovered the fire, sir?' said the captain, edling down to him in such a collected voice as he would have used in requesting a passenger to take wine with him.

'Yes, sir. It is a small affair. The hose will suffice I think, sir.'

An instant after, the clanking of the plied pump was to be heard along with the sound of water steadily gushing, followed by a cloud of steam, which quickly vanished. A quarter of an hour later the mate came up black as a chimney-sweep. He touched his cap to the captain and simply said: 'The fire's out, sir.'

'What was it, Mr Prance?'

'A bale of blankets, sir.'

'Can you guess how it originated?'

'I expect that the man Crabb'—began the mate.

The captain started and stared.

'The man Crabb,' continued Mr Prance, 'whom we imagined dead and buried, sir, has been skulking in the hold'—old Keeling frowned with amazement—'and I have no doubt he fired the bale whilst lighting his pipe.'

'Crabb in the hold!' cried the skipper; 'do you speak of the man whom we buried, sir?'

'The same, sir,' answered Mr Prance.

Old Keeling gazed about him with a gaping face. 'But he died, sir, and was buried,' he exclaimed. 'I read the funeral service over him, and saw, sir—Mr Prance, I *saw* with my own eyes' the hammock fall from the grating after it had been tilted.'

The chief-officer said something in reply which I did not catch, owing to the noise amongst the men who were yet in the hold and the talk of the sailors round about. He then walked to the boatswain's berth, followed by the captain, that old Marline-spike's eyes might bear witness to the assurance that the Crabb who had leapt up out of the fore-hatch in a smother of smoke was the same Crabb who had been solemnly interred over the ship's side some weeks before.

Mr Cocker came wriggling out of the hold and got on to the deck alongside of me to superintend the restowal of the broken-out goods.

'Is the fire out?' I asked.

'Black out,' he answered. 'It was no fire, to speak truly of it, Mr Dugdale. A top bale of blankets or some such stuff was smouldering in about the circle of a five-shilling piece—a little ring eating slowly inwards, but throwing out smoke enough to furnish forth a volcano for a stage-scene. A beastly smell! not to speak of some of the stuff down there; as blackening as a shoe-polisher's brushes.' Here he looked at the palms of his hands, which were only a little more grimy than his face. '—But what's this I hear about Crabb? Has the dead sailor come to life again?'

'He's yonder,' said I, nodding towards the boatswain's berth, which the captain and mate had entered, closing the door after them: 'you'll need to see to believe. Time was that when a man was dropped over a ship's side with a cannon-ball at his feet he was as dead as if his brains were out. D'y'e remember, Mr Cocker, how that hammock went floating astern, as if there were less than a dead sailor in it, though something more than nothing? There's been some stealthy diabolical scheme here, depend upon it. We may yet find out that the ship wasn't scuttled because the ugly rogue hadn't time to pierce through the lower hatch before he set the vessel on fire.'

'But he was a dead man, sir; Hemmeridge saw him dead,' cried Cocker, eyeing me with an inimitable air of astonishment.

'Ay,' said I, 'dead as the bones of a mummy. But he's *there* all the same,' I added, pointing to the fore-castle cabin, 'as alive as you or I, and capable, I daresay, of kicking after a little.'

At this moment the mate put his head out of the boatswain's berth and called to Mr Cocker, on which I walked leisurely aft, with amazement in me growing, and scarcely capable of realising the truth of what I had seen.

The passengers were still crowding the fore-part of the poop, peering and eagerly talking, but in subdued voices, with Colonel Bannister moving angrily amongst them, and the boatswain's mate sentinelling the foot of the ladder.

'Oh, Mr Dugdale,' cried Mrs Radcliffe, leaning over the rail and crying down her question with a pecking motion of her head; 'is the fire out, do you know? Are we safe?'

'The fire is out, madam,' I replied, lifting my hat; 'and the ship is as safe this minute as ever

she was in the Thames. Captain Keeling will, I have no doubt, be here very shortly to reassure you.'

Miss Temple, towering half a head above her aunt, looked down at me with an air of imperious questioning in her face. There was a hot scarlet blush all along the west, yet with power enough in its illumination to render each face of the crowd above quite distinguishable against the tender shadow stealing from the east into the air, and I could see an eagerness in the girl's full, dark, glowing, and steadfast gaze to warrant me the honour of a conversation with her if I chose to ascend the ladder. But just then Hemmeridge came out of the cuddy on to the quarter-deck with just the hint of a stagger in his walk. His eyes showed that he was only just awake, and his hair that he had run out of his cabin in a hurry.

'I say, Dugdale,' he exclaimed, 'what's been the matter, hey? Fire, is it? And the steward tells me that Crabb has come back. Has the man gone mad?'

'There's been a fire,' said I, 'and Crabb has come back.'

Here Cocker came along the deck.

'Doctor, the captain wants you.'

'Where is he?'

'Come along; I'll take you to him,' said the second mate, running his eye over Hemmeridge's figure with a half-look on at me full of meaning in it.

They walked forward, the doctor a trifle unsteady in his gait, I thought.

I went to my berth for some tobacco; I stayed a short time below, and when I returned, the last scar of sunset was gone. The west was a liquid violet darkness trembling with stars, and the ship was floating through the darkness of the night, which in these latitudes follows swiftly upon the heels of the departing day. Captain Keeling had come aft, and was standing in the midst of a crowd of passengers answering questions, and soothing the women, who were snapping inquiries in whole volleys, their voices threaded by tremors and shrill with nerves. Mr Prance, who had found time to cleanse himself, was on deck in charge of the ship. All was hushed forwards. Against the stars twinkling over the line of the fore-castle rail under the foot of the foresail, that slowly lifted and fell to the heave of the ship, I could distinguish the outlines of sailors moving here and there in twos and threes. A subdued hoarse growling of voices came out of the block of darkness round about the galley and the long-boat, where were gathered a number of men, doubtlessly discoursing on the marvellous incident of the evening. The glittering brilliants in the sky winked like dewdrops along the black edge of the spars and at the extremity of the yardarms; and spite of the voices of the people aft and of the mutterings forward, so deep was the ocean hush up aloft that again and again the sound of the delicate night-breeze, breathing lightly into the visionary spaces of the sails, would fall like a sigh upon the ear.

'An exciting piece of work, Mr Prance,' said I, stepping to his side, 'taking it from the start to the close.'

'Why, yes,' he answered. 'The passengers

will not be wanting in experiences to relate when they get ashore. Enough has happened yesterday and to-day, in the way of excitement, I mean, to last out an ordinary voyage, though it were as long as one of Captain Cook's.

'What has Hemmeridge to say about this business of Crabb, do you know?' I asked.

'You will keep the news to yourself, if you please,' he answered; 'but I don't mind telling you that he's under arrest—that is to say, he has to consider himself so.'

'What for?' I asked, greatly astonished.

'Why, Mr Dugdale,' said he, slowly looking round, to make sure that the coast was clear, 'you may easily guess that this business of the scoundrel Crabb—an old pirate, as I remember telling you—signifies a very deep-laid plot, an atrociously ingenious conspiracy.'

'I supposed that at once,' said I.

'The fellow Crabb feigned to be dead,' he continued. 'A sham it must have been, otherwise he wouldn't be in irons yonder. Now, are we to believe that Hemmeridge can't distinguish between death and life? He reports the man dead to the captain. The fellow is stitched up; but, as we have since ascertained, a prepared hammock is substituted for the one that conceals his remains, and we bury maybe some clump of wood. This is the part Captain Keeling least likes, I think. He is a pious old gentleman, and his horror when——' He checked himself with a cough, and a sound on top of it like a smothered laugh, as though he enjoyed some fancy in his mind, but durst not be too candid, since it was the captain he talked about.

'It is assumed,' said I, 'that Hemmeridge represented Crabb as dead knowing him to be alive?'—He nodded.—'What will have been the object?' I continued, shaping out the truth as, bit by bit, it formed itself in my head. 'Robbery, of course. Ay, Mr Prance, that will have been it. Crabb is to be smuggled into the hold, the notion throughout the ship being that he is dead and overboard; and when in the hold'—— I stopped.

'Well,' said he with a shrug of his shoulders, 'there's the mail-room. What else? With a parcel of diamonds in it worth seventy thousand pounds, not to speak of money, jewelry, and other precious matters.'

'By heavens! did any man ever hear the like of such a plot?' cried I; 'and Hemmeridge is suspected as a confederate?'

'We shall see, we shall see,' he answered.

'Just tell me this, Mr Prance,' I exclaimed, thirsty with curiosity, 'who are the others involved? Somebody must have shifted Crabb's remains.'

'The sailmaker is in irons,' said he.

'Yes! I might have sworn it! Why is it that the high Roman nose of that clipp has haunted my recollection of the ghastly appearance Mr Crabb presented at every recurrence of my mind to the loathsome picture?'

He slightly started, and I could see him eyeing me earnestly.

'By the way,' he exclaimed, 'now that I think of it, Hemmeridge showed Crabb's body to you, didn't he?'

'Certainly he did,' I responded.

'Well, it will give the doctor a chance,' said

he, as though thinking aloud; and so saying he made some steps in the direction of the captain, and I went down on the quarter-deck to blow a cloud and muse upon the matters he had filled my mind with.

SENSATION IN LOW FORMS OF LIFE.

If the green scum which accumulates on roofing-tiles and other exposed surfaces be washed off and the water examined under a microscope, it will be found to teem with an organism either entirely green or partly green and red. This organism is known as the *Protococcus* (that is, 'first berry'), and is one of the lowest and simplest forms of true plant-life. Its colour indicates the presence of chlorophyll, and consequently the power of assimilating carbon from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere—one of the marks of a true plant. The chief end of the *protococcus* life seems to be to multiply, and this it accomplishes by dividing itself in pieces, each piece forming a new individual, which in turn divides up, to form a further crop. This method of reproduction is common in the lowest forms of life, and is known as *fission*, or splitting off. Little can be said about the inner life of the *protococcus*; but from the fact that the rapidity with which it multiplies is affected by conditions external to itself, it may be assumed that these conditions in some way or other influence the vitality of the organism. This is perhaps as much as can be said about sensation in this lowly form of life; yet, while occupying a position very near the bottom of the scale, the *protococcus* is not without a touch of romance. When Arctic or Alpine travellers meet with what they describe as 'red snows,' it is nothing more nor less than the humble but hardy *protococcus* flourishing and multiplying on the surface of the virgin snow.

From one of the lowest of plants to one of the lowest of animals is but a short step, and in some roadside ditch or stagnant pool the *Amœba* finds a home. The *amœba* is a mere speck of jelly-looking matter, possessing neither structure nor organisation. When this simple matter is found in connection with life, whether plant or animal, it is known as *protoplasm*; and *protoplasm* is found at the beginning of every form of life, from the lowest plant to man himself. The *amœba* is ever changing its form (hence its name, which means 'change'), and by pushing out finger-looking processes is able to move about through the water. It seems also to be able in some mysterious way to avoid collisions which might be disastrous to itself. When a smaller organism comes against the surface of the *amœba*, a contraction of the *protoplasm* takes place, and an opening is made where the organism struck. Soon the luckless wanderer is engulfed in the body of the *amœba*, and digested, so far as it will digest, to form new *protoplasm*. When the *amœba*, whose sense of hunger never seems to fail, is waxing too fat for its own comfort, the protruding fingers now and again drop off, and setting up on their own account as new individuals, repeat the life of the parent. From the foregoing, it will be seen that the *amœba* is to a considerable extent alive to what is going on around it, and were its structure unknown, it might be affirmed that it possessed the special

senses of at least touch and sight. But it does not possess the ghost of any sense-organ. The contraction of the amoeba when struck by another body resembles the contraction of muscular tissue under sudden irritation; but again, the amoeba has no tissue of any kind. The parting with pieces of itself would seem to be a deliberative act. Yet the amoeba has no nerve or brain centre where such deliberation could be carried on.

Notwithstanding all these negations, the fact still remains that the amoeba is sensitive to outside conditions, and some term or terms are required to describe this particular form of sensitivity. Biologists appear to be agreed that the contractile motion of the amoeba is sufficiently described under the term 'irritability' or 'excitability,' and the other movements are covered by the term 'discrimination.' These terms may to a certain extent be satisfactory; but their value will be better understood when actions similar to that of the amoeba are considered in one or two of the higher classes of plants. When a tiny insect alights on certain parts of such plants as the sundew or Venus's fly-trap, a contractile movement is at once set up, which usually costs the luckless insect its life. If irritated a few times by the point of a pencil or a sharp instrument, the plants seem to discover the fraud, and cease to act. Drops of rain falling with presumably greater force than that exerted by the alighting of an insect, produce no effect. The sundew, moreover, is so sensitive to the presence of ammonia, that it will indicate its presence in a solution so dilute as to be beyond the recognition of the ordinary laboratory tests.

From the behaviour of these plants it might be surmised that they possess in some measure the special senses of touch and taste, and in the case of the sundew, also smell, to say nothing of an intelligence to make use of these senses. But the anatomy of the sundew and Venus's fly-trap shows neither nerve nor muscle, far less any special organs of sense. As with the amoeba, biologists write down the whole phenomena as due to 'irritability' and 'discrimination.' These terms no doubt form a very convenient bridge for getting over such problems as the movements of plants; but they evidently fall short of explaining the phenomena.

The amoeba being to all intents a one-celled animal, it is comparatively easy to understand that an act of irritation should affect the whole mass; but in the case of the sensitive plants, where the cells directly acted upon have to pass the irritation on to some millions of other cells, the satisfactoriness of the term 'irritability' is not quite so apparent. Again, the term 'discrimination' no doubt pretty accurately describes the actions of the sensitive plants in closing on an insect which will form food, and refusing to close repeatedly at the touch of a pencil. But while it describes what takes place, it explains nothing; and one cannot help thinking that there is a further field for discovery behind these convenient but unsatisfactory terms.

The second division in the scale of animal life includes the great family of sponges. The sponge differs from the amoeba in being composed of many cells, instead of a single one, and presents the first indications of division of labour in the animal kingdom. One set of cells are told off to look

after the supplies, while another set see to the digesting and building-up of material.

When first cast on its own resources, the young sponge is a small slimy body covered with minute hairs or lashes, by the movement of which it roams about in perfect freedom. By-and-by the sponging seems to grow tired of a roving life; or perhaps the continual dread of being swallowed by one of its enemies more than counterbalances all the joy of its youthful pleasures. At all events it manifests a desire for 'settling down;' and some root-looking processes having meanwhile appeared at one end of its body, it attaches itself by these to the spot where it is to spend the remainder of its days. This is usually the solid rock; but it may be the surface of a pebble, or the back of a crustacean. By some newly-acquired vital power, the settled-down sponge now commences to separate lime or flinty material, either from its food or directly from the sea; and the fibrous structure, characteristic of the mature sponge, soon begins to appear. The lashes which have hitherto been used round the outside for catching food are now drawn inside, just when one would imagine that their presence outside would be all the more required for the increasing wants of the growing sponge. But the lashes have only been removed to a position of greater safety, not of less usefulness. Chambers are formed at intervals in the minute canals which everywhere irrigate the growing fibrous structure, and in these lies the future work of the lashes. By a vigorous concerted movement of all the lashes in the various chambers, water is drawn in through the small canals, and passed on to a larger canal in the centre, which opens to the top, and is there emitted with some force. By this arrangement food is drawn in all around the sponge, and as far as possible caught and digested by the slimy material. Should an extra-lively organism be drawn in and show an inclination to fight, the fibrous matter acts as a protection; and the would-be fighter must either be content to pass on and be ejected by the funnel, or run the risk of being absorbed in the digestive slime, and thus end its fighting days for ever.

Although the fibres of an ordinary sponge do not appear to form any regular design in their structure, there is a species known to flourish in the neighbourhood of the Philippine Islands which does produce a sponge of remarkable beauty and design. This production is known as 'Venus's flower-basket,' and so exquisitely is the pattern worked out that it may fitly be compared to the finest lace.

From the few features of sponge-life just mentioned, it seems difficult to believe that the sponge can display so much apparent intelligence without any organs of special sense. Specially wonderful is it to contemplate the fairy-looking lacework of Venus's flower-basket, and know that it has been constructed by an organism possessing not even the most rudimentary form of eyes.

The settling-down of the free swimming sponging might possibly be induced by the slimy matter acquiring a more solid, and consequently heavier condition, at the end by which it ultimately becomes attached. The preference for solid rock as a permanent place of abode might be accounted for simply by the prevalence of rock in the parts of the sea where sponge-life abounds. But the

formation of small canals, leading to larger ones which ultimately open to the outside, the small chambers, with the movement of the lashes, causing a current through the whole system, betokens an adaptation of means to ends that can scarcely be conceived of without associating with it a certain amount of intelligence. The sponge, however, possesses no nervous system or any of the features on which intelligence is usually understood to depend. Again, the terms 'irritability' and 'discrimination' seem quite inadequate to meet the case, and recourse is had with some reluctance to the doctrine of 'natural selection,' or the 'survival of the fittest.' This theory teaches that in some bygone age all sponges perished except a few who conformed to the mode of life that obtains with sponges of the present day. Of the families of these few, only those survived who conformed to the same rule, of life. With each succeeding generation the tendency to conform would become stronger, until now the tendency to perform certain operations is transmitted from one generation to another, just as truly as the individuality itself. Granting that this is the true explanation of the sponge's mode of life, the question arises, How did the first sponge manage to strike out this line of conduct? If we assume that the first sponge had a dispensation of some special power—whatever name it might be called by—could the same power not be granted to every succeeding generation? As in the case of the sensitive plants already referred to, there seems to be some mystery in the life-history of the sponge which biologists have not yet solved, and possibly never will.

The next group to the sponges in the animal scale includes the sea-anemones and jelly-fishes, and it is in these curious creatures that the first appearance of a rudimentary nervous system and organs of special sense are found to appear. To these, however, we may revert on a future occasion.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.'

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Holmes returned with the child to Kensington, Mrs Burton was still absent from home, which was a very remarkable fact in regard to that domesticated little woman, and one which the good-humoured neighbour who resumed charge of Nellie declared unprecedented. But no doubt she conjectured Mrs Burton had met her husband and was waiting to come home with him.

To some extent this was the case, for, as Frank Holmes gave little Nellie a parting kiss and a sixpence, Burton and his wife were seen coming up the street. He was glad to meet Burton, in order to obtain from him confirmation of the news brought by Mr Clayton.

The story was an extraordinary one, and Mrs Burton, blushing and proud, was the heroine of it. The little woman would hardly have consented to the death of a dog, if it had bitten her child; but she had put the last rivet in Claude Faune's fate without a qualm. This was because she had no thought of that unfortunate individual at all, all her thoughts being

centred in the reward and promotion awaiting her husband upon successfully proving his case.

It was Mrs Burton, then, who had enabled her husband to identify Mrs Musgrave as the lady who had been the murderer's agent in luring the poor governess to the place where she received her death-blow.

Cracroft, with warrants for the arrest of Musgrave and his wife, was already on his way to Merville. The captain of the steamer had been telegraphed to by the owners—at the request of the authorities—to await a messenger carrying despatches for the Governor-General of Canada. Of course the 'messenger' was the officer with the warrants. Unless Musgrave and his wife gave evidence for the Crown, they would be put in the dock as accessories.

'Of course they will give evidence, to save themselves,' said Holmes, with an oppressive consciousness of the startling revelations that would be made. It would be awkward for himself if Musgrave made known the fact that he had been the depository of this fatal information and had kept silence; but he cared little for this—he felt himself beginning to care little about anything now.

Yet, as the relation proceeded of the singular manner in which Mrs Burton's quick intelligence was enabled to make the important discovery, Holmes was startled, twice, with the force of an electric shock, and a transformation scene passed before his mind which literally dumfounded him with astonishment.

An open church door on a week-day was an attraction which Mrs Burton never resisted unless pressed for time. Two or three minutes sufficed for her purpose. One morning, on her way from the Charing Cross District Railway, she was passing St Martin's-le-Grand, and seeing the door open, went up the steps with Nellie, and remained a few minutes inside, near the door. She noticed a lady and gentleman sitting further up, as if waiting for something or somebody. There was no other person in the church. The child stumbled when Mrs Burton was about to leave, and the sound attracting their attention, the parties glanced round, whispered together a moment, and then the gentleman made a sign to Mrs Burton and walked down to her. He told her that the lady and he were going to be married—they were entire strangers in London—he showed her the license—and would she oblige them by witnessing the ceremony? The lady came along while he was speaking, and when she joined in the request, Mrs Burton consented. The marriage ceremony is dear to the female heart, and it is woman's first duty to aid and abet on every occasion. Besides, the bride was very beautiful, and altogether the whole proceeding was profoundly interesting. The marriage took place, and the names the contracting parties signed in the register were 'John Henry Musgrave'—described as widower—and 'Lucy Morelli,' described as spinster. The gentleman signed nervously; the lady—contrary to rule—quite the reverse.

Thanking Mrs Burton, they walked out of the church, and proceeded together down the street and went into the *Grand Hotel*. Mrs Burton's interest in the parties at whose marriage she had just officiated could not be expected to sub-

side all at once; the great need of the moment was some friend to discourse with on the subject. She remembered one, who was a housemaid in that hotel, and whom she had not seen for some months. Having called and found her, she invited her to tea in the evening; and it happening to be another housemaid's evening out, this lady also—being a friend of the former—was included in the invitation.

Burton did not come home to tea that evening, which made the affair the more enjoyable, the best of men being deficient of sympathy in such a matter. The information that Mr and Mrs Musgrave had been married that morning was a considerable shock to the two ladies from the *Grand Hotel*, and was outside the pale of comment; until the date of their arrival at the hotel was recalled, proving that they had stayed there to fulfil the requirements of the law as to residence before they could obtain a license. The fact that they had left London that very day, soon after the marriage, was corroborative of the foregoing supposition, and it was a considerable surprise both to Mrs Burton and her friend's friend, who was a Miss Browning. But this young woman based her surprise on very noticeable grounds. Granting as seemed to have been clearly the case—that they were waiting to complete the condition of residence before they could be married, it followed that their one object in staying in London was to be married. This being so, what had Mrs Musgrave's motive been for looking for lodgings in another part of London? It was suggested that they might have intended removing to lodgings, as being cheaper and more private, after their marriage; but against this was the fact that they had lost no time in quitting London altogether. But was it certain that Mrs Musgrave had been doing this? Miss Browning was in possession of undoubted proof of the fact. Her mother rented a house in Mount Street, and let it out in apartments; and the daughter happened to be there the morning Mrs Musgrave called to look at the rooms, and recognised her. They were the rooms which Mr Faune had occupied; and when he had been absent a week, and seeing that he was behind with the rent, Mrs Browning, sensible of losing money, tentatively put a card in the window. The lady saw the card, and called to look at the rooms. It was here suggested that it might have been curiosity to see the rooms in which the accused murderer had lived. The answer was that this was impossible, as it was later in the same day when the news of Faune's arrest became known. Besides, Mrs Musgrave merely walked into the bed-chamber and sitting-room, and remarking that they were too small, went away again. After that, nobody had access to the rooms until the police took possession of all Mr Faune's things and removed them. The maid remembered making the reflection that evening, when the news of Mr Faune's arrest was in everybody's hands, how glad Mrs Musgrave must have felt for not taking the apartments.

All this made an interesting tea; but the practical aspect of the information presented itself later. It was eleven o'clock when Burton came home that evening, and before going to

sleep, he confided to his wife the state of the case regarding the newspaper advertisement, exactly as Cracroft had related it to Holmes. Mrs Burton's reasoning powers not being great, she could make nothing of the problem, and fell asleep. But soon after she awoke in the morning, the matter—as one closely identified with domestic interests—was in her powerful mind again, with the result that she suddenly opened her blue eyes very wide, and administered to her husband's side an application of her elbow which instantly roused him from his slumbers. On demanding what she meant, she informed him that it might be worth his while to have a look at Mrs Musgrave's handwriting in the marriage register.

'What reason had you, Mrs Burton,' Holmes inquired at this point, 'for suspecting Mrs Musgrave?'

'Bless you, Mr Holmes,' said Burton, laughing, 'she had no reason at all.' She jumped at it, which is a woman's way; and, what is more, he added, 'she jumped straight too, for we didn't have to look twice at the signature "Lucy Morelli" to be certain that that was the identical handwriting we wanted.'

'Poor creature,' said Holmes; 'what a pity!'

'But I don't suppose,' observed Burton, 'that if they give their evidence freely, it will matter much to them.'

Holmes made no reply, but resting his elbows on his knees, was buried in thought for several minutes. Then he asked Burton if he had ever seen the register of the marriage of Julius Vernon and Margaret Neale.

'Certainly. We had it photographed. Here is a copy.'

He produced the paper from a pocket-book, and Holmes perused it attentively. There were the signatures of 'Julius Vernon' (sprawled and splashed, as already described), 'Margaret Neale,' 'J. O. Spiller' and 'C. Smith' being witnesses. He remembered what Musgrave had told him of his signing the register as 'J. O. Spiller,' and he examined this signature with close interest. He could have sworn, now, that Musgrave never wrote that signature.

'Well, Burton,' he said, standing up and drawing a deep breath, 'an extraordinary development of your case is coming on, I believe. Will you let me know as soon as Musgrave and his wife have been arrested? You will hear early to-morrow. I will be at my rooms till one o'clock.'

Burton promised to let him know immediately the arrests were telegraphed by Cracroft.

'Thanks, Burton. Come round to me yourself if you can, and I may tell you something that will startle you.' Then he went away, leaving them puzzled as to his meaning.

On his way back to his lodgings he called at Cadogan Place to inquire how Mary Clayton was.

'She is quieter now,' Mr Clayton told him, 'and has gone to her own room for the evening. —Frank,' he added earnestly, 'I am afraid this affair will kill her. If she had killed that girl with her own hand, she could hardly be worse. Nothing will make her see that she is quite blameless in the matter.'

Holmes knew this, but believed that there

was more; however, he was silent. 'She will be better to-morrow,' he said.

'She will never be the same child—never.'

'You must lose no time in taking her out of London, Mr Clayton. But she will soon be better.'

Mr Clayton pressed him to remain for dinner; but he pleaded several things to do, and went away. The moment he reached his rooms he sat down and wrote a letter, which he presently despatched to Mr Crudie by a commissionaire from his club. He dined, and read the newspapers up to ten o'clock, when he returned and went to bed.

At eleven o'clock next morning he was at Mr Crudie's office and saw that gentleman.

'Well, Mr Holmes, I went, as you requested, to Faune this morning, and put to him the questions you indicated. He refused to answer them.'

After a minute's thought Holmes asked: 'Could you get me an interview with him? I would rather not have to do it; but I will make him speak.'

The solicitor expressed his readiness to accompany him at once. On the way to the prison, Holmes told him all about the discovery of the advertisement and of the connection of the Musgraves with the matter. He also related Musgrave's statement to himself.

'My dear sir,' exclaimed the solicitor, aghast, 'where is the use of going further? Those people will hang him.'

'Let us see, first, the effect the news will have on your client, Mr Crudie.'

When they were introduced to the cell in which Faune was confined, pity took the edge off Frank Holmes's abhorrence of the unfortunate man. His hair was turned gray, and his eyes were almost as colourless as his face. A more helpless, apathetic look no human countenance could wear.

He started on seeing Holmes; then a tinge of shame crossed his face, after which he dropped his eyes and set his features into a look of obstinacy.

'Now, Faune,' said Holmes, losing no time, 'you have chosen to refuse any assistance to your solicitor in preparing your defence. If you suppose, however, that your proceedings have remained a mystery, you are mistaken. Musgrave has left England, and has taken with him the five thousand pounds you gave him that night in Hyde Park. He told me the whole story of his relations with you before he left. Would you care to hear it?'

Faune made a movement of interest. Holmes then related it to him in detail. The effect was exactly as he anticipated. The prisoner stood up with inflamed face and denounced the story as an infamous fabrication.

'Very well,' said Holmes quietly. 'They have been arrested, and are being brought back. Musgrave will swear all this against you; and Mr Crudie will warn you of the danger of the evidence, if you don't see it yourself. How do you propose to disprove it? Or are you content to allow the world to believe that you murdered your wife, and bribed this man with five thousand pounds to keep silence? That is how the case stands. The police have the original of your

advertisement to Musgrave making the appointment; it is known you gave him the cheque, because he paid it in to his account in a bank.'

'How can I disprove anything he likes to swear? I have no witnesses.'

'You can answer any question your solicitor puts to you; he will make the best use of such light as you give him. At present, all he requires of you is to task your memory as to that meeting with Musgrave in the Park.'

'There is no need to task my memory; I remember it well.'

'Where did you meet him?'

'Near the small gate facing South Street—a little to the south side of it. He was there before me; he had been dining somewhere, he said, Oxford Street way. We were not five minutes together.'

'Which way did he go away?'

'Towards Hyde Park Corner. I went on the other way as far as the Marble Arch, and back to the same place, keeping the walk just inside the railings.'

'Is it true you left the Park by Grosvenor Gate?'

'Quite true. I thought it was later, and never thought of the gate at Mount Street being open.'

'While you were with Musgrave did no person pass near you, either in the Park or outside in the street?'

'No, except a woman, outside the railings, who was walking quickly towards Oxford Street. I should not have noticed her, only that she stopped for an instant, and something in her figure or attitude gave Musgrave a start. Then she hurried on, and he laughed, explaining that at first glance he fancied it was his wife, whom he had left at the hotel in bed.'

'You did not see him again?'

'I did not, except once; this was next evening.'

'Sunday evening?' said Holmes with some surprise.

'Yes, when I was going to dinner,' was the answer.

But it was evident that, for some extraordinary reason, Faune would not go beyond this. He would not say what passed between them on this occasion, but admitted that he started immediately for Dover. Why had he taken no luggage with him? He replied, for want of time to go back, and because Musgrave promised to send it next day. He further declared that he was absolutely ignorant of the murder until he was arrested for it. As to the money, he would only say that he owed Musgrave about one-fourth of the amount of the cheque, which it was vitally necessary for him to pay that night—there was an acceptance due; this was all.

But here Crudie took him by surprise. 'Whose name was to that acceptance? Out with it, man; we know it was forged.'

'Very well; it was Mr Clayton's,' he answered, reddening and dropping his eyes. 'Now you know why I had to find the money; I was completely in his power.'

'Did he hand you the acceptance in exchange for the cheque?'

'No; not until he should be satisfied about the cheque going through all right; he kept both.'

With regard to the mode of making the appointment—through the newspaper—Faune's account, when questioned, corresponded with that given by Musgrave. He said he had never seen Musgrave's wife. He refused to state the reason of his leaving London—refused in such a way as to show that on this point nothing should be got from him.

Then they came away. Mr Crudie was puzzled as to the object Holmes had before him in this interview; but his curiosity was not satisfied until they were back in the privacy of his own office.

'Mr Crudie,' he said to the astonished lawyer, 'if there is anything clear to my mind under the sun, it is the mystery of "Julius Vernon." Musgrave is the man!'

MASTER AND SERVANT AS THEY WERE.

'It is a far cry to Loch Awe;' and from the day when Harold conquered at Stamford Bridge to our own time is a long interval, and the difference between the position of the *thelwe* and *esne* of Anglo-Saxon chroniclers and that of the gentleman's gentleman of to-day is undoubtedly great. But as the gulf of time may soon be bridged over, so the change in the relationship between master and servant in the two periods may quickly be traced.

In Anglo-Saxon days, servants were undoubtedly treated very badly. There was perhaps something pleasant in the character of a pre-feudal household which deprived domestic servitude of some of its worst features. To the present generation the custom of high and low, young and old, sitting round the long oaken table at meals may serve to conjure up a pleasing picture; and the fashion of all parties gathering round the fire on winter evenings, carolling songs and going into ecstasies of laughter at the wit of the minstrel or the drollery of the juggler, may serve as an illustration in favour of the 'good old times.' But the fact that servants very often ran away in spite of the brutal penalties that awaited a recaptured deserter, proves that the condition of the retainers was not all that our *faneys* paints it. In feudal times, when the position and security of a man of rank depended upon the extent of his household, servants were in no better a position. Every groom and footboy was converted into a soldier, and until private warfare grew obsolete, every man was liable to be called upon to fight. As to the lowest class of serfs, they took rank with the oxen and the swine which they tended, and could be sold with the land upon which they worked. Like many other great changes, serfdom died out by degrees, and it was not extinguished in England for a great many years. Hume, indeed, says that some instances of bondage may be traced to the reign of Elizabeth. In Scotland, serfdom existed among colliers and salters down to nearly the end of last century.

In the time of Shakespeare domestic service was in a state of transition: the old system was decaying, the new one springing into life; and if one may be allowed to judge from casual

references scattered throughout the plays of the poet, the new order does not appear to have been altogether satisfactory. In *King Lear*—to take one example—Kent denounces Oswald, the steward, as a 'knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, worsted-stocking knave!' From Shakespeare's plays it further appears that the servants of the period were companions and confidants of their master, and that they were generally sly and pilfering, and players of practical jokes. In great families it was customary for servants to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office. Posthumus alludes to the usage when he says of Imogene's servants:

Her attendants are
All sworn and honourable.

The condition of servants at this period was therefore peculiar, and it is clear that they were ruled by a curious mixture of stern discipline and great laxity. One mode of enforcing obedience was by imposing forfeits or fines, some of which are enumerated by Sir J. Harrington in his *Nugæ Antiquæ*. For being absent from prayers, for uttering an oath, for leaving a door open, or for any follower visiting the cook, a fine was inflicted; while in another set of rules it is provided that

If any one this rule doth break,
And eat more bread than he can eat,
Shall to the box one penny pay.

In case an offender should refuse to pay 'direct without resistance,' provision is made at the conclusion that

Each one here shall be assistance,
And he that doth refuse to aid
By him one penny shall be paid.

Of the many old rules of this kind still in existence, perhaps the most interesting are those at Windsor Castle. These, according to an inscription at the top of them, were found 'in the study of King Charles I. of Blessed Memory.'

In addition to fines, masters and mistresses had power to chastise refractory servants, as is evident from references in Acts of Parliament. A statute of Henry VIII., entitled, 'An Act for Murder and Malicious Bloodshed within the Court,' provides 'that this Act shall not in anywise extend or be prejudicial or hurtful to any nobleman or to any other person or persons that shall happen to strike his or their servants within the said Palace . . . with his or their hands or fist, or with any small staff or stick for correction and punishment of any offences committed and done or to be committed and done; although an exception is made provided the persons stricken should die within one year after the stroke. A statute belonging to the reign of James I. provides that the Act shall not extend to any person who, in chastising or correcting his child or servant, shall beside his intent and purpose 'chance to commit manslaughter.' Apparently, however, there was some limit to this privilege, for at a Court Baron of the manor of Hendon, held in the time of Henry VIII., E. Rogers was prosecuted for an assault by him on his man-servant, and was fined twenty pence. Where the line was drawn it is difficult to under-

stand. From an allusion in Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, we gather that the sluggard, also, was regarded upon occasion as a suitable subject for corporal punishment.

In a long and somewhat amusing treatise in William Gouge's *Whole Armour of God*, published in 1627, the correction of servants for trivial offences is justified by scriptural references. It is clear, moreover, that the servants of the time bargained for and expected to be beaten, and took their punishment in good part and without any sense of degradation.

The characteristics of the domestic of this period may be briefly summed up by saying that although he was full of tricks, he was less treacherous than his predecessors, and was quite willing to fight valiantly on behalf of his master. In the days of Addison and Steele to pass on to a later period—the gentleman's gentleman, and still more the liveried domestic of whom Johnson discoursed, might not have been quite so trusty a retainer as the stubborn blue-coat of Elizabeth; but he was, as has been well pointed out, more prone to use his inventive faculties for his master than against him.

Before this time, however, great changes had taken place in the relations between employer and employed. The first Act of Parliament for regulating servants' wages was passed so early as the year 1351, a proceeding consequent upon the great plague of 1347-49, by which labour was rendered scarce. Two years previously, an Act had been passed providing that all able-bodied persons having no evident means of subsistence should offer themselves as labourers to any that would hire them. From these two Acts, therefore, sprang the custom of justices meeting once a year to regulate wages, and also the establishment of the hiring fairs or 'mops,' which are still common in some parts of England, and of which there is a representation in Isaac Bickerstaff's *Love in a Village*. It should be noted, however, that whether the origin of labourers standing for hire is due to the Act of 1349 is open to question. In ancient Rome there were particular spots in which servants plied for hire; and the establishment of such a custom in England is noteworthy, as showing the demand for labour. Although the position of servants at this period was by no means one of independence, yet very soon there arose a conflict between master and servant, which slowly waxed fiercer and fiercer, and eventually led to a loud outcry that the servant was the master and the master was the servant.

The notion that domestic service is degrading came in, it is stated, with the Revolution of 1688. It is certain at any rate that before the civil wars ladies of rank usually had for their attendants persons of gentle blood; and if the gentlemen were not so fortunate, we have abundant evidence that they had about them servants whose long service and unswerving fidelity merit the highest admiration. There are in various parts of the country memorials to descendants of the faithful Adam in *As you like It*, bearing witness to the fact that no inconsiderable number of those so immortalised remained in one family quite as long as he who offered to accompany Orlando in his flight. In 1826 was published 'A Collection of Memorials Inscribed to the Memory of good and faithful Servants throughout the Counties of

Berks, Derby, Essex, Gloucester, York,' &c.; and to this the curious reader is referred for many touching inscriptions. The terms of servitude, however, grew shorter in each succeeding generation, and gradually there set in a reaction against the old order. In noting this fact the wits were not slow, nor did they fail, to ridicule the aspirations, the dress, and the language of their domestics. Passing over the times of Addison and Steele, we find, in 1733, an anonymous writer, after noting that women are so scarce that 'from thirty to forty shillings a year their wages are increased of late to six, seven, and eight pounds per annum,' complaining somewhat bitterly that they are 'puffed up with pride nowadays,' and regretting that 'it is hard enough to know the mistress from the maid by her dress.' Garrick, in *High Life Below Stairs*, and many others, also ridiculed the aspirations of the domestic of the period.

Thirty years later than that in which the 'indignant correspondent' wrote—namely, in 1760—steps were taken to put an end to a custom which had obtained for a long time. When Pope decided that he could not afford to dine with the Duke of Montagu because each dinner involved a disbursement of five guineas to the servants of Montagu House, the Duke sent with his subsequent invitation to the poet an order for the amount in question. Thus the difficulty attending 'vails' or tips was overcome in this instance. To avoid paying them was impossible; and indeed a writer in *The World*—famous for its contributions from Lord Chesterfield—hints that a certain noble Lord, by connivance with his servants, really compelled his guests to defray the cost of the entertainment afforded them! At length, however, it was decided to put a stop to this system of extortion, and at a meeting of gentlemen in Scotland in the year 1760, it was resolved that in visiting one another they would give no money to servants, nor allow their own domestics to take any money from their guests. A few days later, the Honourable Company of Scots flunkeys, at their meeting held in Edinburgh, came to a similar determination, although one noble lord vigorously opposed the proposition and threatened to knock down the first servant who refused to accept a gratuity. The servants themselves naturally looked upon the movement with disavour; and in 1764, certain gentlemen who had resisted the payment of vails were attacked in Ranelagh Gardens by an angry mob of footmen. Even at this period there was some form of punishment for refractory servants, for it is frequently recorded that a favourite mode of checking the outbursts of disobedient footmen was the pressgang, which was held out as a dreadful punishment, like a rod to a child.

To trace the growth of liberty among servants after this period is unnecessary. As in every other trade or profession, wages gradually increased, and imperceptibly yet decisively the relations between employer and employed changed until they became what they are at present. Whether the great changes that have taken place in domestic service during the last two centuries have destroyed the faithful relations which have existed, and should exist, between master and man, is perhaps open to question. Although the terms of servitude are now of shorter duration, and although the new order 'has necessarily

become imbued with the spirit of the times, yet between the two classes there is, as a rule, no lack of that devotion which has formed a subject for praise by writers of all ages.

MY AUNT'S COCKATOO.

My Aunt Matilda at the time of her death was a good bit over seventy years of age. As long as I can remember she had been the same in appearance—a staid old lady, somewhat diminutive in height, and decidedly of what Scotch people call a ‘perjink’ manner and appearance. From year to year she scarcely ever varied her style of dress in the slightest particular, and rigidly adhered to the same mode of doing her hair as it had been done in the days of her youth. This consisted of bringing her somewhat scanty locks low down over the forehead, and culminated in a ‘corkscrewy’ ringlet dangling at each cheek, which she often assured me was without doubt the only sensible style of coiffure, and in her early days had been allowed to be specially adapted to her cast of features, and was considered ‘most killing.’ Whatever my own opinion, it was my interest to agree; so I never disputed her contention. I may as well admit at once that I had very good reasons for keeping on the best of terms with my aunt. She was possessed of considerable means, spent little or nothing, and, with the exception of my cousin Bob Steele, had no living relation but myself.

My aunt had never been married—not for want of offers, she frequently informed me—detested children, and seemed to centre all her love and affection on an ancient white cockatoo, which had been in her possession for I do not know the number of years, and was possibly as old as herself. She positively doted on the bird; but there was no cause for jealousy on my part, as she could hardly leave her money to her pet, and that was the main thing. At the same time I never could abide the creature. It neither spoke nor whistled, and with the exception of now and then indulging in a most ungarthly ‘squawk’ was totally devoid of vocal accomplishments. In Aunt Matilda’s eyes, however, it was a paragon of sense and cleverness. There was no bird in the wide world like ‘dear Cockie,’ and to have hinted at the contrary would have been rank heresy, and demolished all my hopes of a favourable mention in her last will and testament. In truth, I once, when a lad, had a narrow escape from such a fate. Even then I hated the creature, and never missed a chance of tormenting it when I could do so without fear of discovery. One day, however, I was fairly caught—caught, in fact, in a double sense. While indulging in some sly digs at the cockatoo, he suddenly made a grab at my hand and took a piece clean out of one of my fingers. My frantic yells at once brought my aunt upon the scene, and I had to confess I had been taking unwarrantable liberties with her favourite. Of course I caught it hot. No anxiety was shown

for me or my lacerated finger; all my aunt’s endearments were reserved for her pet, and grave fears expressed lest he should have swallowed the piece and it might disagree with him. ‘You know,’ she remarked in a serious tone, ‘you know, Ebenezer, he has never been accustomed to eating raw meat!’

It took some time to reinstate me in Aunt Matilda’s good graces; but from that day I had an almost uncontrollable inclination to wring that bird’s neck.

Some years after this unfortunate episode, I really thought we had seen the last of my *bête noire*. One fine morning he somehow or other managed to get free, and the window being open, he unceremoniously took his departure. Aunt Matilda was in despair, and I was at once sent for. I found her in a terrible state, perfectly prostrate with agitation and grief. Men were despatched in all directions, advertisements inserted in the newspapers, and no money or pains spared to effect the recovery of the absconding cockatoo. In my heart I fervently prayed the bird would never be found alive again, but was constrained by circumstances to exhibit an appearance of anxiety and diligence in the search which I certainly did not feel. As luck would have it, however, after an absence of three days the truant was ignominiously brought home in a soot-bag, having been discovered by a chimney-sweep in a disused flue. Into this he had either fallen, or had taken refuge in it from the inclemency of the weather. He was in a filthy and rather emaciated condition, and it was only after a thorough washing that my aunt was able to recognise her ‘dear Cockie.’ Her joy at his recovery was excessive, and even I came in for a share of thanks, amid the general rejoicing, for my praiseworthy exertions! From that time my aunt seemed to regard me with altered feelings; and my hopes rose high as one day she informed me, in confidence, that she was going to make her will and would ‘not forget’ me.

Meantime, the cockatoo’s cage had been found to be defective, and a new one was specially constructed for him. It was made according to his mistress’s directions, extra precautions being taken to prevent a second escape. Not content with this, a silver ring or collar was also procured with her name and address engraved upon it. This, after a good deal of expostulation on the part of the bird, was securely fixed round his neck, much to his disgust. He spent several days in fruitless efforts to claw it off with his feet; but in time got used to it, and his feathers growing over it, it was scarcely noticeable to a casual observer.

My cousin Bob Steele and I often met at Aunt Matilda’s, and to all appearance were on thoroughly friendly terms, as cousins ought to be. Somehow or other, however, Bob and I were never very intimate; and when we left our aunt’s, we generally parted at the first corner. No doubt, Bob had ‘expectations’ like myself, and there may have been a little feeling of rivalry between us; but after my aunt’s confidential reference to her settlement, I felt I could afford to look with complacency on his desperate endeavours to ‘keep sweet’ with the old lady.

So things went on until my aunt's death occurred—somewhat unexpectedly in the end—and Bob and I were called upon to pay our last respects to her memory. To say that I was inconsolable would be an exaggeration. I certainly respected her; but at the same time I felt that the extent to which I was likely to profit in a pecuniary sense would go a long way to assuage my grief. I was in receipt of a very small salary at the time, and any decent sum would be a welcome addition to my annual income. After the funeral—at which Bob Steele and I officiated as chief mourners—my aunt's man of business produced her will, and at once made us aware of its contents. That document was, from my point of view, an extraordinary and at the same time most unsatisfactory one. In the first place she left me her house and furniture. (This was all right, and just what I had expected.) In the second place she bequeathed the sum of two thousand pounds to Bob Steele. (This was not so satisfactory; but of course I could make no objection.) Next, with many injunctions as to proper diet and treatment, she gave to me her 'dear white cockatoo, his cage and contents.' (This was a legacy I would willingly have passed over to Cousin Bob, and one which I did not at all appreciate.) Then came the climax. The residue of her estate, consisting of some three to four thousand pounds invested in Bank stock, was to remain so invested, and the annual income therefrom was to be paid to me so long as the cockatoo lived! At his death, the stock was to be realised, and the proceeds divided equally between Bob Steele and myself.

To say that I was disappointed would be putting the case rather mildly. Here was I saddled with the custody of a creature I detested, and my income dependent on my care of the wretched bird. This was my aunt's idea of 'not forgetting' me. As for Bob Steele, he was infinitely better off than I was. Not only had he a substantial sum at once, but he also participated to the same extent as I did at the ultimate division. No doubt my immediate income was much better than his; but who could say how long it might continue? The whole affair was obviously a clever plan of my Aunt Matilda's to ensure her favourite's being well looked after. Of course my interest would be to keep the bird as long alive as possible, and I tried to console my wounded feelings with the knowledge that cockatoos frequently lived to a great age. I inwardly vowed that nothing on my part would be wanting to keep Cousin Bob out of his share of the residue as long as possible. From the look on his face I could very well see the latter was enjoying my ill-concealed disappointment. He, doubtless knowing the bird to be very old, expected he would soon receive his legacy, which would put him in a much better position than I would be. On one point, however, he was disappointed, and said so openly: this was about the total amount of our aunt's estate. I agreed with him in this, having always considered her to be worth about as much again as her will showed. There was, however, nothing to do but accept the inevitable, and the testator's instructions were carried out with the least possible delay. I immediately took possession of

my aunt's residence, and devoted myself with as good a grace as possible to the care of the cockatoo.

For some time after this I saw little of Bob Steele. We occasionally met in the street; but a rather stiff nod was all the recognition that passed between us. Then I heard he had got married and had given up his situation and taken to speculating on the Stock Exchange. Rumour said his life was not a particularly happy one. His wife was somewhat extravagant, and spent his money freely. Meantime, with my salary and my annual income under my aunt's will, I lived very comfortably. At the same time there was something unpleasant in the thought that my position depended on the life of a wretched old cockatoo. The latter, however, continued in a most lively state of health, and to all appearance seemed likely to last my time. No effort on my part was wanting to assist him in becoming a veritable Methuselah of the parrot tribe.

My aunt died in February; and one evening in the following December I was surprised to receive a visit from my cousin, Bob Steele. He looked rather dejected, and for some time did not inform me of the object of his visit. He talked on things in general; but although he must have seen the cockatoo's cage standing on a side-table, he never once referred to it. We had a bit of supper, and were enjoying a quiet pipe afterwards, when at last he blurted out his reason for calling. It was simply this—his speculations had not turned out as he anticipated; he was in immediate need of four hundred pounds, and wished me to put my name to a bill for that amount.

This, I thought, was rather cheeky on his part, and I had little difficulty in giving him a point-blank refusal. He talked and implored for some time longer, declared he would be ruined, &c.; but at last, seeing me perfectly obdurate, he gave it up and rose to depart. I accompanied him down-stairs, and was assisting him on with his overcoat, when he suddenly remembered he had left his pipe in the sitting-room. He at once ran up-stairs for it, leaving me standing in the hall holding his overcoat. In a few minutes he returned, said good-night in a somewhat curt manner, and took his leave. I felt honestly I was justified in refusing his request. In all probability he would have failed to meet the bill when it came due, and I would have had to retire it, which would have deprived me of any little savings I had. Besides, he had got a good sum in cash by my aunt's will, whilst I at present had not received one penny of principal. I accordingly went to bed that night with a clear conscience. Before doing so, however, I had my usual look at my charge, who was all right, and sound asleep on his perch.

Next morning when I awoke I heard the cockatoo squawking away in his usual vociferous style. Whilst I was at breakfast, my house-keeper, as was her daily custom, removed the cage to give it its regular clean out, at the same time giving the bird a fresh supply of food and water. I then went to business, and returned home at my usual hour—half-past four. Imagine my consternation on being met with the astounding information that the cockatoo was dead! I

was simply thunder-struck. Here was an end to my annuity at a moment when I was never dreaming of such an occurrence. I found the bird lying perfectly stiff at the bottom of the cage, just as my housekeeper had discovered him about an hour previously. What could have been wrong with him? He seemed all right when I left in the morning. Suddenly the fact of Bob Steele's unexpected call and my refusal of his request flashed across my brain. Was it possible he could have had anything to do with the misfortune? Still, I did not see how he could have accomplished any sinister design with me in the room all the evening. My head was in a whirl, and it was only that evening, whilst I lay thinking in bed, that I remembered his return to the sitting-room for his pipe, when he was for a couple of minutes or so alone with the bird. I at once concluded Steele had poisoned him in revenge for my refusal, and to get his share of the residue of our aunt's money without delay.

I was indignant at his treachery, and resolved I would have the bird carefully examined; and should my suspicions prove correct, would make Bob suffer for it. Unluckily, as I mentioned, the cage had been cleaned and the food and water renewed; so I could not get that analysed; but next morning I placed the dead cockatoo in the hands of a competent person for investigation. I then, as in duty bound, went and informed the lawyer of my loss. He sympathised with me, but of course could only proceed to carry out my aunt's behests and divide the money between Bob Steele and myself.

Meantime I waited somewhat impatiently for the result of Cockie's post-mortem. In a few days I received the report. Distinct traces of arsenic were found in the bird's stomach, and seemed to have been administered in the form of poisoned wheat, a favourite species of vermin-killer.

I immediately consulted my legal adviser; but he was afraid I could have no case against Steele. We both were satisfied in our own minds as to his having put the poisoned grain amongst the bird's food, but we had no way of proving it. I also found, on inquiry, that there was actually a box of this same vermin-killer in my own house, which my housekeeper—seeing I would not permit of a cat being kept, for the sake of the cockatoo—used for destroying mice. The lawyer suggested that the woman, who was not aware of the terms of my legacy, might have herself wished to get rid of a disagreeable charge; but nothing could free me from the opinion that my cousin Bob was the culprit.

I had a note the next day from the analyst asking what I wished done with the dead bird, and inquiring if he would send it to a bird-stuffer. I answered at once that he could pitch it out. However valuable the bird was to me alive, it was no use dead, and I never wished to cast eyes on the creature again. As for spending any money on stuffing it—no, thank you! 'Master Cockie' had been a nuisance to me all my life, and now he was gone, I was not going to cry over him, however much I might mourn my lost annuity. The defunct bird's cage was at once removed from my sight, and I made up my mind to make the best of a bad job.

A post or two afterwards I received a small packet. On opening it I found it contained the bird's silver collar, which I had forgotten all about. There was also a note from the analyst saying he had, as desired, put away the dead-bird, but thought it right to send me the collar, which being silver was of some little value, and might be interesting as a memento of an old pet! 'Pet, indeed! Poor man! he little knew my feelings towards 'the deceased.' However, the ring was silver and would realise a few shillings; so I replied, thanking him for it. As for the collar itself, I scarcely looked at it; indeed, I never took it out of the tissue paper in which it was wrapped, but unceremoniously pitched it into a drawer in my desk amongst some other odds and ends.

Some months afterwards, whilst looking through my desk for something or other, I came across the packet. At first I did not remember what it was, and it was only when I opened it out I discovered the cockatoo's silver collar. I did not replace it, however, thinking I might as well get quit of an article which called up no remembrances of a pleasing nature. That evening, as I was sitting in a meditative mood over the fire, I, without thinking, took up the ring and began turning it round in my fingers. The first thing that caught my eye was my aunt's name and address engraved round the outside. Then, just as I was on the point of laying it aside, I observed something scratched on the inside. This at once interested me; and on a closer and more careful examination, I made out the following words: 'To E. R.' These were my initials. 'Apply to North British Bank.—M. B.' These latter were my aunt's initials.

Here was a mystery. The words were roughly scratched with some sharp instrument, and evidently by my aunt herself. 'Apply to North British Bank.' Certainly I would. The message was without doubt intended for me; but what the result of it would be I had no idea.

Next forenoon found me in the private room of the manager of the London branch of the North British Bank. I told my story. He at once turned to the bank ledger, and, much to my amazement, informed me that there was a sum of five thousand pounds standing to my credit! On further inquiry I found this sum had been paid in by my aunt some two years previously, with instructions that it should be utilised for by me personally.

Her seeming unfair treatment of me was now explained. She knew that so long as the cockatoo lived I would be pretty comfortable with my annual allowance, while the fear of losing it made me pay due regard to the comfort and well-being of her favourite. At the same time, when the bird died she made certain I would be none the worse. Dear old lady! I do not believe I ever thought so well of her as I did at that moment. As for Bob Steele, all my animosity was fled. Instead of punishing him for killing the cockatoo—which I still believe he did—why, I blessed him for the deed. Goodness knows how long the wretched bird might have lived, and now, instead of losing by its untimely decease, I would benefit to a considerable degree. It was only another proof of the old saying, that blessings often come in disguise. Certainly, I

did not in my wildest moments ever conjecture it possible I could benefit in the smallest degree by the death of that bane of my existence, 'My Aunt's Cockatoo.'

THE NEW RIVER COMPANY.

AN 'ADVENTURER'S SHARE.'

FROM time to time one sees in the newspaper an announcement to the effect that the fractional part of an 'Adventurer's Share,' or a 'King's Share,' as the case may be, in the New River Company has been put up to auction and sold for a sum which, without exaggeration, may be considered a handsome fortune. Comparatively few persons perhaps know of the origin of these peculiar classes of shares, and a short sketch of their history may therefore prove of interest.

The New River Company, the first and most successful company of its kind, was founded nearly three centuries ago by a Mr Hugh Middleton, a City man of some wealth and repute. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James, various schemes seem to have been projected for supplying the London metropolis with water; but it was not until the year 1609 that anything decisive was done in the matter, when, at the invitation of Mr Middleton, the Court of Common Council transferred the powers they had obtained from parliament to that gentleman, who at once began what was at that time considered a gigantic work. The object in view was to connect certain springs at Chadwell and Anwell, in Hertfordshire, with the metropolis—a distance of some twenty miles; but, owing to the many hills and valleys, nearly double that distance had to be taken for the course.

From the outset the work appears to have been beset with difficulties, on account of the opposition of certain interested landowners, whose action compelled Mr Middleton to ask the corporation for an extension of time in which to complete the undertaking. This having been granted, his next difficulty was the want of funds, the great expense he had already incurred having considerably impoverished him, which obliged him to ask the corporation for financial help; but meeting with a refusal on their part to embark in what they considered a hazardous enterprise, an application, with better success, was made to King James I. The king, it is recorded, in consideration of his having an interest in half the concern, agreed to bear half the expense of the whole work. The shares created were seventy-two in number; thirty-six thus came into the king's possession, and were designated 'King's Shares.'

With the king's support the work proceeded without interruption; the year 1618 witnessing its completion, by which time, however, its originator had been compelled to part with the whole of his thirty-six shares to various persons, such shares being termed 'Adventurer's Shares.'

Although this public-spirited benefactor suffered great losses from his enterprise, it is satisfactory to learn that a few years later he received the honour of knighthood, besides being held in much esteem by the public for his plucky conduct in undertaking a work of such magnitude, and that, after his death, a tribute was paid to his memory by an Urn being placed on a small island near Chadwell, with

an inscription as follows: 'Sacred to the Memory of SIR HUGH MIDDLETON, BART., whose successful Care, assisted by the Patronage of his King, conveyed this Stream to London. An Immortal Work, since Man cannot more nearly imitate the Deity than in bestowing Health.'

Up to the time of the date of the company's charter—the year 1619—the work is said to have cost upwards of half a million of money; and until the year 1633, no dividend appears to have been paid on the shares. In fact, so unpromising was the aspect at that period of the company's affairs, that Charles I. re-granted to the heirs of Sir Hugh the whole of the thirty-six shares possessed by the Crown on condition that a yearly rent of five hundred pounds was paid to the Crown. Thus it will be seen how the general public became possessed of these shares.

It may be of interest to note here that the holder of a King's share is excluded from having any part in the management of the concern, its founder, in order to prevent the direction of its affairs from falling into the hands of courtiers, having stipulated with King James that His Majesty should take no part in the management. Thus these shares are slightly less valuable than those of the 'Adventurers,' which give the holders a seat on the direction. Both classes of shares have by alienation become divided into fractional parts, which in regard to the Adventurers' shares necessitated an application being made, in the year 1711, to the Lord Chancellor to determine how the holders of these fractional shares were to be represented on the Board. The problem was solved by a decree to the effect that the possessors of two or more fractional parts of a share were empowered to jointly nominate one of their number for election to the Board.

To give an idea of the enormous value to which these shares have risen, it may be stated that in the year 1800 one was sold for £14,000; in 1811 the price obtained was £17,000; in 1878, £93,000; and at the close of last year, the eighth part of a share sold for a sum at the enormous rate of £100,000 per share, an amount which in years to come is not unlikely to be exceeded, owing to the reversions of a large property which will accrue to the company, and so still further enhance the value of these historical securities.

SPRING.

CHERLESS the day and wintry, gray and chill;
No gleam of sun; no breath of balmy air;
Within the woods the trees stand gaunt and bare,
Around them Winter's desolation still;
But yet, within those bare and leafless trees,
Though all unseen, do hidden life-germs lurk.
A stir, each hour, in silent ceaseless work;
And on the chilly wind there faintly breathes
A whisper of bright days to come ere long,
When wood and field in beauty shall be clad,
And rich and full shall rise the joyous song
Of birds; and hope anew makes all men glad,
One balmy breath the Winter's charm to break,
And Nature from her long cold sleep will wake!

M. C. C.

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ON THE GIFT OF HUMOUR.

HUMOUR—a keen sense of the ridiculous—has been called, what it undeniably is, a dangerous gift. Charming as cheerfulness is universally allowed to be, and greatly as cheerfulness is aided by a happy sense of humour, this gift may, if indulged beyond the limits of 'becoming mirth,' be destructive of that state of mind the most healthful for young or old—namely, a reverence for something nobler, greater, better than ourselves. Ridicule, so useful a weapon when employed to fight folly, presumption, or hypocrisy, needs careful handling, and in the implied superiority of the person wielding it lies the danger. Not always is mockery justified of her children. The jibes which patient merit of the would-be witty takes are more injurious to the mocker than the mocked. A youth of little reverence is apt to curdle into an old age of contempt—despising and despised. And here lies the danger to the mimic; urged on by the laughter so easily created, he too often outsteps the modesty of nature, and sacrifices his own self-respect for effect; thus, while all laugh, few love, and still fewer respect him. If a humorous man does, not love generosity, kindness, morality, and religion more than humour, he is in 'a parlous state.'

But while granting freely the danger of the gift of humour, it must be allowed that there are times and seasons when it is dangerous to be without it. In the hands of a non-humorous man, not only does pathos degenerate into bathos, but things that should be sacred suffer almost as much, if not more than they can do in those of his opposite. Thus teachers, lecturers, orators, and even some preachers, for want of this dangerous gift, occasionally do and say things perilously likely to awaken it in others. Unconscious that they are not carrying their hearers with them, unaware of some mannerism, some tincture of oddity, they not only miss their aim, but possibly hit a mark they never intended. To such, the gift of humour, rather than a snare, would be an invaluable safeguard. For instance, we all re-

member the laughter which greeted the late Earl of Beaconsfield's ironical self-congratulations on the 'solid piece of furniture' betwixt himself and his right honourable and impassioned opponent, who, borne away on the tide of his own enthusiastic eloquence, had made use of gestures which were not without their ludicrous side.

Again, most people can recall occasions when, in listening to a sermon, some trifling impediment has interfered with their due appreciation of the same. We recollect one such. The preacher, an extempore one, had placed in his Bible certain 'markers' in the shape of long slips of paper at certain texts to be quoted in his discourse. As these slips were discarded, they were allowed to float away whither they listed, and their general list was to whirl round in spirals for some seconds before settling. Sometimes two would be in motion at once, and it was quite impossible for us to prevent ourselves speculating on their destination. One, we well remember, twirled into the glass of water placed for the preacher's refreshment. It was a perilous moment for the gravity of more than one of his younger hearers when he came to drink.

A lecturer to whom we once listened, who read every word of his lecture, had sewn the leaves together with such injudicious firmness that the last word of each line was all but indecipherable—a pain to himself and an exasperation to his audience. This gentleman was so little aware of the want of touch between himself and his hearers, that the ironical plaudits which gradually began to salute his success in getting at a more difficult word than usual, only evoked an assurance that though the applause was extremely gratifying to him, he rather feared it took up time! The cheers this provoked took up so much time that when they were over, a good part of his hearers also were gone.

We take it that in both those instances a keener perception of the ludicrous—or, as some have asserted, the incongruous, reckoning the latter as an integral part of the former—would have been serviceable.

Nothing that we know of brings people more together, makes them feel so profoundly 'the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin,' as a good honest hearty side-shaking laugh, not even excepting an earthquake. If terror and pity purge the soul of pride and self-love, so does laughter clear away the fog of supercilious self-importance. An apt word, it may be an unconscious pun, will often serve the purpose of a soft answer to turn away wrath. We remember once, when an irascible whist-player was urging and goading his unfortunate partner to greater speed in playing, that the mild reproof which restored harmony by evoking laughter was given in this unconscious pun: 'Come, come, you take an hour yourself, and give me no quarter.' On another occasion, a young subaltern, smarting under the rather emphatically expressed displeasure of his colonel for some slight breach of etiquette, ended his indignant description of the scene to his mess-mates by perpetrating a ludicrous but unconscious pun. The laughter which this produced extinguished the young officer's anger.

But laughter to be wholesome must not only be reasonable, but seasoned to the understanding; for as a knavish speech sleeps in a dull ear, so will a joke hang fire woefully sometimes in a rusty receptacle. Perhaps not a boy in the school perceived that the dunce who called the patriarchs 'partridges' was probably attempting a jest. Among all the definitions of man, such as an animal with pockets—by the way, the Marsupials must be allowed to run him close in this particular—as a laughing animal and so on, we think this last—taking laughing as indicative of a sense of humour—to be among the least justified by facts. Many animals, not human, are endowed with a most delightful sense of fun, which they express in antics the most gay and frolicsome. Setting aside the race of monkeys, whose fun is perhaps too nearly allied to mischief to be pure, and whose countenances of utter woe seem always to give the lie to the mirth their actions seem to display—setting aside, then, our distant cousins, who can deny the gift of humour, not merely to kittens, whose playfulness might be supposed to be due in some measure to their youth—but, say, to an old pony 'playing' his would-be captor? Look at the indescribable air of drollery in his pricked ears, half-closed eyes, and dilated nostrils snuffing at the sieve of oats for which he has no longing, but which he will pretend to desire for the pure fun of the hour's dance he is going to lead his groom. Again, if you should happen ever to have watched two half-grown cats at their play, is not the sudden raising of the shoulders of the one who comes unexpectedly on its play-fellow unmistakably and consciously humorous? Of late it has been the fashion, since Rivière painted them, to glorify pigs as the most humorous of beasts, and a drove of piglins, with tails, ears, and eyelids twinkling, as they emerge from cover for a gallop, or return to shelter in a stampede of pretended terror because a piece of thistle-down has crossed their flight, looks certainly an embodiment of sheer unalloyed and grotesque humour. But such instances might be multiplied almost

endlessly. Women, as being gifted with smaller brains than men, have often been credited with a less keen sense of the ridiculous; and Queen Elizabeth's masculine appreciation of the character of Falstaff has been praised lately at the expense of the want of humour in the rest of her sex. It must be granted, we fear, that the fat knight is no favourite with women; but we would suggest, in all humility, that if so, it is because women love not fun the less, but decency more. We cannot but think that such a charge might be more easily maintained by reference to the manuals of fashion. Looking back for years, nay, centuries, on the vagaries into which fashion has led its male and female votaries, we must concede that upon the whole men cut a less ridiculous figure than their sisters. That 'deformed thief, fashion,' but too often proves himself what he is, by stealing from women their perception of beauty as well as the wit which their attire should exhibit.

We have endeavoured to show that humour, under certain restrictions, may be a valuable gift, enabling a man to avoid some of the snares and pitfalls of life. That we might, as human beings, have lived our lives by the light of pure reason alone, cannot be denied, just as tasteless food might have nourished our bodies; but life is not colourless and tasteless; we have bright colours to delight our eyes, sweet scents and sounds to charm pain and age—the morning's 'smile,' 'the valleys stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing'—he who will may see and acknowledge that all this light and brightness makes life all the better worth living. It rests a good deal with himself whether he shall be cheered with innocent laughter, kindly humour, genuine mirth, or whether he shall kill joy by that suicide of a smile—a sneer, and despising the banquet that has been so graciously prepared for him, choose rather to walk heavily and morosely all the days of his pilgrimage.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XV.—A SINGULAR PLOT.

It speedily ran amongst us of the cuddy that the dead sailor who had been so very impressively interred by old Keeling had returned to the ship, and was alive in some part of her, secure in handcuffs or in leg-irons; but so much was made of the fire which had broken out that Crabb's reappearance lost as a miracle half the weight it would have carried had it happened alone. Besides, the sense of the people soon gathered that the business was a plot which had been managed with astonishing cleverness, and it all seemed plain as mud in a wine-glass when the whisper went round that Hemmeridge was under arrest as an arch-conspirator in the matter. And certainly it made one feel far from comfortable even to think that for the past weeks a ruffian of a true piratical complexion had been secreted in the ship's hold, where his confederates would keep him supplied with tobacco and the means of lighting it, and where, in his

borings and prying, he was tolerably certain to have stumbled upon something inflammatory in the shape of spirits. Indeed, it made me draw my breath short when my mind went to the rum puncheons and the powder-magazine below, and to the vision of Crabb, drunk, stupidly groping with a naked light in his hand, during some midnight hour, maybe, when we were all in bed.

However, the imagination of the passengers would hardly go to these lengths. Their thoughts held to the fire, and their talk chiefly concerned it. When the skipper came below for a glass of grog that night, the ladies so baited him with questions that one pitied him almost for not being able to enjoy the privilege of venting his heated soul in a few strong words.

'I cannot satisfy myself, Captain Keeling, that the fire is utterly extinguished,' said Mrs Bannister.

'Might it not burst out again, captng?' cried Mrs Hudson. 'There should be plenty of pails kept filled with water ready to empty if smoke is smelt.'

'Perhaps something may be on fire even now!' exclaimed Mrs Jolliffe, 'something that doesn't make a smoke; and how *then* are the sailors to tell if all is right in the bottom of the ship?'

'Captain Keeling,' cried Mrs Trevor, 'is it quite safe to go to bed, do you think?'

'If a fire should break out,' said Miss Hudson in a trembling voice, as though shudder after shudder were chasing through her, 'how can we depend upon being called? It is impossible to hear down-stairs what is going on on deck.'

Poor old Marline-spike made a bolt of it at last, fairly turning tail and rushing up the companion steps when it came to the Colonel striking in and topping off the female broadsides by inquiries of a like nature delivered at the very height of his pipes.

However, the night passed quietly; and when next morning came and the people assembled at breakfast all fear of fire was seemingly gone, and little more was talked about than Crabb and what his designs had been, the topic gathering no mean accentuation from the doctor's vacant place. Somewhere about ten o'clock I was standing at the tailrail watching the ship's wake, that was languidly streaming off in a short oily surface, and wondering whether, if we were to fall in with nothing brisker than these faint airs and draughts of wind, all hands would not have grown white-haired and decrepit by the time we were up with the Cape, leaving the Indian Ocean and Bombay out of consideration, when the head-steward came up to me.

'Captain Keeling's compliments, sir, and he'll feel greatly hobgided, providing you're not hotherwise occupied, by your stepping to his cabin, sir.'

'Oh yes, with pleasure,' said I. 'Is he alone?'

'He is not, sir.'

I went down the companion steps, knocked at the captain's door, and entered. It was a roomy interior, a very noble ship's berth, occupying hard

upon the width of the deck right aft, saving, as I have before described, a sort of small chart-room alongside, bulkheaded off. There was a large stern window, after the olden fashion, with the blue line of the horizon gently sliding up and down it, and a shivering light lifting off the sea to the glass, sharp and of a sort of azure brilliancy, as though from diamonds set a-trembling. Keeling, in full fig, his face showing of a dark red against some maple-coloured ground of bulkhead or ship's side, was seated at a table. He instantly rose on my entering, gave me one of his wire-drawn bows, and motioned me to a seat, thanking me in a few words for coming. On the starboard hand stood Crabb and the sailmaker, handcuffed, and on either side of them was a seaman with a cutlass dangling at his hip. On the port hand sat Dr Hemmeridge, his legs crossed, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and his head drooped. He was deadly pale, and looked horribly ill and worried. Near him was one of the sailors, a young fellow of some seven or eight and twenty, with a quantity of hair falling over his brow, a straggling beard, and small, black eyes, which roamed swiftly in glances charged methought with the spirit of mutiny and menace and defiance. Mr Prance was at the captain's elbow; and the third mate was seated at an end of the table with a pen in his hand and some paper in front of him.

I bowed to Hemmeridge, but he took no notice. Until the captain addressed me, I stared hard at Crabb; for even now, with the ugly ruffian standing before me, my mind found it difficult to realise that he was alive; that the creature I gazed at was the man whom all hands of us, with an exception or two, supposed overboard a thousand fathoms deep. There was besides the fascination of his ugliness. The hunch-like curve of his back, his little blood-stained eyes looking away from his nose, as though they sought to peer at something at the back of his head, the greasy trail of carrot hair upon his back, the fragment of nose over his hare-lip, these and the rest of him combined into the representation of the most extravagantly grotesque ill-favoured figure ever witnessed outside the bars of a menagerie. The sailmaker's face was as white as one of his bolts of canvas, but it wore a determined look, though I noticed a quivering in the nostrils of his high-perched nose, and a constant uneasy movement of the fingers, as of dying lands plucking at bedclothes.

'Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed old Keeling with the dignity and gravity of a judge, 'I've taken the liberty to send for you, as I am informed by Mr Prance that when that man there'—inclining his head towards Crabb without looking at him—'was lying, as it was supposed, dead in his bunk, you accompanied Mr Hemmeridge the ship's surgeon'—here he indicated the doctor with a motion of his head but without looking at him either—'into the fore-castle, and stood for some considerable time surveying the so-called corpse.'

'That is quite true,' said I.

'Did Mr Hemmeridge expose the man's face to you?'

'He did.'

'What impression was produced upon your mind by the sight of the—of the—body?'

Crabb gave a horrible grin.

'That he was stone-dead, Captain Keeling; so stone-dead, sir, that I can scarcely credit the man himself is now before me.'

Hemmeridge looked up and fixed his eyes upon me.

'It is but reasonable I should inform you, Mr Dugdale,' continued old Marline-spike, 'that Mr Hemmeridge is under arrest on suspicion of conspiring with Crabb, with Willett, and with Thomas Bobbins'—he glanced at the man who stood next to the doctor—'to plunder the ship. Bobbins has given evidence that leaves me in no doubt as to the guilt of Crabb and Willett.'

Crabb uttered a curse through his teeth, accompanied with a look at the young seaman, in the one-eyed gleam of which murder methought was writ too large to be mistaken for any other intention. Old Keeling did not heed him.

'Bobbins' story,' he continued, 'is to this effect: that Crabb was to swallow a potion which would produce the appearance of death; that the sailmaker was to have a hammock weighted, shaped, and in all respects equipped to resemble the one in which Crabb would be stiched up: that in the dead of night, when the ship was silent, and the deck forward vacant, the sham hammock was to be placed upon the fore-hatch by the sailmaker and Bobbins, and the cover containing that man'—inclining his head at Crabb—'conveyed into the sailmaker's cabin, where it was to be cut open, the man freed, and secreted in the berth till consciousness had returned, and he was in a fit state to seize the first opportunity of sneaking into the hold.—All this was done,' old Keeling went on, Mr Prance meanwhile looking as grave as an owl over the skipper's shoulder, whilst every now and again a hideous grin would distort Crabb's frightful mouth, though the sailmaker continued to stare at the captain with a white and determined countenance, and Hemmeridge to listen with a frowning worried look, his leg that crossed the other swinging like a pendulum. 'The man Crabb got into the hold, was supplied with food and drink by Willett and Bobbins, and with tools to enable him to break into the mail-room'—

'And I'd ha' done it too,' here interrupted Crabb in a voice like a saw going through a balk of timber, 'if it hadn't been for the stinking smoke of them blasted blankets.'

'This inquiry,' continued Keeling, 'now entirely concerns Mr Hemmeridge. You tell me, Mr Dugdale, that Crabb seemed to you as a stone-dead man.'

'The devil himself couldn't ha' told the difference,' bawled Crabb. 'He's not in it,' insolently motioning with his elbow towards the doctor. 'Wouldn't that blooming Bobbins ha' said so?' and he darted another murderous glance at the hairy young sailor.

'I can assure you, Captain Keeling,' said I, 'that the man was perfectly dead. There is not a shadow of a doubt in my mind that Mr Hemmeridge was fully convinced the body was a corpse. Convinced, captain, but dissatisfied too; and perhaps,' said I, with a glance at Crabb, 'it is a pity for more sakes than one that he did not carry out his idea of a post-mortem examination.'

'Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed Hemmeridge in a low, deep, trembling voice, 'before God and man, I am innocent; and I hope to live to call Captain Keeling to account for this monstrous slander, this enormous suspicion, this dishonourable and detestable accusation.'

'I've never heered,' said the man named Bobbins, in a long-drawn whining voice, 'that this gent was consarned. I remember Crabb asking what was to be done if so be the surgeon should cut him up to see what he died of, and Mr Willett kissed the Bible afore Crabb and me to this: that if the surgeon made up his mind to open Crabb, Willett was to show him the bottle of physic, and to tell him that Crabb had took it for some bad complaint, and that, though he might look dead, he woun't so.'

Crabb hove a fearful curse at the man. The bushy-whiskered sailor who guarded him on the right significantly put his hand upon the hilt of his cutlass whilst he said something to him under his breath.

'This is new to me,' exclaimed Keeling, screwing his eye gimblet-fashion into the face of Bobbins, and then letting it drop, as if satisfied. —'Mr Hemmeridge, I have suspected you, sir; but it's a little soon for you to talk of my having accused you. You are a medical man. If anybody knows death by looking upon it you should. Yet, though this man Crabb is merely counterfeiting death, you come aft to me and report him dead! What am I to infer? Your ignorance or your guilt, sir?'

'Captain Keeling,' cried I, 'believe me when I promise you the man was not counterfeiting death. He was to all intents and purposes a corpse. How was this brought about? Surely by no exercise of his own art. The look of the eye—the droop of the jaw—the hue of the skin—Captain Keeling, it was death to the sight: no counterfeit—an effect produced by something much more powerful than the effort of such a will as that man has;' and I pointed with my thumb at Crabb, who told me with a curse to mind my own business.

'Mr Dugdale, I thank you,' said Hemmeridge, bowing to me.

Captain Keeling held up a long thin phial about three-quarters full of a dark liquor. I had not before noticed it.

'This has been produced,' said he, 'by the man Bobbins, who states that it is the stuff which Crabb swallowed, and which produced the death-like aspect you saw in him.' He put the bottle down; then clenching his fist, smote the table violently. 'I cannot credit it!' he cried. 'I cannot be imposed on. Am I to believe that there is any drug in existence which will produce in a living being the exact semblance of death?'

'Oh, I think so, sir,' said Prance, speaking mildly.

Hemmeridge sneered.

'A semblance of death,' roared old Keeling, twisting round upon his chief-mate, 'capable of deceiving the eye—the practised eye of a medical man? You may give me a dose of laudanum, and I may look dead to you, sir, but not to Mr Hemmeridge yonder.—No, sir; I am not to be persuaded,' and here he brought his fist down upon the table again. 'It is either gross ignor-

ance or direct connivance, and I mean to be satisfied—I mean to sift it to the bottom—I mean to get at the truth!

His face was full of blood, and he puffed and blew like a swimmer struggling for his life.

'You've got the truth,' broke in Crabb, with an oath.

The armed sailor ground his elbow into the fellow's ribs.

'I am merely here to answer your questions, Captain Keeling,' said I; 'and must apologise for taking a single step beyond the object you had in calling me to you; but at least permit me to ask, cannot Mr Hemmeridge explain the nature of the drug contained in that bottle?'

'I do not know what it is,' exclaimed Hemmeridge.

'Suppose, sir,' said Mr Prance, 'we give Crabb another dose; then you'll be able to judge for yourself.'

'You don't give me no more doses!' said Crabb. 'Try it on yourselves.'

The captain sat a little, looking at me vacantly, lost in thought. He suddenly turned to Hemmeridge.

'You are at liberty, sir; I remove the arrest.'

'And is that all?' exclaimed the other, after a brief pause, viewing him steadily. 'I must have an apology, sir; an apology ample, abundant, satisfying.'

Old Keeling looked as if about to say something strong, then checked himself. 'You can leave this cabin, sir.'

Hemmeridge rose from his chair. 'I leave this cabin, sir,' said he, 'and I also leave my duties. Professionally, I do no more in this ship, sir. You have disgraced, you have dishonoured me. But,' said he, shaking his finger at him, 'you shall make me amends at Bombay, sir—you shall make me amends at Bombay!'

He stalked from the cabin, old Keeling watching him with a frown, but in silence.

'Captain,' I exclaimed, rising as the door closed behind the doctor, 'I am persuaded that Mr Hemmeridge is innocent of all participation in this bad business. You have on board a gentleman who, I believe, has a very extensive knowledge of drugs and herbs and the like—I mean Mr Saunders. It is just possible he might know the nature of the contents of that bottle.'

Keeling reflected a minute, and then said: 'Mr Prance, send my compliments to Mr Saunders, and ask him to my cabin.'

The mate went out; I was following him.

'Pray, stay a little, Mr Dugdale,' said the skipper.—'Men, take those fellows forward.—Remain where you are,' he added, turning to Bobbins.

A seaman flung open the door, and Crabb and the sailmaker passed out, followed by the second armed sailor, who silenced some blasphemous abuse that Crabb had paused to deliver, by giving him a shove that drove him headlong into the cuddy.

'I am sorry to detain you, Mr Dugdale,' said the captain. 'Mr Saunders is a rather nervous gentleman, and it might be agreeable to him to find you here.'

'You do not detain me, Captain Keeling. This is an amazing business, almost too wonderful in

its way to believe in.—Have you ascertained how Crabb became possessed of that magical drug?—and magical it must be, captain, for I give you my word that never lay any corpse deadlier than that fellow Crabb showed when Hemmeridge removed the canvas from his face.'

'I beg your honour's pardon,' exclaimed Bobbins, preserving his lamenting and whining voice, and knuckling his forehead as he spoke, whilst I could see old Keeling lifting his eyes to him with disgust and aversion strong in his purple countenance. 'Mr Willett told me that Crabb 'ud say he'd got that there stuff off a travelling Jew that he fell in with at some Mediterranean port. He bought two lots of it, and tried a dose on a man who took it unbeknown, reckoning it good for spasms. He believed as it had killed the chap, such was his corpse-like swoon; but he come to all right arter four-and-twenty hours, and niver knowed nothen about it, and believed it still to be Monday when it were Tuesday. This put the scheme he tried on here into his head.'

'Has he ever attempted anything of the same sort before?' inquired Keeling.

'I dunno, sir. He's a bad un. It 'ud make a marble heffigy sweat to hear him talk in his sleep.'

There was a knock at the cabin door, and Mr Prance ushered in Mr Saunders. The little chap looked very small as he entered holding his large hat in his hand. He was pale, and stared up at us with something of alarm as we rose to his entrance, the skipper giving him the same hide-bound bow that he had greeted me with.

'Is Mr Saunders acquainted with the story of this business, Mr Prance?' old Keeling inquired.

'Yes, sir,' replied the mate. 'I gave him the substance of it in a few words as we came along.'

'It is extremely startling,' said the little man, climbing on to the chair into which old Keeling had waved him, and dangling his short legs over the edge as a small boy might.

'Your knowledge of drugs and medicines, Mr Saunders, is, I believe, very considerable,' said the skipper.—The little fellow bowed.—'This,' said Keeling, holding up the phial, 'is a drug, the stupefying effects of which, I am informed, are so remarkable that any one who takes it entirely loses animation, and presents such an aspect of death as will deceive the eye of the most expert medical practitioner. Is such a thing conceivable, Mr Saunders?'

The little man reflected very earnestly for some moments, with his eyes fixed upon Keeling. He then asked Mr Prance to hand him the phial, which he uncorked, and smelt and tasted.

'I cannot be positive,' he exclaimed with a slow, wise shake of his large head; 'but I strongly suspect this to be what is known as *morion*, the death-wine of Pliny and Dioscorides.—Mr Dugdale, observe the strange, peculiar, faint smell—what does it suggest?'

I put the bottle to my nose and sniffed. 'Opium will it be, Mr Saunders?'

'Just so,' he cried.—'Captain Keeling, smell you, sir.'

The old skipper applied the bottle to his

nostrils and snuffed a little. 'I should call this a kind of opium,' said he.

'If,' exclaimed Mr Saunders, 'it be morion, as I believe it is, it is made from the mandragora or mandrake of the kind that flourishes in Greece and Palestine and in certain parts of the Mediterranean seaboard.'

'But am I to understand,' said Keeling, 'that a dose of it is going to make a man look as dead as if he were killed?'

'The effect of morion,' responded Mr Saunders, 'is that of suspended animation, scarcely distinguishable from death.'

'Could it deceive a qualified man such as Dr Hemmeridge?' demanded the skipper.

'I should think it very probable,' answered little Saunders cautiously; 'in fact, sir, as we have seen, he *was* deceived by the effects of that drug, be it morion or anything else.'

'You can go forward,' said the captain to Bobbins.

The fellow flourished a hand to his brow and left the cabin.

'Mr Saunders, I am obliged to you, sir, for your information,' continued old Keeling. 'I trust to have your opinion confirmed either in Bombay or in London. To me it seems a very incredible thing.—Mr Dugdale, I thank you for the trouble you have given yourself to attend here.'

He bowed; and little Saunders and myself, accompanied by Mr Prance, entered the cuddy.

'A most extraordinary business altogether,' cried the little man: 'it is wonderful enough, supposing the stuff to be morion, that a common sailor should be in possession of such a drug; but much more wonderful yet that it should occur to him to employ it as an instrument in probably the most audacious project ever adventured on board ship.'

'Hemmeridge might have opened Crabb,' said I.

'Well, the rogue foresaw it, and provided against it, as we know,' exclaimed Mr Prance. 'There is pocketable booty in the mail-room to the value of hard upon a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A man like Crabb will run risks for such plunder, Mr Dugdale. If the sailmaker had kept his word and produced the bottle to Hemmeridge, the doctor would have been pretty sure to stay his hand.'

'Why, likely as not,' I exclaimed: 'but tell me, Mr Prance—that fellow Bobbins seems to have been coaxed very easily into peaching.'

'Ay,' said he; 'there'd been an ugly quarrel between him and Willett ten days ago. I believe the rascal would not have split whilst Crabb lay snug and secret in the hold; but on his showing himself, Bobbins took fright, thought of his neck, and being actuated besides by hatred of Willett, came forward and volunteered the whole yarn.'

'And how is he to be served?' inquired Mr Saunders.

'Left to be at large, sir,' answered the mate; 'and punishment enough, too, as any one may suppose, of a false-hearted, lily-livered shipmate who has to swing his hammock three or four months among a fore-castle full of hands. For my part,' added he with a laugh, 'if I were that miscreant, I'd rather be snug in irons along

with Willett and the cast-eyed pirate, stowed safe out of sight.'

He entered his cabin, and Mr Saunders and I stepped on to the quarter-deck.

STRANGE VOICES.

No one that has not lived in the country and in the neighbourhood of trees has any notion of the strangeness of the sounds that are heard at night. The owls have very different notes. One snores, another to-whoos, and one screams. We have been positively scared by the appalling cries of the horned owl that we have heard in Brittany, like the screams of a person in pain. In Ceylon the Devil Bird is a constant source of alarm and inquiry. No one knows exactly what bird it is that produces the horrible blood-curdling cries that thrill through the night-air; but it is supposed to be an owl. A friend who has long lived in Ceylon says: 'Never shall I forget when first I heard it. I was at dinner, when suddenly the wildest, most agonised shrieks pierced my ear. I was under the impression that a woman was being murdered outside my house. I snatched up a cudgel and ran forth to her aid, but saw no one.' The natives regard this cry of the mysterious Devil Bird with superstitious terror. They believe that to hear it is a sure presage of death; and they are not wrong. When they have heard it, they pine to death, killed by their own conviction that life is impossible.

Autenrieth, professor and physician at Tubingen, in 1822 published a treatise on *Aerial Voices*, in which he collected a number of strange accounts of mysterious sounds heard in the sky, and which he thought could not all be deduced from the cries of birds at night. He thus generalises the sounds. 'They are heard sometimes flying in this direction, then in the opposite through the air; mostly, they are heard as though coming down out of the sky; but at other times as if rising from the ground. They resemble occasionally various musical instruments; occasionally also the clash of arms, or the rattle of drums, or the blare of trumpets. Sometimes they are like the tramp of horses, or the discharge of distant artillery. But sometimes, also, they consist in an indescribably hollow, thrilling, sudden scream. Very commonly they resemble all kinds of animal tones, mostly the barking of dogs. Quite as often they consist in a loud call, so that the startled hearer believes himself to be called by name, and to hear articulate words addressed to him. In some instances, Greeks have believed they were addressed in the language of Hellas, whereas Romans supposed they were spoken to in Latin. The modern Highlanders distinctly hear their vernacular Gaelic. These aerial voices accordingly are so various that they can be interpreted differently, according to the language of the hearer, or his inner conception of what they might say.'

The Jews call the mysterious voice that falls from the heaven Bathkol, and have many traditions relative to it. The sound of arms and of drums and artillery may safely be set down to

the real vibrations of arms, drums, and artillery at a great distance, carried by the wind. The barking of dogs is attributable to the Brent geese which pass in their migrations high overhead, generally at night, and make a strange sound not unlike the yelping of an aerial pack of hounds. They have given rise to the stories of the Wild Huntsman.

The writer was sleeping one night under his tent in Iceland, when he was suddenly roused by a note like that of a brazen trumpet sounded high aloft. He scrambled out of his tent, and looking up saw a flight of swans gilded by the midnight sun, against a translucent green sky. Such a note as that might well induce belief in a hunter galloping by and sounding his horn.

The English traveller Davy, whose rambles in Ceylon were published in 1821, relates that in April, at the commencement of the rainy season, the call of the Devil Bird is heard, though the creature has never been seen. This is not quite certain. In fact, the hideous noise made has as yet been brought home to no bird in particular, and the title of Devil Bird is given to that uncertain being which produces the unearthly cry.

The Dutch traveller Hafner, whose account of Ceylon was published in 1810, gives a description of his experiences, which strikes us as highly coloured. He says that he was traversing the highlands in the island at the end of the rainy season, when, about midnight, he heard a distant barking of dogs, that seemed to break from a range of mountains opposite. Almost immediately, however, he heard it behind him, at some distance, but waxing louder and louder. He fancied he could distinguish various men's voices, as if they were laughing and talking loudly. These sounds came and went—sometimes they were from one direction, sometimes from another, from near and from far. Then all at once they ceased, and a great stillness supervened; but after an interval, such a peal of voices in the air echoed from the mountains, that Hafner in alarm retreated under a cliff, when a piercing scream in his ear drove him from his shelter. Frightened nearly out of his wits, he dashed forth and heard around him harsh and confused voices, so strange, so weird, that he put his fingers into his ears. He was afterwards told that these were the cries of wandering spirits. What he heard was doubtless the passage of a flight of migratory birds.

A Mercklenburg traveller called Wolf, who spent twenty years in Ceylon, and published his description of the island in 1784, says that he heard once, and only once, at one o'clock at night a fearful voice. The cry was not exactly like that of a man or of an animal, but seemed to issue from some hollow. He had been told that such voices were to be heard in the north part of the island in the dry season, in the forests, and near ponds. Sometimes what was heard was a loud call, sometimes a shriek, sometimes like a song or musical call; but however it sounded, the effect on the spirit was overwhelming; even the boldest man shuddered. This frightful voice flew faster than any bird from one place to another. In an interval of a few seconds it could be heard from two points a mile apart. It did not occur to Wolf that possibly a pair of Devil Birds were calling to each other at that distance apart.

Knox, who spent many years in Ceylon at

the close of the seventeenth century, and whose Travels were printed in 1681, also mentions this voice, which he says was heard in the mountains, and not in the lowlands. Though the tone had some resemblance to the bay of a dog, it had that quality in it which would curdle the blood of him who heard it. It ceased suddenly at one point, and was heard again from quite another quarter. He says that the Cingalese were assured that it was the devil who, at night, uttered these frightful cries.

In the desert of Gobi, which divides the mountainous snow-clad plateau of Tibet from the milder regions of Asia, travellers assert that they have heard sounds high up in the sky as of the clash of arms or of musical martial instruments. If travellers fall to the rear or get separated from the caravan, they hear themselves called by name. If they go after the voice that summons them, they lose themselves in the desert. Sometimes they hear the tramp of horses, and taking it for that of their caravan, are drawn away, and wander from the right course and become hopelessly lost. The old Venetian traveller Marco Polo mentions these mysterious sounds, and says that they are produced by the spirits that haunt the desert. They are, however, otherwise explicable. On a vast plain the ear loses the faculty of judging direction and distance of sounds; it fails to possess, so to speak, acoustic perspective. When a man has dropped away from the caravan, his comrades call to him; but he cannot distinguish the direction whence their voices come, and he goes astray after them.

Rubriques, whom Louis IX. sent in 1253 to the court of Mongu-Khan, the Mongol chief, says that in the Altai Mountains, that fringe the desert of Gobi, demons try to lure travellers astray. As he was riding among them one evening with his Mongol guide, he was exhorted by the latter to pray, because otherwise mishaps might occur through the demons that haunted the mountains luring them out of the right road.

Morier, the Persian traveller, at the beginning of this century speaks of the salt desert near Khom. On it, he says, travellers are led astray by the cry of the goblin Ghul, who, when he has enticed them from the road, rends them with his claws. Russian accounts of Kiev in the beginning of the nineteenth century mention an island lying in a salt marsh between the Caspian and the Aral Sea, where, in the evening, loud sounds are heard like the baying of hounds, and hideous cries as well; consequently, the island is reputed to be haunted, and no one ventures near it.

The traveller Burckhardt, who visited Sinai in 1816, says that from the top of the mountain sometimes by day a thundering noise is heard, like the repeated discharge of cannon. The monks in the monastery assured Burckhardt that it had been heard five years before his visit; and the steward of the convent, who had lived in it forty years, remembered having heard it on several occasions at long intervals. It was not attended by earthquake.

The writer, one autumn night a year or two ago, was startled late by a crash, followed by a loud and strange series of cries. He rushed out of doors, and found that a peacock that had been roosting on the branch of a cedar near the house had fallen down, and woke up with the fall, that

had frightened it considerably and elicited its noisy protest. A relative of the writer was sitting up late one winter night writing, when she was startled by the strangest and most mysterious sounds at the window. The sounds were rasping, slow, and long protracted. Her heart stood still; she hesitated for long what to do; at last she recovered moral courage, went to the window and drew up the blind, to see—one of the deer of the park licking the frosted glass panes for the sea salt that had congealed on them after a gale from the Atlantic.

But one of the weirdest and most perplexing sounds on a window is produced by a snail crawling up the pane. The sound is somewhat musical, but is attended by a grating note caused by the rubbing of the shell against the glass. When the writer first heard this mysterious noise, he met with some difficulty in bringing it home to a snail, the little creature seemed so inadequate to produce such a volume of sound.

In Cornwall, and also in the east of England, a plaintive cry in the air at night is attributed to the Seven Whistlers. Out of the still, dark sky are heard the calls, 'sad and clear, Ewe! ewe! ewe! They burst loud on the ear, then become fainter, then are again heard loudly. The call is to the soul to depart.

'I heard 'em one dark night last winter,' said an old Folkestone fisherman. 'They came over our heads all of a sudden, singing Ewe! ewe! and the men in the boat wanted to go back. It came on to blow and rain soon afterwards, and was an awful night, sir! And sure enough, before morning a boat upset and seven poor fellows were drowned.'

The passage of the Brent geese has already been spoken of as occasioning the superstition relative to the Wild Huntsman. In the north of England the 'Gabriel Hounds' or 'Gabel-racket' are said to race by in mid-air barking before a death. Mr Henderson, in his *Folklore of the Northern Counties*, says that a friend in Yorkshire informed him that when a child was burned to death in Sheffield a few years ago, the neighbours immediately called to mind how the Gabriel Hounds had passed above the house not long before. From another gentleman he heard of a person who was hastily summoned one night to the sick-bed of a relative whose illness had suddenly assumed an alarming character. As he set out, he heard the wild sound of the creatures above his head; they accompanied him the whole way, about a mile, then paused, and yelped loudly over the house. He entered it; and found that the patient had just expired.

That the Irish Banshee may be traced to an owl admits of little doubt; the description of the cries so closely resembles what is familiar to those who live in an owl-haunted district, as to make the identification all but certain. Owls are capricious birds. One can never calculate on their for hooting. Weeks will elapse without their letting their notes be heard, and then all at once for a night or two they will be audible, and again become silent—even for months.

That most if not all the weird sounds that are heard at night in the air, invested with superstitious terrors, and often magnified and altered in quality by fear, are attributable to birds admits of no doubt. The gun has reduced the number

of our wild-birds enormously, and gamekeepers have no pity for owls. How vocal, how full of strange voices the nights must have been of old, when man was armed only with the sling and the bow!

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XV.—CONCLUSION.

LIKE a thunderbolt out of a blue sky came the announcement next day that the murderer of Margaret Neale was neither Claude Faune nor Mr Musgrave, but—a woman! Even to the man whose intelligence had put the police on the true track, this announcement was a shock. He had not expected it.

The reader will recollect the two main facts in the narrative of Mrs Burton which shed a new light on the brain of Frank Holmes. These were the private marriage of the two persons who had passed as man and wife on the first day the law allowed; and the visit of the woman to Faune's rooms the morning he was arrested. The first fact suggested to Holmes that Musgrave might himself be Julius Vernon; and the second, that the woman's purpose in going there was to drop that parcel of the dead woman's letters in the rooms. They might have heard privately of the arrest at the time; they might be aware the detective was hunting Faune down; they certainly knew that, owing to the man's flight after his suspicious presence in the Park on the night of the murder, the train was laid, ready to be fired, for his arrest. Circumstances all favoured the suspicions against Faune, above all his expected marriage with Miss Clayton.

The chain of evidence against the Musgraves was quickly forged. When the man felt it closing round him with fatal strength, he made one last desperate and revolting effort to secure his own safety by offering his evidence against his wife! He admitted that he was 'Julius Vernon,' and that he had deserted his first wife. He met his second wife abroad, and told her of his former marriage, and that he believed Margaret Neale was dead; but without legal proof of this he could not make Lucy Morelli his wife. She came to England with him, when he explained to her that, in case he was free, a certain term of residence was necessary before they could be married. This term being short, they put up at the *Grand Hotel*. When he found—as no doubt he had expected—that Margaret Neale was living, and in London with Lady Southfort's family, he had much to do to prevent Lucy Morelli from committing suicide. Then her passion suddenly subsided, and he was puzzled what it meant. Then came the fatal night of the 10th of June. He was not dining with his wife that evening; but when he was standing in the Park with Faune he was startled at seeing her pass outside the railings; she halted an instant and looked towards them, but though her face was not visible, he recognised her. He

walked back to Charing Cross, and she was already there before him. By her looks, he knew that something had happened. She admitted she had been to the Park.

'You know what an Italian is,' he said, explanatorily. She did not look at her act with English eyes. She had lured the unsuspecting victim to the spot where 'Julius Vernon' had more than once met her in years gone by, and the swift and sure Italian hand with one silent stroke made Musgrave free. She demanded her bond now. As soon as he realised the awful position in which they stood, he warned her that immediate flight was their only chance. The woman laughed—called him 'white-livered'—and told him not to be a fool: he had been near the spot with another man, and his sudden disappearance now would be sure to bring suspicion quickly on his track. Musgrave was struck with the force of this warning. She was determined to stay there and watch them working in the dark—determined to stay there until he fulfilled his promise and made her his wife. The event showed it to have been the most prudent course. When they heard of the police being on Faune's track, the woman took the parcel of Margaret Neale's letters and dropped them in his room, exactly as Holmes concluded it to have been done.

The police, it will be remembered, had been kept in ignorance of the transaction of the cheque. Musgrave was asked what was his business with Faune in the Park that night. He told this story, too, without reservation—he wanted to save his neck, and was willing to tell everything. Musgrave had bought up a large amount of Faune's gambling debts, which, with some money due to himself of the same character, came to thirteen hundred pounds. Faune's confidence in his matrimonial prospects made him a little reckless; but when, on pressing for his money, Faune asked him if he would be satisfied with a ten days' draft, accepted by Mr Clayton but 'not negotiable,' he consented. He got the acceptance, which was due on the 10th of June; Faune was to notify him through the newspaper when ready to pay it. On receiving the five thousand pound cheque he retained the acceptance until the cheque was cleared; he believed the acceptance to be a forgery, but destroyed it on receiving the value of the cheque.

Had he returned Faune the balance of the cheque? No. On learning, that night, of the murder, he at once resolved upon flight; it was not till Monday that he finally decided to remain. He should want this money more than Faune. He knew the signature 'Frank Holmes' on the back of the cheque was spurious, though he was ignorant of Faune's motive for putting it there. He saw Faune that evening (Sunday evening), and perceived that he had been drinking. He told Faune that he would have to return the cheque to him, as he dreaded the risk of taking it to Clayton's bank or passing it through another bank; and pointed out that in this case he would be obliged to present Mr Clayton's acceptance to that gentleman next day for payment. Faune was terribly scared, and too intoxicated to suspect Musgrave's sincerity. Musgrave eventually proposed to attempt the passing of the cheque if Faune would allow him for the risk two

thousand pounds in all, which was only seven hundred more than his debt. Faune agreed; and then Musgrave carried his main object, which was to get Faune out of London, and so leave the coast clear for his own escape the moment he got the money. He frightened him to start to Dover, to be ready to cross if he received a telegram of the cheque being refused; Faune being probably sensible that Holmes would owe him no leniency for forging his name, doubtless made him all the readier to adopt this course. He had another motive, too, which Musgrave knew nothing of, but which seconded the proposal. He started for Dover, and of course received neither money nor telegram; and Musgrave, tied in London, and hourly expecting him to return, felt that fate was favouring him when he heard of suspicion having fallen so naturally on the fugitive.

Meanwhile, however, the police had obtained evidence enough of the guilt of Musgrave's wife without his assistance. The handwriting was identified; the unobservant advertisement clerk, confronted in the prison with a row of ten women similarly dressed, immediately recognised Mrs Musgrave; so also did the commissionaire and Mrs Browning. It was found that she had gone out of the hotel the night of the 10th of June at nine o'clock, and there was not the least difficulty in finding the cabman who drove her to and from Hyde Park Corner. Her clothes were examined, with criminating results; and the fatal instrument itself—a stiletto—was discovered in one of her trunks.

Musgrave was now indignant against his wife as the cause of all his trouble. But for her, he would have left London immediately with five thousand pounds, and would now have been far away and safe. He had no scruple, therefore, in offering his testimony against her as the price of his own immunity; but the man's mortification was piteous when he found that his evidence was declined on those terms, and that he would have to take his trial.

We may now dismiss this couple by stating that retribution dealt with Musgrave in a striking fashion. His wife, seeing all hope lost, poisoned herself in her cell, no one being able to tell how she obtained the poison; and Musgrave had to stand his trial alone. He was condemned, and the sentence commuted to penal servitude for life.

Faune was released, and sent once more into the world from which he had so nearly been removed as a felon. As this took place, another man retired into the solitude of hard work and resignation. This was Frank Holmes. The Claytons, father and daughter, were gone to Westgate. Holmes trembled for what would next happen. Faune was free—cleansed of the awful charge; and Mary Clayton would be the last girl living to absolve herself of the reproach of having been a principal cause of the suspicion under which he had suffered. What would she do to make reparation?—rather, what would she not do! considering that she loved the man. To her merciful and gentle eyes, suffering would have purified him of much of his unworthiness. So be it!

Shutting himself in from all knowledge of what was taking place, and working hard in order to drive it out of his mind, Holmes con-

tinued in his rooms for a fortnight, only going out late in the night for a solitary walk on the Embankment. He can hardly realise to this day that the period was only a fortnight. Then one morning came to him a letter bearing the Liverpool postmark in a hand which he knew too well. It was from Faune, announcing his embarkation for Australia; but it contained more. He had seen Mr Clayton; and Holmes inferred from the terms of the letter that Mr Clayton had furnished him with money to start in a new world. But it was not this that brought the blood to the young man's face and the light to his eyes. Faune's letter went on:

'I know now that I wrote to Miss Clayton from Dover. Ask her to show you that letter, because it concerns you. When you have read it, you will perhaps perceive why I refused to explain the reason of my departure from London. I left so suddenly, on account of Musgrave's persuasions, but chiefly because I meant never to return. Had Musgrave sent me my clothes and the money, I should have gone to the Continent. The letter I refer to will explain why I went and why I kept silent. I knew too well that there was nothing to stay or come back for, and I had staked and lost everything. My silence is the only credit due to me. I cared little about my life. Even now I care little about it.'

Seizing his hat, Holmes rushed out to Charing Cross Station and caught a Margate train. By mid-day he arrived there, and started along the cliffs to Westgate. He cared nothing now about that Dover letter—he knew its purport as well as if he had read it—knew why Mary Clayton refused to let him see it. Oh, fool and blind that he had been! not to have known better; not to have known that it was to her pride—wounded by his own blindness—that Faune owed her tolerance of him. Perhaps, in time, when the sobbing of the late troubles was over, she would forgive him; and if forgiveness was ever worth waiting for, that of Mary Clayton surely was.

He met her on one of the walks in front of the *St Mildred's Hotel*, going down to the beach. Some of the colour had returned to her cheeks already; but the moment her eyes met those of Frank Holmes all the tell-tale blood in her glad heart bounded to her face. He took her trembling hand in both his own, caressing it tenderly.

'I had a letter from Faune this morning, Mary, which has sent me down to you, and now, I can't say what I want.'

'Don't say it, Frank,' she answered shyly, looking away. 'Does it matter very much?' For his look had said it all already.

'Were you soon going in?' he asked, hungering for speech which this public place would not allow.

'No, Frank; I was going to have a sail. There are the boats on the beach. Will you come with me?'

Would he, indeed? He threw back his shoulders and strode down the cliff in advance; and when the girl came up, he had the boat ready, and had sent the boatman away to cool himself with beer for a couple of hours.

'Because,' he explained, helping her in, 'I'm

going to pull the oars myself. I could pull a barge-load of bricks this morning; and I want you all to myself, Mary.'

Before they returned, Frank Holmes and Mary Clayton were as one in—amongst other things—the opinion that this was the most delightful spot on England's coast; and Mr Clayton, on discovering their opinion, showed the practical side of his character by engaging furnished, for the summer, the prettiest house upon that sunny cliff. The house was occupied very soon.

One day, two months later, when they were again drifting on the pleasant waters, Holmes, after observing his bride's face thoughtfully for some time, asked: 'Mary, are you conscious of it when your eyes are speaking?'

She blushed and laughed.

'It is wonderful,' he said slowly, 'how they do speak. They are always doing it. I have been watching them just now, speaking to the ripples. I know every word they say to me.'

'Dear me,' said Mary, smiling, and blushing again. This young man was always bringing blushes to her face now.

'But you can control them, too, Mary,' he went on. 'They never said an encouraging word to me when I was in darkness. You said you gave no answer to Faune; but they gave it—he understood, you see. Ah, those eyes! and they would not speak to me.'

'They did, Frank—one day, over on the cliff, when they were penitent,' she said softly, leaning forward and putting her hand in his.

P. L. McDERMOTT.

A WORD FOR THE ROOK AND THE JAY.

ONE would have thought that the natural history of so familiar a bird as the common Rook had long since been thoroughly established, and that every useful quality, as also the contrary, had been so often repeated by well-known writers on ornithology, that nothing further remained to be said on the one side or the other; but this would appear to be erroneous. Of late, in the north of England, a growing dislike has obtained against the rook. In place of a useful bird, the friend of the farmer, he is now declared to be thoroughly mischievous, and to have changed altogether for the worse. Further, he is accused of having become a thorough poacher, a destroyer of partridges' nests, a piller of the fowlhouse, and a bad character in general. And in consequence of these many crimes and offences, we read that a relentless persecution is being carried on against the rook, and both landlords and tenants are combining to destroy the unfortunate bird in every possible way.

All this is surprising. We ask, what possible reason can there be for so general a favourite as the rook suddenly taking to bad habits such as described above, and can they be proved against him? We venture to say that these accusations have been greatly exaggerated, and that those now so eager to exterminate the rook will before long find out their mistake, and regret having drawn such hasty conclusions.

Over and over again, the destruction of birds has ended disastrously. Surely our neighbours

across the Channel have taught us a useful lesson in this respect. There are many parts of France, especially in the neighbourhood of large towns, where, from the cruel practice of killing every bird that flies, however puny and innocent, insects of various kinds have gained the upper hand, with the inevitable result that the crops of the husbandmen, the vines and orchards, all have suffered considerably from the unchecked ravages of these destroyers—thus again proving that the balance of powers as ordered by Nature cannot with impunity be interfered with.

But to return to the rook and his enemies. What is this cry we hear against him from 'far-off Northumbria'? We find it stated, among other serious and novel charges, that 'in a poultry-yard he has become more destructive than a hawk, and that ladies have had to complain of their ducklings, chickens, and eggs being carried off by rooks.' Now, we confidently assert that however true this accusation may be in the north of England, such a state of things is most exceptional, if not altogether unknown in our southern counties; and therefore it would be most ill advised to follow the example of Northumberland landlords and tenants in this wholesale destruction of the rook.

One of the commonest errors, even among fairly well-informed ornithologists, is to mistake the common carrion crow for the rook, which in figure it much resembles, and *vice versa*. We believe that not one lady in a hundred could distinguish between the two birds either when on the ground or on the wing; and we feel convinced that these tales of slaughtered chickens and ducklings should be laid to the charge of the real culprit, the vagrant crow, and not be foisted on to the shoulders of the poor rook. The carrion crow is fairly numerous in the north of England, still more so in the western parts of the country, but is comparatively rare in the south-eastern counties, the very quarter where the rook is most numerous; and yet, as before stated, we hear of no fresh complaints against the rook from our farmers of Kent, Sussex, or Surrey, beyond the old, well-known tiresome habits which have been handed down to posterity, such as, pecking up seed-corn, occasional forays on laid barley or corn in the stooks, potatoes dug out of the ground, and carried off, and when pressed by dire hunger during severe winters, a mischievous habit of boring holes in turnips, thus letting in the frost and damp and destroying the root. We quite allow all these and sundry other peccadillos, such as occasionally sucking the eggs of game-birds in dry summers; and sometimes—though we believe this fault to be very rare—killing young pheasants or partridges; and yet we affirm that any experienced, unprejudiced agriculturist given to observing the ways of birds, and thus learning their real value, will at once, without hesitation, wisely spare the rook, searing him away from the fresh-sown wheat, in place of destroying him with poisoned grain or other cruel methods, knowing well that later, the good qualities of the bird as an insect destroyer will amply reward him for his clemency.

It is a pretty sight on a bright autumn morning to watch a crowd of hungry rooks, often in company with a beautiful flock of sea-gulls, following the plough, as the fresh earth, crumbled

by the keen frost of the previous night, is turned over to the surface by the gleaming steel as it cuts its way through the hard ground. What is it that attracts that black mass of keen-eyed birds so close up to the ploughman's heels, struggling and hustling one another who shall first grip the prey? We know, or should know, quite well what they are about. Those rooks and their companions the sea-gulls are devouring in thousands various kinds of mischievous grubs, and worms, which would later, if left unmolested and to their own devices play havoc with the crop. Jack Frost when let into the ground by the plough's deep furrow quickly destroys the eggs of insects; but were there no rooks to pick up the old ones, they would bury themselves again in the soil, and later lay their eggs afresh.

It is interesting to watch the rook busy devouring earthworms on the pastures, especially after a heavy roller has passed over the grass, awakening sluggish Lumbricus from his repose, and causing him to peep out. In an instant the keen black eye of the rook fastens on the unfortunate; one quick blow of the bill and he has him by the head, and draws the reluctant wretch slowly and steadily from his retreat; for, mind you, he has no intention of breaking the worm in half by a too sudden jerk or pull, and thus losing half the spoil. A good-sized earthworm holds on tenaciously in this extremity, its ringed muscular body enabling it to cling strongly to the sides of its burrow. If the rook finds that the worm is too long to draw out with one effort, he doesn't let go his hold; the clever bird knows quite well that if he did so, the worm would instantly disappear like a spiral spring; so, to prevent such a catastrophe, not to say disappointment, the cunning old rook, having drawn Mr Worm out a good stretch, calmly and carefully places his foot down on it just where the tightened body comes out of the ground, and then quits his hold of the head, seizes the creature lower down, draws it out, and leisurely discusses the tender morsel.

When thus harmlessly employed, the rook shows great confidence in man, allowing the passer-by to approach quite close to him, and then only walking jauntily away without taking wing. But at other times, when bent on mischief, and engaged in picking up the farmer's seed-corn, the crafty bird is perfectly well aware that he is doing harm, and shows great wariness to guard against surprise. Two or three vigilant sentries are often posted on the tops of trees hard by to keep a lookout all round, and a single 'caw' of alarm from one of these keen-eyed watchmen—more especially if the intruder proves to be the dreaded 'man with the gun'—produces an instantaneous effect on the black mass of rooks; and it is amusing at such times to observe the hurry and confusion betrayed by the conscience-stricken birds, as, with hurried scrambling flight and hoarse croaks of fear, they make off in every direction.

Rooks, however, when once they have discovered newly-sown wheat are very persistent and tiresome in returning to the spot; and keeping well away from hedgerows and cover of any kind, settle down in the middle of the field, out of gunshot range, and unless an active crow-

boy is constantly on the move, speedily do mischief. A common round bullet discharged from a gun, and so aimed that the ball ricochets through the midst of a mass of rooks feeding on forbidden ground, has a wholesome effect on their nerves. The flock, scared by the report of the gun and whizz of the bullet in their midst, quickly disappear, and will not trouble the spot again for many a day.

Included in the Crow family is that beautiful merry bird the Jay. The old lines,

The joy-bird sat on the hickory limb;
He winked at me, and I winked at him,

give us an idea of his lively social character; but one would imagine, from the constant persecution he receives, that a greater sinner among birds never flew. Here, again, we venture to say that when the sum-total of his misdoings are fairly recorded there is little to justify such ill-usage. The gamekeeper is the jay's special enemy; and it cannot be denied that occasionally, though we affirm rarely, the bird destroys the eggs of pheasants and partridges. Undoubtedly the jay is by nature a regular and inveterate egg-sucker; but the patient observer will find that the bird devotes his chief attention to the nests of small birds, more especially the thrush and blackbird, which are generally built in the thicket or evergreen shrubs, and that he seldom interferes with or searches for nests containing eggs *on the ground*. Moreover, the jay is arboreal in his habits, preferring the gloom of our densest woods, and seldom quitting them for a more open country. And we know that although pheasants inhabit the same coverts as the jay during the autumn and winter, yet, when spring arrives, and the hen-pheasant begins to look for a nesting-place, she leaves the thick woods and wanders away along hedgerows, narrow plantations, or lanes bordered by thick grass. Often enough she foolishly pitches upon a spot close to a much frequented high-road; but wherever the nest is made, it is nearly always away from and not within dense woods.

The partridge generally inhabits a still more open country during the 'danger' season, or, in other words, when she has maternal cares. Often enough her eggs are deposited in meadows or clover, so that both these game-birds at their nesting-time are away from the haunts of the wood-loving jay.

Again, we constantly hear it said by keepers that the jay uses his powerful conical-shaped bill in destroying the young of game-birds; but we maintain, from long experience, that this accusation is the exception, not the rule, and that many a time the misdeeds of the magpie—a really mischievous bird and an enemy to game of all kinds—have been through ignorance laid to the door of the jay.

For the rest, a sly visit to the cherry orchard betimes in the early morning, or an occasional inroad on the gardener's peas, and such-like small crimes, and we have recorded the besetting sins of the poor jay. The gamekeeper would do well to remember, before he raises his gun or sets his trap, that many is the time when the harsh grating alarm-cry from the depth of the wood of the ever-watchful jay has caused him to pause and listen, for he well knows from the bird's cry

that something is on the move disturbing the covert, maybe a poacher busy with his ferrets, a prowling cat, or, likely enough, if towards evening, Mr Reynard the fox starting on his rounds.

J. H. B.

TOFANA, THE ITALIAN POISONER.

In the annals of most lands we generally find some period when the lust of shedding human blood was rampant; but few can point to a worse condition of existence than that which prevailed in the Italy of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, the Italy of the petty republics and principalities, when the most brutal selfishness and most cringing servility went hand in hand. When baseness, deceit, cruelty, and selfishness are combined in the character of public men, the profession of secret murder becomes one of the fine arts; in fact, so callous do people grow that they cease to think of killing as murder, but simply as the removal of a hateful object.

The most remarkable of these professional poisoners was a woman, by name Tofana, a native of Palermo. This monster, while still a young girl, by some means or other became possessed of the recipe for a mixture of which from four to eight drops were fatal. This liquid, which has become known under the name of 'Tofana Water,' has been described as clear, tasteless, colourless, and odourless. It was of such a nature that it baffled the cleverest medical men of the seventeenth century, and the acutest analysts were utterly unable to testify to its presence in the organs of one of its victims after the most searching post-mortem examination. It was, in fact, the poisoner's beau-ideal of a poison. Doubtless, if some modern Tofana were to make use of this so-called 'water,' she would not have the same guarantee of absolute security which her seventeenth-century prototype possessed. In the period during which she flourished, chemistry had scarcely risen to the dignity of a science; but in this nineteenth century it is not only an experimental but also a mathematical science. Our analysts can speak with as absolute certainty of the most infinitesimal quantities as others can of tons; they are accustomed to weigh with a balance which indicates the tenth of a milligramme (that is, the 0.00154 of a grain) with perfect distinctness; while many of their tests are sufficiently delicate to point out without the shadow of a doubt the presence of even the millionth part of a grain.

In the Italy of the period in question, women were but little better than the slaves of their male relatives; they were married or divorced in the most reckless way to promote political or social alliances, and generally discovered their places to be occupied by some other fair ones, who, though more favoured, were perhaps neither more nor less frail than themselves. It was to such wretched women that the infamous Tofana sold her secret, and with society in such a state, there were only too many fair ones who thought they could be benefited by the removal of some hard or faithless lord or some more favoured rival.

The first dose, administered in wine or tea or some other liquid by the flattering traitress,

produced but a scarcely noticeable effect; the husband became a little out of sorts, felt weak and languid, so little indisposed that he would scarce call in a medical man; but if he did, it was only to be told it was a mere nothing, which a draught or two would put to rights. After the second dose of poison, this weakness and languor became more pronounced, and the doctor would begin to think that, after all, the patient required to be put on a course of diet and rest. The beautiful Medea who expressed so much anxiety for her husband's indisposition would scarcely be an object of suspicion, and perhaps would prepare her husband's food, as prescribed by the doctor, with her own fair hands. In this way the third drop would be administered, and would prostrate even the most vigorous man. The doctor would be completely puzzled to see that the apparently simple ailment did not surrender to his drugs, and while he would be still in the dark as to its nature, other doses would be given, until at length death would claim the victim for his own.

Then, when too late, the dreadful word 'poison' would be uttered; upon which, of course, to save her fair fame, the wife would demand a post-mortem examination. Result, nothing; except that the woman was able to pose as a slandered innocent, and then it would be remembered that her husband died without either pain, inflammation, fever, or spasms. If, after this, the woman within a year or two formed a new connection, nobody could blame her; for, everything considered, it would be a sore trial for her to continue to bear the name of a man whose relatives had accused her of poisoning him.

While still at Palermo, Tofana became acquainted with an old sorceress, Hieronyma Spara, to whom she imparted her secret. The two worked together until the number of deaths among young married men began to attract attention; whereupon Tofana started for Naples, while Spara betook herself to the Eternal City. At Rome, Spara began operations on an extended scale. She formed a band of poisoners, the principal of whom was a woman named Gratirosa, for, be it remembered Spara was well up in years. Spara's method of working seems to have been this: she gave herself out as a sorceress and fortune-teller, and in this capacity wormed the secrets out of the hearts of the silly women who consulted her. She would then cleverly insinuate that in three or four days the cruel husband or the faithless man, as the case might be, could be removed with the most absolute safety. A bargain was struck; mutual promises of the most profound secrecy were exchanged; and within the week there was a new widow in Rome. If the discontented wife were a member of the middle classes, Spara artfully contrived that the dangerous portion of the negotiations should be carried on by some of the other members of the gang; for she judged that the women of the 'masses' would be much more likely to betray her than the women of the 'classes.'

Of course, the number of deaths among newly-married men soon attracted the attention of the authorities in Rome, as it had done in Palermo; but though the police may have had their suspicions, it was some time before they were able

to bring the crimes home to the proper quarters; even after they knew that the sorceress Spara was implicated, it was long before they could obtain proof positive. At length, however, they found a lady who was willing to act in concert with them; and so well did this amateur detective carry out her rôle, that at last the police knew all the principal members of this infamous gang.

The band was taken and put to the torture, according to the custom of the time. All confessed except Spara, who seems to have had so little knowledge of human nature as to have thought some of the frail ladies whom she had assisted would step forward to protect her from justice. She withstood the torture several times, but, as no relief came, at length cried out in despair: 'Where are the Roman princes, nobles, and knights who have made use of my art? Where are the ladies who have promised me their favour? But they came not; whereupon the miserable wretch denounced them all and confessed her crimes.

Pope Alexander VII. ordered Spara, Gratirosa, and three others to be executed at once; within the month he sent several others of them to their last account; and the remainder he banished for ever.

It was in 1658 that this band of secret murderers was thus broken up and destroyed.

Meanwhile, the prime villain was still at large, exercising her terrible vocation not only at Naples, which was her headquarters, but in various parts of Italy. For many years she evaded the police and the custom-house officers with her bottles of poison in her luggage; and death after death in the most mysterious way was reported. At last, by mere accident it was discovered that a little old woman, a voluble and lively talker, was the infamous wretch who carried death far and near. In her luggage were found bottles labelled, 'Manna of St Nicholas of Bari,' and embellished with the saint's portrait, just as if it had been a registered trade-mark. At Bari, where St Nicholas was buried, the monks pretended that an oil-spring with miraculous healing properties welled out of his grave. This oil or 'manna' was sacred, and no policeman or custom-house officer dared lay profane hands upon it. No wonder, therefore, that the chatty little old woman who carried this healing oil about was allowed to pass unmolested.

As soon as the terrible secret was discovered, Tofana fled to a convent which had the right of sanctuary. General Thaurin, Viceroy of Naples, gave orders for her arrest; but the sanctuary could not be broken, and all the religious bodies in Naples seemed determined to protect the wicked old wretch who had set religion at defiance. The contest between Church and State was continued with bitterness, until at last General Thaurin lost patience and tore the wretch out of sanctuary by main force. This was in 1709.

At first, Tofana maintained her innocence; but, on being put to the torture, confessed ultimately to no fewer than six hundred murders! Short work was made of her after this, and she was condemned to be strangled. Just before her death, she also confessed that she had, only a day or so before her arrest, sent two boxes of her 'manna' to Rome, addressed in initials. All haste was made to the Eternal City, and

the boxes were found as described; but no one ever claimed them.

What was this poison? It is known as Tofana Water (*Aqua della Tofana*); but what was its composition? There have been many conjectures on this subject, some of them of the wildest description: (1) That it was principally composed of the saliva of mad people; (2) that it was nitric acid; (3) that it was a preparation of poppy and Spanish fly; (4) that it was sugar of lead and Spanish fly; (5) that it was extract of snapdragon, a common flower; and so on. Scientific men, however, are disposed generally to believe it to be an artfully disguised preparation of arsenic; and Garella, head physician to the Emperor Charles VI., stated that his imperial master, who saw the official reports of the trial, told him it was a preparation of crystallised arsenic dissolved in water with *Herba Cymbalaria*.

Whatever the poison may have been, the reports as to its action would seem to have been exaggerated, for no known poison would work precisely as reported—at once so bland and so deadly; while, on the other hand, we think we are speaking with the strictest scientific accuracy when we state that the modern toxicologist would undertake to detect every and any poison administered in a fatal dose, if the case were presented to him within a reasonable time after death.

A VERY OLD DICTIONARY.

BURROWING lately in that great storehouse of literature, the British Museum Reading Room, the writer happened to light on a quaint old dictionary, which illustrates in a striking manner the growth of the English language, and the changes it has undergone during the last two centuries and a half. It is a small pultry volume, duodecimo size, dated 1626, and entitled in the prolix fashion of the time, 'The English Dictionary: or An Interpreter of Hard English Words, enabling as well Ladies and Gentlewomen, Young Schollers, Clarke, Merchants, as also Strangers of any Nation to the understanding,' &c., by H. C., Gent. The author was Henry Cockeram, belonging to a Herefordshire family. His little book, which ran through many editions, was one of the earliest dictionaries published, a similar volume by a Dr Bullokar, a medical man, being dated a few years earlier. Both confine themselves very much to the more difficult words; indeed, the interpretation of 'hard' words, rather than the explanation of all words great and small, seems to have been the leading notion in the minds of these early lexicographers. The derivation of words was not even thought of at that stage, the first to attempt etymologies being Nathan Bailey, of Stepney, about a hundred years later; and after him Dr Johnson.

Many curious features are noticeable in these seventeenth-century manuals in the way of obsolete words, quaint definitions, and the alterations of meaning which many English words still in use have undergone. Probably few persons who have not investigated the matter have any idea of the extensive changes that have

taken place in these as well as in other departments of philology. The scientific study of the origins of words, more especially, is a comparatively recent thing. Cowper gave humorous expression to the prevailing indifference on the subject in his time when he wrote:

Those learned philologists who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
To Gaul—to Greece—and into Noah's ark.

But we have changed all that, and it may therefore not be a superfluous task to give some illustrations, from Cockeram's work, of the contrast between English past and present—that is, between the philological fashions current in the reign of James I and those of the present day.

As examples of the changes which have taken place in the meaning of many English words still in use, may be noted the following: 'enormous,' (*sic*) meaning 'wicked,' a signification still surviving in the substantive enormity; 'buxom,' which is rendered 'pliant, obedient,' and 'buxomness' as 'loveliness'—both of which meanings, although found in modern dictionaries, are quite obsolete. And nowadays, in addition to jolly, which is the usual modern acceptance of the word, the element of stoutness must also be included. Nobody ever heard buxom applied to a thin woman. An equivalent for 'solitary' is found in 'monastical' which is at least an example of solitary living. Then we have to 'blunder,' paraphrased by 'to bestir one's self'; to 'improve,' to 'raise rents'; 'impeach,' to 'hinder'; and 'vegetate,' to 'make strong.' Among substantives, 'catastrophe' has an odd signification, the rendering being 'the end of a comedy,' in which sense it is used by Shakespeare, although the end of a tragedy would be nearer the present meaning. Other instances are 'orchestra,' meaning 'a skat-fold'; 'scyphont,' 'a false accuser'; 'sinows,' 'nerves'; 'appendix,' 'a waiter'; 'miscreant,' 'an infidel,' applied to Joan of Arc by Shakespeare; 'speculation,' 'a watching in high places.' The latter two are both literal renderings according to the etymology, and much more exact than the modern explanations. So also 'harbinger,' 'one that takes up lodgings for others'; and 'illustrate,' to 'make famous or noble,' a legitimate explanation, if we consider it is from the same root as illustrious. 'Illustrate' and 'illustration,' however, are now chiefly used in connection with the embellishment of books or periodicals. A century ago, 'decorations' was the usual term, as, for example, 'The Works of William Shensstone, with Decorations.'

Many of the definitions are amusing, and some of them ludicrously absurd. The 'pole' is described as 'the end of the axle-tree whereon the heavens do move,' a very primitive explanation. The 'Hebridean wave' seems rather a poetical substitute for the 'Irish Sea'; and a 'badger' is a still more extraordinary equivalent for a corn-merchant—'one that buys corn or other victual in one place to sell it in another.' Still funnier are some of the natural-history definitions. A 'baboon' is said to be 'a beast like an ape but farre bigger'; a 'lynx' is 'a spotted beast—it hath a most perfect sight, inso-much as it is said that it can see thorow a wall.' The account of the 'salamander' reads like an

elaborate joke—'a small venomous beast with four feet and a short tail; it lives in the fire, and at length, by his extreme cold, puts out the fire.' Turning to more general topics, we have the 'alphabet' defined as 'the cross row of letters;' and 'an abecedarian' is 'one who teaches the cross row.' According to Cockeram, 'an idiot' is 'an unlearned ass;' a 'labourer,' a 'swinker;' and 'a heretick' is sketched more roundaboutly, but with a clear assertion of the right of private opinion, as 'he which maketh choice of himselfe what poynts of religion he will beleeve and what hee will not.' Then from classic times, the 'Olympic games' are 'solemn games of activity;' and 'Amphitrite' is not, as usual, the goddess of the sea, but the 'sea' itself. 'Mathematicks' and 'mathematicians' are hardly dealt with. The latter means 'a soothsayer;' and the science, as defined, includes nearly all knowledge—the arts of arithmetic, music, geography, geometrie, astronomy, astrology, cosmography; reminding one of the trivium and quadrivium of the schoolmen of the middle ages. 'Actresse' has a very literal and interesting signification—a woman doer; but at this decade of the seventeenth century there were no actresses in the modern sense of the term, the female parts being then taken by boys or young men. Women actors first appeared in 1660.

Words which have become obsolete are numerous. There is 'agonist,' meaning a 'champion,' or one striving for the mastery; 'adequate,' as a verb, 'to make level;' 'buccinate,' 'to blow a trumpet;' 'aduncity,' 'hookedness,' both words being extinct. 'Caleb' is explained as 'a bachelor,' an apparently unaccountable definition; 'ventoy' interpreted as a lady's fan; and many others. There is a large class of other words which have come down to us only in other forms or parts of speech. Take, as apt examples, in our English of to-day, threnody, but not 'threnie,' a lamentation; lassitude, but not the verbal form 'to lassate;' mellable, but not 'effable;' behests, but not 'hests;' excelsior, excelling, &c., but not 'excelitic;' germane, but not 'germanitic,' brotherhood; interecme, but not 'intermecate;' tragedy, but not 'tragedize,' both of these old verbs meaning 'to kill.' Some words, again, have survived, but with a change of prefix, such as 'sufflated,' 'conspicuity,' 'adcorporated,' 'orambrate,' instead of inflated, perspicuity, incorporated, perambulate, as they are now printed. These various examples of changes in the language are both interesting and instructive, and show, what is indeed more obvious now than at any former period, that the English vocabulary is not a fixed quantity, but is constantly gaining accessions or suffering diminution. And it may be here said that in recent years the influx of slang phrases and words, and a too facile habit among all classes of making use of them, may afford ground for the opinion that the well of 'English undefiled' is more turbid than it was.

An interesting question suggested by this ancient waif of a book is the number of English words now existing. Considerable difference of opinion exists on this point. Mr George P. Marsh, an American author of repute, in his *Lectures on the English Language*, estimates that the number (in 1861) 'probably does not fall short of one hundred thousand;' and large additions,

especially in art and science, have come into use since that date. Other writers, however, come to a different conclusion, and think that forty thousand would include the whole. It depends a good deal on how calculations are made. If all the subsidiary words—participles and the like—are to be taken into account, it will swell the sum-total very considerably. Taking the first three words that occur at random, we find that from 'demonstrate,' in one of our modern dictionaries, there are thirteen derivatives; from the word 'bright' there are twelve; and from 'deplore' there are ten. There is also redundancy in other forms. In one of Todd's editions of Dr Johnson there are upwards of eighty words with the prefix 'all'—all-complying, all-divining, all-drowsy, and so on—a very notable instance of dictionary padding. In ways like these the vocabulary may be indefinitely increased. Probably, if we take leading words and all their derivatives, the number at the present time will exceed Mr Marsh's estimate. An approximate verification of this may be found by multiplying the number of pages in any good modern dictionary by the average number of words in a page. Shakespeare's works, it is believed, include about fifteen thousand separate words, and Milton's about eight thousand; but from these figures we have no criterion of the extent of the actual English vocabulary. It may be mentioned here that while Cockeram has only about seven or eight thousand words, there are in Bailey's Dictionary approximately about thirty-six thousand, and in Johnson's not more than that. In some of the larger modern works, again, the figures, as has been said, reach to upwards of one hundred thousand.

In Dr Johnson's vocabulary many technical and scientific terms were omitted, and in his original preface he excuses himself in a very naive and characteristic fashion. 'I could not,' he says, 'visit caverns to learn the miner's language, nor take a voyage to perfect my skill in the dialect of navigation, nor visit the warehouses of merchants and the shops of artificers to gain the names of wares, tools, and operations of which no mention is found in books.' An adverse critic might be inclined to ask, why not? But all the same, it will be readily conceded that he did a great work according to his lights. The science of philology has been revolutionised since his day, but his labours largely contributed to the earlier stages of its progress.

PALM-WINE.

MEN of all races have by some instinctive process discovered the art of preparing fermented liquors. These liquors are produced, either directly or indirectly, from the natural sugars which plants contain, or from the sugars which we prepare by artificial means. Hence it is that whatever be the material from which these liquors are made—whether the juice of the sugar-cane, the must of the grape, the wort of malted grain, the sap of the palm-tree, the juice of the apple or the pear, the milk of the Tartar mare, the sap of the aloe, or the juice of the avu—the intoxicating principle present in them is always the same—namely, alcohol. From this it follows

as a natural consequence that the effects of these exhilarating beverages upon the human system are in nearly every case the same. A wide difference, therefore, prevails between fermented liquors and narcotics; for we find that, unlike fermented liquors, each narcotic indulgence produces its own peculiar and special effect.

Though we know but little of palm-wine in Europe, it is largely used as an exhilarating beverage in India and other parts of Asia, in the islands of the Pacific Ocean, in Africa, and in some parts of America, such as Chili; indeed, it is probably consumed by a larger number of the human race than the wine produced from the grape.

Most trees of the palm tribe contain a sap which is rich in saccharine matter, and it is from this sweet juice that palm-wine—or, as it is sometimes called, 'toddy'—is prepared. At least two methods of obtaining this sap appear to be generally employed. In the islands of the Pacific the spathe or flowering head of the palm-tree is bound up tightly with sennit, and is then cut. The sap exudes from the wound, and is caught in a cocoa-nut shell suspended underneath. When the juice ceases to drop, another piece is cut off the spathe, a fresh quantity of sap is obtained, and the process is repeated until the spathe is entirely removed. Soon, however, a new flowering head is formed above the old one, and this, when sufficiently grown, is treated in exactly the same manner.

On the west coast of Africa the sap is obtained by making an incision just below the crown of leaves with which a palm-tree is surmounted. The incision slopes upwards and inwards; and the juice which exudes is conducted by a small piece of bamboo into a gourd or vessel placed underneath the wound.

The sugar which the sap contains is exactly the same kind as is yielded by the sugar-cane. In some countries, therefore, the palm-juice is boiled down after proper treatment, and furnishes a sugar which, when refined, cannot be distinguished from the best produce of the West India Islands. In other countries the sap is allowed to ferment spontaneously—a change which occurs very quickly in hot countries—the sugar is thereby converted into alcohol, and the liquid acquires intoxicating properties.

As might be expected, the juice of a palm-tree varies both in quality and quantity with the species of palm from which it is extracted. The place of growth also appears to exert considerable influence upon the readiness with which the sap ferments. Hence it is that different varieties of palms are employed in different parts of the world for the preparation of wine or toddy. On the western coast of Africa, for example, the beverage is obtained from the oil-palms, a species which are said to yield wine of the best quality. The tree is tapped in the evening; and in the morning the gourd which receives the sap is found filled with a liquid somewhat resembling the milk of a cocoa-nut, but richer and sweeter. The juice soon ferments and becomes intoxicating, but the percentage of alcohol which it contains is comparatively small.

In the fertile oases with which the Sahara and the other deserts of Northern Africa are dotted, large groves of date-palms are to be seen,

from which the Arabs and other wandering tribes of the desert obtain an intoxicating beverage which they call *lagmi*. When drunk immediately, the sap of this palm resembles rich milk; but when allowed to stand for a time, it ferments, and acquires the flavour and sparkling qualities of champagne.

The use of wine is strictly prohibited by the Koran, but the intoxicated Mohammedan excuses his apparent disregard of the injunctions of the Prophet by saying: 'Lagmi is not wine, and the prohibition of the Koran refers to wine.'

The same species of palm-tree is very abundant in the hilly Indian province of Bahar. Here the annual tapping for toddy is made on alternate sides of the tree, and in this way the trunks become curiously distorted, growing upwards in a zigzag direction. In other parts of India the beautiful fan-palm and the toddy-palm are the varieties chiefly employed in the manufacture of the wine. The toddy-palm will frequently yield more than one hundred pints of sap in the course of twenty-four hours!

In Ceylon, whole forests of the cocoa-palm are set apart for the preparations of fermented liquor; while in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, the Moluccas, and the Philippines, it is the sap of the gommuti-palm which is allowed to ferment and furnish an exhilarating beverage known as *neva*. The natives of the beautiful islands of the Pacific obtain their toddy or *laurua* by wounding the flowering head of the cocoa-nut tree; and each tree yields from two to six pints of liquid in twenty-four hours. When drunk immediately, it closely resembles the milk of the young cocoa-nut; but when allowed to stand for a few hours, it ferments, acquires intoxicating properties, and becomes acid.

Nearly everywhere in Africa and in many parts of Asia the fermented sap is subjected to distillation, and thus yields a strong brandy or spirit, which, like palm-wine itself, has received different names according to the district in which it is produced, or the variety of palm from which the wine has been procured.

FULFILMENT.

'Under the influence of the sun the last remnants of winter vanish, almost, as it seems to us, by magic; leaves open, birds sing, and flowers smile from the brown earth. It is as if some good enchanter had waved his wand and transformed all.'

Lo, Spring is here! Her soft, transforming hand
She lays on branches, cold and brown and bare,
And swift, like work of some magician's wand,
Verdure and bloom are round us everywhere:
Buds open in the warm and perfumed air;
And birds' glad voices thrill the grateful ear;
Each moment sees the birth of something fair.
The April morn is fresh, serene, and clear;
No withered forms make sad the heart that grieves
O'er Autumn's hectic glow; all is new,
And 'mid the loveliness of half-blown leaves,
The kind Spring sun shines in a heaven of blue.
Linger a while, delicious days! ye are
More charming than full Summer's radiance far.

J. C. HOWDEN.

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LOVERS OF HORACE.

Of all the poets of antiquity, Horace has always been the favourite and chosen companion of men of letters of every kind and rank from his own day to the present time. The reason is not far to seek. It was the attractive personality of Horace, his kindly nature and genial good-fellowship, that made him ever welcome in his own memorable circle of friends in ancient Rome. The friend of Varius and Virgil, of Mæcenas and Augustus, has since, for similar reasons, been, through his writings, the friend of men the most diverse in position and occupation. Horace's love of books and of the country, his abundant lyrical power, the cheerful optimism of the poems, their genial humanity and philosophic content, have all successfully appealed, and will continue to appeal, to each successive generation of lovers of letters.

The admirers of Horace are of every age and of all nations. Dante places him second to Homer; Cowley, who had for Horace, says Dean Sprat, a 'peculiar reverence,' calls him 'the next best poet in the world to Virgil.' French men of letters of the most varying natures—Fénelon, La Fontaine, Bossuet, Boileau, Voltaire—all pay homage to the Roman poet. Boileau endeavoured to imitate his great predecessor by writing satires, epistles, and an *Art of Poetry*. The last work served Pope as a model for his *Essay on Criticism*. Malherbe had his Horace always with him whether at home or in the fields, and called the poet his breviary. Montaigne, a thorough Horatian in taste and nature, is steeped in the writings of the Roman poet. To both Gascon and Latin might be attributed the confession of Mr Hardcastle in Goldsmith's comedy: 'I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.'

The great Condorcet, when hiding during the Reign of Terror, made a copy of Horace his constant companion, until at last the little book helped to seal his doom. In rags and worn out with hunger and fatigue, he left the thickets and

quarries about Paris in which he had been lurking, and entering a tavern in the village of Clamars, asked for breakfast. His appearance at once aroused suspicion, notwithstanding his explanation that he was a 'servant out of place.' He was seized and searched. In his pocket was found a Latin Horace—hardly the usual kind of reading with lackeys out of place. The passage to the prison cell was short, and there, with his Horace open beside him, Condorcet was found dead on the following morning. Horace was a consolation in death to another famous man. When Cornelius de Witt was sentenced to banishment on a false charge of conspiring to procure the death of the Prince of Orange, his greater brother, the famous John de Witt, resolved to accompany him. They were leaving the Hague, when an infuriated mob attacked them and tore them savagely in pieces in the street. In the midst of his agonies, Cornelius repeated one of Horace's Odes—the third of the third book—whose opening words were peculiarly applicable to his most unhappy condition.

Love for Horace has in one or two instances been carried almost to an extreme. A Cambridge-shire gentleman named Underwood, who died in 1773, left a will containing some curiously eccentric directions as to his funeral. The terms of the will were duly observed, and among other unusual features of the ceremony, the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace was sung by six gentlemen during the interment; and the thirty-first ode of the first book was similarly performed at the funeral supper after the ceremony. Inside the coffin were placed, with other books, copies of various editions of the favourite classic. Under the head of the deceased, who was fully dressed, was placed Sanadon's Horace; and at his feet was Bentley's Milton. The right hand held a small Greek Testament, and the left a miniature edition of his beloved Horace, while Bentley's edition of the same poet lay under the back. The famous orientalist, Sir William Jones, always carried a copy of Horace in his pocket, and in his will ordered that it

should be buried with him, which direction was duly carried out.

When Dryden was buried in Westminster Abbey on May 13, 1701, the public funeral was preceded by an interesting ceremony at the College of Physicians, where the poet's body had been embalmed and had lain in state for some days. Dr Garth, the poet of *Dispensary* fame, delivered a Latin funeral oration, and the nobly prophetic ode of Horace, beginning 'Exegi monumentum are perennius,' was solemnly sung to music.

The English love for the Roman poet is well seen in the immense variety of translations and imitations which during the last three hundred years have appeared in endless succession, and to which every year adds its quota. The first appearance of Horace in English was a version of the first two satires published by Thomas Colwell in 1565. In the following year Thomas Drant issued his translation of the two books of Satires in somewhat strange conjunction with a metrical version of Jeremiah. Drant added in 1567 a translation of the *Ars Poetica* and the *Epistles*, and in his preface curiously says: 'I can soner translate twelve verses out of the Greek Homer than sixe oute of Horace.' How was it, one may ask, that the worthy man published no translation of any part of Homer, but remained faithful to the less congenial Horace? To name all the many translators who have rendered either detached poems or the entire works of Horace into English would be impossible. Milton translated the *Ode* to *Pyrrha* and a number of detached sentences containing striking thoughts. Dryden imitated some of the *Odes* and *Satires*, and stimulated Creech to the production of his complete version. Walsh and Otway translated single lyrics; Marvell and Broome were responsible for others. A certain poet named Coxwell translated all the *Odes*, and his renderings, if not very poetical, are at least amusing. He commences the address to *Mæcenas*:

Great sir, that didst from Royal Race descend,
My safeguard, dear and honoured friend.

A duller versifier was Samuel Dunster, who issued a version of the *Satires* and *Epistles* in 1710, which supplied the satirists of the day with a target for their shafts. Thomas Franklin wrote:

O'er Tibur's swan the Muses wept in vain,
And mourned their Bard by cruel Dunster slain.

In recent times, the translators have been legion, from Barry Cornwall and Leigh Hunt to Professor Conington, Lord Lytton, and Sir Theodore Martin.

But attachment to Horace among Englishmen has not been confined to the army of translators nor to the writers, such as Cowley and Pope, whose works show plainly the influence of the Roman poet. Horace has been appreciated by students of all ranks and classes. Hooker, the divine, took

refuge with him in the fields beyond the sound of his *Xantippe's* voice. Chesterfield, the man of the world, said that when he talked his best he quoted Horace. Gibbon says that while serving in the militia, 'in every march, in every journey, Horace was always in my pocket, and often in my hand.' Pye, the poet-laureate, who was also a magistrate, was a lover of Horace, although he failed to catch any of his lyrical inspiration. Another magistrate of similar tastes was Mr Kinnaird, who used to form one of the set of acquaintances, including Leigh Hunt, Fuseli, and Bonnycastle, that early in this century were in the habit of meeting at the table of Mr Hunt, the bookseller, in St Paul's Churchyard. Mr Kinnaird, says Leigh Hunt, 'had a body that "had increased, was increasing, and ought to have been diminished." Next to his bottle, he was fond of his Horace; and in the intervals of business at the police-office would enjoy both in his armchair.' An extraordinary classicist was Tillman Robert, Bachelor of Arts and stagecoach driver. Robert took his degree at Oxford; but instead of pursuing the paths of learning, preferred the occupation of driving the Oxford stage, of which he was proprietor. From his seat on the box he would astonish his passengers by his acquaintance with the classics, and, as Leigh Hunt says, capped verses and the front of his hat with equal dexterity, and read Horace over his brandy-and-water of an evening.

Matthew Prior when a youth was found by the Earl of Dorset reading Horace in his uncle's tavern, the *Rummer*, at Charing Cross. The Earl generously sent him to Cambridge; and the reading of the Roman classic laid the foundation of the fame and prosperity of the future poet and statesman. The liking for Horace did not desert him later in life, as may be seen from his account in *The Secretary* of his mode of spending Saturday evening when acting as Secretary of Embassy at the Hague. A statesman of a later day, Warren Hastings, occupied himself, on his voyage from Bengal to England to face his accusers, by writing imitations of Horace's *Odes*. Public men of our own time, such as Mr Gladstone and the late Lord Derby, have made excellent translations of detached odes.

The late President Garfield showed his love for the Roman poet in another way: he made a very large collection of the different editions of the works of Horace. A Manchester gentleman is said to possess over seven hundred and fifty volumes of editions and translations of Horace, and this is probably the largest collection of the kind in this country. The number of volumes in Garfield's possession we do not know, but the collection was considered to be the most complete in America. A visitor to the President is said to have found him at work surrounded by piles of books, and when asked the nature of his occupation, Garfield replied: 'I find I am overworked, and need recreation. Now, my theory is that the best way to rest the mind is not to let it be idle, but to put it to something quite outside of the

ordinary line of its employment. So I am resting by learning all the Congressional Library can show about Horace and the various editions and translations of his poems.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XVI.—WE SIGHT A WRECK.

THE wonder and excitement raised in us by the extraordinary fore-castle conspiracy to plunder the ship's mail-room passed away in two or three days. Monotony at sea is heavy and flattening. It passes over the soul as an iron roller over a lawn, and smooths down every asperity of memory into the merest flatness of moods and humours. Hemmeridge showed himself no more. He lay hid in his cabin, where he was fed, by the captain's orders, from the cuddy table; but he refused to leave his berth, swore he would not prescribe so much as a pill though a pestilence should fall upon the whole ship's company, and virtually left us all without the means of obtaining professional advice.

Three days passed away. It was a Monday morning, as very well, indeed, do I remember. I went on deck at about seven o'clock for a bath; and on looking over the fore-castle rail, down away upon the starboard bow I caught sight of something sparkling that might very well have passed for the reflection in the water of a brilliant luminary. The old Scotch carpenter was leaning against the fore-castle capstan smoking a pipe, his weather-hardened face of leather drooping over his folded arms.

'Pray, what is that object shining down there?' said I.

'Well, it puzzled me, sir,' he answered, slowly raising his head, and then leisurely staring in the direction of the appearance: 'it's naughting mair nor less than a ship's hull, sir.'

By this time I was able to distinguish a bit clearer, and could trace, amid the delicate haze of silver glory that was hanging all over the sea that way, as it came in gushing and floating folds of magnificence from the sun, that was already many degrees above the horizon, the outline of the hull of a small vessel, the proportions so faint as to be almost illusive.

At breakfast there was some talk about this hull, and Mr Emmett told the captain that he hoped a shot would be sent at her, as who was to know but that another cargo of monkeys might be exercised out of the fabric.

'I should rather like to visit a wreck,' I heard Miss Temple say across the table to Mr Colledge: 'I mean, of course, an abandoned vessel, floating in the middle of the ocean.'

'I protest I would rather die than think of such a thing,' exclaimed her aunt.

'Well, I don't know,' said Colledge; 'it would be something to do and something to talk about.—Did you ever board a wreck, Captain Keeling?'

'No, sir.'

'I would choose a wreck,' continued Miss Temple in her clear, rich, somewhat trembling voice, but with an air that let you know she confined her speech to Mrs Radcliffe and the

young sprig opposite, and old Marline-spike, as I love to call him, 'that had been abandoned for months, indeed for years, if such a thing could be: a hull covered with shells and weed and grass, into which the spirit of the enormous loneliness of the wide ocean had entered, so that you could get to think of her as a creation of the sea itself, as an uninhabited island is or a noble seabird.—Think,' she continued, fixing her large dark eyes upon Colledge with a light, almost sarcastic smile flickering about her lips, as though she was perfectly sensible that her thoughts and language were a trifle taller than that honourable young gentleman's intellectual stature rose to—'think of being utterly alone during a long, breathless, moonlit night on board such a wreck as I am imagining. The stillness! the imaginations which would come shaping out of the shadows!—By putting one's ear to the hatchway, as you sailors call it, Captain Keeling, what should one be able to hear?'

'The noise of water washing about below, ma'am—I don't see what else,' answered the old skipper, stifening up his figure whilst he adjusted his cravat, and gazing at her with a highly literal countenance over the points of his shirt collars.

She did not seem to hear him; her head had drooped, as though to a sudden engrossing thought, and her gaze rested upon something which her delicate fingers toyed with upon the table.

'What very odd fancies you have, Louise,' exclaimed Mrs Radcliffe with a peck of her face at the girl's handsome profile.

'Rather a good subject for a descriptive article, Johnson,' exclaimed Emmett aside with a drawl.

'Or for a picture,' answered Johnson; 'better on canvas than on paper, I think; don't you, Mr Saunders? Calm sea—a moon up in the air—a wreck showing black against the white reflection under the planet—a haughty young lady'—here he softened his voice—'inclining her head to the fore-hatch with her hand to her ear.—A first-class idea, Emmett. Seize it, or it may occur to another man.'

Miss Temple was speaking again, but the rude, impetuous jabber of the journalist prevented me from hearing her; and bestowing a sea-blessing on his head under my breath, I left the table and went on deck.

There was every promise of a dead calm anon. I went to the rail to view the wreck, and instantly made out on the other side of her the shining square of a sail—some ship on the rim of the horizon that had crawled into sight since six bells of the morning watch, and was now creeping down the smooth plain of sea with her yards braced somewhat forward, making a wind for herself out of what was scarce more than a catspaw to us, who had the thin fanning nearly over the stern.

Prance came up from the breakfast table with a telescope in his hand and stood by my side.

'That ship down yonder grows,' he exclaimed, pointing the glass and speaking with his eye at it; 'there'll be more air stirring down there than here; but little enough anywhere presently, though I tell you what, Mr Dugdale: there's

drop enough in the mercury to inspire one with hope.'

He brought the telescope to bear upon the hull, and was silent for a few moments, whilst I waited impatiently for him to make an end, wanting to look too.

'I don't think I can be mistaken,' said he presently in a musing voice: 'look you, Mr Dugdale.'

'At what?' said I, as I took the glass from him.

'At the hull yonder.'

I put the telescope upon the rail and knelt to it. Points which were invisible to the naked sight were clear enough now. The wreck was that of a vessel of some two hundred and fifty tons. She sat very light or high upon the water, and it was a part of the copper that rose to her bends which had emitted the flash that caught my eye on the fore-castle. Her foremast was standing, and her foreyard lay crossed upon it. Her bowsprit also forked out, but the jib-booms were gone. Lengths of her bulwark were smashed level to the deck; but gaunt as her mastless condition made her look, miserable as she showed in the mutilation of her sides, the beautiful shape of the hull stole out upon the sight through the deformities of her wrecked condition, as the fine shape of a woman expresses itself in defiance of the beggar's rags which may clothe her.

'By George, then, Mr Prance—why, yes, to be sure! I see what you mean, I cried all on a sudden—that must be our buccaneering friend of the other day!'

'Neither more nor less,' said he; 'an odd ren-counter certainly, considering what a big place the sea is. And yet I don't know: such a clipper will have sailed two feet to our one, though she exposed no more than her foresail. She'll have run as we did, and the light airs and baffling weather which followed will easily account for this meeting.'

'She is not yet the handful of charred staves you thought her, Mr Prance,' said I; 'they managed to get the fire under, anyway, though they had to abandon the brig in the end.—What is that fellow beyond her? She has the look of a man-of-war: a ship, I believe; yes, I think I can catch sight of the yards on the mizzen peeping past the sails on the main.'

All her canvas had risen, but nothing of her hull, saving the black film of her bulwark hovering upon the horizon with an icy gleam betwixt it and the sea-line, as though there was no more of her than that. When the others came on deck there was no little excitement amongst them on learning that the hull was neither more nor less than the veritable wreck of the brig whose presence had filled us with alarm and misery a few days before. Glasses of all sorts were brought to bear upon her, and by this time it was to be ascertained without doubt that she was absolutely deserted; 'unless,' I heard Mr Emmett say to Mr Prance, 'her people should be lying concealed within, hoping to coax us to visit her by an appearance of being deserted, when, of course, they would cut us off, and plunder our remains.—I mean, those who would be fools enough to board her out of curiosity.'

'Likely as not,' Mr Prance answered with a

sour smile. 'I would advise you not to attempt to inspect her.'

'Not I,' answered the painter; and the chief officer turned abruptly from him to smother a laugh.

It was not long, however, before the delicate miracle of distant canvas shining past the hull upon the calm blue like some spire of alabaster was recognised as a man-of-war.

'An Englishman, do you think, Captain Keeling?' asked Colonel Bannister.

'Oh, God bless my heart, yes, sir,' answered the skipper.

'Now, how do you know, capt'g?' cried Mrs Hudson.

'By my instincts as a Briton, ma'am,' he answered; 'patriotism so enlarges the nostril that a man can taste with his nose whenever anything of his country's about in the air.'

'To think of it now!' exclaimed Mrs Hudson. 'I'm sorry the robbers have left that wreck. I should like the pirates to have been caught by that man-of-war and hung up.'

The hour of noon had been 'made,' as it is called at sea, and it was then a dead calm, with the clear chimes of eight bells ringing through a wonderful stillness on high, so taint was the undulation in the water, so soft the stir in the canvas to the gentle swaying of the tall spars. The wreck of the brig lay about two miles distant off the starboard beam, and by this hour the corvette, as she now proved to be, with the crimson cross fluttering at her peak, had floated to within a mile and a half or thereabouts on the other side of the hull; and thus the three of us lay.

I went down on the quarter-deck to smoke a pipe, and whilst I lay over the bulwark rail watching the man-of-war, my eye was taken by a somewhat curious appearance in the line of the ocean away down in the south-west quarter. It was a sensible depression in the edge of the sea, as though you viewed it through defective window-glass. It was an atmospheric effect, and an odd one. The circle went round with the clearness of the side of a lens, save to that part, and there it looked as though some gigantic knife had pared a piece clean out—with this addition: that there was a curious sort of faintness as of mist, where the sky joined the sea in the hollow of this queer dip. I ran my eye over the poop to see if others up there were noting this appearance, but I did not observe that it had won attention. For my part, I should have made nothing of it, accepting it as some trick of refraction, but for it somehow entering into my head to remember how the second mate of the ship I had made my first voyage in once told me of a sudden shift of weather that had taken his craft aback and wrecked her to her tops, and that it had been heralded, though there was no man to interpret the sign, by just such another horizontal depression as that upon which my eyes were now resting.

However, on dismounting from the bulwarks for a brief yarn with little Saunders, the matter went out of my mind and I thought no more of it.

Whilst we were at lunch, Mr Cocker came down the companion steps cap in hand and said something to the captain.

'All right, sir,' I heard old Keeling answer: 'it will be a visit of curiosity rather than of courtesy.—How far is the boat?'

'She's only just left the wreck, sir.'

'Very well, Mr Cocker.'

The second mate remounted the steps.

'The corvette,' exclaimed old Keeling, addressing us generally, 'has sent a boat to the wreck, presumably to overhaul and report upon her. The boat is now approaching us. I have little doubt that the corvette is homeward bound, in which case, ladies and gentlemen, you might be glad to send letters by her. There will be plenty of time. The calm, I fear, threatens to last.'

There was instantly a hurry amongst the passengers, most of whom rushed away from the table to write their letters.

I emptied my wine-glass and went on deck, and saw a man-of-war's boat approaching us; the bright ash oars rose and fell with exquisite precision, and the white water spat from the stem of the little craft as she was swept through it by the rowers, with a young fellow in the uniform of a naval lieutenant of that day steering her. She came flashing alongside; up rose the oars, the lively hearty in the bows hooked on, and the officer, lightly springing on to the rope ladder which had been dropped over the side for his convenience, gained the deck with a twist of his thumb that was meant as a salutation to the ship.

Old Keeling was now on the poop, and Mr Cocker conducted the lieutenant to him. I happened to be standing near, talking with Collodge and Mrs Radcliffe, Miss Temple not yet having returned with the letter which she had gone to her cabin to write. The skipper received the naval officer with a gracious bow.

'Our captain,' exclaimed the young fellow, in a gentlemanly easy way, 'instructed me to overhaul yonder wreck, and then come on to you to see if we can be of any service;' and I saw his eye rest with an expression of delight upon Miss Hudson, who rose through the companion at that instant and drew close to hear what passed.

'Sir,' cried old Keeling with another bow, 'I am obliged to your captain, sir. It is, sir, very considerate of him to send. My passengers are preparing letters, and we shall be very sensible of your goodness in receiving and transmitting them.'

'Pray, what ship is this, sir?' exclaimed the lieutenant, glancing about him with the curiosity of a stranger, and then taking another thirsty peep at the golden young lady.

'The *Countess Ida*, sir, of and from London for Bombay, so many days out.—And pray, what ship is that?'

'His Majesty's ship *Magicienne*.'

Collodge started. 'Beg pardon,' he exclaimed. 'Isn't Sir Edward Pantou her commander?'

'He is,' answered the lieutenant.

'By George, my cousin!' cried Collodge; 'haven't seen him these seven years. How doocid odd, now, to fall in with him *here*!'

'Oh, indeed,' said the lieutenant, with a hint of respect in his manner that might have been wanting in it before. 'May I venture to ask your name?'

'Collodge.'

'Ah! of course; a son of my Lord Sandown. This will be news for Sir Edward.' He sent a look at the corvette, as though measuring the distance between the vessels.

'Sir,' here said old Keeling, 'I believe that luncheon is still upon the table. Let me conduct you below, sir. It will have been a mighty hot ride for you out upon those unsheltered waters.'

The lieutenant bowed, and followed the skipper to the companion. Collodge put his arm through mine and led me to the rail.

'I say, Dugdale,' he exclaimed, 'I should like to see my cousin. It would be rather a lark to visit his ship, wouldn't it? Not too far off, is she, d'ye think?' he added, cocking his eye at the vessel.

'Why, no; not on such a day as this.'

'Will you come if I go?'

'With the greatest pleasure.'

'Oh, that's downright jolly of you, by George. We'll go in my cousin's boat, and he'll send us back. I like the look of those men-of-war-men. It makes one feel safe even to see them rowing.—Ah, there goes something to drink for the poor fellows. Upon my word, old Keeling buttons up a kind heart under that queer coat of his.'

'I presume,' said I, 'that the lieutenant will make no difficulty in consenting to carry us in his boat. I am ignorant of the rules which govern his service. Suppose you step below, and arrange with him? If he may not take us, Keeling will lend us a boat, I am sure.'

Down he went full of eagerness, his handsome face flushed with excitement. Mrs Radcliffe had joined two or three ladies, and stood with them asking questions of Mr Cocker about the corvette and the wreck. On glancing through the skylight presently, I saw the lieutenant picking a piece of cold fowl at the table with a bottle of champagne at his elbow. Old Keeling sat at his side, and opposite were Collodge and Miss Temple. The four of them were chatting briskly. I took a peep at the boat under the gangway. It was a treat to see the jolly English faces of the fellows, and to hear the tongue of the old home spoken over the side. A number of our seamen had perched themselves on the bulwarks and were calling questions to the men-of-war-men whilst they watched them draining the glasses which the steward had sent down to them in a basket.

In about twenty minutes the lieutenant made his appearance upon deck, followed by Keeling and Miss Temple and Collodge, who came sliding up to me to say that it was all right; the lieutenant would convey us with pleasure and bring us back: and what did I think? Miss Temple was to be of our party.

'Humph!' said I; 'any other ladies?'

He made a grimace. 'No,' he responded in a whisper; 'the lieutenant suggested others; but I could twig in Miss Temple's face that if others went she would remain. You know there's not a woman on board that she cares about.—I rather want,' said he, returning to his former voice, 'to introduce her to my cousin. He will be seeing my father when he returns, and is pretty sure to talk,' said he, giving me a wink.

'Does Miss Temple know that you've invited me?'

'She does, Trojan.'

'And how did she receive the news?'

'With rapture,' he cried.

'A fig for such raptures! but I'll go, spite of her delight.'

By this time Miss Temple had made known her intentions to her aunt. I became aware of this circumstance by the old lady uttering a loud shriek.

'It is entirely out of the question; I forbid you to go,' she cried, with a face of agony on her.

'Nonsense!' answered Miss Temple: she and her aunt and old Keeling and the lieutenant were slowly coming towards the break of the poop, where Colledge and I waited whilst this altercation proceeded; so everything said was plainly to be heard by us. 'It is as calm as a river,' exclaimed the girl, sending one of her flashing looks at the sea.

'You may be drowned; you may never return. I will not permit it. What would your mother think?' cried poor Mrs Radcliffe vehemently, pecking away with her face, and clapping her hands to emphasise her words.

'Aunt, do not be ridiculous, I beg. I shall go. It will amuse me, and I am already very weary of the voyage. Only consider: at this rate of sailing we may be five or six months longer at sea. This is a little harmless, safe distraction. Now, don't be foolish, auntie.'

The old lady appealed to Captain Keeling. He was looking somewhat dubiously round the horizon when the lieutenant broke in; then Colledge indulged in a flourish, and though I can't trace the steps of it, nor recollect the talk, somehow or other a little later on the three of us were in the boat, a bag of letters on a thwart, the lieutenant picking up the yoke-lines as he seated himself, the bow-oar thrusting off, with a vision through the open rail of the poop of old Captain Keeling stiffly sawing the air with his arms, in some effort, as I took it, to console Mrs Radcliffe, who flourished a handkerchief to her face as though she wept.

GOLD IN NATURE.

FROM its feeble affinity for other substances, gold is almost always met with in what is called the 'native state'; that is, as gold itself, simply alloyed with a little silver or copper. Wherever this precious metal is met with in considerable quantities, it is always at the surface of the soil, strewed in sand or gravel, in the beds of rivers, or in the debris of quartz rocks. Such is the case, for instance, in California, Australia, British Columbia, &c. These deposits are known as 'alluvial formations'; they are the same in which are found also the diamond, the ruby, the sapphire, and other precious stones. These alluvial formations are common enough; they occupy a large portion of the earth's surface, and wherever they exist, gold has been or is to be found.

Formerly, the British Isles had their gold-fields, like other countries. In Lanarkshire, in Scotland, gold was discovered in the time of James IV., and for some time as many as three

hundred men were employed in mining for it. England was a rich gold country in the time of Queen Boadicea, and the fact was well known to the Romans. In the time of Henry VIII. some three hundred thousand pounds sterling were obtained from English gold mines. In fact, there can be little doubt that in early historic periods, the alluvial formations of Great Britain and Ireland were as plentiful as regards gold as those of Australia or California at the present day; and this British gold has disappeared as population has increased.

We find the same thing occurring in America and Australia: no sooner does the population become thick in a gold district, however rich, than the alluvial gold disappears. The precious metal is then only to be met with in the rock itself, generally in quartz which traverses clay schist—white quartz and green schist, like that of the Clyde district in Scotland and that of Nova Scotia—and the mining operations become more and more difficult as the work advances.

The remnants of the ancient gold-fields of Great Britain and Ireland are still manifest. We find traces of gold in the quartz 'gossan' of Cornwall, Wales, Peebles, Wicklow, &c. Generally, it is accompanied by silver, and often the silver yields a return when the gold will not. But instead of a miner being able to pick up twenty pounds' worth of gold a day, as has been done over and over again of late years in Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, for instance, he gets down a ton of rock at a cost of some two pounds sterling, and finds that it yields, after stamping, nine pennyweights of gold, or, say, about twelve shillings' worth. This is the general rule; there may be here and there an exception, but such an exception is very rare, in fact quite a curiosity.

Although miners in Australia and California, &c., have met occasionally with gold nuggets of enormous size—for instance, the nugget weighing twenty-eight pounds found in North Carolina, and the mass of gold weighing upwards of one hundred and thirty-four pounds found once in South Australia—such specimens are only to be met with in newly-discovered gold districts, and even there are rarities. More generally, the precious metal lies in smaller nuggets, or *pepites*, often as scales, grains, or dust, which are collected by 'washing' and 'panning'—two simple processes, to which we will refer presently.

Before the discovery of gold in California, the Russian mines in the Ural Mountains were the most productive in the world. The Ural alluvial washings rarely yield less than one and a quarter ounce of gold to the ton of gravel, never more than two and a third ounces. The best Brazilian and other South American sands average about two and a half ounces of gold to the ton of sand. Several mines which yield much less than that are worked, but only with very small and precarious profits. Africa and Asia have also their gold-sands, and supply annually a large amount of gold-dust. In Europe, however, the surface-work has been done ages ago; and where gold is still to be found, it is only to be got by mining. Thus, at a place called Varospatok, in Transylvania, one of the richest gold districts in Europe, the mines have been worked ever since the time of the Romans.

To form some notion as to the profuse manner in which gold is distributed over the earth, and to be forewarned as regards speculation in mines where a small quantity of gold has come to light, we have only to consider that almost all the European rivers carry along a certain amount of gold-dust in their sands. Such are the Rhine, the Seine, the Reuss, the Aar, the Danube, and a number of others; besides the Clyde in Lanarkshire, and many other streams in Scotland, Wales, and Cornwall.

The quantity of the precious metal contained in these river-sands is, however, extremely small. One ton of sand from the bed of the Rhine yields only nine and a half grains of gold, or one-fiftieth part of an ounce. Yet, with this very minute quantity the bed of that part only of the Rhine which flows through what was formerly French territory was calculated by a friend of ours to contain no less than thirty-six thousand tons of pure gold.

Dr Phipson has called our attention to the curious fact, that when the sand of the river Seine, near Paris, is used for glass-making, it is not an uncommon occurrence to find here and there in the glass-house a crucible which is slightly gilt at the bottom. The *Quai des Orfèvres*, near the Louvre, used to be a noted gold-field, a class of men similar in many respects to the ragpickers of the present day were in the habit of purchasing five francs' worth of mercury; and after passing the sand of the river through it all day, they sold the mercury again in the evening for six or seven francs; thus making one or two francs a day by the gold of the river. This industry has, however, long ceased to exist.

More than half a century ago a curious experiment was made by M. Sage, a Professor of Chemistry in Paris. He burnt several of the vines which grow in luxuriance around the city; his specimens were collected near the banks of the river. From the ash of these plants he extracted enough gold to coin three napoleons. From this experiment, which made a considerable sensation at the time, it would appear that the gold of the sand finds its way in some unaccountable manner into the plants which grow on the banks of the river. It was rather an expensive experiment, as each of the gold pieces of the value of twenty francs thus produced cost the Professor over one hundred and twenty francs.

The modes adopted for extracting gold are 'washing,' 'panning,' 'amalgamation,' and 'cupellation.' The first two are based upon the specific gravity of the precious metal, which is very high. Therefore, when a stream of water is caused to flow over gravel containing gold-dust, scales, or nuggets, the gravel is carried away to a certain distance; whilst the gold, from its greater weight, falls to the bottom and collects nearer the source of the water. This method is practised in Africa and America by means of wooden troughs constructed specially for the purpose.

The operation called 'panning' is carried out by the miners in California, Australia, and British Columbia; it consists in taking a pan, like the lid of a saucer, throwing the auriferous gravel and dirt into it, and washing the latter with water, allowing the muddy liquid to flow

over the sides of the pan; while the gold and heavy pebbles are retained by the rim. Among these pebbles, sapphires, rubies, garnets, &c., are sometimes met with. This operation when practised in some of the newly-discovered gold districts is said to be highly exciting.

'Amalgamation' is practised in many of the American, Austrian, Russian, and other mines. It is based on the property possessed by mercury (quicksilver) of dissolving gold. The rock is first reduced to as fine a powder as possible by appropriate stamping machinery and then treated with mercury. The latter is afterwards pressed through chamois leather, which retains the amalgam. This amalgam, a compound of gold and mercury, is distilled in earthenware or iron retorts; the solid gold is left behind in the retort, whilst the mercury distils over, and is collected for another operation.

'Cupellation' consists in fluxing the ore in crucibles along with oxide of lead or pure lead. The latter metal runs through the melted mass, and takes up all the gold, silver, copper, and other metals that may be present in the ore. The lead is then extracted from the crucible and submitted to what is called cupellation; that is, heated in contact with the air in porous vessels called cupels. By this process the lead, the copper, the antimony, and other metals—but not the gold and silver—which may be present are oxidised; the melted oxides penetrate into the pores of the cupel, and are now and then blown off from the surface of the molten mass. Finally, a button of silver, containing all the gold, remains alone on the cupel. This operation must be seen to be properly understood. The gold and silver are separated by nitric acid, which dissolves the latter and leaves the pure gold behind.

Not unfrequently, gold is present in minute quantities in iron pyrites or mundic, in copper pyrites, blende, galena, and other minerals, which often contain also a little silver. When this is the case, both the precious metals may oftentimes be extracted with profit.

In conclusion, we should observe that when minerals of any kind contain gold in appreciable quantity their specific gravity is found to be above the ordinary figure. Thus, for instance, quartz has a specific gravity of 2.65; that is, its weight is about two and a half times that of its own bulk of water. But when quartz contains a notable amount of gold, its specific gravity rises to 3, 4, 5, and even more, according to the amount of precious metal present.

Within the present century, several enormously rich 'gold-fields' or gold districts have been discovered. First came that of California, where the surface-gold is said to be already exhausted in great measure, and mineral lodes are now mined there for the precious metal, just as we mine for copper or tin in England. Then came the discovery of gold in Australia, followed by that in New Zealand, which latter country has been known to export as much as thirty thousand ounces of gold in a single week. Afterwards came the discoveries in British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, South Africa, &c. Sooner or later, the surface-gold of all these localities will be exhausted, as is that of Great Britain; but there are, doubtless, still many large tracts upon

the surface of the globe where gold abounds. Who knows what treasures may await us in the alluvial formations of the interior of Australia?

MY WEDDING DAY.

'A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'WELL, Miss Grey, you are going to have a scorcher,' said Mr Green as he greeted me one summer morning.

I would gladly have doubted his word, for it was Christmas Day, and, moreover, my wedding day as well; but early as it was, the sun was shining from a cloudless sky—'shining with all his might;' and though he had browned the grass, and baked the earth, and pumped up every drop of water long ago, leaving nothing but hot stones in the creek beds, he set to work as earnestly as if he had just taken a contract to dry up the deluge and wanted to get done in time.

'Ah, well,' I said, trying to make the best of it—'ah, well, blessed is the bride the sun shines on, you know.'

I left the shady veranda, and went across to the wool-shed to give a finishing touch to the wedding breakfast, already laid there on a long table improvised for the occasion. Only the decorating part was left to me; and as I arranged such greenery and flowers as I had, the old saw kept running in my head: 'Blessed is the bride the sun shines on.' Surely the omen is true this once, for was there ever such a splendid fellow as Jack, or such a lucky girl as I? I changed my opinion of old saws before the day was over; but there, that's telling.

Then I thought of my past life, and wondered if I was the same Mary Grey who, two years—yes, only two years ago, had been all alone in the world. I remembered my timid, scared feeling at being among strangers when I came as governess to this up-country run. How queer the life had seemed at first, and how home-like it seemed now. It was hard to realise that I could ever be afraid of Mrs Green, who was like a loving mother to me. I soon got to like my work too; and then—yes, then came Jack, and had things been ever so bad, 'life would have seemed *couleur de rose* to me.

So I was dreaming over my work on that hot Christmas morning thirty years ago, when I was disturbed by Minnie Green. 'Oh Miss Grey,' she said, 'Mr Rushton has come, and Mr Stanley' [Dick Stanley was to be Jack's best-man], 'and Mr Bruce, and'—with emphasis—'the parson! Such a funny little man, Miss Grey, with yellow hair, and a pink face like a baby's, and white hands.—Do parsons always have pink faces and white hands?'

I never had an opportunity of answering this question, for just then Jack appeared, and Minnie

having gone to have another look at the cleric English complexion and white hands which had so impressed her, we fell into a conversation, interesting enough to ourselves, but of no concern to outsiders, till we were interrupted by Mrs Green.

'Well, upon my word,' she said, 'what on earth can you two have to talk about?—Come, Mary; it is time for you to think of dressing. You can't have anything very particular to say to Jack here; and if you have, there is all the rest of your life to say it in.' With which profound remark she sent Jack to the dining-room, where a picnic sort of first breakfast was going on; and taking me to my room she brought me a cup of tea, and told me to rest a little, for I had a thirty-mile ride before me.

Now, though my dress was simple in the extreme, and I could have put it on myself in five minutes, being a bride I must be dressed. Mrs Green and Minnie, who was to be my bridesmaid, undertook this office, and hindered me sadly. My dress was plain white muslin, simply made, and I had not intended wearing a veil; but Mrs Green said that as they seldom saw a wedding, and she did not suppose I would be married again in a hurry, I might as well do the thing in style while I was about it; so, to please her, I shrouded myself in a length of plain tulle that covered me almost from head to foot, and really the effect was rather good.

At last I was dressed; but somehow we managed to be late, and it was a quarter of an hour behind time when I went across to the wool-shed on Mr Green's arm; while Biddy held an umbrella over my head, and Mrs Green followed sticking in utterly unnecessary pins to the very last moment. Every one was waiting; and the shed, decorated with such greenery as was available, looked quite festive. At one end stood the breakfast table with the cake, home-made, but imposing, a towering monument to Mrs Green's housewifely skill. By a small table stood the clergyman in his surplice, looking a trifle out of place; while round about were ranged all available seats from chairs to milking-stools and slab benches with stick legs. They were all occupied, for, as I have already said, a wedding was not an every-day occurrence, and people had turned out in full force.

We advanced with all possible decorum, and the ceremony proceeded as usual till the ring had been put on and the blessing given, when some one, breathless and dusty, dashed in at the door and cried: 'Fire! Bush-fire! Close here!' Instantly most of the forms were upset, and there was a rush for the door.

'Hi! Stop a minute,' cried Jack as he collared his two friends and dragged them back; 'we will get this over now.'

The clergyman hesitated, then skipping a good deal, he began the exhortation in which wives

get so much good advice and husbands so little.

'Oh, never mind all that,' cried Jack, stamping with impatience; 'we will have the "amazement" and all the rest of it some other time. —What have we to sign? Be quick!'

Jack's friends made the poor clergyman show where we had to sign; and we all did it in a desperate hurry, the two witnesses scrawling something when their turn came and bolting at once. Jack just took me in his arms and gave me a hurried kiss. 'Good-bye, dear little wife,' he whispered—'good-bye;' and he was gone, leaving the clergyman and me alone together.

He—the clergyman—was a young man just out from Home. He had a clear complexion, and fair hair parted down the middle, and was altogether the mildest-looking little man imaginable; his little round face just now displaying the blankest possible astonishment. 'Ye husbands—loveth himself—ye wives—subject—plaiting of hair and wearing of gold—amazement,' he muttered incoherently, looking from me, standing alone in my white veil and dress, to the deserted and upturned forms, and the cake towering in solemn grandeur at the end of the room. I believe he manfully intended to do his duty, if no one else did, and finish that ceremony to the bitter end; but to read that exhortation at one poor woman left all alone would have been, to say the least of it, personal; so he gave it up and shook hands, as is the practice of clergymen.

'I—I wish you every happiness, Mrs Rushton,' he stammered; then, remembering that I had just been unceremoniously deserted by my bridegroom, and not being sure whether such was the custom of the country or not, he muttered something about 'sympathy;' and then, gathering his wits together with a violent effort, he burst out like Mr Winkle: 'Where are they? What is the meaning of this most indecorous behaviour?'

I did not answer, but ran to the door to look out.

'What does this mean?' he repeated, following me.

'Can't you see? Can't you smell?' I answered impatiently. 'It is a bush-fire.'

The head station was built in a valley at the foot of a range of hills that formed a sort of semicircle behind it. They were thickly wooded with 'stringy bark,' and covered with fern and grass-trees, and from among them there now rose, through air already quivering with heat, a column of thick white smoke, that floated upwards in billowy clouds. The fire was near—that one could tell by the smell of burning gum-leaves; and though it could not have been burning long, it promised to be a large fire, and a fierce one, for, as we watched, puffs of reddish-brown rose before the white smoke, showing that the flames were getting stronger.

The first set of men had disappeared over the ridge already; but Jack and his friends were only half-way up, and had stopped to cut boughs from some young saplings. They looked back, and I snatched off my veil and waved it to Jack; and they returned the salute with a flourish of their branches, and then resumed their climb; while I

twisted that unfortunate veil into a turban and went to the house with the bewildered parson.

We found Mr Green giving orders for the boughs with which the veranda posts were decorated in honour of Christmas to be pulled down and all inflammable things to be put away.

'Will the fire come here?' asked the Rev. Augustus Smith anxiously.

'Not if we can help it,' said Mr Green; 'but it will be hard work stopping it on a day like this, and it is well to be ready.'

'If the fire don't come, the sparks will,' said Biddy, whose experience of bush-fires was extensive; 'and them branches is just the things to ketch.'

'Yes; get them down at once,' said Mr Green, and he hurried off, calling back to his wife: 'Send up some tea to the men as soon as you can.'

I went to my room to change my dress, and there on the bed was my habit laid out for my homeward ride with Jack. 'Dear me! how differently the day was turning out from what we expected,' I thought. If it had not been for that fire, I would have been putting on my habit instead of this print morning-dress. No. On second thoughts, I decided things had happened so fast that, supposing the ceremony to have been finished properly, we would just have sat down to breakfast, and I would be cutting the cake; instead of which I went to the kitchen and cut large hunks of bread with cheese to match.

It really was a disappointing wedding day. What was the good of getting married only to lose sight of my bridegroom at once, and have to work away as if nothing had happened? And Jack, poor fellow, what a day he must be having, hard at work in the heat and dust and smoke. I felt half inclined to give in and have a real good cry; but laughed instead, for through the window I saw the Rev. Augustus working hard under Biddy's directions, taking down and carrying away the decorations put up with so much care an hour or so before.

Mrs Green and I set to work at once on a woman's work in time of fire—boiling kettles and getting tea and provisions ready for the men—no light task in this instance, for there were thirty or forty men, and no other station near enough to share in the providing. When the first batch was ready it was taken up the hill by two of the men's wives.

Mr Smith and I next busied ourselves in taking out and filling all the tubs in the establishment, and in them bags and branches to be used in beating, should the fire come near the house.

We paused, Mr Smith and I, when we had done all we could, and gazing upwards, wondered what it must feel like to be before that awful fire. Even where we were, the air quivered and danced with the heat and smoke, and the baked earth almost hurt our feet. What must it be up there? we wondered. The wind had strengthened, driving the smoke across the sky; and the sunlight coming through it, shed a lurid yellow glare on all around. Behind the hill the smoke rose thicker, faster, and darker, and the deep sullen roar of the fire could be heard. As we watched, a figure appeared on the top of the hill,

then another and another, till quite a dozen were in sight. I could just make out Mr Green with Jack and his friends beside him. They seemed to be consulting about something. More men kept coming up by twos and threes, dragging or carrying scorched branches; some flung themselves down in the nearest shade with the characteristic impulse of old hands at bush-fires to take a rest when they could get it. The rest stood or lolled in groups, evidently waiting for orders. At last the council of war on the hill-top came to an end. Mr Green pointed along the ridge and shook hands with Jack, who with ten or a dozen men started off in the direction indicated.

We had not noticed—or, at least, I had not, for of course I had eyes for no one else while Jack was in sight—that all this time the two women had been scrambling down the hill, accompanied by a man, who turned off to the stables, while the women came down to the house, whither we followed.

‘Mr Green says wll you give Jackson tea and tucker for ten men; Mr Rushton is going over to the big range,’ Mrs Brown, one of the women, was saying as we came in.

We all fell to work at once. Mr Smith cut beef and sliced plum-pudding; while Mrs Green and I made substantial sandwiches; Biddy hurried up the kettles; and Mrs Brown and Mrs Jones packed things up as soon as they were ready. As we worked, we asked brief questions, and got them answered still more briefly, with most aggravating interruptions at interesting points.

‘Is it a big fire?’

‘Yes.’

‘Where were they when you got up?’

‘Just coming off the steep range. They had stopped the fire all along; but it got into the stringy bark and came along over their heads.—Are these the bags, Mrs Green?—Yes; they had to run. It got behind Mr Rushton and a lot of ‘em.—Where do you keep the clean towels?’

Imagine my feelings when at this point she dived head first into a cupboard and became deaf to questions. I can see it now, that country kitchen, fresh whitewashed in honour of Christmas, with a bunch of gum-boughs hung from the ceiling by way of a fly-catcher. A good-sized room, with a roughly flagged floor, just now intolerably hot, for we had a roaring fire in the large fireplace, on which two large kettles and a fountain were singing and spluttering. The window-panes were hot to the touch; plates taken from the shelves were ready warmed, and the butter was a clear transparent oil. It certainly was warm work.

At the end of the long table stood Mr Smith, just now with knife and fork suspended, as he gazed at Mrs Brown, who was now intent on sorting towels.

‘But—but, Mrs Brown!—’ he gasped.

‘What’s that?’ she said, emerging from the cupboard.

‘How did they escape?’

‘Oh, they come through it, of course.—Here’s a towel to wrap that pudding in.’

I suppose, if I had had time to think of it, I would have been wretched about Jack’s danger. I was anxious as it was; but we were all so busy that I had no time to fret; besides, I knew he was safe. If he had been killed or badly

hurt, nothing would have hindered Mrs Brown from telling me every detail.

I suppose we all looked hot; but poor Mr Smith was the picture of misery, as he stood in his hot black clothes slicing beef in a temperature considerably above a hundred degrees.

‘Why don’t you take off your coat?’ said Biddy, noticing his distress.

Poor little man; I believe he blushed furiously, but can’t be sure, for it was a simple impossibility for his face to get any redder than it already was.

‘Do, Mr Smith,’ said Mrs Green. ‘I wouldn’t work in a hot thing like that for anything; besides, it’s real good cloth, and it’s sure to get spoilt.—Here, Biddy; take Mr Smith’s coat, and hang it up somewhere out of the way.’

‘Look sharp, sir,’ said Biddy, holding out her hand; ‘I’ve no time to lose.’

So he had to give it up. And I think that after a while he was glad, though just at first he looked hotter and more uncomfortable than ever.

When we had packed up the provisions and seen Jackson start, we all went into the back veranda and looked up at the hill. The fire was nearer now, and the smoke was thicker; ashes and bits of burnt fern and gum-leaves were falling all around; the sun shone hotter, and the parched air seemed to scorch one’s face. On the hill-top the men were cutting down branches, and evidently getting ready for a struggle.

‘They are going to burn a track,’ said Mrs Brown. ‘I expect they’d like their tucker now; they won’t have time to eat when the fire comes.’

‘Where is it now?’ I asked.

‘About half a mile off; but it won’t take long to come,’ said Mrs Brown.

‘But,’ said Mr Smith, looking puzzled, ‘why don’t they extinguish it farther off?’

‘Because they can’t,’ said Mrs Brown. ‘It’s in a grass-tree gully. If they were fools enough to try to stand against it, they would be shrivelled up like so much brown paper.’ And she went into the kitchen, where Mrs Green and Biddy were already preparing more tea and provisions.

‘All this time I had been longing to hear more about Jack; but every one had been too busy to answer questions; now I tried again.’

‘What?’ said Mrs Brown. ‘Oh, Mr Rushton? He’s not hurt: not that I know on at least. Some one got his arm burnt, but I don’t think it was him’—in an aggravatingly doubtful tone.—‘Mrs Jones here saw it all; I only saw them afterwards. They *did* look like sweeps, and no mistake.’

‘I didn’t see much,’ said Mrs Jones modestly; ‘I only see half-a-dozen men beating like mad; and all at once the fire got into the trees and come along over their heads; and they never took no notice till the sparks and things had lighted the fern behind them.—Where’s the sugar, Mrs Green?—Yes; they had to run for it, they did! But it was all so smoky you couldn’t make out which was which. The fern was blazing, and the burning bark was coming down like rain. If it had been up-hill they had to go, not down, they wouldn’t have got away, no, not one of ‘em.—Oh no!—Mr Rushton isn’t

hurt; he's got his eyebrows singed and lost the ends off his moustaches, that's all.—My husband has lost half his beard, and got a hole the size of your two hands in the back of his waistcoat.

THE NICKNAMES OF BRITISH REGIMENTS.

It has frequently been remarked, with a good deal of truth, that the 'soldier lives in the past of his regiment;' and there is no doubt that much of the conversation round the camp-fire or in the guardroom refers to traditions of the 'Service'—to events which, being unrecorded, would otherwise long have been forgotten. In this way the sometimes curious nicknames attached to many regiments have been preserved from oblivion. Some of these sobriquets have crept into a place in the official titles of the corps concerned; others, again, are hardly known except among soldiers, to whom, it is not going too far to say, not a few regiments are more familiar by their nicknames than their new 'territorial' names. In the present paper it may be as well to adhere to the old regimental numbers; for such designations as, for example, The Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders make large demands on space.

We have above noted that some nicknames have become portions of the authorised titles of regiments. Such are the Buffs, the Blues, the Greys. Everybody has heard of the Buffs. But the 3d Foot have enjoyed other and less widely known sobriquets. During the Peninsular War they were first the 'Nutcrackers,' and afterwards the 'Resurrectionists.' The latter arose from their skill in discovering and unearthing concealed treasure. Originally, the 3d had scarlet coats, faced and lined with buff, together with buff waistcoats, breeches, and stockings. Hence the name. In 1702, another regiment, the 31st, was raised and similarly clothed. Soon afterwards, the new corps displayed extraordinary valour in some action; so a general rode up and cried: 'Well done, old Buffs!' A few of the men replied: 'We are not the Buffs, sir.'—'Then well done, *young* Buffs,' said the general; and ever since we have had both 'Buffs' and 'Young Buffs.' The 22d Foot, again, once acquired the nickname 'Red Knights' from having been served out with complete suits of scarlet; but they are better known as the 'Two Twos.' In like manner the 44th are the 'Two Fours,' and the 77th the 'Two Sevens' or the 'Pot Hooks.'

Peculiarities of uniform have been a prolific source of nicknames. The Rifle Brigade, for instance, from their sombre costume are the 'Sweeps;' and on account of the very dark tartan invented for them, the Highlanders of what is now the 42d Regiment were originally called *Am Freicadum Dubh*, or the 'Black Watch.' The 35th Foot, from their facings, are the 'Orange Lilies;' the 53d are for a similar reason the 'Brickbats;' and the 56th are the 'Pompadours'—their facings being of Madame's chosen hue. Having sky-blue facings, the 97th are dubbed the 'Celestials;' while the 5th and 7th Dragoon Guards are respectively the 'Green' and 'Black' Horse. In addition, the latter regiment is the 'Virgin Mary's Bodyguard,' and also the 'Straw-

boots.' They received the first of these names from having served under Maria Theresa of Austria; the other was gained during the suppression of agricultural riots in the south of England. From their uniform when raised the old 70th were known as the 'Glasgow Greys;' and the old 90th had the amusing name of 'Sir Thomas Graham's Perthshire Grefbrecks,' for obvious reasons.

Some nicknames are very suggestive, if not always flattering. Of this sort are the 'Rib-breakers,' 'Piccadilly Butchers,' or the 'Slashers.' The 'Rib-breakers' are the 3d Battalion Grenadier Guards, who obtained this sobriquet from the combat at the Sandbag battery at Lükemunn—a struggle which has been immortalised by Mr Kinglake. For some years at the beginning of the century the Life Guards were familiar as the 'Piccadilly Butchers.' On the occasion of the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett in Piccadilly, a conflict took place between the troopers and the mob; and from the execution done by the former the nickname arose. In 1788, the Household Cavalry were remodelled and re-officered. The old school of officers boasted of their 'blue blood,' and sneered at their successors as 'cheese-mongers.' From this circumstance the regiments acquired the cognomen of the 'Cheeses,' which adhered to them till the period of the affair in Piccadilly. During the American War, the 28th Foot obtained the well-known nickname of the 'Slashers.' An old story accounts for this term as follows: A Canada merchant refused to provide the women and children of the regiment with quarters. This happened in winter, and several persons died in consequence from exposure. Some of the officers of the 28th, however, resolved to exact vengeance; they donned the garb of 'red men,' and bursting in on the merchant while he was at dinner 'slashed' off one of his ears. In America, too, the 62d got the name of the 'Springers' from their rapid pursuit of the enemy after the battle of Trois Rivières. And in some similar manner, no doubt, the 12th Lancers became the 'Supple Twelfth.' With the object of following up Nana Sahib, very small and light men were enlisted for the 20th Hussars, who still retain the nickname of the 'Dumplings;' while the 39th Foot, having once acted in India as mounted infantry, are 'Sankey's Horse'—the then colonel's name being Sankey. The regiment immediately preceding this, the 38th, used to be known by the curious name 'Pump and Tortoise,' on account of their great sobriety, and equally remarkable slowness, when once stationed at Malta.

Having been detained for a long time in Scotland by the general indicated, the 3d Hussars were called 'Lord Adam Gordon's Life Guards;' and the 14th Foot once had three battalions under a Colonel Calvert—hence 'Calvert's Entire.' The 87th used to rush to the charge with the old Irish war-cry, 'Faugh-a-Ballagh,' and they are therefore the 'Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys;' while the 33d, whose recruiting sergeants carried an oaten cake on the point of their swords, were appropriately dubbed the 'Havercake Lads.' Having earned distinction in many campaigns, the 5th Fusiliers are the 'Old Bold Fifth;' the 68th are the 'Faithful Durhams;' the old 94th were the 'Garvies;' the 58th are the 'Steelbacks,' from

some forgotten circumstance; and, from their initials, the 51st King's Own Light Infantry call themselves the 'Kolis.'

But there are many further nicknames of a similar kind. The 11th Foot, from the terrible slaughter they sustained at Salamanca, are the 'Bloody Eleventh.' At Albuera, the 57th earned the name of the 'Die Hards'; while the 101st are the 'Old Dirty Shirts,' or sometimes 'Lord Luke's Dirty Shirts,' acquired during hard service in India. The 103d are the 'Old Toughs,' also gained in India; and the 'Holy Boys' was the nickname applied to the 9th Foot during the Peninsular War, when they are said to have sold Bibles and sacked monasteries. A famous regiment, the 50th, is the 'Fighting Fiftieth,' the 'Blind Half-Hundredth,' and the 'Dirty Half-Hundredth.' The latter two titles arose the one from ophthalmia in Egypt, and the other from the men having once removed the perspiration from their faces with their cuffs. As they always maintain a regimental goat, the 23d are the 'Royal Goats,' or the 'Nanny Goats'; and the 63d, from some forgotten incident, are the 'Bloodsuckers.' The Royal Engineers and Marines, again, are the 'Mud Larks' and the 'Jollies'; the Medical Staff Corps are the 'Linseed Lancers'; while the Military Train (now extinct) had the complimentary sobriquet of the 'Murdering Thieves.' For a reason which requires no explanation, the 6th Carabineers are known as 'Tichborne's Own'; while the 11th Hussars are familiar to every one as the 'Cherry Pickers,' in consequence of some of their men having been captured by the French while robbing an orchard in Spain. In Spain, too, the 13th Hussars gained the nickname 'Ragged Brigade' from having fallen into a somewhat tattered condition in the course of hard service. And from their antiquity, the oldest of all our regiments, the 1st Foot, are 'Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard.'

We have not yet, however, exhausted the list of regimental nicknames; for another batch of corps derive sobriquets from their time-honoured badges or mottoes. Thus, the 17th Lancers are the 'Death or Glory Men,' their badge being a death's head, with the words, 'or glory.' This famous regiment was once called the 'Horse Marines,' two of its troops having acted as marines on board the *Hermione* in the West Indies. Subsequently, from the colonel's name and the very smart uniform, the 17th were known for a time as 'Lord Bingham's Dandies.' By way of a badge the 2d Foot have a 'Paschal lamb.' They were on very active duty during the Bloody Assizes under General Kirke, hence 'Kirke's Lambs.' But the 2d are also the 'Sleepy Queen's,' having, at Almeida, allowed General Brennier to escape. The 17th Foot, again, from their badge, are the 'Bengal Tigers'; and the 78th, by translation of their Gaelic motto, consider themselves the 'King's Own Men.' From the Roman numerals XL, the 40th are well known as the 'Excellers'; while the 30th are the 'Three Xs' (XXX).

Before concluding, we may notice two regiments alluded to at the beginning of this paper—the 'Greys' and the 'Blues.' When raised in 1681, the men of the 2d Dragoons wore gray uniforms; and about 1702 they were mounted on white horses. From one or both of these circumstances the name 'Greys' originated—the title 'Scotch'

or 'Scots Greys' soon came into semi-official use. Popularly called the 'Oxford Blues,' the Royal Horse Guards were raised after the Restoration by Aubrey, Earl of Oxford. Their uniform, so far as colour is concerned, was the same as at the present day; and the term 'Oxford' is merely a curious survival of the period when almost all regiments received the names of their commanding officers.

THE REFORMED BURGLAR.

My name is Louisa Law, and I am the wife—I am afraid that, to be quite truthful, I ought to say the plain and middle-aged wife—of a hard-working general practitioner in one of the suburbs of London. We have a large family, who at the commencement of my story were still very young, though now most of them are making their own way in the world. It is needless to add that we have never at any period of our career been overburdened with money, although we are now in comfortable circumstances, owing chiefly to the fortunate intervention of a reformed burglar. I will tell the story.

One day I was walking down a quiet thoroughfare near Oxford Street on my return from a shopping expedition, when a respectable-looking man, dressed like a mechanic, suddenly stooped just in front of me and lifted—or appeared to lift—something from the pavement. 'Might this be your property, ma'am?' he civilly asked, as he held out a purse towards me. 'Have you lost your purse?'

Following a custom of very doubtful wisdom, I was at that moment carrying mine in my hand. Taken off my guard, I involuntarily held it out, to show that it was perfectly safe, without reflecting whether or not it was advisable to do so. 'Oh no; the purse does not belong to me. I have mine here all right, as you see.'

Before I could divine his intention, before I could even cry out, much less follow him, he snatched my property from my careless hold, and darted like the wind up a narrow court which just there opened into the street; and I was left alone to lament my folly.

The loss was irremediable, for the man was quite out of sight, and no policeman was visible in the quiet street. I felt deeply vexed, for not only had there been much more money in it than a poor doctor's wife could well afford to lose, but also the purse itself was a very good one, neatly new, which for additional security I had had stamped on the flap inside with my name and address, so that if I chanced to lose it among honest people, I might thereby recover it again. I made my way to the nearest police station to lay a complaint, but the authorities were not very sanguine that any good would result from the inquiries they promised to make. The whole thing was intensely annoying, the more so that with my purse I had lost all the bills for my day's shopping, together with other useful memoranda, and my railway return ticket; and not having a penny in my pocket to buy

another, I had to go to the expense of a cab all the way home, which made the adventure indeed a costly one.

I was writing some letters in the dining-room next morning, when my housemaid entered, bearing a gentleman's card, with the intimation that a visitor awaited me in the drawing-room. The name given was 'Mr T. Gerard,' with an address in Fenchurch Street.

'But I know nobody of that name,' I said dubiously. 'Are you sure it is not a mistake?'

'Oh no, ma'am; he asked for Mrs Law. And he's quite the gentleman, ma'am, or I shouldn't have shown him into the drawing-room.'

Jane's ideas of a gentleman hardly corresponded with mine; but certainly the dark-haired, well-dressed young man who presented himself to my gaze on entering must be described as eminently respectable in appearance; and accordingly I asked him to be seated. He wasted no time, but plunged at once into business. Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out a small parcel, which he handed to me, asking if it was mine. I was agreeably surprised to behold my lost purse, empty, indeed, but for the papers it contained, but otherwise uninjured.

'It is mine. Where did you find it?'

'I am a clerk in the City, madam, employed, as you see, in Fenchurch Street; and happening to be in — Place yesterday afternoon on business for the firm, I picked up this purse—it is needless to say quite empty—at the entrance of a small back street which communicates, I believe, with Oxford Street.'

'The turning is near an upholsterer's shop?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Then that is the very court up which the man escaped. He must have thrown the purse away as he ran.' And in great indignation I related my story.

Mr Gerard was shocked and grieved to think that such an outrage could be possible in a civilised capital; and heartily wished that he had been at hand to arrest the thief in his flight. He asked if I thought I should recognise the man again, to which I replied that I believed so; and then, as delicately as I could, I began to hint that I really could not think of troubling him to come so far out of his way only to restore my purse. But he was up in arms at the mere suggestion of any reward.

The only thing I could do to show my gratitude was to ring for cake and wine and press them upon him; repeating my thanks many times as we parted, mutually pleased.

'Well, at anyrate it's a comfort to think that there are some honest people in the world,' I reflected as I returned to the dining-room.

I related the incident to my husband, when he returned from his rounds; but instead of being pleased, he rather unsympathetically remarked that it was odd the young man had nothing better to do with his time than waste it in restoring my purse, and that he pitied the firm in Fenchurch Street. Somehow, men never will see these things as women do; they are always so hard to please and so suspicious!

Next day, the truth came to light. Jane sought me out with a very pale face to inform me that some of the drawing-room ornaments were missing. In accordance with the rather

senseless custom of the day, my tables and what-nots were crowded with a miscellaneous collection of small articles, many of them valuable. My smooth-spoken young friend had utilised his spare moments well, while Jane departed in search of me. A pair of silver column-candlesticks, a silver snuff-box, a very costly *étui* of Battersea enamel with gold fittings, and a tortoise-shell paper-knife with a silver handle, had disappeared—no doubt for ever. I had been proud of my knick-knacks, which were more valuable than perhaps befitted the establishment of a poor doctor; but they had cost us little, being either heirlooms or wedding presents.

I sat down and cried, of course; while my husband in terse language expressed his opinion of humbugging clerks. We both scolded Jane for admitting him into the drawing-room, although his respectable appearance had also taken me in; but nothing could bring back our lost property. John gave information to the police, who promised to inquire among the pawnbrokers; but not a vestige of the stolen property was ever forthcoming. Perhaps what annoyed me even more than the serious loss was to think how civil I had been to the depredator, pressing cake and wine upon him when all the time my property was snugly stowed away in his pockets! How he must have laughed in his sleeve at my simplicity!

The effect of my strictures upon Jane was to make her ever after very chary of admitting any stranger to the drawing-room, actually on one occasion leaving the clergyman of the parish, who was the son of a bishop and the possessor of an honoured historical name, standing forlornly on the hall mat, while she came to inform my husband that 'there was a person in the hall who wished to see him!' In short, the annoyance produced by that unlucky purse was almost endless; and for years it was a sore subject in our house, until lapse of time caused it to be forgotten.

Some years afterwards I went down to Brighton to pay a visit to a wealthy old aunt of mine, Miss Symes, who had resided there for a long time. She was between seventy and eighty, but still active and strong, her mental faculties being also in full vigour. A distant cousin of mine, Fanny Gresham, lived with her, for the sake of companion-hip; but her duties were light, for Miss Symes was an old lady of a proud and independent spirit, who disliked being waited upon, and still insisted on transacting all her own business. She was strict in her religious observances, and among the most constant visitors to her house was the vicar of the church she attended.

The first day after my arrival had been chosen by my aunt to hold a drawing-room meeting in advocacy of a mission which was doing much good in the slums of London, and the founder and conductor of which, Mr David Bryant, was to make an appeal in person. The vicar, Mr Stephens, was one of the first to arrive with his wife and daughters; and in a short time my aunt's spacious drawing-room was full of people, chiefly elderly.

Doubtless many of my readers have attended similar gatherings, so that there is no need to give a detailed account of the proceedings. Mr Bryant, who was formally introduced to the

assemblage by the vicar, was a tall, good-looking, dark-haired man of about forty, dressed in black, with a white tie, which gave him quite a clerical appearance, although he was only a layman. He proceeded to make a long statement of the work and results of the mission, which appeared to be achieving a great deal of good, although until that moment I had never heard of it. It was very odd, but a fancy seized me, before I had listened to Mr Bryant very long, that I had surely seen him somewhere before, though I could not remember where. I listened rather abstractedly, being puzzled over this, while one person and another rose to make a few remarks; and last of all, a salver was handed round for donations.

It was a very good collection, so much so that I felt quite ashamed of my modest half-crown, as I looked at the show of bank-notes and sovereigns and half-sovereigns. Some of the old ladies were in tears over Mr Bryant's touching account of his experiences as a missionary in the slums. Then tea and coffee were handed round, and after that the company dispersed, except the vicar and Mr Bryant, who remained to spend the evening with my aunt.

My conviction that I must have seen Mr Bryant before became deeper and deeper as the minutes sped on; so at last I asked him boldly whether we had not previously met.

The missionary turned his bright dark eyes upon me with a smile, saying that it was not impossible, although he retained no recollection of the circumstance. He had never visited that part of London in which my home was situated, and many years of his life had been spent abroad; but I might perhaps have seen him on the platform of Exeter Hall or some similar place.

He was evidently in high favour with my aunt, who unbent towards him more than I ever saw her do to any stranger before. But I noticed that Fanny sat by with a disapproving expression on her face.

I followed my cousin into her room for a confidential talk before going to bed that night, being curious to ascertain what I could from her respecting my aunt's new friend. 'Who is this Mr Bryant, Fanny?' I asked, as I took a seat.

'Odious man! Don't mention him, Louisa; I detest him too much.'

'Why, what harm has he done you?'

'Harm! He has come here and inveigled himself into aunt's good graces, getting a lot of money out of her on one pretence and another, and making her believe he's a saint and a hero, when he's nothing of the sort! He almost lives in this house now, and from morning till night we hear nothing but his praises.'

'I thought his mission was in London. How comes it that he is here at Brighton?'

'He gives out that he was ordered down here for rest and change of air. He came first about three months ago, and managed to scrape acquaintance with Mr Stephens, who took an immense fancy to him, and introduced him to aunt. And now, as I told you, he is always coming here; and aunt is so besotted with him, that unless something is done soon, I really believe she will let him coax her out of half her fortune. I hope I'm not more greedy than other people; but you and I are the only relations she has in the world,

Louisa, and I confess I do grudge every sixpence she bestows on that fellow, after always leading us to expect that we should inherit her money.'

'I can see you don't believe in him.'

'Not a bit! I'm convinced he's nothing better than an impostor, and his mission-fund all his other schemes are only dodges to get money out of people. For instance, there was that large collection this afternoon; thank goodness, I only gave sixpence, for who is to know that he doesn't keep all the money himself?'

'Does he not furnish accounts?'

'Oh yes; he professes to give you a balance-sheet; but it would be easy to have anything he liked printed, just to satisfy people. No one could tell whether it was correct or not.—Didn't you say you fancied you had seen him before?'

'Yes; but, unfortunately, I can't recollect where.'

'Well, you won't repeat what I have said to aunt, will you? She won't hear a word against him. But I'm sure she'll live to repent it, if she doesn't take warning in time.'

I had never seen Fanny so disturbed, and I could not wonder at it, for a very few days' residence under my aunt's roof convinced me of the serious nature of the case. My aunt had always been in the habit of taking strong likes and dislikes; and it needed a great deal to shake her faith in any person who had once succeeded in gaining her confidence. Mr Bryant was clever enough to perceive this, and by humouring her peculiarities, easily contrived to secure her favour. I soon heartily joined Fanny in her detestation of the missionary, believing him, as she did, to be a hypocrite and time-server, who fawned upon my aunt for the sake of her wealth, and advanced his own interests under the cloak of religion. In the meantime, I endeavoured to persuade my aunt to be more cautious; but in vain.

'Did you really know nothing about Mr Bryant, aunt, before he came here?' I ventured to ask one day.

'He has told me his history, Louisa, and that is sufficient.'

'But you have only his own account of himself—have you?'

'What does that matter, when I know him to be a man of honour? But I suppose you'll be culling him a swindler next, as Fanny did the other day.'

'I must say, aunt, that I do think it would be better to be on your guard in dealing with a total stranger.'

'Well, really, the way you young people—I was fifty, by-the-bye—"take upon yourselves to lecture your elders nowadays is something astonishing! Surely, Louisa, a woman of my years might be trusted to exercise discretion! Do you suppose I should allow a plausible impostor to take me in? Mr Bryant is what he professes to be, beyond a doubt.'

I was afraid to say any more, although I was really very uneasy; for almost insensibly the stranger had succeeded in gaining such an ascendancy in my aunt's house that he would have been very difficult to dislodge.

But I must confess that my aunt's infatuation was after all not greater than that of Mr Stephens. The vicar took Mr Bryant with him

everywhere, introducing him to his brother clergymen, and trumpeting his praises far and wide. Like my aunt, he would not listen to a word against him, for a great show of piety sufficed for Mr Stephens.

'I do believe it will end in the man inducing aunt to make her will in his favour!' fretted Fanny, on the last morning but one of my stay.

'But I thought aunt's will was made?'

'Yes; but she may alter it any day. I may as well tell you that neither you nor I am in very good odour with her at present, Louisa. That man does his best to poison her mind against us in a quiet way. I should not be at all surprised if she leaves him nearly everything.'

'She could never be so unjust.'

'Well, he is quite capable of forging a will, if it comes to that. She has foolishly told him so much about her affairs that it would be easy for him to do it.—Oh dear, how it rams! Don't you wish we hadn't to turn out to this horrid old meeting to-night?'

'Indeed, I do.'

We were going to hear an address given by an individual known as 'The Reformed Burglar.' From a career of crime, he had been suddenly brought to repentance; and now spent his time going lecturing about the country in aid of the temperance cause and public morality generally.

Mr Stephens had secured his services at his parish schoolroom, and we all, including my aunt, made our way there. The hall was very full, but places had been kept for us; and when the lecturer, John Wood, made his appearance on the platform accompanied by the vicar, there was great applause. The hero of the evening was a small, rather slightly built man of about forty-five, clean shaven, and neatly dressed in black—not a bit like the popular idea of the members of Mr William Sikes's profession.

'Where's Mr Bryant? I don't see him on the platform,' whispered my aunt to Mrs Stephens, who was seated on her left.

'Is it not unfortunate? He was very anxious to be here; but at the last moment he sent a note to William saying that he had such a terrible face-ache that he dare not venture out.'

Then the lecturer rising, briefly announced himself as a man who had been in prison at different times for upwards of seventeen years, and stolen from first to last several thousand pounds' worth of property, none of which had benefited him in the least. In a simple graphic manner he went on to describe the incidents of his career, pointing out how from a slight theft committed in a drunken freak he had gone on to crimes of greater magnitude; and earnestly exhorting his hearers never to yield to the smallest temptation, for no one could say what the consequences might be to himself or to others.

'Because, you see, one sin always leads to more—often leads other people to do wrong as well,' he continued impressively. 'Now, for instance, once when I was very hard up and not long out of prison, I thought I'd try a little street robbery for a change. So I tried an old trick on with a lady, pretending I'd just picked up a purse, and wanting to know if it was hers. "No," she says;

"I've got mine all safe here in my hand"—showing it to me. With that I snatched it from her, and cut up a court close by. Now that was bad enough; but unfortunately the lady's name and address were printed inside the purse, and, that put a pal of mine, who saw me throw it away empty, up to dressin' himself up very respectable the next day, and going to the lady's house to take the purse home, when he helped himself to some silver candlesticks and other things, and the poor lady thankin' him all the time. He hadn't been a reg'lar dishonest sort of chap before, that pal o' mine—at least, I can't say that I'd known him ever actually steal anything; but after that he went from bad to worse, and was soon in prison.'

I heard little more, but sat as if in a dream. If this man had not just related to me the story of my own stolen purse, my ears must have deceived me. Every detail tallied exactly, and it was evident that he was speaking the truth.

Greatly to the astonishment of my aunt and Fanny, I insisted on remaining after the audience had dispersed; and when the hall had been cleared of all but ourselves and the vicar, I went up to John Wood, who had been detained at my request, and looking him steadily in the face, announced myself as the person he confessed to having robbed. He did not dispute my assertion, but readily gave the date and the name of the street; adding, 'Now that you've found me, ma'am, you can of course prosecute me if you choose. It was strange that you should be among the audience to-night; but I've frequently used your case as an illustration of crime leading to crime, though, as you see, I've no formal plan for my lecture, but just say whatever comes into my head.'

'No,' I said after a minute's reflection; 'I won't prosecute you, for I believe that you are now trying to lead an honest life and do good. It is against your "pal," as you call him, that I feel the most resentment; for I must blame my own carelessness in carrying my purse in my hand when you robbed me; but he had no possible excuse for coming to rob me in my own house. What was his name?'

'Owen, ma'am; or Wilson, he used to call himself. "Shiny Jim" was another name he had. He was that artful that he was very difficult to catch; and he was mixed up in a lot of robberies after that. But I haven't seen him now for a long time.'

'I wish you could find him for me,' I answered vindictively.

'If I see him I'll let you know, ma'am; for I consider it my duty now to protect honest people when I can, though at one time I'd have died rather than betray a comrade.'

As I could see that my aunt was becoming impatient at the lateness of the hour, I was obliged to cut short the interview; and went home with the others, filled with amazement at the curious manner in which I had discovered the man who robbed me of my purse after all this lapse of time. I could not cherish vindictive feelings against him, for I felt convinced his penitence was genuine; so I transferred all my hatred to Shiny Jim.

I was sitting in my aunt's parlour with Fanny the next morning, when about eleven o'clock the

maid came to the door to say that there was a man in the hall who wished to speak to Mrs Law. I went out, and found John Wood, with a small portmanteau in his hand. He pulled his hair awkwardly, and began: 'I took the liberty of coming here on my way to the station, ma'am, to say that I forgot last night that I was bound to make restitution to you for what I stole; and as the money for the lecture covers it, as near as I can remember, here it is, ma'am; and many thanks for your goodness in declining to prosecute, and I hope you'll forgive me for all the annoyance I caused.' And he put into my hand a sum which I ascertained to be a full equivalent for my loss.

I was beginning to say that I hardly liked to take all his last night's earnings, when a pompous double-knock at the front door announced a visitor; and Jane threw it open to admit Mr Bryant, whose face-ache had evidently abated sufficiently to allow him to come as he had promised to transact some business for my aunt.

John Wood looked up quickly, and stood for an instant as if paralysed; then suddenly caught him in a frenzied grasp, ejaculating 'Shiny Jim!' In an instant my aunt's quiet hall had become the scene of a conflict, as the new-comer vainly tried to shake off his assailant. My aunt and Fanny came rushing out, while I secured the front door and despatched Mary in search of a policeman. Mr Bryant at first attempted to deny his identity; but John Wood was so positive that he had to desist, and fall back upon bad language. It must indeed have been irritating to him, after he had purposely avoided going to the lecture for fear lest his old companion might recognise him, to stumble thus unexpectedly upon him in Miss Syme's hall. My aunt was horrified at witnessing the harsh treatment of her favourite; but I would listen to no appeals for mercy, and resolutely barred the door. When a policeman at last arrived, I formally charged the captive with being a rogue and impostor, feeling quite sure, after what John Wood had said, that his pretended mission would turn out to be a fraud.

So, indeed, it did; and with the help of the Reformed Burglar, we were enabled to prove sufficient against him to procure him a long term of penal servitude. The police recognised him as an old and artful offender; and although he rented two rooms in a miserable street in White-chapel, to which he had directed his letters to be addressed, the charitable work carried on there was so little as to solve the question of the destination of the large subscriptions he had raised. Indeed, inconvenient inquiries had already been made about him in London, which was the reason of his coming to Brighton for 'change of air.'

My aunt was too proud to acknowledge all she had lost through her misplaced 'confidence' in a swindler, but we knew the amount to be considerable. He had obtained goods on credit from the Brighton tradespeople in her name, besides appropriating to his own use cheques which she had entrusted to him for other purposes, and loose cash whenever he could. Her large donations to his mission were of course entirely lost, and ever after the name of Bryant was a sore subject with her and Mr Stephens.

My aunt died a few months ago, when Fanny and I divided the property between us. But it appeared we had narrowly escaped losing all save a mere pittance, for my aunt's solicitor, who had known us both from childhood, confided to us that his deceased client at one time seriously contemplated leaving a large amount to Mr Bryant, whose plausible tongue had completely conquered her prudence. She believed that in so doing she would be helping a most deserving charity, as she supposed her protégé to be entirely devoted to the work of his mission. She had actually given Mr Senior instructions to that effect, after a tiff with Fanny; and but for the fortunate advent of the Reformed Burglar upon the scene, I who write this would not now be enjoying, for the first time in my life, the delicious sensation of freedom from pecuniary care.

SWEETBRIER LANE.

DEAREST of all are the sweet spring flowers

That come with the sun and rain.

I was stirred to the depths of my soul to-day

By the sight of the primrose again.

It was held in the grasp of a childish hand,

And its odours, subtle and sweet,

Were borne on the wings of the gentle wind

Through the city's unlovely street;

And in thought I was treading the turf again

In Sweetbrier Lane.

And the sweet pure air, a vigorous breath,

Swept down from the green hillside,

And rustled the myriad leaves of the trees

That o'ershadow the footpath wide—

The path that leads to the pasture-gate,

Where the cattle stand sleek and strong,

Where the blackbird whistles a low sweet note,

And the thrush pipes loud and long;

And my light heart echoed the glad refrain

In Sweetbrier Lane.

The sunbeams chased the shadows along,

Like merry elves at play;

And, decked with flowers, the children trooped—

Dear living sunbeams they!

They flutter and dance and laugh and shout,

They revel the long day through,

With never a thought of the storms that hide

The sun and the sky so blue.

How different life from the city strain

In Sweetbrier Lane!

Dear Sweetbrier Lane, so far away!

'Tis only in dreams I see

The wondrous beauty that Spring so loves

To lavish abroad on thee.

I sigh as I dream of this boyhood's haunt—

Of the changes that Time hath wrought;

Of the innocence sweet so rudely effaced

By knowledge so dearly bought;

And my song of joy hath a sad refrain,

Dear Sweetbrier Lane!

CHARLES H. BARSTOW.

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A ROMAN CITY IN THE CHEVIOTS.

SOME thirty-five miles north-west of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the very heart of the Cheviot Hills, the observant traveller comes upon some interesting ruins. These consist of fragments of walls, built of large blocks of Lewn freestone beautifully finished and jointed together, and rising in some places to a height of eight or nine feet, but even this evidently much short of their original height. If you trace these walls from point to point, they will be found to enclose a great space of ground, nearly square, measuring 475 feet in length from north to south, and 440 feet from east to west, and with a gateway entering from each of the four sides. These walls, moreover, are of immense thickness, the exterior face being of ashlar work, and the interior of rubble. Even in their present ruined and fragmentary condition, they suggest a place of enormous strength, intended for the secure and permanent protection of its inhabitants. And when the visitor reaches the gateway in the western wall, he will find it standing intact up to the spring-stone of the arch on either side; and at his feet he will see two parallel grooves worn in the stone pavement of the entrance, marking where wheeled vehicles had passed in and out. These grooves were not made during any recent time; for in the middle of the gateway is a square block of stone against which the gates of the fortress shut, and which stone would effectually bar the way of our modern vehicles. How, then, were these grooves hollowed out, and when? They were worn out by the high wheels of the double-horsed Roman chariots, the horses being so harnessed that they could separate and pass one on each side of that stone block in the centre; and these grooves are the record of their many exits and entries. The ruins around us are indeed the remains of a Roman station, the ancient City of Bremenium, built when our era was little more than a century old.

It is strange to stand here amid these gray

mountain solitudes and look upon those traces of a life that has long since died out. What long centuries have come and gone since the Roman here set up his altar and offered sacrifice to his gods, and yet how near to him does the sight of these worn grooves bring us! They seem as if made but yesterday, and half suggest that the sound of his chariot wheels cannot have more than passed out of hearing. Yet it is eighteen hundred years since Agricola and his legions subdued the fierce Brigantes to whom these hills and valleys then belonged, and nearly fifteen centuries since Honorius recalled the Roman armies from Britain and left our island once more a prey to other and more enduring invaders. And one has only to look around to realise this. The ground inside the walls of the camp is not only the site of modern farmhouses and offices, but it has on it also the ruins of two old border keeps. For the immense fortifications which the Romans here erected have for hundreds of years served but as quarries for the people in the neighbourhood. At the very time of our visit, a few masons were engaged in building an additional cottage within the camp, and were for this purpose digging materials out of one corner of the wall. It is well that the grooved stones in this ancient pavement of the western gateway have hitherto been left undisturbed.

Every dweller in London knows the name of Watling Street. This long Roman causeway ran from Dover to Chester, approaching London from the south by way of Blackheath, crossing the Thames near Westminster, and running north-west in the line of what is now Edgware Road. But this was not the only Watling Street which the Romans constructed in Britain. There was, among others, one that came north through the counties of York and Durham and Northumberland, passing up the vale of Rede Water across the Cheviots into Scotland, in which country it terminated as far north as Stirling. This famous Roman road is still to be seen and traced for miles in many places,

but in few is it more distinctly marked than where it runs northward up the Rede Valley past Otterburn and on to the Camp of Breminium, near High Rochester.

Within the last half-century the greater portion of the interior of the camp has been investigated and explored, and the plan of it as thus laid bare will be found in the third edition of Dr Collingwood Bruce's learned work, *The Roman Wall*. In consequence of these investigations, he says, 'we are provided with the ground-plan of a Roman station more complete than any we previously possessed.' But, unfortunately, after these expensive and laborious excavations had been made, the whole of the vast mass of debris had to be replaced, and the ground levelled up as before. And why? Because 'the neighbouring proprietors had the right of pasturage over the station'! Four and a half acres of hill-pasture worth perhaps five shillings an acre of yearly rent! Why had not Government the power to step in in such a case and compensate the proprietors, so that the stone foundations of the ancient Roman houses, baths, hypocausts, and temples, and all that was left of the camp, might have remained exposed to view? The streets were found to be still paved with flags, but these cannot now be trod by the feet of pilgrim or antiquary, of so much more immediate value to the kingdom was the grazing-ground of a few score of sheep.

From the relics of the Roman occupation that were found in the camp in the course of the excavations, the period at which it was first built can with some degree of accuracy be ascertained. Reference has already been made to the conquest of Agricola, who took command of the Imperial troops in Britain in 78 A.D. The nation of the Brigantes, who held all the country between the Humber and the Forth, had presented a stubborn front to the invaders, and it was only after repeated campaigns that Agricola subdued them. At the end of seven years he was recalled to Rome; but before his recall, he had, in order to secure the southern half of Britain against the inroads of the northern or Caledonian tribes, established a chain of forts across the island between the Tyne at Newcastle and the Solway at Carlisle. This line of forts was in 120 A.D. superseded by the great stone wall of the Emperor Hadrian, the remains of which, with its numerous supporting stations and outworks, are still abundant, and have formed the basis of much antiquarian study. But the erection of this wall did not quell the turbulent northern barbarians, and in 138 A.D. Hadrian's successor, Antoninus Pius, sent Lollius Urbicus as his legate to Britain, who, after a long war, succeeded in driving the Caledonians to the north of the Forth and Clyde, between the estuaries of which two rivers he raised a strong wall of turf, supported by forts at regular intervals. It was probably about this time that the northern portion of Watling Street causeway was constructed, in order to improve the means of communication between the Northern and the Southern Walls; and about this time also that the foundations of the station at Breminium were laid. For an inscription has been found in the station which stated that the first cohort of the Lingones erected this building in honour

of the Emperor Antoninus Pius, under the direction of the Imperial legate, Quintus Lollius Urbicus—thus fixing the date between 138 and 140 A.D., the years during which Lollius Urbicus was in Britain.

But so strong and extensive a piece of mason-work as this station with its great walls and numerous other buildings must have been, was probably the work of more than one year. Its site has been well chosen for defence. It stands on a kind of plateau, from which on the south side the ground sinks rapidly down to the Rede, and on the west to the bed of a small tributary stream. On the east side it is passed by the Watling Street, and beyond this was anciently protected by a marsh. A high earthen rampart, with its corresponding moat, invested it on every side; but on the north and east sides, which were most vulnerable to attack, there are three lines of earthen ramparts. Inside of all these ramparts was the huge stone wall, from fourteen to sixteen feet in height. The general thickness of the wall is about seventeen feet, but there are two places where this thickness is exceeded, chiefly on the west side, where for a length of 130 feet the wall has had a thickness of twenty-eight feet. This immense thickness is pierced by the western gateway with its grooved pavement, and the wall at this place is believed to have been built thus broadly and solidly in order to serve the purpose of a 'ballistarium'—that is, the part of the fortifications on which were placed the balliste or military engines that were used for hurling stones and other heavy missiles against the enemy. Two inscriptions still exist, the one recording the erection, the other the restoration of a ballistarium.

As to the interior arrangement of the city, there had originally been, as was usual in Roman stations, two main streets—one running between the northern and the southern gate, the other between the gates on the east and west. The result of the excavations showed, however, that the existing buildings were not the work of one period, but of two, if not three. In consequence of these later changes—probably made by the Romanised Britons after the Imperial troops had evacuated the country—the street running north and south had been interfered with and built over by later erections. That from east to west, on the contrary, was traceable, as were also two other parallel streets. On more than one occasion, in the opinion of Dr Bruce, the city had been visited by devastation; and each reconstruction had been inferior to the former in the style of building, and appeared to have been performed in a hasty manner.

'The first thing,' says Dr Bruce, 'that struck a stranger on entering the station whilst the excavations were going forward was the extreme economy of space which was exercised. Every part of the area that was explored had been covered with buildings. These, for the most part, were small and crowded together. The main streets varied in width from ten feet to fourteen feet. The subsidiary ways leading to the several habitations were usually less than three feet wide. Generally speaking, the streets of earlier formation were flagged with broad flat stones; those of later were paved with small

stones. The houses were strongly built, consisting of stone walls of from two to four feet thick. They had been roofed with sandstone slate. It is probable that windows were very sparingly used, very little window glass having been found around the ruins. . . . The drainage of the city seems to have been very complete. Conduits were provided for introducing fresh water, as well as sewers for taking off the rain and refuse water. . . . One of the first things which a garrison drawn from southern Europe would demand would be warmth; accordingly, we find that several buildings were provided with hypocausts,* for diffusing a comfortable temperature through them. This was particularly the case in the long ranges of barracks on each side of the central building. Yet all these streets and alleys of this old Roman city in the Cheviots, with the various appliances for sanitary and hygienic requirements, are once more buried beneath the soil.

The completed city, with its great walls and flanking palisaded ramparts, must have formed a very secure defence to the garrison who held it. And this garrison would seem to have been composed of the 'first cohort' of the legion, as several altars are so inscribed and dedicated. This gives us a fair means of judging as to the importance of the station as a military defence, and the number of men that formed the garrison. A Roman legion was divided into ten cohorts—the 'first cohort' being twice the strength of the others. This cohort was made up of 1105 infantry and 162 cavalry; and to it was assigned, of right, the post of greatest danger, and the custody of the golden eagles that formed the standards of the legion, and which, when in camp, were kept in the temple and worshipped as gods. That this was so in Bremenium is shown by an altar found there, dedicated by 'the first cohort of the Varduli to the genius of our Emperor and of the Standards.' Peace has now made the place a solitude; but very different must have been the aspect of this mountain valley when the city was in full occupation, the hills resounding with the blare of the trumpets with which the Romans were wont to direct the evolutions of the soldiers, whose constant and unremitting exercises were so severe that the absence of bloodshed was all that distinguished them from a real battle.

Seneca says, that wherever the Roman has conquered, there he inhabits. And wherever he inhabited, thither also he brought his gods. Among these were the family deities—the Lares and Penates that were sacred to every household; and among the debris of Bremenium have been found those small statues of Venus and of other deities to whom the household prayers were offered. But while mindful of his own gods, the Roman did not neglect the gods of the country to which he came. To him every place had its peculiar protecting Genius, and these Genii had needs be propitiated if he was to prosper in their abodes. Coming, therefore, to this high City of Bremenium, nearly a thousand

feet above the level of the sea, and overlooked by the still higher summits of the Cheviots, the pious Roman called to mind the spirits that dwell in these hilly solitudes; for here has been found an altar dedicated to the 'Gods of the Mountains,' by Julius Firminus, a *decurion*—that is, a humble commander of ten men. Nor were the national heroes forgotten; for one relic was discovered on which Faustulus was figured standing over Romulus and Remus and the wolf. Many other memorials of that old Roman occupation have been dug up here—pieces of chain-mail, spoons, hairpins, little figures that may have been the toys of children, numerous fragments of coral-red Samian ware that had been esteemed then as the collectors of bric-a-brac among ourselves esteem their old china, some of these fragments showing that the originals had been mended with rivets.

Of the actual history of the city while in the possession of the Romans we know nothing. It was in all likelihood the military genius of Lollius Urbicus that selected its site and prepared its defences; and it may have been visited by the great Emperor Severus, when, with his queen and his two infamous sons, he arrived at York in 208 A.D., and thence started on his great campaign against the tribes of Caledonia. But that active Emperor was not now as he had been fifteen years previously, when, at the head of his Pannonian legions, he marched on foot and in full armour, eight hundred miles in forty days, to take possession of the Imperial crown at Rome. For he was now over sixty years of age, and a sufferer from gout in the feet, so that he had to be carried in a litter all the way from Rome to York. With a great army he left the latter city, following no doubt the line of Watling Street to the Northern Wall, where, beyond the Forth and Clyde, the Caledonian unconquerables had their home. These, however, on this occasion adopted Fabian tactics, with the result that, although he had not fought a single battle, the Emperor came back with a loss of fifty thousand men. His return is said to have been attended by omens of approaching ruin. A negro soldier met him at a halting-place near the Southern Wall, and, presenting him with a funeral wreath, spoke words relating to his death and subsequent deification. 'Thou hast been all things,' said the dusky soothsayer, as he offered the ominous wreath—'thou hast conquered all things; now, therefore, be the God of Victory.' Severus passed on; but, in the following spring, as he was preparing at York for a second campaign against the northern tribes, he died, and his body was borne to Rome for burial.

It is not improbable that, both in going and returning on his bootless campaign against the Caledonians, the great Emperor rested and passed the night in the City of Bremenium, when the golden eagles would be lodged in the sacred temple beside the prætorium. Traces of immense camps, of the temporary kind, are to be found on the Watling Street in the vicinity, and were evidently intended for the accommodation of great bodies of men. But the further history of the city is unknown. Coins have been found in it, from the very scarce ones of Otho to those of Carausius—the latter the same who, in 287 A.D., took possession of Britain, and held it against the Romans

* A hypocaust was an arched chamber under the floors, in which a fire was placed, the heated air being conveyed to the apartments above by earthenware pipes.

for seven years, when he fell under the dagger of one of his own servants. With this episode it is just possible that the Roman occupation of Brementium came to an end. Caratusus had enough to do to repel his enemies on the south, and he probably left the Romanised Britons on the north to look to themselves; in which case the camp of Brementium would shortly be devastated by the fierce Picts. Rome herself was in her decline. After holding our country much longer than we have yet held India, she was forced by her internal necessities to withdraw her troops from Britain; and all that is left among us of the greatest Empire of the world are a few such relics and ruins as have been found at Brementium. Rome, in teaching the barbarians her arts of war, taught them how they might conquer herself; and that very year in which the Romans left Britain for ever, the Imperial City itself was stormed and sacked by the Goths. So passes the glory of the world!

J. R.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE 'MAGICIENNE.'

THE corvette looked a mighty long distance away from the low elevation of the boat's gunwale: almost as far as the horizon, it seemed to my eyes, though from the height of the deck of the Indianman the sea-line showed something above the bulwarks of the man-of-war. One hardly noticed the movement in the sea on board the *Countess Ida*, so solemn and steady was the swing of the great fabric, a movement stealing into one's thoughts like a habit, and leaving one unconscious of it; but the heave was instantly to be felt in the boat, and I own that I could not have believed there was so much swell until I felt the lift of the noiseless polished fold and marked the soft blue volume of the water brimming to the hot and blistered sides and green sheathing of the Indianman.

A huge lump of a ship she looked as we were swept away from her: her masts soaring in three spires with the flash of a vane above the airy gossamer of the loftiest cloths: groups of passengers watching us from the violet-tinted shadow under the awning, heads of seamen at the rail, or figures of them upon the fore-castle near the huge cathead that struck a shadow of its own into the water under it.

'A grand old ship,' exclaimed the lieutenant.

'I had no idea she owned such a handsome stern,' said Collodge; 'quite a blaze of gilt, I do protest, Miss Temple. How gloriously old Keeling's cabin-windows sparkle amid the gingerbread magnificence of decoration.'

'What is there in the art of painting to reproduce such a picture as that?' exclaimed Miss Temple, with her dark eyes glowing to the mood of delight raised in her by the beautiful spectacle. 'It is like looking at an image in a soap-bubble. What brush could fling those silver-blueish daintinesses of tint upon canvas, and make one see the ship through this atmosphere filled with ocean-light?'

'Ocean-light!' exclaimed the lieutenant, viewing her with an air of profound admiration;

'that is the fit expression, madam. Light at sea is different from light on shore.'

'As how?' cried Collodge.

'Oh, my dear fellow, see what a reflecting eye the ocean has,' said I; 'it stares back in glory to the glory that looks down upon it. Mould and clay can't do that, you know.'

'True,' said the lieutenant.

'Pray,' said I, addressing him, 'when you overhauled that hull yonder, did you meet with anything to warrant our suspicion that she was a rover?'

'I found no papers,' said he; 'forward, she is burnt into a shell. All her guns are gone, dropped overboard, I suppose, to keep her afloat. She has a little round-house aft, and in it sits a man.'

'A man?' exclaimed Miss Temple.

'He sits in a musing posture,' continued the lieutenant; 'he frowns, and seems vexed. He holds a feather pen in one hand, and supports his head or the elbow of his left arm, but he doesn't write: possibly because there is no ink and the wind seems to have blown his paper away.'

'Is he dead?' exclaimed Miss Temple.

'Quite,' responded the lieutenant with a smile of enjoyment of her beauty.

'Bless me!' cried Collodge, staring at the hull under the sharp of his hand.

'Is she a pincroon, think you, sir?' said I.

'Impossible to say,' he answered; 'there are stands of small-arms in her cabin below, and a sweep of 'tween-decks full of piratic bedding. She will have been crowded with sailors, I should think, sir.'

The six men-of-war-men were making the fine little cutter hum as they bent to their oars, one hairy face showing past another, the eyes of each man upon his blade, though now and again one or another would steal a respectful peep at Miss Temple. What exquisite discipline their demeanour suggested! One hardly needed to do more than glance at them to sound to the very depths the whole philosophy of our naval story. How should it be otherwise than as it is with a nation that could be the mother of such children as those fellows?

The lieutenant was very talkative, and had a deal to say about the west coast of Africa and Cape Town; and he had a great many questions to ask about home. Miss Temple constantly directed her eyes over the side, as though affected and even startled by the proximity of the mighty surface. And boundless the light blue heaving plain looked as it went swimming to the far-off slope of sky that it seemed to wash—the vaster, the more enormous for the breaks of toy-like craft upon it; for the Indianman and the corvette were standards to assist the mind into some perception of the surrounding immensity.

It was a longer pull than I should have believed, and roastingly hot, thanks to the flaming reflection that filled the heart of the sea, and to the motionless atmosphere, which was scarcely to be stirred even into the subtlest fanning of the cheek by our passage through it. Miss Temple's face in the shadow of her parasol resembled some incomparable carving in marble, and but little of vitality was to be seen in it outside of her rich, full, eloquent eyes, when she

fell into some pause of thought and looked away into the dim blue distance as though she beheld a vision down in it. The corvette appeared deserted with her high bulwarks topped yet with a line of hammocks; but it was easy to see that it was known on board the lieutenant was bringing a lady along with others to visit the man-of-war, for there was already a proper gangway ladder over the side, with a grating to step out on, though the broad-beamed craft swayed more on the swell than the Indianan, and so dipped the platform that it needed a deal of manœuvring to save Miss Temple from wetting her feet.

Sir Edward Pantou, a tall, exceedingly handsome man, with iron-gray hair and a sun-red-denied complexion, received us at the gangway. He seemed scarcely able to believe his eyes when Colledge called out to him. He welcomed Miss Temple with an air of lofty respectful dignity that would have sat well upon some nobleman of magnificence welcoming a royal visitor to his home. Chairs were brought from the cabin and placed on the quarter-deck in the shelter of the awning, along with a little table, upon which were put some excellent sherry, claret, and seltzer-water, and a box of capital cigars. The look of this ship, after the Indianan's crumpled decks broken by their poop and topgallant forecabin, was a real treat to the seafaring eye. She was flush fore and aft: every plank was as white as a peeled almond; the black breeches of her artillery gave a noble, massive, imposing character to her tall immensely thick bulwarks; the ratlines showed straight as thin bars of iron in the wide spread of shrouds and topmast rigging; the running gear was flenish-coiled; the brass-work sparkled like burnished gold; the snow-like cloths of the fore-course gathered an amazing brightness from their mere contrast with the red coat of a marine pacing the forecabin; the sailors in white clothes, straw-hats, and naked feet, sprang softly here and there to the light clirrings of a pipe, or went on with the various jobs they were about on deck and in the rigging amid a silence that one might ask for in vain among a crew of merchantmen.

Sir Edward was delighted to see his cousin, and it seemed as if there was to be no end to their talk, so numberless were the questions the commander put about home, his family, doings in London, matters political, and so on, and so on. I had a chance, whilst Colledge was spinning some long twister of private interest to Sir Edward, to exchange a few words with Miss Temple, whose behaviour in the main might have easily led me to believe that she was absolutely unconscious of my presence; in fact, I shouldn't have addressed her then but for finding in the domestic and personal gossip of the two cousins an obligation of either talking or walking away.

'The Countess Ida looks a long distance off, Miss Temple.'

'Farther, I think, than this ship looks from her.'

'That is owing to a change in the atmosphere. We shall be having some weather by-and-by.'

'Not before we return, I hope.'

'The blue thickens yonder,' I exclaimed, indicating that quarter of the sea where I had noticed the depression of the horizon.

She gazed listlessly; her eyes then went roaming over the ship with a sparkle in them of the pleasure the whiteness and the brightness and the orderliness of all that she beheld gave her.

Presently Sir Edward exclaimed: 'Miss Temple, you would like to inspect this vessel, I am sure. I wish to show Stephen my wife's portrait, and I want you to see it.—Mr Dugdale, you will join us?'

Down we went into a very pleasant cabin, and the captain produced a water-colour sketch of his lady.

'A sweet face!' exclaimed Miss Temple; whilst Sir Edward gazed at the picture with eyes full of the yearning heart of a sailor long divorced from his love.

'Have you found your charmer yet, Stephen?' said he. 'Any girl won your budding affections?'

The youth looked at me suddenly and turned of a deep red. I believe he would have said no at once, and with a cocksure face, had I not been there. Miss Temple's gaze rested upon him.

'Why, who is it, Stephen, eh?' exclaimed Sir Edward with a merry laugh.—'See how he blushes, Miss Temple! a sure sign that he has let go his anchor, though he is riding to a long scope all the way out here.—Who is it, Steve?'

'Oh, hang it, Ned, never mind; you bother a fellow so,' answered Colledge with a fine air of mingled irritation and confusion, and a half-look at me that was just the same as saying, 'What an ass I am making of myself!'

'Miss Temple,' exclaimed Sir Edward, laughing heartily again, 'he may possibly have confided the lady's name to you?—Pray, satisfy my curiosity, that I may congratulate him before we part.'

'I am as ignorant as you are,' she replied with an expression of cold surprise in her face.

I marched to a porthole to look out, that I might conceal an irrepressible grin.

'I say, show us the ship, will ye, Ned?' shouted Colledge; 'there's a long pull before us, and we're bound to India, you know.'

Captain Pantou led the way out of the cabin, and went in advance with Miss Temple, pointing here and explaining there, and full of his ship. Colledge sidled up to me.

'Dugdale,' he exclaimed in a whisper, 'do you believe that Miss Temple will guess from my idiotic manner just now that I'm engaged to be married?'

'Oh yes; I saw her gaze sink right into you and then go clean through you. It is best as it is, Colledge. You may breathe freely now.'

He smothered an execration, and continued gloomy and silent for some time. There was not very much to be seen below. We were presently on deck; and after another ten minutes' chat, during which Colledge seemed to regain his spirits, the boat was ordered alongside.

'It shall be my secret as well as yours, Stephen, long before you are home from your tiger-hunts!' exclaimed Sir Edward at the gangway, waggishly shaking his forefinger at his cousin.

We shook hands, entered the boat; the lieutenant took his seat, the oars sparkled, and away we went with a flourish of our hats to the

commander, who stood for some time in the open gangway watching us.

'There's a trifle more swell than there was, I fancy,' said I to the lieutenant.

'I think there is,' he answered, looking over the sea with a face as if he thought of something else.

'What a confounded quiz Ned is,' exclaimed Colledge. 'He's rather too fond of a laugh at other people's expense. I think that sort of thing a mistake myself.'

'He is a very handsome gentleman,' said I.

'Well, I'm mighty glad to have seen him,' said Colledge. 'He's a dear good fellow, only—I hope you've enjoyed the trip, Miss Temple?'

'Thoroughly, thank you; it is a delightful change.—How strange to think of that toy yonder as being our home for some months to come! It is like fancying one's self as dwelling in a star, to see her floating out there in the blue haze, as though she were poised in the atmosphere.'

She fastened her eyes on the Indianman as she spoke. One saw in this that she had a sailor's observation for atmospheric effect. Star-like the ship looked in the distance—a dash of misty light in the blue haze, hovering as it were above the junction of sea and sky, where the blending of the elements was so dim and hot that you couldn't tell where they met.

'Isn't it thickening up a trifle, somehow?' said I to the lieutenant. 'Look to the right of the wreck there—what is that appearance?'

'What do you see?' he exclaimed.

'Why, to my fancy, it is as though there were a dust-storm miles away yonder.'

He smiled, and answered: 'Mere heat. One doesn't need many months on the west African coast to grow used to that sort of aspects. They suggest nothing but quinine to me.'

'What time is it?' said Colledge.

We pulled out our watches: it was half-past four.

'I am sorry we are returning to the Indianman,' said he. 'I should like to get away from her for a little while; then one would find something of freshness in her when one returned. I am not thirsting to meet Mr Johnson and Mr Emmett and Mr Greenhew again.—Are you, Miss Temple?'

She slightly smiled, and said: 'I wish Bombay were as near to us as the *Magicienne* is to the Indianman.'

'I have an idea!' cried Colledge, whose shining eyes methought seemed to suggest the influence of the last large bumper of sherry he had tossed down before leaving the corvette. 'Let us kill another hour by boarding the wreck.'

'I shall be very pleased to put the boat alongside,' said the lieutenant.—'What do you say, Miss Temple?'

She looked at the Indianman, and then sent a swift glance at me, as though she would read my face without having me know she had peeped at it.

'Will there be time before it falls dark?' she answered. 'I am in no hurry to return; but I do not want to make my aunt miserable by remaining out upon the water until after sunset.'

'Oh, we have abundance of time,' said the lieutenant.

'It will give us so much to talk about,' exclaimed Colledge. 'I want to see what sort of a ship it was that frightened us so abominably the other day.'

'What do you say, Mr Dugdale?' said Miss Temple.

'I am thinking of the lonely sentinel this gentleman was telling us about as we came along,' said I.

'Oh, one peep! one peep at him, just one peep!' cried Colledge; 'don't let us go back to the Indianman too soon.—At this rate,' he added, turning up his slightly flushed face to the sky, 'we may have another six months of her.'

The lieutenant laughed, and, anxious to please him, as I supposed, quietly pulled a yoke-line and swept the boat's head fair for the hull. His making nothing of the appearance I had called his attention to was reassuring. I should have thought nothing of it either but for the indent in the horizon that morning, and the recollection that grew out of it, as I have told you. But then old Keeling had let us start from his ship without a hint, and Sir Edward had uttered no caution, though, to be sure, in those days the barometer was not the shaper of marine speculations it has since become; and the silence of these, two skippers, and the smile and careless rejoinder of the lieutenant, should have been amply satisfying. Nevertheless, there was no question but that the light swell heaving out of the north-west was sensibly gaining in volume and speed, and that it was the mere respiration of the ocean I could by no means persuade myself, though it might signify as little.

Colledge grew somewhat frolicsome; indeed, I seemed to find an artificiality in his spirits, as though he would clear Miss Temple's memory of Captain Panton's *badinage* by laughter and jokes. The lieutenant fell in with his humour, said some comical things, and told one or two lively anecdotes of the blacks of that part of the coast the corvette was fresh from. The men-of-warsmen pulled steadily, and the keen stem of the cutter sheared through the oil-smooth surface with a noise as of the ripping of satin; but now and again she would swing down into a hollow that put the low sides of the wreck out of sight, whilst, as we approached, I noticed that the hull was leaning from side to side in a swing which did not need to greatly increase to put the lieutenant to his trumps to get Miss Temple aboard.

But by this time the girl was showing some vivacity, smiling at the lieutenant's jokes, laughing lightly in her clear, rich, trembling tones at Colledge's remarks. It seemed to me as if her previous quietude had produced a resolution which she was now acting up to. She was apparently eager to inspect the wreck, and said that such an adventure would make a heroine of her at home when she came to tell the story of it.

It was a long dragging pull over that heaving breathless sea, and through that sweltering afternoon with its sky of the complexion of brass about the zenith. The three craft as they lay formed a right angle triangle, the apex, to call it so, being the derelict, and the getting to her involved a longer stretching of the Jacks' backs than, as I suspected, the lieutenant had calculated on. The

sweat poured from the men's brows, and their faces were like purple rags under their straw hats as they swung with the precision and the monotony of the tick of a clock over the looms of their oars.

'She's rather unsteady, isn't she?' exclaimed Colledge as we approached the hulk.

'So much the better,' said the lieutenant; 'her bulwarks are gone, and every dip inclines her bare deck as a platform for a jump.'

'She may be sinking,' cried Miss Temple.

'Dry as a bone, madam, I assure you,' said the officer. 'I looked into her hold, and there's scarce more water than would serve to drown a rat.'

'I see her name in long white letters under her counter,' I exclaimed. 'Can you read it, Colledge?'

'The *Aspirante*,' said the lieutenant.

We now fell silent, with our eyes upon the hull, whilst the officer manœuvred with the yoke-lines to run the cutter handsomely alongside. A single chime from a bell came thrilling with a soft silver note through the hushed air. Miss Temple started, and the officer grinned into Colledge's face, but nothing was said. She was a very clean wreck. Her foremast stood stoutly supported by the shrouds; but the braces of the foreyard were slack, and the swing of the spar, upon which the canvas lay rolled in awkward heaps, roughly secured by lines, as though the work of hands wild with hurry, somehow imparted a strange, forlorn, most melancholy character to the nakedness of that solitary mast. She showed no guns; her decks appeared to have been swept; the rise of her in the water proved that her people must have jettisoned a deal of whatever they were able to come at; her wheel was gone, and her rudder slowly swayed to every heave. There were a few ropes' ends over her side, the hacked remains of standing-rigging; but the water brimmed clear of wreckage to her channels.

'Ours!' cried the lieutenant. The bowman sprang erect; and in a few moments we were floating alongside, soaring and falling against the black run of her, with the deck gaping through the length of smashed bulwark to the level of our heads when we stood up, each time she came lazily rolling over to us. The clear chime of the bell rang out again.

'What is it?' cried Miss Temple.

'The ship's bell,' said the lieutenant; 'it'll have got jammed as it hangs, and the tongue strikes the side when the heave is a little sharper than usual.'

He followed this on with certain directions to the men. Two of them, watching their chance, sprang on to the slope of the deck, and then went hoisting up away from us as the hull swayed wearily to starboard. 'Stand by now!' bawled the lieutenant.—'Miss Temple, let me assist you on to this thwart.' She sprang upon it with something of defiance in her manner, and the officer grasping her elbow supported her. I thought Colledge looked a little uneasy and pale. We waited; but an opportunity was some time in coming.

'Mr Colledge,' said the lieutenant, 'be kind enough to take my place and support the lady.' He jumped lightly into the main-chains, and was on deck in a jiffy. 'Haul her in close, men,—

Now, Miss Temple. Catch hold of my hand and of this sailor's when I say so.'

Up swung the boat; the girl extended her hands, which were instantly grasped. 'Jump, madam!' and she went in a graceful bound from the thwart to the deck.

I watched till a heave brought me on a line with the chains into which I leapt.

'Now, Mr Colledge,' called out the lieutenant. He hung in the wind, and I thought he would refuse to leave the boat; but Miss Temple with her face slightly flushed stood watching as though waiting for him, her noble figure swaying with a marvellous careless grace upon the floating slopes of the planks; and this started him. He got on to a thwart, where he was supported by a sailor till a chance offered for his hands to be gripped, and then he was hauled on to the hull; but he came perilously near to going overboard, for the sudden sinking away of the cutter from under him paralysed his effort to jump, and he swung against the side of the wreck in the grasp of the lieutenant and a seaman, who dragged him up just in time to save his legs from being ground by the soaring of the boat. The two sailors then jumped into the cutter, which shoved off, and lay rising and falling upon the quarter to the scope of her painter.

(To be continued.)

THE TUBEROUS BEGONIA.

THE Geranium, or, as it is now more correctly called, the Zonal Pelargonium, has long been unrivalled among the denizens of our flower-gardens. Its brilliancy of colour, easiness of propagation and culture, hardiness and general good qualities, have justly made it a universal favourite, and by far the most extensively grown of all our ornamental plants. Indeed, it has been so much used, especially in that kind of gardening arrangement called 'bedding-out,' that variety of form and colour, which is the most pleasing to the eye, has been sacrificed for uniformity, and too often our gardens have been laid out in a style that brings to mind Pope's satirical description of the gardens at Canon:

His gardens next your admiration call:
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene;
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other;
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees out to statues, statues thick as trees.

This, while being a matter for regret, has been, perhaps, unavoidable; as there has not been, until quite recently, any plant possessing anything like the good qualities of the Geranium which might have been used as a substitute. We have, however, within recent years, by the skilful and tenacious labour of our scientific florists, secured another ornamental plant, which already has equal if not superior merits to the Geranium, and promises to be deserving of as much popularity and general cultivation as that old-time favourite. This welcome addition to our garden treasures is the Tuberous Begonia. A short sketch of its history and improvement under cultivation may be interesting to those who find pleasure in gardening.

The Begonia family—so called after M. Begon, a French botanist—contains about three hundred and fifty species. About one half of this number has been already introduced into Britain. The known species for the most part are natives of tropical America, Asia beyond the Ganges, and the southern tropics and sub-tropics of Africa. In these parts of the world they are found growing in great abundance. As a botanical family, the Begonias are isolated from any other group in the vegetable kingdom, their characteristics being distinct and easily recognised. They have succulent or sub-shrubby stems, or climbing stems which cling to moist surfaces by adventitious roots. Their leaves are stipulate—that is, having small leaf-like appendages at the bases of the leaf-stalks, and are generally ornamental. The flowers are irregular, and male and female blooms are produced on each plant. The stamens are numerous, and sometimes free, sometimes united. The ovary, which is adherent throughout to the calyx, is three, four, or many celled. The fruit is a three-cornered, sometimes winged capsule.

The Begonia's nearest allies are four species forming the Datisceae family, which are similar in the structure of their unisexual flowers, ovary, and seeds. The Passion-flowers, Saxifrages, and Cucumbers have also a slight affinity to it.

Besides the above general features, there are other interesting characteristics seen in the structure of some members of the family. For example, in the species *Begonia phyllonatica* the stems are densely covered with small adventitious leaves. Many species, again, may be propagated from leaves alone, while others produce numerous small bulbs in the axils of the leaves, as in *Lilium bulbiferum*, from which new plants may be raised.

So far as can now be determined, the first species brought to this country was *Begonia nitida*, which was found in Jamaica in 1777. Other species were introduced from time to time; but it was not until close on a hundred years after its first introduction that the Begonia entered on its career of popularity, and developed such surprising tendencies to vary and improve in the hands of the cultivator, that to-day it stands in the front rank of our decorative plants.

We owe the introduction of the species of the Begonia from which the varieties now grown were derived to one of our foreign-plant collectors—a class of men about whom we hear very little, yet to whom we owe much for enriching our gardens and conservatories by searching out, often at the risk of their lives, and sending home to us, beautiful plant-children of other lands. Richard Pearce, a native of Plymouth, and a man of unassuming character yet intrepid courage, while collecting in Bolivia, discovered and sent home, in the year 1864, the variety *B. bolivianensis*; in 1865, *B. Pearcei*, also from Bolivia; and in 1867, *B. Veitchii*, from near Cuzco, Peru. To these were soon added, also from Peru, the species *B. roseiflora*, *Davisi*, and *Clarkei*. These six species were the progenitors of all the varieties of Tuberous Begonia now cultivated. It may be interesting to note the colours of the flowers produced by these species. They are respectively bright cinnabar-scarlet, clear yellow, vivid ver-

million, pale brier-rose red, bright scarlet, and bright rose.

In 1868 the first hybrid was raised, and was named *Begonia Sedeni*, after the raiser. It produced blooms of a beautiful rosy-crimson colour. From that year up to the present time many of our leading florists, as well as those of the Continent, recognising the beauty and promise of improvement in the Begonia, have, year after year, given their closest attention to its culture; and every season's labour has invariably produced one or more varieties distinctly marking an advance from previous attainments.

The results secured up to the present are simply marvellous, and show what may be done in the field of floriculture by earnest, persistent, and well-directed work. From its introduction in 1777 up to as late as ten years ago, the Begonia was little more than a botanical curiosity. The habit of the varieties then in existence was very weak. The stems were usually gaunt straggling branches, two feet or more long, scant of foliage, and surmounted by one or two small, thin-petalled, poorly-coloured flowers, which hung their heads in a melancholy fashion. No one looking at them could have dreamt that they would be the progenitors of a race of plants with such wonderful beauty of form and colour as that now possessed by their descendants. The family has developed with such rapid strides that to-day it possesses a larger number of valuable qualities than any other flowering-plant, with the possible exception of the Zonal Pelargonium (Geranium).

The good points of the Begonia as now improved, are: The power of flowering continuously over a period of five or six months in the year. A range of colour embracing almost every conceivable shade of white, rose, pink, red, scarlet, crimson, lake, orange and yellow, with the richest and most delicate tints. A wonderful adaptability to any kind of culture, either with or without artificial heat. Great freedom from any kind of plant disease. It can be used most successfully as a 'bedding-out' plant. The last is perhaps its most valuable quality, and for which it will be most extensively grown, as it makes a good companion to or substitute for the too much employed Zonal Pelargonium. That it can be used as a bedding plant with fine effect is now beyond dispute. In widely-separated localities both in England and Scotland the writer has seen Begonias growing in the open air from June to October with great vigour and luxuriance. They withstand extremes of heat and cold much better than the Zonal Pelargonium. Come sunshine or shade, rain or storm, their richly-coloured blossoms look up ever bright and fresh. In wet, cold seasons, when its rival produces only a very limited number of flowers and seems only to live, the Begonia will grow vigorously and throw up a bloom from every joint.

The single varieties with scarlet and crimson flowers, of which colours there are many different shades, give the best results in the open air. It would be difficult to imagine a grander gardening effect than that produced by a mass of healthy plants, with flowers of these bright colours, in full bloom under bright sunshine.

In the immediate future, the Begonia must take a prominent place in all kinds of gardening decoration. It is hardly possible to plant it where it

will be out of place. It looks pleasing in nearly any position and arrangement, whether planted in separate colours, in mixed beds, in isolated groups, in hollows of rustic stumps, in ornamental stands, in ivy-clad baskets, or as single specimens.

To those who find, like Bacon, that gardening is the source of pure pleasure and refreshment of spirit, the Begonia will come as a welcome addition to the sum of their enjoyment.

MY WEDDING DAY.

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN STORY.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

'WHAT time is it?' asked Mrs Green, when the two women had started up the hill once more—'Two o'clock? You don't say so! Well, we may as well have a bit of something ourselves. The fire will be on the top of that hill in half an hour, at the rate it is coming. If they can't stop it, it will come down here, and we'll have to turn to and fight with the rest of them.'

'We'll have to look out, anyways,' said Biddy. 'The sparks will be all over the place, with this wind, and it's not much time we'll have then to be thinking of dinner.'

The children were called in; and we sat down to a picnic sort of meal, consisting of cold beef, plum pudding, and a tart or two from the unfortunate wedding breakfast. These tarts reminded me of a fact that I found hard to realise—that I was really married, and that this was my wedding day; yes, actually my wedding day! and here was I, the bride, sitting down to a demoralised sort of Christmas dinner in a hot kitchen, with a half-roasted clergyman in his shirt sleeves, and Mrs Green in a voluminous cooking apron.—And Jack? Where was he? Over a mile away, fighting the fire in heat and dust and smoke. In danger, perhaps! Oh Jack, dear Jack! And I lost myself in loving anxious thought, till I was roused by Biddy's voice: 'My word!' she said, coming to the back door—'it's near now, roaring like anything, and they're beating like mad.'

We jumped up at once and went outside. There was a fierce deep roaring rushing sound like a big bush-fire, and nothing else. The smoke hung over us thicker than ever, and like a lurid cloud kept off the sunlight, the sun itself showing through it as a dull deep crimson disc; and through the roaring and crackling of the flames we heard the sound of the branches as the men fought with all their might.

While we watched, Mrs Brown and Mrs Jones came hurrying down again, bringing with them some of the eatables they had just taken up.

'They've no time to eat,' said Mrs Brown; 'but they're just dried up with thirst. They want some more tea as soon as you can send it up.'

'I will take it,' I said.

'Pray, allow me,' said Mr Smith.

'Well,' said Mrs Green, 'I expect Mrs Brown and Mrs Jones are tired; besides, they want their dinner.'

I went in search of my shadiest hat, and the parson donned his coat—a great mistake, as it proved—and we started off, he with two buckets of tea, and I with one. Now, full buckets are

awkward things to carry up a hill-side at the best of times, and when they are full of tea, every drop of which you know will be precious to the thirsty men above, you get nervous, and consequently spill more. Mr Smith started with a light heart to carry those buckets up that hill, and if his heart was heavier when he reached the top, the buckets were considerably lighter. We got on well enough at first, but soon came to a steep place, where, though our arms were aching furiously, there was no place flat enough to set the buckets down on. Then we had to sidle along the hill, and Mr Smith had to hold one bucket higher than the other to keep it off the ground; and in spite of all his care, that up-hill bucket would keep catching on sticks and stones, and sending cataracts of steaming tea over his legs. He did not complain; but it must have been too hot to be comfortable. At last we got on to a cattle track, which made walking easier, though it had its drawbacks too, being six inches deep in soft well-trodden dust. The condition of the parson's moist legs after two minutes' walk through this may be imagined. He sailed benignly on, however, with one long coat-tail in each bucket of tea, till I could stand it no longer.

'Mr Smith,' I said, 'I am afraid the tea will spoil your coat.'

'Dear me! dear me!' he said, 'what shall I do? They *will* go in, and I can't put the buckets down, and the tea will be spoilt. Dear me! what shall I do?'

'Shall I pin them up for you?' I asked.

'Thank you, thank you, Mrs Rushton, if you would,' he answered gratefully.

I managed to set my bucket down and steady it with my foot while I pinned the tails of his coat together behind, so that it looked like a demented swallow-tail.

'Thank you, thank you, very much indeed,' was all he said just then; but when we came to a place where we could set down our loads and rest, he observed, as he mournfully gazed at his muddy legs: 'Really, Mrs Rushton, I am afraid this kind of work is detrimental to my cloth.'

At last we reached the top, and found the men hard at work. The fire had come upon them before they expected. Where a track was already burnt, they stopped it easily enough; but just here they were having a hard fight. So much we learned from one and another as they stopped to swallow a pannikin of tea and then rush back to their work again. How hot they looked; hot and tanned, with faces scorched and grimy, and eyes red with the stinging smoke. I had seen thirst before, though not quite so bad as this. Mr Smith had not, I think, and his face grew very grave as he watched them.

'Well, parson,' said one, as he drank the tea, in a voice husky and weak with exhaustion, 'you're a Christian for this, if you never said a prayer.'

The little clergyman looked distressed; he was a little shocked at first, I think; then I heard him murmur to himself: 'A cup of cold water! I never knew what that meant till to-day.'

When we got down again, he insisted on making another trip at once. I could not help admiring him as he started up the hill again with a bucket in each hand, this time without his coat.

'Well,' said Biddy, looking after him, 'he's got some pluck in spite of his coat.'
'He's a brick!' said the children, and I quite agreed with them.

The fire was stopped on the hill behind the house, and the men had gone along the ridge to stop it farther on. We had dismantled the neglected breakfast table, and rearranged it with more regard for compactness than elegance, ready for the men's supper; and at last the long hot day was nearly over. Having nothing particular to do, I went and sat under the back veranda to rest. Mrs Jones did likewise, and leaning her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands, gazed silently upwards at the smoke that told of the fight still going on. Mrs Brown seized a broom and proceeded to sweep up the leaves scattered about by our discarded decorations, talking meanwhile about other bush-fires she had seen. Now that the fight was no longer in sight, the sense of excitement and conflict we had felt all day in some degree abated. Peaceful home sounds—the crying of a calf, the musical sound of milking from the bail-yard close by, and the cheerful tinkling of teaspoons in the kitchen—contrasted strangely with the lurid glare of the smoky sunlight and the distant roaring of the flames. In a gum-tree close by were a crowd of magpies that had flown screaming away from the fire, and were watching it intently, now and then bursting into a flood of angry song; while once or twice a flock of paroquets whizzed shrieking overhead.

I paid little attention to Mrs Brown's conversation, but fell to thinking—of Jack, of course—till Biddy came across to the dairy with her buckets of milk, and Mrs Green came out and called the children in to tea. They came scampering in, discussing the day's events with a vivacity which put day-dreaming out of the question for the time being.

During tea, the talk was still bush-fires; no one ever talks of anything else while one is burning. Afterwards, when Mrs Brown and Mrs Jones had departed to their respective homes—cottages a little distance off—and Mrs Green and Biddy were busy preparing for the men, whom they expected soon, I sat on the veranda and tried to talk the children into a calm enough state of mind for bedtime. It had been a wildly-exciting day for them, and a 'continual feast' as well; for they had made raids on the kitchen every now and then, carrying off their booty to be devoured in some place where there was a good view of the fire. They implored me not to speak of bed at first; but in spite of themselves they grew drowsy as they calmed down, and were soon ready to say 'Good-night.'

When they had gone I lost myself in my own thoughts again. How long I sat there dreaming I do not know. The sun had set; the short twilight was over, and the smouldering logs shone out like large red stars from the blackened hillside above, when I noticed a strange light to my left. Going to the end of the house, I saw a line of fire coming towards us along the flat. A smouldering log must have rolled down from above and lighted the grass. 'Fire! fire! just here!' I shouted.

Mrs Green and Biddy rushed out, and took in

the situation at a glance. Biddy just threw back her head, put her hands to her mouth and 'coo-ee'd' loud and long.

'Get a can and wet the grass at the end of the house, Mary!' Mrs Green called to me as she ran round the house shutting the windows, to keep the sparks out.

'Biddy,' she continued, 'throw water on the roof; it's as dry as tinder.'

Biddy gave one more long 'coo-o-ee!' and seizing a bucket, fell to work; while Mrs Green disappeared into the house, returning with the children, blinking and bewildered. Rolling them in blankets, she deposited them in the bed of a dried-up creek near the house. Meanwhile, I had been running backwards and forwards with two large watering-cans from the tubs we had filled in the morning, trying to soak a strip of grass to check the fire in its advances on the house. My task was only half finished, however, when the fire came up. I caught up a branch and called to the others for help. We beat and beat with all our might; but the wind was high and the grass long, and it seemed as if we could not keep it back. The heat was intense, and the smoke choked and blinded us; but we kept on, till I felt as if each blow would be the last, and dimly wondered what would happen when I gave in, as I must do soon.

I do not know how long we worked; it seemed hours; but I suppose it was not many minutes. All at once we heard men's voices and running feet, and a dozen strong arms were beating beside us. It was a sharp tussle; but they got it under, and were just congratulating themselves on arriving in the nick of time, when a voice—Jack's voice—was heard calling for help, and they saw that the fire, though turned away from the house, was making straight for the wool-shed, which stood on a slight rise a little beyond. Jack was fighting it single-handed. It seemed to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall, and the fire rushed onwards. And then I suppose I fainted, for I remember nothing more till I felt myself slowly and painfully coming back to life in my own little room. At first, I was only conscious of a deathly sick feeling; then I remembered that something had happened, something dreadful. What was it? Ah!—Jack. I believe I called his name aloud; and then—could it be true?—I heard his dear voice answering me, and felt his strong arms and his kisses on my face. It was no dream, but Jack himself! I hid my face on his shoulder and sobbed. I have a dim remembrance of hearing some one say, 'She'll do now;' then the door was shut and we were alone. I had my arms round his neck, and clung closely to him, unwilling to loose my hold even to look up at his face.

'Hush, Mary,' he said—'hush, my darling. I am here, safe and sound. Look up, dear, and see for yourself.'

At last I did look up. Could that be Jack? It looked more like a badly-blacked Christy minstrel. 'Why, Jack!' I cried, 'you are as black as a'—and I paused for want of a simile.

'A kettle?' he suggested.—'Come, little woman, don't call names. I fancy there's a pair of us,' he added, looking laughingly at me.

Of course I sat up at once, and looked towards the glass to see what was the matter, and this is what I saw—Jack kneeling by the side of the couch, looking like a sally-dishevelled sweep, for one of his shirt-sleeves was burnt off to the shoulder, and he was more or less black all over; while his eyes were red, and his teeth, displayed just now by a broad grin, shone like a negro's from beneath the singed and stubbly ends of what had once been his moustache. As for me, my light cotton dress was ornamented by sundry prints of a human hand in black, while round my waist was a broad band of the same hue. My left cheek was one dark smear; while on the other, as well as on my forehead and lips, were numerous rough but unmistakable impressions of Jack's moustache.

It was no use trying to be sentimental under the circumstances, so I laughed instead, to Jack's relief, for he had a man's hatred of scenes.

'How did you escape?' I asked. 'I thought I saw the fire go over you.'

'Why, so it did,' he answered. 'When I found I could not stop it, I lay down, and let it go over me.'

'Oh Jack! you must have been hurt.'

'Well, I found it rather warm, certainly; and I am afraid my clothes have suffered.—There, there, little wife; don't cry like that.' The thought of his danger had been too much for me. 'I am quite safe, thank God. I don't think I am seriously damaged, though my complexion is a little spoiled for the present.'

He stayed talking a little while, and then had to rush back to his task. They had just managed to save the wool-shed, but a good deal of fencing had gone. The worst of the fire was over, but it needed watching.

Next morning, a rather dilapidated but very happy bride and bridegroom started on their homeward way, after saying good-bye to a still more dilapidated parson, and being honoured with three very husky cheers from all hands.

OLD SHOWS AND CUSTOMS.

WITH the spread of education the various old customs so familiar to our forefathers are gradually dying out. Our old friends Punch and Judy show themselves less every year, while their rival Fantoccini has quite left the field. It is true that Punch was in greater demand in the Jubilee Year; but he, with his friends the Travelling Showman, the Fat Lady, and the Skeleton Boy, are daily finding themselves nearer the end of their existence. For this we do not pretend to offer any explanation other than that the public, naturally wishing to see all they can for as little as possible, are not so liberal with the pence, or that the pence are not so plentiful. This, however, cannot be the case with the old customs which our ancestors associated with the great festivals of the year, and it is of some of these we wish to speak.

Every one is acquainted with the practice of giving eggs at Easter-tide; these are now generally made of sugar or some kind of composition; but their preparation used formerly to occupy, for a

few days before Easter, a good deal of the time of the donor. They were called *pasck*, *paste*, or *pace* eggs, terms derived from the word *pascal*, and were made as follows: an ordinary egg having been immersed in hot water, the end of a common candle was made use of to inscribe names of individuals, &c. Thus inscribed, the egg was placed in a dye; and the part over which the tallow had been passed being impervious to the operation of the dye, the egg presented a white inscription on a coloured ground.

An old custom formerly prevalent in many parts of England was that of 'heaving' or 'lifting,' mostly performed in the open street. People formed into parties of twelve or more, and from every one 'lifted' they extorted a contribution. There is said to be a record in the Tower of London of certain payments made to ladies and maids of honour for taking King Edward I. in his bed at Easter, whence it has been presumed that he was lifted according to the custom which then prevailed among all ranks throughout the kingdom.

A custom prevailed at Twickenham of dividing two great cakes among children on Easter Day; but in 1645 parliament ordered that loaves of bread should be bought for the poor instead, and for some time these were thrown from the church steeple, to be scrambled for, a custom which also prevailed for some time at Paddington.

The great festival of the milkmaids and sweeps of the 1st of May dates its origin back to the Romans, who were wont to commemorate the festival of Flora, the goddess of flowers, for several days in May. Maypoles were forbidden to be erected by parliament in 1644; but they were restored again on the restoration of Charles II.; and in 1661 the Maypole in the Strand was reared with much ceremony and rejoicing. This pole, which stood near where Catherine Street joins the Strand, was of cedar, and was raised by twelve seamen, commanded by the Duke of York, who was then Lord High Admiral of England.

Bartholomew Fair was the last of the great fairs held in London; this took place near Smithfield, and lasted three days, taking place about the beginning of September; and here were to be seen probably the greatest collection of shows of all kinds ever brought together at one place.

Allhallow Eve or Halloween was formerly the occasion of many curious customs throughout the country. It was sometimes called 'nutcrack night' in the north of England, from the practice of throwing nuts into the fire.—Burns says: 'Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.' He also mentions the custom of Scotch women of puffing cabbages; they must go out hand in hand blindfolded and pull the first cabbage they come to; its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the grand object of their spells—a husband. If any earth stuck to the roots, that was a fortune; and the taste of the *custock* (the heart of the stem) was indicative of the natural temper and disposition. In certain parts of Perthshire, bonfires were lit in every village. When the fire was consumed, the

ashes were carefully collected in the form of a circle; then a stone was put in the fire for each person in the several families interested in the charm, and if any stone was moved out of its place, or injured before next morning, the person it represented was supposed not to live twelve months from that day. This same custom was also observed in North Wales.

The inhabitants of the island of Lewis, off the west coast of Scotland, had an ancient custom to sacrifice to a sea-god called 'Shony' in the following manner: Every family furnished a peck of malt, which was brewed into ale. One of their number was then chosen to wade into the sea up to the middle, who carrying a cup of ale in his hand, cried out: 'Shony, I give you this cup of ale, hoping you'll be so kind as to send us plenty of seaweed for enriching our ground the ensuing year;' and so threw the ale into the sea. This was performed at night-time. On his return to land, they all went to church, where a candle was burning on the altar; and after standing silent a short time, one gave a signal, at which the candle was put out, and immediately all went to the fields, where they drank their ale and spent the remainder of the night in dancing and singing.

The burning of a good Guy on the 5th of November was once a scene of uproar unknown now. A huge bonfire was lit in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where upwards of two hundred cartloads of fuel and more than thirty Guys were brought to be burnt. London was so lit up with bonfires and fireworks that from the suburbs it seemed in one red-heat. Many were the overthrowings of horsemen and carriages from the discharge of rockets and the pressure of moving mobs; but this fiery zeal has gradually decreased; men no longer take part in the observance of the day, and boys carry about their Guy with no other thought than how much they will get by the operation to make merry with.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

FOR some years there have been rumours to the effect that Baron Nordenskiöld, the most successful navigator of modern times, was considering the equipment of an expedition for Antarctic exploration. When the colony of Victoria proposed an expedition of the kind two or three years ago, the enterprise fell through owing to the refusal of the Home Government to provide a ship for the purpose. The idea has now been revived, and Australia will furnish five thousand pounds towards the expense; while a similar amount will be given by Mr Oscar Dickson, who has before been a liberal patron of Baron Nordenskiöld's projects. It will be remembered that the *Challenger* went just within the Antarctic circle, but that it was quite foreign to her mission to undertake exploration work of a geographical character. Sailing-vessels have been the only ships which have really penetrated far towards the South Pole; and it was with such vessels that Captain Cook exploded the idea of the existence of a great Antarctic continent. We

may hope that this new expedition, aided by the potent power of steam, and under the command of an intrepid navigator who knows perhaps more about ice-conquest than any other man, will lead to great results. We may also hope that the sum already promised may be greatly increased, so that the efforts of the expedition may not be handicapped by want of funds.

Whenever a serious explosion of fire-damp occurs—and we have unhappily had more than one such fatality within the last few months—the usual stories are current regarding the carelessness of miners in opening their lamps, carrying matches, and in other ways placing in jeopardy their own lives and the lives of their fellows. It is possible that instances of such reckless and criminal conduct may occasionally occur; but it is far more probable that the initial spark which brings about the mischief is due to a far more common cause. Every one knows that when iron strikes stone, sparks are produced; and it is a common thing to see such sparks flying from a horse's hoof as it strikes the hard road. Our forefathers were dependent upon a flint and steel for both light and fire. In a coal-mine, unfortunately, are all the conditions necessary for producing such sparks, for the miner's pick has only to strike a nodule of ironstone and the fire appears. It is quite certain that if gas be present in dangerous quantity, or if the mine be a dusty one, such a spark is quite sufficient to deal death and destruction around. We throw out the suggestion that it would be practicable to substitute for miners' tools some other metal, such as one of the new bronzes, for the iron which strikes sparks so readily.

Mr A. Upward, of Kensington, has invented an apparatus of simple construction which will enable a miner to ascertain whether in working upon the face of the coal he is likely to come upon water or gas. The contrivance consists of a chamber fitted with a slide-valve, which can be held firmly against the face of the coal by means of struts and temporary supports. Through this valve, in which is a stuffing-box, a boring tool is worked for several feet; and should water or gas be tapped, the one or the other will rush into the chamber and will be immediately registered by an attached pressure-gauge. But should the coal be solid and give no sign, the apparatus is removed, and the collier can work with confidence to as great a depth as the boring tool has already penetrated. A modification of the apparatus, in which a larger boring tool is employed, can be used for passing nourishment to miners who may be imprisoned, with a wall of coal between them and their rescuers.

A remarkable instance of the convenience of the electric motor is reported from Chicago. Owing to a boiler explosion at a large printing-office in that city, work had to be suspended, and many employees were thus left idle. This state of things must have continued for some weeks, while new boilers were fitted to the engines, if the happy suggestion had not been made to make use of electricity in lieu of steam. A powerful dynamo-machine was procured and connected with the shafting, while at the same time it was connected by cables with a similar machine outside. By this means work was resumed two days after the accident.

It will be remembered that many months ago M. Pasteur proposed to deal with the rabbit pest in Australia by inoculating a few of the animals with disease virus, and turning these few among their fellows, so that they could infect the rest by their presence. M. Pasteur sent his nephew and another of his assistants to Australia with a view to repeat upon a larger scale the experiments which he had already carried out with success in his laboratory. These gentlemen returned to France a few months later much discouraged with their experience among our colonists. They allege that they were only allowed to try a few experiments, and although the results were of a promising nature, all kinds of impediments were placed in their way. Adjournments and delays took place until M. Pasteur abandoned all hope of being able to succeed in his enterprise. It may be that the prize of twenty thousand pounds which was offered by the Australian Government for the discovery of a successful remedy for the extirpation of the rabbits had something to do with this treatment of a foreigner's representatives.

The Journal of the Chemical Society contains an interesting note, from a foreign source, with reference to the pigment known as Egyptian Blue, which was used by the Romans in the first few centuries of the Christian era, and which is of such a permanent character, resisting as it does both atmospheric and chemical influences, that works executed with it many centuries back still retain their brightness of colour. The pigment is said to have been discovered by Vitruvius, in Alexandria, who made it by mixing fine sand with carbonate of soda, adding copper filings to the mixture, and moulding into balls with water. These lumps were then dried, and heated in clay pots until the blue colour was developed. It is thought that the manufacture of this pigment, which has the advantage of being very cheap as well as good, might be revived with great benefit to the arts.

The Royal Meteorological Society recently held in London their eleventh annual Exhibition of Instruments, and it was devoted almost entirely to apparatus which combines photography with meteorology. Some of the exhibits were of very great interest, notably the camera which is used at Kew and other observatories for taking instantaneous pictures of clouds from different points of view at the same moment. In practice, two cameras are used, one being distant half a mile from the other. An observer is stationed at each, and the two men are in telephonic communication with one another. But the simultaneous exposure of the two cameras is of course under the control of one hand, and this is brought about by an instantaneous shutter upon each lens worked by an electro-magnet, both being on the same circuit. The photographs of clouds so obtained can be accurately measured, and their height above the earth can be determined. Photographs of lightning flashes, showing all sorts of peculiarities, also formed an interesting feature of this Exhibition.

A remarkable story is published in a New York scientific journal concerning the method adopted by a gang of horse-stealers in Arkansas to get rid of their ill-gotten steeds. Owing to a quarrel among the gang, the aid of a surgeon was

requisitioned, and it seems that this gentleman put in an appearance at an inopportune time. He found a horse under the operation of being bleached, that is to say the animal was enveloped in a coat made out of india-rubber garments, and was being treated with sulphur vapour. The operator was a woman, who had adopted this plan of treatment after experiments upon her own hair. It is said that the appliances to carry out the deception were very ingenious. The system was to run a stolen horse into the bleachery, and to change its black or chestnut coat into a tint approaching white; at the same time its tail and mane would be trimmed. Thus disguised, the stolen animal could be ridden past its real owner's door without chance of detection. For the present these nefarious practices have been stopped by the authorities.

A French scientific journal, *La Nature*, publishes two photographs which show very well the different effects produced in volley-firing from using ordinary gunpowder and the newly-invented smokeless powder. In each photograph we see a line of soldiers kny-ling on one knee and discharging their weapons; but whereas in the one picture all but the nearest five men are hidden in the cloud of smoke which they have produced, in the other the haze which hangs over the muzzles of the weapons is not sufficiently thick to obscure any of the men.

The discovery of Coal-measures near Dover has naturally caused much excitement in the south of England. Geologists have long been of the opinion that the coal-fields of South Wales, Somersetshire, and Gloucestershire might very possibly represent a continuation of the coal-fields of Belgium and Northern France. And it would seem that the boring near Dover has tapped the valuable mineral at an intermediate point. This is not the first time that an attempt has been made to find coal in the southern counties. In 1872 a boring was undertaken at Battle, near Hastings, and a depth of nearly two thousand feet was reached, when the machinery collapsed, and the works were abandoned. Professor Boyd Dawkins, the eminent geologist, formed one of a committee which undertook this experimental boring, and he it was who, in 1886, persuaded Sir Edward Watkin to make a similar boring at the foot of Shakespeare Cliff, an enterprise which has been just crowned with success. The coal this time has been found at a depth of twelve hundred feet from the surface, and it is described as a bright blazing variety, and of the quality found in the collieries in the Mendip Hills. No one can yet tell whether the coal near Dover exists in sufficient quantities to pay for working it. Should it be as abundant as enthusiasts would have us believe, it will certainly change the face of the country, and will turn a large stretch of land which is now devoted to farming purposes into a manufacturing district. The prospect is not a pleasant one, except from a matter-of-fact commercial point of view.

An interesting Report has been published referring to the experiments which have taken place in the New York State prisons with the electrical apparatus which has been erected there for the purpose of carrying out the death penalty. The Committee which was appointed to deal with this question have been testing the power of the

apparatus on the bodies of living animals. In the case of a horse weighing about one thousand pounds one electrode was placed on the forehead of the animal, while the other was fastened to a hind-leg. When the electric current was passed through the circuit, the animal fell dead instantaneously. In order to settle the question whether this supposed instant death was not a case of suspended animation, a calf was subjected to the effects of the current. Immediately after the apparent death, artificial respiration was kept up for half an hour, but the animal showed no sign of returning life.

The immense deposits of chalk and clay, the one underlying the other, which have been discovered in the county of Grey, Ontario (Canada), are of far-reaching importance, for the two materials are of the kind from which the best Portland cement can be manufactured. Hitherto, this cement has been always imported to the American Continent from Europe, for the American chalk hitherto found was not pure enough to make good cement. These deposits are situated at a short distance from the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and are proved by experiment to yield a cement of the very best quality.

A Dynamite Gun is now in course of construction at Birmingham, and this weapon will soon be in the hands of the English Government for exhaustive trial. This gun is the invention of Lieutenant Graydon, late of the United States navy, and its purpose is to throw a shell containing six hundred pounds of dynamite a distance of three miles. We have in recent years had some unpleasant experience as to what very small charges of this explosive are capable of, and can only imagine that no ship afloat could survive the impact of such a missile. The inventor believes that the gun will be convenient in handling, and can be quickly trained and elevated. If it be as successful as he hopes, it will most certainly lead to a revolution in the science of gunnery.

A German paper states that a new form of pipe for the conveyance of water has been introduced. Its core is of glass, over which is a covering of asphalt, in which is imbedded on the outside fine gravel. These pipes are intended to supersede those of iron and lead which at present are universally employed. It is difficult to see how such a fragile substance as glass can be sufficient to withstand the pressure and strain to which water-pipes in roadways are continually subjected; but the new pipes would have a limited application in chemical works and factories for the conveyance of acid and alkaline liquids.

It is said that the largest nickel mine in the world is at Sudbury, in Canada, where the present output is at the rate of four thousand tons per annum. The metal, for which so many uses are now found, occurs at a depth of three hundred feet, and after being raised to the surface, is calcined on the spot, for the purpose of eliminating the sulphur with which it is associated. The metal is next taken to the smelting furnace, and after being robbed of further impurities, assumes the form of an alloy, of which seventy per cent. is nickel and thirty per cent. copper. Much of this alloy finds its way to Swansea (South Wales), where the two metals are separated and refined. A further quantity is shipped to Germany to go through the same processes.

We lately referred in these columns to the value of the Australian Wattle as a substitute for oak-bark in tanning. A correspondent has kindly called our attention to the fact that the Boers of South Africa have for a long time employed the bark of the mimosa, which is also an acacia, for the same purpose. Our readers may be reminded that the mimosa forms a thorny undergrowth, and that it was much used during the war in the Soudan as a defensive hedge for our troops. It seems that every Boer farm possesses a tan-pit of novel construction: it consists of a framework fastened to the top of four posts, from which is hung a bullock's hide. In the receptacle thus formed is placed a quantity of mimosa bark with a sufficiency of water. This is allowed to macerate, when the bark is removed; and the hides, which have been denuded of hair, are placed in the liquor, stones being sometimes employed to keep the skins well immersed therein. In this way an excellent leather is made, and the farmer is dependent upon it for his harness, shoes, and many other articles. The 'tan-pit' is without shelter of any kind, so that when a tropical shower passes over the place the liquor becomes much diluted; but this only results in the tanning process being delayed, and this does not matter, for no one on a Boer farm is ever in a hurry about anything.

A system of fireproof floor construction has recently found favour in New York and has been adopted in many buildings there. It cannot be described as new, for it has been known and practised for many years in other countries, and more particularly in Spain. The flooring is put together upon a light wooden arched framework, which is removed when the work is complete. First, there is placed in position a layer of well-burnt clay tiles, which measure twelve inches in length, six in breadth, and are one inch in thickness; and they are fixed together with a quick-setting cement. This is followed by other layers of the same material, which are set in mortar chiefly composed of Portland cement. This mortar adheres to the tiles with such tenacity that the arch possesses wonderful strength, and when the upper surface is brought to a level by means of concrete, the whole construction is practically monolithic. The system is cheap as well as strong, and the weight per cubic foot is about one hundred pounds.

There are already signs that the cheaper production of the metal aluminium is extending its employment. It is now taking the place of brass for different parts of scientific apparatus, and we notice that besides being used for the mounting of opera and race glasses, it is also coming into use for the fittings of photographic cameras and the mounting of lenses. The saving in weight of a lens so mounted is astonishing, being about seventy per cent. The metal has the appearance of silvery zinc; it does not tarnish, and besides its lightness, is possessed of great tensile strength. For a long time its use was limited, owing not only to its price but to the impossibility of soldering it. This last difficulty, we learn, has now been obviated; and there are rumours that improvements in the method of its manufacture will in time come make it compete with the cheapest metals for a number of useful purposes.

It is said that the wild buffalo has found a congenial home in the plains of Northern Australia, where it is now to be found in vast herds. These animals are supposed to be the descendants of the first buffaloes which were landed in Australia sixty years ago. In the meantime, the kangaroo, the typical Australian marsupial, is said to be gradually becoming so reduced in numbers that there is a chance of its extinction unless rigorous measures be taken for its preservation. A kangaroo will, it is said, eat as much grass as six sheep, so that from a farmer's point of view its extermination would not be looked upon as an unmixed evil. It is estimated that in the year 1888 there were about thirty per cent. fewer kangaroos in Australia than there were in the previous year.

'THE BAD LANDS' OF DAKOTA.

THERE is a section of territory in the State of South Dakota designated on the maps by the words *Les Mauvaises Terres*, or *The Bad Lands*, which in area covers several hundred square miles. Most of these Bad Lands are quite useless so far as agriculture or stock-raising is concerned, for they are composed of cliffs and canyons where no vegetation grows except the prickly-pear, a species of cactus, and the soap-weed.

Other portions of this section of country are considered to rank the peer of any of the stock-ranges found on our Western plains, and these portions are eagerly sought for by cattle-owners because of the fine quality of the grass, and the shelter afforded to stock in the winter by the deep ravines and canyons. Coal also is found in these Bad Lands; but it has not been discovered either in sufficient quantity or a good enough quality to warrant capitalists in investing. It is of the material found in this section, which furnishes interesting study for the artist, mineralogist, and scientist, we would now write. Here the artist could find landscape studies which would equal those of any of the countries famed for picturesque scenery. Let him approach the Bad Lands as we once did, riding over a level plateau for some miles, with a view in the distance of the white chalky peaks, which had the appearance of a ridge of ordinary sandhills, until you reached the extreme edge of the plateau. There, at the jumping-off place—as it might be very properly called, for the plateau terminated in a precipice several hundred feet deep—stretched out before us a scene which for weirdness and rugged beauty could not be surpassed. Those white peaks, which before had the appearance of a low ridge of sandhills, now arose from the white plain below us to the height of several hundred feet. One might easily imagine himself transported to fairyland or among the pyramids of Egypt. These white crystallised chalk cliffs lay before us in every conceivable shape: here was a good representation of the ruins of an old feudal castle; there, a peak rose to a point, with its sides as straight and thoroughly proportioned as though built by hand; every peak or cliff appeared in some different and distinct shape from its neighbour; and the noonday sun as it cast its rays on the white crystals of which these peaks were formed, made them flash like diamonds. The scene cannot be described on paper, but transferred

to canvas it would make a picture which would put in the shade the majority of landscape studies.

Riding along a bridle-path or trail used by the Indians, we gained the bottom of the precipice after a descent which to any but an Indian pony or *burro* (donkey) would have been impracticable. Here we find ourselves on the plain from which rise the peaks we have mentioned. The trail we are following winds around the base of many of these fantastically-shaped peaks, and we are enabled to examine the soil, which has the appearance of chalk of a grayish colour, except the crystallised particles, which are almost pure white, and shine and flash in the sunlight. Really, the soil is alkali, and the few streams we cross are so impregnated with this alkali, that the water, even if it were not muddy, is so disagreeable to the taste that a man would rather suffer thirst than drink it. As it flows sluggishly along, it looks more like milk mixed with dirty chalk than water.

A few miles' ride over this trail and among these weird peaks, and again green grass appears before the vision; and almost before we know it, we find ourselves on another plateau; but this is on a level with the plain we have been traversing. Covering an area of several hundred acres is a most luxuriant growth of grass, similar in all respects to the famous blue grass of Kentucky. We also find, what is a great boon after our ride over the alkali plain, a spring of pure ice-cold water. The spot has all the appearance of being specially adapted by nature for a halting-place; but unless a man happened to take the trail we did, he might seek for this spot in this veritable alkali desert for hours and days unsuccessfully; for in every direction, as far as the eye can reach beyond the boundaries of this oasis, are the alkali plains and peaks.

In these Bad Lands the mineralogist and scientist are well rewarded for the labour expended in investigation. Petrifications of every variety are numerous; and some time since, a curiosity-hunter found a petrified ham, perfect in shape, and showing the grain of the meat so naturally that no mistake could be made as to its character. Bones, evidently belonging to animals unknown in this generation, have been found in large quantities; and shells similar to those found on the sea-shore lie scattered around the bases of the peaks in quantities. For this reason, the general belief is that at some time in the past these Bad Lands formed the bed of another ocean. The peculiar formation of the peaks and general appearance of the surrounding country add strength to this belief.

In another section of these Bad Lands we found burning coal-beds, which emit smoke, but no flame. The coal-beds are found in the north-western corner of the Bad Lands, and not in that section we have just attempted to describe. The growth of grass and timber also is excellent in quantity and quality among these coal-beds; and it is no strange sight for the visitor as he rides along to see in the distance what at first sight appears to be the smoke from some hunter's camp-fire, and discover, when he reaches the spot, that the smoke proceeds from some deep narrow canyon, to reach the bottom of which would be an impracticable feat even for an Indian pony.

This section of the Bad Lands, before the cattle ranchmen took possession, and turned their large herds of cattle loose to roam over them at will, abounded plenteously in game such as deer, antelope, and buffalo; but these have been killed off or driven out in the past few years to such an extent that the hunter now has to work hard to find a solitary specimen. Wild-cats and mountain lions, gray and coyote wolves, were also very plentiful; but civilisation has driven them onward. Rattlesnakes appeared to have a great liking for this section of the Bad Lands; but farther to the south-west, where the alkali plains and peaks stretched for so many miles in every direction, animal life of any kind was not found.

It was in the north-western corner of these Bad Lands that the Marquis de Mores, in 1883, located and built a town named Medora after his young wife, the heiress of the Baron von Hoffman, leading banker of New York city. Here he and his young wife spent the autumn, and enjoyed the hunting, for game was then very plentiful. On the precipitous banks of the Little Missouri, in the very heart of this portion of the Bad Lands, the Marquis erected a large mansion, and attempted to cultivate pleasure-grounds and vegetable garden. The seasons, however, proved too dry; and after a fair trial, it was clearly shown that irrigation was necessary to ensure a crop. The Yellowstone Park, with its famous geysers, possesses no more interesting studies than do these Bad Lands of Dakota.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IMPORTANT TO GROWERS OF SUGAR-CANE.

A DISCOVERY of great importance to the growers of sugar-cane has been made. At a recent meeting of the Scientific Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, Mr D. Morris, Royal Gardens, Kew, exhibited specimens of mature seeds of the common sugar-cane. There were also shown germinating seeds, some plants, drawings of the flower, and dissections of the fruit in detail. He stated that there appeared to be no authentic record of any really wild station for the sugar-cane; further, that the fruit of the sugar-cane was not known before, and had not hitherto been figured or described. At Barbadoes, several times during the last twenty years, and more recently by Professor Harrison and Mr Bovell, self-sown seedlings of the sugar-cane had been observed. The subject was taken up systematically in 1888, and about sixty of the seedlings had been raised to mature canes. Many of these exhibited well-marked characteristics differing from the varieties growing near them. Careful inquiry had shown that canes known as the 'Purple Transparent' and 'White Transparent,' and possibly also the 'Bourbon' cane, produced seeds in very moderate quantities. Spikelets received at Kew had been examined, and the seed found *in situ*. It is anticipated that, by cross fertilisation and a careful selection of seedlings, it will now be possible to raise new and improved varieties of sugar-cane, and renew the constitutional vigour of plants that have become deteriorated through continuous cultivation by cuttings or slips. Great importance is attached to the subject in sugar-producing coun-

tries, as it opens up an entirely new field of investigation in regard to sugar-cane cultivation.

CYCLING AND PHYSIQUE.

In the current number of his quarterly journal, *The Asclepiad*, Dr B. W. Richardson, himself an enthusiastic cyclist, presents an article on Cycling and Physique. He recommends that cycling be delayed by young folks until the body is approaching to its maturity. He admits that cycling tends to induce a certain amount of derangement of the conformation of the framework of the body. Every kind of riding which tends to throw the body forward in a bent or curved position, in a temporary stoop, will in time produce a fixed bend or stoop. The large muscles in the fore-part of the thigh are apt also to receive undue development. On the other hand, he never knew cramp or spasm as a direct result of working the machine; nor sprain, unless in the case of collisions or falls.

Competitive cycling he justly condemns. The proper method of riding is to walk ascents, and always to walk steep ascents, when the healthy condition of body incident to pedestrian exercise is sustained. Dr Richardson's own experience is that for every eight miles of distance traversed in conformity with health, it is wise to do one mile on foot. In a ride of fifty miles in a day, six at least should be done on foot. He utters a warning to those who exhaust their capital stock of vitality by competitive racing; that there is no going back for more capital, no making up, no, not even by rest, for the prime loss from the original capacity. The most and best that can be effected is to keep on, with a measure of the original store of energy dissipated for ever.

A F T E R.

If some day in the after-years,
As one weary of the strife,
With nothing left save bitter fears
That mine had been a wasted life—

Should sense of failure bring despair,
And sin's remorse increase the pain,
Without a friend the grief to share,
What joy can then for me remain?

Ah this—that once in summer weather,
Ere yet we dreamed of youth's decline,
We spent one livelong day together,
That I was yours, and you were mine.

EDWARD ROEDN.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
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GOING ON CIRCUIT.

BY 'ONE WHO GOES'

FOR centuries it has been the custom of the sovereign to commission the judges of the High Court to proceed from time to time to the principal town in each county of England there to try offenders and to administer justice. The custom is said, indeed, to have been begun by King Alfred; but it seems more certain that it was first made a regular practice by Henry II., a monarch who did much to establish legal institutions in the country and to initiate Englishmen in the duty of obeying the law. From the time of his reign unto the present day the practice has been kept up with but very slight intermissions, and although it has undergone alteration and been shorn of perhaps a little of its pomp, it continues, and is likely to continue for many years to come.

At present, for this purpose England and Wales are divided into seven well-defined districts, each of which is called a circuit; and four times a year one (or more) of the Queen's Justices makes a circuit of each district, holding assizes in the county towns. When only criminal cases are tried, one judge goes to each town; but when civil cases are also taken, as happens usually twice a year, two judges go, and the civil and the criminal courts sit simultaneously. The judges usually arrange among themselves as to the different circuit that each shall take, and they decide beforehand on which day the assizes shall be held. The day that they arrive in each town is called 'commission' day, as they then display their royal commissions of what are called 'oyer and terminer' and of 'jail delivery.'

Their arrival on commission days was in old times an event of no little importance; and before the days of railways, many recollect how the sheriff, with the knights, squires, and justices of the peace of the county, went out on horseback to meet their lordships, to escort their carriage to the town, in a procession of much dignity and

importance. Nowadays, however, the luxurious richness of the sheriff's carriage and the gorgeousness of his servants' liveries form the principal feature in the pageant which conducts Her Majesty's legal representatives from the railway station to their lodgings. These lodgings are provided at the public expense, and are usually kept and set apart for this purpose alone.

The judges live there in comparative retirement, broken only by attending the sheriff's or the mayor's dinner, or by having some of the members of the bar to dine privately with them. As a companion in his solitude, each judge is, however, allowed to have with him a confidential secretary, who is dignified by the name of the judge's marshal. He is usually a young barrister, son of a brother-judge or friend, and his duties are more varied than onerous. He usually sits beside the judge on the bench, and knows always when to smile at his lordship's jokes. It is said that one of the most important qualifications for the position consists in being able to play a good rubber of whist; but perhaps this depends upon the judge. It is evident, however, that if the marshal performs no other service than that of keeping his lordship in good-humour, he nevertheless does much towards assisting the due administration of justice.

The circuits, as we have already said, are seven in number, and they are fairly well, though not quite accurately, described by their names. Thus, the Welsh circuit includes Wales and Cheshire; the Northern takes in from Lancashire to Cumberland; while Northumberland, Durham, and York form the North-eastern. The Western circuit extends from Hampshire to Cornwall; the South-eastern includes the south-east corner of England; while the remainder of the country is divided between the Oxford and the Midland circuits.

So far, we have dealt only with the bench; but perhaps the doings and etiquette of the bar form the most interesting part of circuit life. There is no statute, so far as we have ever heard, regulating the movements or manner of life of the learned counsel who attend the assizes; still, there

are unwritten laws so strictly enforced that no man who has any desire for the company or respect of his fellows would willingly infringe them. If one conforms to the bar rules, circuit life is in every way agreeable; but if one sets them at defiance, it will be the life of a leper.

One of the most important rules is, that a barrister when he chooses a circuit is expected to stick to that circuit and not to go upon any other. If for some reason he finds the circuit he has chosen unsuitable, he may change once, but not oftener. If he is going on circuit at all—and no barrister is bound to go—he is also expected to choose his circuit early in his career; and he will not be allowed, without some special reason, to join a circuit after he has been called to the bar for more than three years. Counsel may attend, however, cases that are being tried on a circuit other than his own; but in order to do so he must be taken there 'specially'—that is to say, he must not go unless he receive a special retainer varying with the circuit, but of not less than ten guineas over and above his ordinary fees.

The joining of a circuit, too, does not consist in taking any oath or making any formal judicial declaration; it merely consists in being admitted a member of the bar mess on that circuit; but it will appear from what has been already said that this implies a great deal more than the right to dine with one's fellows.

The manner of admission to the bar mess varies considerably on the different circuits. Some form of proposal is always necessary; and on some of the circuits the candidates require to be proposed by a Q.C. and seconded by a junior. It is usual, also, on some circuits to require the candidates to dine with the bar mess on three nights prior to their election, in order, it is presumed, that their future associates may learn whether or not they know how to behave at table.

The election takes place on what is called 'Grand Night,' a night set apart during the winter and summer circuits for business and special festivity. On some circuits the merits of the candidates are discussed, and the election takes place quietly at a business meeting held before dinner, the health of the candidates being proposed and drunk later in the evening, when they are called upon to reply. On others, however, the election takes place after dinner; a court is formed with the 'junior' as judge; the names of the candidates are brought forward by their proposers and their claims advocated; objections are heard; and then the judge gives his decision whether they shall be admitted or not. Of course, there is also a certain amount of paying to be done; it would be contrary to all legal practice were it otherwise. There is first of all the entrance fee, which varies from five to ten guineas according to the circuit; and besides this, every time a barrister goes on circuit he is called upon to pay a fee. On some circuits he has to pay so much for each town to which he may go; on others, a fixed sum, usually about two guineas, is charged if he goes at all. The 'junior' is the barrister, usually one of the younger members, appointed to collect these fees. The fees are, however, returned in kind, for they go into that all-important fund for which the wine treasurer is responsible, and which is expended on the purchase of wine to be consumed at the mess dinners. These dinners are held each

night in the respective towns during the assizes. An hotel is chosen in each town, and the mess keeps a stock of wine there, paying usually to the hotel-keeper about sixpence corkage on each bottle drawn. He also provides the dinner, and charges five or six shillings for it to each person dining. These dinners are strictly limited to the members of the mess, except, perhaps, upon Grand Night, when one or two may be specially invited by the mess committee. Except upon these occasions, evening dress is neither expected nor desired, and a light-coloured coat is equally objectionable.

It should be noticed that the judges do not dine at the bar mess except upon rare occasions and upon special invitation. On some circuits the practice of inviting the judges is much more common than on others; but some idea of the frequency of the occurrence may be gathered from a statement which the writer heard made lately by one of our senior justices of the Queen's Bench, that he had only twice had the pleasure of dining with the bar since he had been made a judge, seventeen years ago.

These bar dinners constitute one of the most amusing and pleasant features of circuit life. Barristers are a wonderfully good-natured set of men, and there is perhaps no other profession the members of which are on better terms and less envious of each other. If a man is unaffected in manner and gentlemanly in behaviour, he is at once welcomed by his fellows; and it is his own fault if he does not quickly make friends. There is nothing like a dinner for developing this social quality. Once dine with a man and spend an enjoyable evening in his company, and dislike of him will be slow of growth.

After dinner it is difficult not to be agreeable; and counsel, old and young, freed for the time-being from the cares and troubles of clients, and no longer burdened with the necessity of appearing dignified, proceed to enjoy themselves. Wit sparkles with the champagne, jokes are made and stories are told. On Grand Nights the jokes give place to songs more or less humorous, often with a vigorous chorus, which is rendered with more spirit than harmony. Mock-trials, too, are frequently got up when the 'junior' of the circuit acts as judge, and learned Queen's Counsel are appointed for the prosecution and defence. These trials are frequently nothing more than pieces of sheer frolic. Some counsel is pitched upon for some offence wholly imaginary alike in law and in deed; a jury of counsel is impanelled, and the fun proceeds. The speeches may be as personal and disconnected as possible; but they must be witty and good-humoured. The culprit usually gets off, or at most is mulcted in a small fine, which goes into the wine fund.

But besides this, there is a regular system of fining on all circuits; but the extent to which it is carried varies greatly. On some circuits, where the payments made to the wine fund are small, these fines are much more common than when it is otherwise. These fines are perhaps valuable for enforcing circuit discipline and etiquette; but they are much more valuable for the purpose of increasing the stock and quality of the wine. Fining usually takes place on Grand Night, and the fines on some circuits are only enforced after the formality of a trial has been undergone. The acts for which a man is liable to be fined are

various and amusing; for example, if a counsel be appointed a recorder or a revising barrister, he would be fined two or three guineas, these being serious offences. Getting married is another, but less serious, offence; and on the birth of a son and heir a still further penalty is incurred.

The quality of the wine of course depends to some extent on the number of fines; but it is, as a general rule, remarkably good. There is rather an amusing story told, however, of some men who were tried at one of the assizes for theft. The theft consisted in breaking into some barrels of wine which were on their way to one of the bar cellars, and of consuming part of the contents. The counsel for the defence had not many facts to allege in favour of the men, but he set up the defence that in order to constitute theft the act must be done for the purpose of gain, and that no one who knew anything of the bar wine could possibly imagine that there was any gain to be got out of drinking it. If they were found guilty, he further suggested that the worst punishment that the judge could possibly inflict upon them was to compel them to consume the remainder of the liquor. The judge, however, thought otherwise.

The etiquette to be observed on circuit generally is, however, by no means elaborate. A man is expected to behave as a gentleman, and to do nothing outré, either in dress or otherwise. It was considered absolutely necessary at one time that all barristers on circuit should travel only by first-class carriages, but this practice is gradually falling into disuse; and the younger men generally manage to go second, and even third class. One rule, however, that is enforced with some rigour is, that counsel staying in hotels must not make use of the public rooms, for the reason, it is said, that they may not meet the witnesses, solicitors, and others who have perhaps come to the town in connection with the cases to be tried. It might lead, it is supposed, to 'touting' for work, a practice against which all bar etiquette is opposed.

Although they may not use the public rooms, it is by no means usual for them to take private sitting-rooms. This is a luxury in which only those with large practices can indulge. The hotels, however, at which the barristers stay usually set apart a room or two for the separate use of the bar, and in these the barristers have breakfast together, and they form a meeting-place at night. A great deal of friendly intercourse and good-humoured chaff goes on in these common rooms, and this is one of the many means by which the members of the bar are able to become intimate with one another in a way which would be almost impossible in London. Every member of the bar mess, be he an overworked and eminent Queen's Counsel, or a newly-elected briefless junior, is presumed to be on an equality with every other, and in addressing one another privately such terms as 'Sir' or 'Mr' are neither given nor expected.

Circuit life is undoubtedly pleasant. Besides the change of scene, the barrister is able after the court rises, or earlier, if his services are not required, to explore the surrounding country, and enjoy alike the beauty of the scenery and the freshness of the air. He is not even incommoded with a tall hat, which, although indis-

pensable in town, is rarely seen on circuit. Not unseldom, too, during the summer assizes a cricket team, composed of the younger members of the mess, play some local Eleven, and enjoy an amusing, if not highly scientific, game. The social clubs, too, in the assize towns are very often thrown open for the time being to the barristers, and they are welcomed alike to public and to private hospitality.

These, of course, are advantages which the unemployed reap to a much greater extent than the busy men. They too, however, find one great advantage on circuit, and that lies in the fact that all fees on circuit are paid at once, and there is none of that weary waiting which junior counsel often find so exasperating in town. If one can enjoy but little of the festivities of circuit life, there is, nevertheless, no inconsiderable satisfaction in finding one's balance at the bank substantially increased; for going on circuit, however agreeable, is certainly not inexpensive.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,
Author of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ADrift.

THERE was a small deck-house standing abaft the jagged ends of the stump of the mainmast, a low-pitched, somewhat narrow, and rather long structure, with a door facing the wheel, or where the wheel had stood, and a couple of small windows on either hand, the glass of which was entirely gone.

'The lonely watchman of this wreck is still at home, doubtless waiting to receive us,' said the lieutenant, pointing to the little building. 'Shall we pay him a visit?'

'Oh yes; let us see everything that there may be to look at,' answered Collidge, who had not yet recovered his breath, but who was working hard, I could see, to regain his late air of vivacity, though he was pale, and shot several uneasy glances around him as he spoke.

'I would rather not look,' said Miss Temple; 'it will make me dream.'

'You will have nothing to talk about, then,' said Collidge.

'It is the most natural object in the world,' exclaimed the lieutenant: 'if he could be stuffed, preserving the posture he is in, and exhibited in London, thousands would assemble to view him.'

I left them to persuade Miss Temple if they could, and walking aft, opened the door and peeped in. It was just a plain, immensely strong, roughly furnished deck-erection, with a small hatch close against the entrance, conducting, as I supposed, to the cabin beneath. On either side went a row of lockers: in the centre was a short narrow table, supported by stanchions; and at this table sat the figure of a man. He was in an attitude of writing: his right hand grasped a long feather pen; his left elbow

was on the table, and his cheek was supported by his hand. He was dressed in white jean breeches, the ends of which were stuffed into a pair of yellow leather half-boots. There was a large belt round his waist, clasped by some ornament resembling a two-headed eagle, of a shining metal, probably silver. His shirt was a pale red flannel, over which was a jacket cut in the Spanish fashion; his hair was long, and flowed in black ringlets upon his back. His hat was a large sombrero, and I had to walk to abreast of him to see his face. I was prepared to witness a ghastly sight. Instead, I beheld a countenance of singular beauty. It was as if the hand of death had moulded some faultless human countenance out of white wax. The lids of the eyes drooped, and the gaze seemed rooted upon the table, as though the man lay rapt and motionless in some sweet and perfect dream. His small moustache was like a touch of delicate pencilling. He looked to have been a person of some three or four and twenty years of age.

As I stood surveying the figure, the interior was shadowed. Miss Temple and the others stood in the doorway. The lieutenant and Colledge entered; the girl would not approach.

'Here, Miss Temple,' said I, 'is the handsomest man I have ever seen.'

'Can he be dead?' exclaimed Colledge in a subdued voice of awe.

'He'll never be deader,' said the lieutenant, peering curiously into the face of the corpse.—'Handsome do you consider him, sir? Well, we all have our tastes, to be sure. He looks like a woman masquerading.'

'Who was he, I wonder?' asked Miss Temple in a low tone, standing in a half-shrinking attitude at the door.

'Very hard to say,' said I. 'Too young for the captain, I should think. Probably the mate.'

'A pirate, anyway,' said the lieutenant. 'Hark!' cried Miss Temple; 'this ship is tolling his knell.'

The mellow chime floated past the ear. The effect was, extraordinary, so clear was the note as it rang through the soft sounds of the weltering waters; so ghostly, wild, and unreal, too, the character it gathered from the presence of that silent, stirless penman.

'I say, we've seen enough of him, I think,' exclaimed Colledge.

'Shall we bury him?' said I.

'Oh no, sir,' exclaimed the lieutenant; 'this sheer hulk is his coffin. Leave the dead to bury their dead.—Now for a glimpse of the cabin.'

Miss Temple entered with some reluctance; the lieutenant handed her through the hatch down the short ladder, and Colledge and I followed. We found ourselves in a moderately-sized stateroom of the width of the little vessel, with bulkheads at either end, each containing a couple of cabins. There was a small skylight overhead, all the glass of it shattered, but light enough fell through to enable us to see easily. Colledge had plucked up heart, and now bustled about somewhat manfully, opening the cabin doors, starting as if he saw horrible sights, cracking jokes as in the boat, and calling to Miss Temple to look here and look there, and so on.

'Hallo!' cried the lieutenant, putting his head into one of the cabins at the fore-end of the stateroom; 'I missed this room when I overhauled her. What have we here? A pantry is it, or a larder?'

I looked over his shoulder, and by the faint light sifting through the bull's-eye in the deck, made out the contents of what was apparently a storeroom. There were several shelves containing crockery, cheeses, hams, and other articles of food. Under the lower shelf, heaped upon the deck, were stowed several dozens of bottles in straw.

'The corsairs,' said the lieutenant, 'will always be memorable for the excellence of their tippie. What is this, now?'

He picked up a bottle, knocked off the head, and taking a little tin drinking-vessel from a shelf, half filled it, then smelled, and tasted.

'An exquisite Burgundy,' he cried.—'Try it, Mr Dugdale.'

It was indeed a very choice sound wine. The lieutenant half filled a pannikin for Colledge, who emptied it with a sigh of enjoyment. 'What would my father give for such stuff as this!' said he.

The lieutenant found a wine-glass, which he carefully cleansed with the liquor, and then filling it, he asked Miss Temple to drink to the confusion of all pirates. She laughed, and declined.

'Oh, you must sip it, if you please,' cried Colledge, 'if only to heighten the romance of this adventure. Think of the additional colour your story will get out of this incident of drinking perdition to the corsairs in wine of their own!'

She was about to answer, when the hull rolled heavily. The lieutenant slipped; the wine-glass fell to the deck, and was shattered; Colledge, grasping me to steady himself, threw me off my balance, and the pair of us went rolling to the bottles. The young fellow scrambled on to his legs with a loud laugh.

'I believe this vessel is tipsy,' said he.

'Do you mark the increase in the weight of the swell?' I exclaimed as I regained my legs.

The roll of the vessel the other way had been severe, and now she was dipping her sides regularly with an oscillation extravagant enough to render standing very inconvenient.

'We must be off, I think,' said the lieutenant.

'Miss Temple hasn't drunk confusion to the pirates,' exclaimed Colledge with the persistency of brains flushed with wine.

'I would rather not do so,' she answered, her fine face looking curiously pale in that dull light, whilst she glanced restlessly towards the state cabin. She pulled out a little watch. 'It is certainly time to return to the Indianman,' she added.

'Oh, but don't let us leave all this noble drink to go down to the bottom of the sea,' cried Colledge. 'Is there nothing that we can pack some of the bottles in? If we could only manage to get away with a couple of dozen—twelve for ourselves, and twelve for my cousin?'—and with red face and bright eyes he went staggering with the heave of the hull to the shelves and stood holding on, looking about him.

'It might be managed, I think,' said the

lieutenant, who seemed all anxiety to oblige him.

'I wish to be gone,' exclaimed Miss Temple with a strong hint of the imperiousness that had been familiar to me in the Indianaman in the air with which she looked at and addressed the lieutenant. 'What is the meaning of this increased rolling? I shall not be able to enter the boat.'

'No fear of that, madam,' answered the lieutenant; 'a dismasted egg-shell like this will roll to the weakest heave. A trifle more swell has certainly set in, but it is nothing.'

I was not so sure of that. What he was pleased to describe as a trifling increase was to my mind, and very distinctly too, a heightening and broadening of the undulations, of which the significance was rendered strong by the suddenness of the thing. It meant wind close at hand, I could swear.

'I'll go on deck and see how things are,' said I.

'Take me with you, Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed Miss Temple.

'You will suffer me to assist you?' said the lieutenant.

'Oh, I say, *don't* leave all this wine here,' cried Colledge. 'Mr—I mean, Lieutenant—upon my word, I must apologise for not having asked your name—can't we manage to find some old basket?'

'What is that down in the corner there, Mr Colledge?' said the lieutenant, laughing.

'Pray, take me on deck, Mr Dugdale?' exclaimed Miss Temple haughtily and with temper, and she came to my side and passed her arm through mine.

The swaying of the light hull without top-hammer to steady her so hindered one's movements by the staggering lurches it flung one into, that it cost me no small effort to steer a fair course, with Miss Temple hanging to me, to the cabin steps. I helped her up the ladder, and felt in her arm the shudder that swept through her as she sent a single swift glance at the dead figure at the table.

The moment I emerged I cried out: 'My God! see there! Why, if we are not quick!—And putting my head into the doorway again, I roared down the hatch: 'I say, come on deck, or we shall lose both ships!'

Indeed, all away in the north-west was a white blankness of vapour bearing right down upon the hull, with a long and heavy swell rolling out of it, the heads of which as they came washing from under the base of the thickness were dark with wind. The sky overhead was of a sort of watery ashen colour, going down to the eastern sea-line in a weak, dim blue, so obscure with the complexion of the approaching vaporous mass that the corvette on the left hand and the Indianaman on the right appeared as little more than pallid smudges, with a kind of looming out of their dull, distorted proportions that made them show as though they hung upon the very verge of the ocean. I told Miss Temple to hold to the side of the deck-house to steady herself, and rushed to the quarter. The cutter lay there to the scope of her painter, rising and falling in a manner bewildering to see to one who knew that she had to be entered from these perilously

sloping decks. The moment my head was seen, one of the sailors bawled out: 'The Indianaman's fired two guns, sir.'

'Why, then,' I shouted in a passion, 'didn't one of you jump aboard to report what was coming?—Haul alongside, for God's sake.'

At this moment the lieutenant appeared, followed by Colledge. He took one look, and came in a bound to the sheer edge of the deck, where the remains of the line of crushed bulwarks stood like fangs. 'Lively now!' he cried; 'hand over hand with it.'

'We shall be smothered out of sight in a few minutes,' I exclaimed; 'shall we be acting wisely in quitting this hull? We may lose both ships in that weather there, and what will there be to do then?'

'Don't frighten the lady, sir,' he answered, turning upon me with a frown.—'Miss Temple, there is nothing to be alarmed at. We shall get you into the boat simply enough, and the vapour will speedily clear. I know these waters.'

Colledge stood gazing round him, looking horribly frightened. The boat was dragged alongside: one moment she was above the level of the naked edge of the deck; the next she was sliding away out of sight into the hollow, with the wreck rolling heavily off from her.

'Now, Miss Temple,' cried the lieutenant.—'Help me to steady the lady, Mr Dugdale.—Stand by, two of you men there, to receive her.'

Miss Temple set her lips, and her eyes were on fire with anger and fear. 'I shall not be able to enter that boat,' said she.

'Oh, madam, be persuaded,' cried the lieutenant, speaking irritably out of his clear perception of the danger of delay and of the peril of passing her into the cutter.—'Mr Dugdale, take Miss Temple's arm.'

She shrank back, with a firmer grip of the deck-house, against which she had set her shoulder to steady herself. 'You will kill me!' she cried.

'Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed the lieutenant wildly, 'for God's sake, jump into the boat, that Miss Temple may see how easily it is to be done. I must be the last to leave.'

'Let Mr Colledge jump first,' said I. 'I may probably be more useful to you and the lady than he.'

'Jump, Mr Colledge!' cried the lieutenant.

The young fellow went to the edge of the deck. 'I shall break my neck,' he shouted; 'I shall fall into the sea; I shall be drowned.'

'No, sir! no, sir!' roared one of the seamen; 'jump as the boat lifts; we'll catch you.'

'Now!' cried the lieutenant.

Colledge sprang; down sank the boat out of sight; then up she soared again with Colledge safe in the embrace of one of the most powerful of the sailors.

'Here it comes!' said I.

As the words left my lips, the wind, with a long fierce howl, swept over the deck of the hull, and a moment later the fog was boiling all about us. It was like a mighty burst of steam; and in a breath the ocean vanished, and there was nothing to see but the wool-white blankness and a space of thirty or forty feet of water beyond the wreck. All on a sudden, the lieutenant, who had gone to the edge of the deck, perhaps, to

see how it was with Colledge, or to bawl some further directions to the seamen, staggered to a deep and swinging heel of the hull and went overboard. It happened in a second. My instant impression was that he had jumped for the boat; but I knew better when I heard the men roaring out.

'Miss Temple,' I cried, 'keep a firm hold, and do not attempt to stir, or the angle of the decks will certainly rush you over the side.'

So saying, I staggered to the quarter where there were some eight or ten feet of bulwarks still standing, and looked over. The men had let go the painter of their boat, and were shouting instructions to one another as some of them flung their oars over into the rowlocks, whilst others overhung the gunwale eagerly with pale faces and looks of consternation and dread, searching the round volumes of the swell, which the wind was now whipping into yeast, for any signs of their officer.

'Keep alongside!' I bellowed; 'he will rise near.'

But the fellows were distracted, unnerved, and there was nobody to give them orders. The howling of the wind, the sudden leaping down upon them of this blindness of white vapour, the violent upheavals and sinkings of the cutter upon the run of the liquid hulls, heavily increased the distraction raised in them by their lieutenant's disappearance. They had three oars out, possessed, I suppose, by some mad fancy of merely paddling whilst they stared round the water; and even whilst I watched them, and whilst I yelled to them to get their six oars over, and to pull for their lives to alongside the wreck, the boat, yielding to the full weight of the blast and to the long irresistible heavings of the swell, faded out of sight in the flying thickness; and ere I could fully realise what had occurred, the narrow space of foam-freckled pouring waters showed blank to where the flying vapour seemed to hang like a wall of white smoke.

I continued to stare, occasionally bringing my eyes away from the spot where the boat had vanished to the water alongside; but the lieutenant had sunk. There could be no doubt that the poor fellow on rising from his first dive had struck the bends of the hull as she rolled heavily over to the trough where he had vanished, and so had been drowned, struck down again into the depths, to rise no more. I could not realise the truth. I felt as if I had fallen crazy, and was imagining dreadful horrors. It was but a minute or two before that he had turned to me with a frown—it was but a little while before that he was full of jokes and laughter in the cabin—and now he lay a dead man, sinking and yet sinking under our heaving and plunging keel, dead, as the figure yonder in that little cabin, of whom he had spoken jestingly so lately that the words and tone of his voice were still in my ear!

'Where is the boat, Mr Dugdale?'

I turned slowly round and looked at the girl with an air of stupefaction, then stared again into the blankness, and with shuddering heart swept my eyes over the water alongside, brimming in hump-backed rounds to the very line of the deck, and sweeping away into the near

thickness with a spitting and seething and flashing of foam off each long slant to the fierce shrill smiting of the wind.

'Has the boat left us, Mr Dugdale?'

With a desperate effort I rallied myself, and watching for my chances betwixt the wild sloping of the deck, I reached the deck-house, and held on by the girl's side.

'The boat has been blown away. The men fell mubecile, I do believe, when they saw their officer drop overboard. What madmen to let go the painter, to manœuvre with three oars in a heavy cutter in the teeth of such a wind as this, and on the top of that swell!'

'Did they recover the lieutenant?'

'No.'

'Oh, Mr Dugdale,' she shrieked, 'do you tell me he is drowned?'

'Yes—yes—he is drowned,' I answered, scarce able to articulate for the sudden fit of horror that came upon me again.

'Drowned!' she exclaimed. 'Oh no—not so suddenly! He may be struggling close against the vessel n.w.'—she moved as if to go to the side to look. I grasped her arm.

'Do not stir,' I cried; 'the slope of the deck will carry you overboard. It is all open to the water abreast of us.'

'Shocking! It is unendurable! Drowned so swiftly! And the boat—the boat, Mr Dugdale?'

The cruel distress in her voice, the anguish of mind expressed in her parted lips, her heaving breast, her strained, brilliant, wide-open staring looks about her, rallied me, by forcing me to understand my obligations as a man.

'Miss Temple, this fog may prove but a passing thickness. There is a clear sky over it, and when the vapour settles away, the sea will open to its confines. The Indianman knows we are here. We were watched, too, from the corvette, no doubt, and she must regain her boat besides. The cutter is a powerful little fabric, and there is nothing as yet in this weather or in that sea to hurt her. It is a hard experience for you; but it will prove a brief one only, I am sure. Let me assist you to a seat in this deck-house. Your having to hold on here is fatiguing and dangerous.'

'I could not enter whilst that man is there,' she exclaimed.—'Oh, hark to that bell!' she cried hysterically; 'it is tolling for us now!'

'You must be sheltered,' I exclaimed; 'and that body must come out of it. Will you sit on the deck? You will be safer so.'

She sank down; and to still further secure her, I went sidling and clawing like a monkey to the quarter, where, with my knife, I severed an end of rope—a piece of gear belayed to a pin—with which I returned to her side. I passed the line round her waist, and firmly attached the ends to one of several iron uprights which supported the structure; and, begging her to compose her mind, and not to doubt of our deliverance within the next two or three hours, I entered the little building.

It was a loathsome job; but the girl must be sheltered, and it was not to be borne that she should have such a companion as that corpse, when there was the great graveyard of the sea within an easy drag to receive the body.

Yet I must own to coming to a stand with a long look at the silent figure before I could muster up stomach enough to lay hands upon him. Indeed, as I now fixed my eyes on the body, I wondered whether he could be really dead, so startlingly lifelike was his posture, so pensive his air, so vital the aspect of him to the minutest feature, down to the pen betwixt his fingers, and the reposeful position of his small wax-white hand upon the table. How could I tell but that he might be in some sort of trance, and that my heaving him overboard would be the same as murdering him? However, after a spell of staring, I shook off these alarms and conjectures, and grasping him by the arm, got him upon the deck; and presently I had him abreast of that part of the brig's side where the bulwarks were gone; and trembling as violently as though I were about to drown a living being, I waited for a roll of the hull, then gave the body a heave, and away it went, striking the swell in a diving attitude, and floating off and down into it, as if it swam.

This done, I crept back to Miss Temple and squatted beside her.

INDIAN LATHE AND LAC WORK.

MANY of our readers must have seen in the Indian part of the late Colonial Exhibition a number of wooden articles of a very miscellaneous description, on which sealing-wax or lac took the place of paint or varnish. The surface is almost perfectly level; yet it consists of elaborate designs, mostly mottled in various colours. All these colours seem put on, not in bands or large patches, which would be comparatively an easy task, but in small dots and specks and spots. The wonder is how it is all done.

The lac-worker prepares beforehand a number of sticks of sealing-wax, in a very rough form, according to the number of colours which he intends to put into his design. The articles he intends to coat—walking-sticks, rods, round-rulers, little boxes, bowls, cups, saucers, legs for tables, chairs and bedsteads, balls and globes, and such-like—are ready to hand, carefully turned to a round or cylindrical form, with such mouldings and groovings as he intends. They have been either turned by himself, or been done by others, with the primitive but very effective lathe which we now proceed to describe, and which is used both for ordinary turning and for the process of putting on lac.

Like all native Indian workmen, the Indian turner and lac-worker squats on the earth, resting on his seat. His legs are extended before him, bent at the knees, with feet and toes bare. From long practice he uses his toes very deftly to aid his hands and fingers. To his left, and well in front, he drives into the earth a wooden peg, the head of which remains a few inches above the ground. At right angles to this is fixed—looking to the right—a horizontal iron spike. Against this he applies, also horizontally and to the right, a piece of wood, carrying a little

pulley (round which he gives one turn of a long piece of thickish twine or catgut), and, a little further on, a simple *chuck*, or contrivance for holding the object he intends to turn or to work upon. Having fitted, in the chuck, one end of this object—say the turned leg of a chair—he places against its opposite end a small iron spike, projecting leftwards and horizontally, from another wooden peg similar to the peg already driven into the earth on his left. This second peg is driven into the earth like the first till the two iron spikes are on a level. Alongside of this last peg, and to its own right, he drives in another and larger peg to steady the former. A wedge driven carefully between these two pegs holds the chuck and article to be worked quite steady and level between the two iron spikes in the pegs. The end of the twine round the pulley are now tied to the two ends of a bow about four feet long; and the twine is drawn so tight that by holding one end of the bow in his left hand and moving it forwards and backwards, the chuck and the article in it are rapidly whirled round by means of the twine round the pulley. When he pushes the bow forward, the revolutions are made from him, but towards him when he draws the bow backwards.

A few such movements enable him to adjust the chuck and object with perfect accuracy of axis, by a few judicious touches of his mallet to either right or left peg, or the wedge which regulates the pressure of the two iron spikes aforesaid. This is his lathe. His tools consist of a small number of common chisels and a compass. It is marvellous with what few and simple instruments the native Indian artisan produces his elaborate and wonderful work.

If he is going to turn rough wood, his left hand first pushes forward his bow as far as possible, then, while vigorously drawing it back, he applies a chisel to the wood, holding its handle in his hand, while he steadies and directs the point or edge of the chisel with the two great toes of his feet. Again, the bow is pushed forward, the chisel during this reverse movement being removed a little from the wood, and being once more applied to it, with the requisite pressure, when the bow is drawn backwards again. The compass, of course, is used to ascertain the correctness of size required in each part.

If, however, the operation is to lac the already turned article, the duty of the left hand is still the same, that of working at the bow—as above described—to make the article revolve rapidly on its axis. But in his right hand, instead of a chisel, the operator takes one of the sticks of lac—of any colour he pleases—and this he applies to the surface of the revolving article. He passes it rapidly from one end to the other with an equal pressure at all points. The friction dissolves the lac, and smears the whole surface with a thin coating of the substance. While the article still revolves, a 'cushion' of a rag of cotton cloth is applied with the right hand to the surface, to make it quite smooth. A stick of lac of a second colour is then used; a second layer of lac is deposited, completely hiding the first; and this second surface is smoothed as, above with a

cotton-rag cushion. And so a third and a fourth layer are successively overlaid on the other two.

Three layers are ordinary work; four are common; but five and even six are by no means rare. Each layer is extremely thin in itself, but perfectly level all over; and all of them together do not exceed the thickness of ordinary cream-laid letter-paper. It is quite enough to state this for our readers to understand that it requires a delicate touch, acquired only by great practice, to place such uniform and delicate films one over another, perfectly equal all over, whether the wood is turned quite even, or has been worked in grooves and mouldings.

If the article is meant to be of one uniform colour, only one stick of lac is used; and the cushion having equalised and polished its surface, it is released from the chuck; the whole being the simple and easy work of a couple of minutes for each thing. A second replaces the first in the chuck; add so on. But if variety is needed, as many colours as are required in the pattern must be laid on, one after another, before the work of producing the design is begun.

To produce these speckled designs a small sharp and short chisel is used with the right hand and the two feet. The left still continues to make the article revolve, as before, with the bow and twine, but with a slower movement. The pressure on the chisel is regulated with the extreme of nicety, so as to penetrate one, two, three, or more coats of the lac, according to the colour which is wanted to be produced on each particular spot. A hair's thickness too much or too little, and the wrong coat or colour would appear. It is better to err with too little pressure, as this can be rectified at the next revolution, than with too much pressure, which cuts down to the wrong colour, leaving none of the right kind to replace it. If the latter mistake is made to any important extent, the whole of the coats must be removed with sand-paper and put on once more. But practice makes this quite an uncommon accident. Generally speaking, the well-trained hand and toes guide with perfect accuracy the point of the chisel to the exact depth needed at each touch. Colour after colour appears in the design, till the whole surface of the article has reached the stage where the lathe is no longer of any use in working out the design. The article is now released from the chuck, for other designs have to be put on it in straight lines, compartments, or flower-patterns. These can be done only by hand, and not lathe-work. The article, then in its mottled state, or, if the mottled appearance is not desired, with only one homogeneous coating still covering the successive layers of lac, is held in the left hand. The operator still squats on the ground, merely drawing his legs under him in tailor fashion. With the right hand he engraves the required designs, through one or more layers of lac, till the required colour appears in each place, of the exact shape and size that the pattern requires. We have seen patterns thus wrought, with green leaves and flowers (red, blue, pink, yellow, and white intermingled) arranged in geometrical panels, with equal pains and skill.

For all this elaborate engraving through the successive coats of lac, the only instruments used

by the native Indian artisan are a sharp pen-knife with a long and thin blade, a knitting-needle ground to a point, and a few needles stuck in a rude wooden handle.

Rude and simple and rough as the whole apparatus doubtless is, it has some merits of its own. To begin with, it is extremely portable; for it can be carried, with all its parts and belongings, in an ordinary workman's bag: this in India is generally a wallet made of coarse cotton cloth or canvas, and is slung workman-like over the shoulder. The workshop is generally the shade of a large tree or of a high wall; and the situation is changed a couple of times in the day, as the sun goes round.

The elaborate lathes of the West are to these Indians complicated machines, too unwieldy for use, and they despise them just in proportion as they consider their own simpler contrivances to be the pink of perfection. We had a very ludicrous instance of this notion once, most bluntly expressed. We had a friend, an officer of high standing in the medical service, who was an accomplished turner, and had a beautiful lathe, completely furnished with all the requirements of such a machine, set up in a room of his house at Ferozepore in the Punjab. For lathe-work he had a real passion. In one of our many excursions, we took him to see the process of lac-work which we have described. As he expressed a wish to learn the process, we arranged with the Indian workman to come for a couple of days to Ferozepore, and work before the doctor's eyes, and to superintend and direct his first efforts at lac-work, which he had determined to learn. He came accordingly, and planting his portable lathe under a tree, he turned and proceeded to lac several articles. He was then taken into the room and shown the Western lathe, we acting as interpreter. He first stared with all his eyes; and then he asked a thousand questions; but he prudently reserved any positive expression of his opinion regarding it till he had seen it work. All he said was, 'Wah! wah! jee.' (Grand! grand! sir.)

Then our friend adjusted a cylinder of wood in his lathe and began his first attempt at lac-work. As he was really a first-rate worker, his maiden effort was by no means unsuccessful; and layer after layer of lac was laid on fairly well, though, of course, neither so easily nor with the thinness and nicety which nothing but practice can impart. The Indian watched the work attentively, giving a little aid with directions or suggestions, and repeating frequently his 'Wah! wah! jee' (Bravo! sir). But when our friend took up the chisel to scratch, through the various layers of lac, something like a design, the result was woful: the underlying wood appeared at almost every touch, and only irregular blotches of lac were left here and there on the surface! The officer put down his chisel, and we all three had a hearty laugh at his by no means unexpected failure. As he was about to begin a second trial, the Indian said: 'Sir, if you really want to succeed in making lac-work, that thing is of no use at all! Take off your shoes and come and sit down at my lathe! That is a lathe indeed; and one capable of turning out any work you please. And it is cheap, too, for it only cost me a rupee and a half!'—a sum equal then

to two shillings and ninepence, but now only to a florin. And though he often came to see our friend at work, yet he continued to believe in the superiority of his own lathe.

Our friend, we may add, persevered in his attempts, but used his own lathe and his hands without aid from his toes. Ten years passed since that first attempt before we met again. It was at his residence in London, and there we again saw him at work at that identical lathe which the Indian had so contemptuously slighted; and we found him engaged in turning out Indian lac-work with ease and success.

A STRANGE DESTINY.

I DIED seventeen years ago, and though my form is scarcely ethereal, I am as effectively non-existent as if I had been comfortably ferried over Styx and slumbered ten feet below the earth's surface. It will be necessary for me to explain that my name is, or was, Charles Conyngham, and my vocation that of Continental messenger of Her Majesty's Foreign Office. In so remarkable a manner I disappeared that in all probability the Secretarial department at Downing Street, in conjunction with their neighbours over the way at Great Scotland Yard, still regard it as an unsolved mystery. In vain may they search, for I have ceased to exist; my personality has been lost for the past seventeen years.

Some may ask the reason I vanished; to such I would promptly reply that I did so involuntarily, and in a manner in which very few have done. It was my chief duty to carry despatches to the east of Europe; and so constantly did I travel between London and Brindisi, Trieste, Marseilles, and Constantinople, that my long tedious journeys became irksome, and I yearned for rest and quiet. My position was one of great responsibility, for I carried, hidden from view in a pouch around my waist, sealed packets containing state secrets of every conceivable nature, and messages intended only for the eye of ambassadors, which, if made public, might seriously interfere with the prestige of the nation, or even involve us in war.

In 1871, England was obliged to exercise some ingenious diplomacy towards the newly-formed French Republic; and consequently in the middle of the year I was making two and even three journeys to Paris each week. Constant travelling like this soon wears the most experienced, especially when arriving in London in the morning, only to return at night. The French, German, and Italian railways were to me as familiar as the Strand or Regent Street, for in ten years of Continent-trotting my brain had become a Bradshaw in itself, and I think I had seen all the so-called 'sights,' so delightful to the untravelled. A long journey to the Austrian or Turkish capital was very much more to my taste than the wearying monotony of 'the Dover-Calais route,' and I began to be heartily sick of it, as during the month I had been to Paris no less than thirteen times.

One August night, though excessively tired, I was compelled to set out again, and left Charing Cross by the mail-train. Besides carrying im-

portant despatches, a bag had been entrusted to my care which I knew contained a large sum in gold and notes, and which I had instructions to deliver to the British ambassador. I was alone as far as Dover; but when I alighted on the pier the wind was blowing hard and the rain descending in torrents, indicative of 'dirty' weather outside the harbour.

'Calais boat this way, sir!' The words sounded above the disconsolate comments in English, and the staccato sounds in objurgatory French, so I traversed the wet gangway, and soon had my precious bag placed in a position in the saloon where I could keep a watchful eye upon it.

Arriving at Calais soon after midnight, I entered the refreshment room and made a hearty meal, until the unwelcome words 'En voiture pour Paris' were shouted. Then I went out, and selecting an empty first-class compartment, bade the porter deposit the bag, and wrapping myself comfortably in my travelling rug, settled down for the remainder of the journey.

I dared not sleep whilst this quantity of gold was in my possession, and fatigued as I was, I managed, by dint of great effort, to keep myself awake. It was always possible I might be watched and followed by thieves or emissaries of political societies; therefore, a loaded revolver reposed in my pocket ready for any emergency.

Few people were travelling that night, and I was fortunate enough to have the compartment to myself until we ran into Abbeville. Then there entered two well-dressed Frenchmen, who scrutinised me rather closely and sank into the opposite corners of the carriage. Seldom I feel uneasy about my fellow-passengers; but I confess that, as I regarded them, a shadow of distrust, of impending evil fell upon me. Instinctively I felt for my revolver, and assured myself it was in readiness if required, for somehow I was certain these men had been upon the Channel boat, and were following me with an evil purpose.

But they sat opposite one another smoking, and occasionally indulging in conversation, though never once turning towards me, and keeping their faces concealed as much as possible from the pale flickering ray of the carriage-lamp.

As the train sped on, I became more fully convinced these men meant mischief. I looked at my watch, and found that in twenty minutes we should be due at Amiens, and determined to change into another carriage there. Patiently I sat gazing out of the window, watching the first gray streak of dawn break over the distant hills, and waiting for the next stoppage, when I suddenly felt a terrible blow upon the top of my skull.

I remember no more! All was blank!

A burning excruciating pain like the pricking of a thousand red-hot needles in my brain, a feeling that my eyes were being gouged out and my temples beaten with hot irons. It was the most horrible torment I have ever experienced, yet I was gradually coming to, struggling out of what seemed to be a half-dream, half-stupor. Slowly the terrible throbbing in my head abated, and I found myself seated in an armchair in a handsomely furnished though unfamiliar drawing-room. It was dimly lit by tiny electric lamps,

and gazing round in astonishment, I noticed a spacious fernery beyond, which looked like a mermaid's cave in the depths of the sea, so dense was the mass of greenery and so soft the plash of the miniature cascade.

My first thought was of my despatches, and I felt for my pouch; but it was not there! Had I been robbed? Placing my hand on my chin, I was startled to find that I had a long beard plentifully besprinkled with gray, though yesterday I was cleanly shaven! And my bag of coin, where was that? I struggled with my feet, and as I did so, my figure was reflected in a long mirror. I staggered backwards in amazement; for last night I was a sprightly young man of thirty; but I now saw my hair was thin and gray, and my face so wrinkled and altered that I could not recognise it as my own.

Where was I? What could it all mean? Whilst these thoughts were passing through my mind, I espied a bell-handle, and tugged it. My summons was quickly answered by a sharp-featured young man, who was evidently not a servant.

'Tell me who brought me here? Whose house is this?' I asked impatiently.

The man gazed at me apparently in blank astonishment. 'I—er. You're not well, sir, I think. This is your own house.'

'My house! And who are you, pray?'

'I am your secretary; but I—I'll return in a moment,' he replied, and evidently much terrified, he disappeared as quickly as if he had seen a phantom.

I had no time to reflect upon the mystery of the situation before there entered a tall voluptuous-looking woman, of what is called the Junoesque type, in evening dress, and ablaze with diamonds. She was decidedly handsome, her dark beauty altogether striking.

'Why, what have you said to Hallett? You've quite frightened him,' she said, laughing. 'How is it you are not dressed? You remember we promised to dine at Creswell's to-night.'

'I—I don't understand you, madam,' I gasped, for my brain was in a whirl.

'What's the matter with you? What has happened?' she cried in alarm. 'Don't you know me, Rose, your wife?'

'My wife! No; I have never seen you before. This is some trick.—Where is my bag of money?' I said in perplexity.

The look of distress deepened as she said: 'Calm yourself, my dear. You are not well, and must have advice.'

'I want no advice,' I replied. 'I must resume my journey to Paris at once. Where are the clothes I wore, and the despatches?'

'I do not know what you mean,' exclaimed the woman who called herself my wife. 'Your mind must be wandering, Frank.'

'That is not my name. I am Charles Conyng-ham.'

'No; you are under a delusion, dear,' she replied in a softer tone, evidently intending to humour me. 'You are Frank Thorndyke, and I am Rose Thorndyke, your wife.'

'When and where did you marry me?'

'In Melbourne, eight years ago.'

'In Melbourne! And where are we now?'

'This is our country-house at St Kilda, in

Victoria.—Is there anything else you would like to know?' She said this with a smile, as if half inclined to believe I was joking.

The surging crowd of thoughts and feelings which burst upon my brain I cannot describe. Was I still myself, or was it all a dream? No; it was a stern reality.

'I married you eight years ago, you say. Then what year is this?'

She laughed mischievously as she replied: 'Come, Frank; this is not the 1st of April, so all this fooling is out of place. You know well enough it is 1888.'

'What! I cried, feeling myself growing rigid with amazement. 'Yesterday was seventeen years ago!'

'I was certainly wide awake and sensible; but that I was myself I began to doubt, and at last came to the conclusion I was not. I struggled to comprehend the situation, but utterly failed. How I came to be in Australia, the husband of such a wife, the owner of such a mansion, was a deep inexplicable mystery. I felt light-headed, for this horrible suspense was goading me into frenzy.

'There must be some serious misunderstanding between us, madam,' I said earnestly. 'I am not joking; for I certainly have never set eyes upon you before this evening, and am utterly at a loss to know who or what I am.'

The woman who called me husband regarded me with a look of terror, as if she had suddenly become convinced of the truth of my words. Her face blanched, and she would have fallen, had I not caught her and laid her upon a sofa. I rang the bell, and a maid-servant appeared.

'Your mistress has fainted; call some one to her assistance,' I said, and leaving the room, proceeded to explore the house from garret to basement. It was a splendid modern mansion, furnished with taste and elegance; and I found, on looking out of the windows, it was surrounded by well-kept lawns and clumps of fine old trees, now illumined by the pale moonlight, and transformed into a scene almost fairy-like.

Presently I was pacing the terrace, rapt in thought. The stars shone, the night-wind sighed softly through the trees, and the air was filled with the subtle perfume of roses. How well I remember leaning upon the stone balustrade, gazing away to where the lurid reflection upon the sky denoted the distant city of Melbourne, and trying to account for my novel surroundings.

Utterly unable to realise the memorable journey to Paris had been made seventeen years before, for it seemed but yesterday, though my aged appearance, my beard, the fact of my marriage, and my opulence, all combined to confirm the assertion the fainting woman had just made. But the thought of the lost money and undelivered despatches troubled me most. In vain I tried to recount my actions on that night I left London; but beyond the remembrance of the terrible blow I had sustained, I could recollect nothing. The anxiety was distracting; and as I paced the terrace with quick impatient steps, I knew that if some solution of this horrible mystery did not soon present itself, I should go mad. I had a presentiment of insanity, and shuddered at the thought of the terrible derangement which hung over me as a Damoclean sword.

Suddenly I heard a footstep, and turning, confronted the man who called himself my secretary.

'Layton, the manager of the Waljeers, has just arrived from Ballarat, and wishes to see you on important business, sir,' he said.

'To see me! What for?'

'He desires instructions regarding the Waljeers claim. They have struck the Lead at last, and the yield of gold is so rich that he advises you to float it as a company in the Melbourne market at once. Shall I bring him to you?'

'No,' I replied. 'Leave me to myself. I—I have not the slightest idea of your meaning.'

'You must be unwell, sir,' the man replied. 'Surely you know Layton, who used to manage your mine at Poowong, and who is now in charge of the Waljeers?'

'I don't know him, and I have no desire to make his acquaintance. Send him away,' I said.

For a moment the man hesitated, then muttering in an undertone, retired into the house.

When alone, I again strove to give my thoughts definite shape, for somehow everything seemed hazy and indistinct, and my agony of mind was indescribable.

It was not long before a maid-servant appeared, saying: 'Missus would like to see you in the drawing-room, sir;' and I obeyed the summons.

On entering, I found the woman who called me husband seated upon a low lounge-chair, and near her stood a short stout old gentleman in a frock-coat and wearing gold *pince-nez*.

'Ah, my dear Thorndyke,' exclaimed the latter, greeting me effusively; 'how are you this evening?'

'I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance,' I replied.

'Not know me? Come, come, think. Don't you remember Dr Stanborough?'

'No, I don't.'

The woman glanced significantly at him as he advanced towards me peering intently into my eyes.

'What have you been saying to your wife?' he asked abruptly.

'Saying! Why, the truth!' I replied. 'She calls herself my wife; but I have never seen her before. Yesterday, I was conveying some important despatches between London and Paris, when—well, I hardly know what happened; but I believe two ruffians stunned me, and I knew no more until I awoke this evening to find myself in a strange house and claimed as husband by this lady! I believe there's some confounded trickery somewhere, and perhaps you can explain the whereabouts of the despatches and money?'

The doctor did not reply, but turning to her, said gravely: 'Madam, this is very, very sad. I am afraid your husband's mind is affected.'

'You are mistaken,' I cried vehemently. 'I am as sane as myself; but if this horrible mystery is not soon elucidated, I feel I shall go mad.'

'You are certainly not yourself to-night. We must see what treatment we can give you,' said the doctor.

'I want none of your nostrums, sir. All I require are my despatches and money. I am

told I am in Australia; if so, I must return to England immediately and explain my absence.'

'Doctor, my dear husband seems under the delusion he has been robbed of some important documents,' explained she anxiously.

'I am under no delusion, madam!' I said rather hotly. 'All I desire explained is how I came to be here.'

'Monomania evidently,' the doctor exclaimed in a low voice. 'It develops frequently into the most violent forms of madness, and he will have to be kept in seclusion and closely watched.'

'Understand me,' I said angrily. 'Your fears as to my sanity are groundless. I believe I have fallen a victim to a vile plot; but I tell you I am being mistaken for some other man. I am Charles Conyngham of the Foreign Office, London.'

'Very well, my dear fellow, very well,' the doctor replied, placing his hand upon my shoulder. 'We will believe it—if you wish. Calm yourself; remember your wife is nervous and weak.'

I turned dejectedly away, for all my efforts to make myself understood had only been met with incredulity by the idiotic, soft-spoken old doctor, who evidently believed I was mad.

My position became more singular every moment, and in distraction I strode out into the grounds and plunged into a dark wood of tall gum-trees. On and on I walked, heedless of where my footsteps led me, until at last, tired out, I sank upon a felled trunk and gave myself up to another mental struggle.

All was dead silence, save the weird croaks and screams of the night-birds and the faint rustle of the leaves overhead. The cool wind fanned my heated temples with such a soothing effect that I fell asleep. The morning sun was penetrating the thick foliage when I awoke and made my way out of the forest. Without much difficulty I retraced my steps to the house, only to become more intensely puzzled. My *sol-disant* wife was too unwell to leave her room, and I roamed aimlessly about the place, seeking to discover something—I knew not what.

One room I entered was evidently a study; my own den possibly! Glancing round at the books, the few choice paintings, and the row of telephones, I seated myself at the littered writing-table. Turning over the papers before me and examining them, I saw they related to mining enterprises and transactions involving large sums. Many of the letters and memoranda were unmistakably in my handwriting, but the signatures were 'Frank Thorndyke,' and the letter-paper bore the heading 'Great Poowong Gold Mines, Office 296 Collins Street, Melbourne.' My eyes fell upon a calendar, and I saw I had not been deceived; it was the year 1888!

For some time I sat engrossed in thought. Bewildered with the events of the past few hours, I felt I must make some strenuous effort to solve the enigma, and account for the intervening seventeen years. It was impossible that I had been asleep in the manner of Rip van Winkle, so I must have been existing during that period. But where, and how?

From the doctor's words on the previous night, it seemed clear that if I remained I should be

placed under restraint as a lunatic, so what should hinder me from returning to Europe, and endeavouring to find out what befell me on that midnight journey? At the thought of funds I rose, and searching the drawers of the writing-table, discovered a cash-box. A bunch of keys was in my pocket, one of which opened the box, and eagerly counting the contents, I found nearly three hundred pounds in gold and notes. This would suffice for the journey, and with joy I transferred the money to my pockets.

In haste I wrote a few lines to my mysterious wife, informing her of my intention, begging her not to follow me, and promising to return as soon as I obtained the information required to restore my peace of mind.

Calling Hallett, my secretary, I gave him the letter, with instructions not to deliver it at the sick woman's room until the evening; then gathering a few things into a hand-bag, I left the house. The next train bore me to Melbourne, and that same evening I was on board a P. and O. boat steaming out of Port Phillip.

From the first I was beset by terrible anxiety and fear lest I should be recognised, for, though a victim to circumstances, I was nevertheless a delinquent, and I knew not into whose hands the undelivered despatches had fallen, or what complications had ensued thereby.

On my return to London, however, I soon became assured that my appearance had changed beyond recognition, for on various pretexts I conversed with men who had been my intimate associates, none of whom now claimed my acquaintance.

The task of tracing my past career was fraught with many difficulties, and it was in Paris that I discovered a clue to the mystery. Whilst searching the file of the *Fugaro* for 1871, I found that on August 5th the night-mail from Calais to Paris, whilst approaching Amiens, ran into some trucks, and was completely wrecked, seven persons being killed and twenty injured. But there was also enacted a terrible tragedy, for it appeared that in a first-class compartment were two men, one having amongst his baggage a strong leathern bag, containing a large sum in English notes and gold. Both received severe blows about the head in the collision; but one, in order to obtain possession of the money, took advantage of the confusion immediately following the accident by shooting his fellow-traveller dead. The murderer was making off with that portion of his booty that was portable, when he was apprehended and conveyed to Paris.

Here was another complication! I could not be the murderer, neither could I be the murdered man, yet the bag of gold referred to was evidently the one entrusted to my care.

Eagerly I scanned the papers of the following days, and found reports of the examination before the Juge d'Instruction, and subsequent trial of the accused for wilful murder. He was stated to be young and well dressed, though conducting himself strangely, refusing to give his name or any account of himself whatever, and preserving an immutable silence throughout the many days the proceedings lasted. The trial must have been celebrated, one, judging from the reports; and a prisoner, through a slight discrepancy in the

corroborative evidence, escaped the guillotine, and was sentenced to transportation for life to the penal settlement of New Caledonia.

Here the information ended; and though I searched the copies of the papers for two years subsequently, I found nothing more. It was clear my only hope lay in an interview with this mysterious convict, who might enlighten me as to my connection with the tragic affair; and to this end I sought out an official in the Prisons Department who was once well known to me. He had since retired into private life, and, in common with others, did not remember me. Representing myself as an English solicitor endeavouring to trace a next-of-kin, and offering to pay handsomely for information, I prevailed upon him to seek an interview with the Chief of the Department, and ascertain where the man who had been sent to penal servitude for this particular crime could be found.

A few days later, when I called, a memorandum was placed in my hand certifying that after remaining five years at the settlement, Prisoner No. 7403, committed for life for murder, had escaped, in company with Auguste Dufand, another convict, by means of a boat. The supposition was that they were drowned at sea; if not, they must have landed on the Queensland coast.

To discover this man Durand was no easy matter; but it successful, he might furnish me with the whereabouts of his whilom companion. I was dubious about the result of my search, for might I not be on the wrong track after all? Nevertheless, I proceeded to Brisbane without delay, and in nearly all the chief newspapers in the Australian colonies caused to be inserted a brief paragraph to 'Auguste Durand, late of Yengen,' stating that his companion upon the voyage from the island to the mainland in 1876 wished particularly to meet him, as he had something important to communicate. This was the only means by which I could hope to find him, and congratulating myself upon having composed an artfully worded invitation, patiently awaited its result.

Several weeks passed without an answer, and I was vainly trying to devise some other method by which to reach the escaped convict, when one day I was informed by the hotel waiter that a gentleman desired to see me. I naturally concluded it was he, and expressed my willingness to receive my visitor.

Judge my dismay, however, when there was ushered in no less a person than my secretary!

'Well, old fellow,' said he familiarly, offering his hand; 'and why all this confounded mystery?'

I was speechless with amazement.

'I saw the advertisement in the *Argus*,' he continued, 'and concluding something was up, left Melbourne at once. What is it?'

'The advertisement?' I gasped.

'Yes. You want to see me.'

'You are mistaken; I do not.'

'But your advertisement was addressed to Auguste Durand, your humble servant, who shared your lot in that living tomb at Yengen, and who escaped with you!'

'What? Is this true?' I asked in astonishment. 'Was I convicted for murder?'

'Of course you were, and I for forgery. But you seem to be as insane as when you left St Kilda so suddenly six months ago. What's the matter with you?'

'Are you Auguste Durand?' I asked.

'That's my baptismal cognomen, though John Hallett suits me better just now.'

'Then hear me,' I exclaimed. 'Perhaps I am not quite myself, but I have forgotten all. Tell me how we escaped, why I am rich, and you are my servant.'

He gazed at me incredulously for a moment, and after reiterating his opinion that I had taken leave of my senses, related the story of our escape.

Narrated briefly, it seemed we were pals in the same labour gang, and had plotted our escape for many months, until one day, finding a boat in which a keg of water and some biscuits had been conveniently placed, we took advantage of the opportunity. After drifting countless days upon the Coral Sea under a burning sun, we landed at last, more dead than alive, near Port Curtis. Overjoyed at our freedom, we at once commenced to seek a livelihood, and at Wulloon turned miners. Fortune smiled upon me. I prospered, bought claims, and profited largely by speculation, though my companion, always unlucky, existed upon my charity. After seven years at the diggings, I married a wealthy woman, and removed to Melbourne.

'And what is my present position?' I asked, when he had concluded.

'You are the owner of two of the richest gold mines in Victoria; and I, always a Lazarus, am your confidential secretary. Most confidential,' he added, smiling; 'the master convicted of murder, and the servant of forgery.'

By this narrative the blank in my life had been filled, and I became aware it was myself, the mysterious convict, I had been endeavouring to trace.

Was I a murderer? That I was innocent seemed clear, for it was only reasonable to suppose that after the collision my fellow-travellers attempted to rob me, and that in protecting my charge I fired the fatal shot. Seeing I had killed the thief, and fearing the consequences, I filled my pockets with the money, and was decamping when arrested. Why I refused to give any account of myself at the trial did not seem so obvious; but after much deliberation I became convinced of the fact, by no means unknown in medical science, that in the collision, the terrible blow I had sustained upon the head caused me to lose all consciousness of the past. From that moment I commenced an entirely fresh existence, remembering nothing of what had occurred before, and was therefore unable to tell even my name or nationality at the trial. The Foreign Office were in ignorance of my position, or refrained from interfering from some unexplained cause; and thus for seventeen years I had lived utterly oblivious to the events anterior to the blow which so strangely affected my brain. On that memorable night in my own drawing-room, I must have struck my head against some hard substance—the corner of the mantel-shelf probably—and this, as a counter-action, restored me to consciousness, though

obliterating the remembrance of the intervening years.

On my return to St Kilda, my wife welcomed me warmly; and after I had explained the cause of my sudden absence and apparent insanity, she went to her room, returning with a sealed official envelope, dirty and crumpled.

'This,' she said, 'you confided to my safe keeping soon after our marriage. Possibly it may be the lost despatch.'

It was! I grasped it eagerly, and read the superscription, then placed it on the fire and watched the flames consume it.

From that day I commenced life afresh, and can safely assert there is not a happier pair than Rose and I in all the colony.

Durand is no longer my secretary, but the keeper of a fashionable restaurant in Melbourne. I need scarcely add it was my money that purchased the business.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD ACCOUNT-BOOK.

A BOOK dealing with 'orders on the Exchequer' in the reign of His Majesty King James I. of England would not seem at a first glance likely to afford matter for entertainment to that considerable section of the public which takes but little interest in antiquarian research. James was the son of Mary Queen of Scots; he was the 'most High and Mighty Prince' to whom the compilers of the Authorised Version addressed their elegant but little-read Dedication; and he was the earliest and most vehement denouncer of the Indian weed, which British farmers are now trying to grow. But the pathetic interest which clings to the memory of his mother, his son, and his son's children, is altogether wanting in his own life. He was not beautiful, like Mary; nor surrounded with an air of sanctity (real or fictitious), like the First Charles; nor vicious and charming, like the Second Charles. He was not dethroned, like the Second James; nor was his career adventurous and romantic, like that of the Pretenders. The romance writers who crowd thickly around his mother's grave, and write with brine the tale of the sorrows of his progeny, find little to interest them in James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. Still, a few facts divulged by the old Exchequer records may be of interest regarding this successor of Queen Elizabeth.

And first, as is known to every one, James was distinctly a 'sporting' man. The fact is not alluded to in the Dedication of the divines; but we have it referred to in the issue of a writ or order on the Exchequer for the sum of £16, 13s. 4d. to William Catacre for 'breeding, feeding, and dieting of cocks of the game for His Highness's recreation.' This charge occurs repeatedly in the records of the Exchequer, and with a frankness of detail which proves that nobody concerned saw anything to be ashamed of in the transaction. Will the day ever come when any items appearing in the estimates of the present time—those, for instance, which relate to

the pursuit of the stag and the fox—will be contemplated with wonder by our descendants? Then the king, it appears, had a favourite hound, which the queen one day, by some misadventure, shot at and killed. Her Majesty was deeply distressed. Now we prove our king to be something vastly different from the mere 'royal pedant.' He bought a diamond at a cost of two thousand pounds—the Exchequer record is our witness—and sent it to his sorrowing spouse 'as a legacy from his dead dog.' Could aught be more knightly, kingly, courteous? Stand down, King Arthur! Thy Guinevere never had from thee a princelier gift.

In 1610 the king was busy superintending the education of his younger son the Duke of York. That young gentleman was doubtless taught many things befitting the rank into which he was born, but we find notices of three subjects only. John Webb is authorised to receive from the Exchequer twenty pounds 'for his attendance in teaching the Duke of York to play tennis now one whole year ended at Michaelmas last' (1610). A further sum of thirty pounds is due to 'Sebastian La Pierre, Frenchman, teacher of dancing to His Majesty's dear son;' and 'John Beauchesney, Frenchman, teacher of the said Duke to sing,' receives the considerable sum of forty pounds for his services. Much money is spent in entertainments, and particularly in that form of spectacle known as the Masque. Inigo Jones, the architect of the era, whose work is visible to us of to-day in many a country mansion, receives two hundred pounds for services in connection with 'the Queen's Masque' in 1610. The embellishment of the royal suite seems to have involved much outlay. On April 10, 1606, 'Giles Simpson, goldsmith,' is paid the sum of £6, 17s. 2d. 'to be by him employed for spangles for the making of a coat for James Ros, footman to the Duke of York;' and in July of the same year a much heavier payment (£689, 17s. 7d.) is made to the same enterprising goldsmith for 'fine gold and fine silver' to be used in making spangles for the liveries of the royal servants generally.

We pass from these frivolities to grave matters of state. The striking incident of King James's reign is of course the Gunpowder Plot. Probably no other event in history is so well known to the schoolboy; we speak not of that extraordinary creation of Lord Macaulay's brain, but of the ordinary schoolboy of fact. The only item of expense directly bearing upon the Plot is a payment of one hundred and twenty pounds to Sir Arthur Throckmorton, for 'the charges and expenses for himself his servants and ministers under him employed in seizing the land and goods of Francis Tresham, Robert Catesby, John Bates, and other traitors, in the most horrible intended treason against His Majesty and the state.' But we fancy that the sixty pounds paid to Lord Stanhope 'for one Bowles, for inspecting certain Jesuits and priests beyond the seas,' has some not very remote connection with the bold and happily unsuccessful undertaking of Guy Fawkes. So, too, perhaps, has the twenty pounds we find remitted to certain messengers 'for their pains and travail in apprehending of divers persons who have spread abroad seditious books against His Majesty and the state.' If the Secret Service Fund records of to-day—

assuming there to be any—are made public in a century or two, it may be that many entries of similar purport to this last will be revealed. There are tricks in every trade, the initiated tell us, and why should not Downing Street have its secrets?

Whatever else King James may have been, he was at least not unmindful of his mother's memory. Repeatedly we find advances made to Cornelius Cure, master-mason, 'parcel of a more sum due to him for the framing, making, erecting, and finishing a tomb' for Mary Queen of Scots. What the 'more sum' really was it would be vain to inquire; but it must have reached well into four figures by the time the last instalment was paid. It is more legitimate to speculate on the destiny of a picture or pictures, being portraits of the King, Queen, and Prince Charles 'in full length and proportion,' painted by John De Cretes, Serjeant Painter, for the moderate fee—take note, Portrait-painters of the nineteenth century!—of £53, 6s. 8d. The work was done for presentation to the Archduke of Austria. Perhaps in some dusty gallery of an old Viennese palace the features of King James, his wife, and son are still to be seen by the curious visitor. Or was the canvas presentment of the first two Stuart kings part of the artistic treasure which long afterwards fell into the hands of the Corsican adventurer, only to be again scattered when his star sank, as the star of the Stuarts had sunk already, to rise no more?

STEEPLE-JACKS.

THERE are many curious trades and professions, but few more so than that of a Steeple-jack, a man whose business it is to ascend to places which apparently nothing but a bird could hope to reach, and when there to do all kinds of work. A spice of danger is held to lend a charm to an occupation. If this is really so, the work of a steeple-jack must be one of the most attractive in existence, for of danger it has no lack.

The most usual job these adventurous men are called upon to do is the repairing of chimney shafts. 'Chimney-jacks' would really be a better name for them than 'Steeple-jacks;' but presumably the business began before the great chimneys one sees about nowadays were known. Very often they manage to get to the top of a chimney by the help of a kite; not an ordinary school-boy's kite, but one measuring eight or ten feet by six or eight, and made of the strongest canvas. Such a kite weighs from thirty to forty pounds, and costs the best part of three pounds without counting the line it carries, which may be a thousand yards in length. From each of the four corners of the kite, lines run, and they are joined about twelve feet or so away from it. After an interval about twice as great, the 'down-all' joins the main line. The 'down-all' is made of thinner rope than the principal cord, and need not be above a hundred yards long. Its use becomes apparent when the steeple-jack's assistants manage to make the kite sail over the chimney's mouth, for the instant this happens, the man who is handling the 'down-all' gives a jerk, which has the result of making the kite fall over, so that the main line lies across the top of the chimney. The monster kite is manipulated in just the same way as a

boy manages his comparatively small one. Of course the direction it takes is not left to chance; if this were so, it would as a rule be a long time before the line lay over the chimney's mouth. The men in charge of the cord become by constant practice very clever at steering the great kite, and provided that the wind helps them, guide it in such a manner that it seems as though it were endowed with reasoning powers, and were as anxious as any of them to bring the job to a favourable termination with the least possible delay.

Once the cord occupies the desired position, it is of course an easy matter to attach strong ropes to the original line and fix up blocks and gear, by which chains are drawn up over the mouth of the chimney, and finally a cage from which a man can work.

As may easily be believed, a great deal depends upon the man who has hold of the 'down-all.' If he fails to make his jerk at the right moment, all he succeeds in doing is to bring the kite down with a run, when there is the bother of carrying it back from the place at which it started and making another try. Only a steady reliable man is given the charge of the 'down-all'; the trouble involved in working the kite until it trails the line right over the shaft is far too great for any risks to be run when it is in the proper position.

The kite is generally started about four or five hundred yards away from the chimney, and once it is off, all depends upon the wind. Steeple-jacks like a nice fresh steady breeze: the steadiness is the great point, for any little variation in it means that the careful guiding of the kite so far has been of no use, and that it must all begin over again. If the wind is as favourable as possible (and steeple-jacks are apt to aver that it isn't often so when they have work in hand), a lucky gang of assistants may get the whole thing over in an hour or so; but then, on the other hand, they may be three or four days trying in vain to coax the line over the chimney. Not even the captain of a becalmed sailing-vessel longs for a steady breeze more than a master steeple-jack does when he has a chimney-repairing job on, and half-a-dozen men to pay all the time that is being lost. He does not want too much wind for his work: a strong breeze makes such big kites as he uses quite unmanageable; a light wind isn't strong enough to carry one of them; and a wind which chops and changes about is the one that is worst of all. When one of the last-named kind is blowing, it is best to leave the kite alone and get out the ladders at once.

Ladders are what steeple-jacks use when it is a question of repairing a steeple, a spire, or a round chimney. Most chimneys are built square, and it is for square chimneys that the kite comes into use. Many of our readers have probably seen a string of ladders up the side of a spire, and have wondered how they were arranged, straight upon the top of one another. It looks as though it would be a difficult piece of work to build them up; but it is quite a simple matter once one knows how it is done. In the first place, an ordinary ladder twenty or thirty feet long is placed against the side of the building which has to be ascended, be it chimney, steeple, or spire. A man mounts this to the greatest height at

which he can conveniently work, and drives into the brickwork an iron pin, which is called a 'dog.' It is tipped with steel, so as to give it greater penetrating power, is from half an inch to an inch in diameter, and has a ring at the end, which protrudes after it has been driven home. The greatest care must be taken to make sure that the 'dog' is thoroughly firm, and the workman tests it in every way he can before leaving it.

When the first 'dog' is fast, a running block is attached to it, through which a strong rope is passed. One end of this rope is tied to the middle of a fifty or sixty foot ladder, and the latter is pulled up into such a position that it is almost flat against the building, with a greater part of its length below than above the 'dog.' This long ladder is then used for the fixing of a second 'dog,' to which a block and line are attached in the same manner as was the case with the first. The next process is to pull the ladder into such a position that half-a-dozen or so of its rungs are left underneath the lowest 'dog,' and to lash it tightly to the pair that are fixed, using it as a means of fastening a third.

So the work goes on until the long string of ladders stretches all the way up the building, or, at all events, far enough to enable a man to work at the spot which needs attention. The ladders are so arranged with the help of pieces of wood that they stand about seven or eight inches away from the brickwork; this allows a man ascending them to make sure of a good grip, and leaves plenty of room for his feet. Any one with a fairly strong head could go up one of these ladder-ways without being made to feel in the least uncomfortable.

The time that is occupied in getting the ladders into position of course depends chiefly upon the height of the building. Sometimes they may be run up in a day, while at other times three or four days will be spent over the business. If there are any loopholes in the building at intervals, as is often the case, the work is of course simplified a very great deal, for unless these are very far apart, there is no need to use 'dogs' at all; all that is necessary is to get some short stout poles, fasten them in such a manner that they project the right distance, and lash the ladders on to them. A great deal of time is saved when the construction of the building gives such help as this, for it is the proper securing of the 'dogs' that occupies the time.

Sometimes steeple-jacks have to get up a building of such a sort that they cannot drive anything into it; or perhaps they may be engaged upon the spire of some church or cathedral which the people in charge of it think will be injured by that kind of thing. When there is anything like this in the way of running up ladders, a scaffolding has to be built, sometimes right round the whole spire, sometimes up one side of it; that makes the job much longer, of course.

Accidents do not occur so often as one would think. Men must be steady for steeple-jacking, and no one is likely to go in for the work unless he feels confidence in his nerve. Most steeple-jacks lose their heads after a time. A man may be constantly employed as a steeple-jack for fifteen or twenty years, and never all that time feel as though he had any nerves, when suddenly one

day he will go all wrong; and though the fit may pass off, it is sure to come on again, and a man is wise if he leaves the business as soon as he gets a warning of this kind.

It is not to be wondered at that a time comes when a steeple-jack's head turns as he looks down from a height of perhaps two or three hundred feet, with nothing but a flimsy ladder between himself and the ground, which seems such a long way off. It often happens that men are seized with a desire to leap down from the top of a tall chimney, but such an awful fatality very seldom actually occurs.

The pay is very good, as it ought to be. Of course the work is not always going on. There may be times when steeple-jacks are unoccupied for weeks and weeks together. The character of a job naturally settles its price to a great extent. When a master steeple-jack is engaged in one which is very difficult he may get as much as seven or eight pounds a day or even more than that. Taking one job with another he will probably pay away half the money he gets in wages and expenses, such as keeping up his plant, so, if he could find work all the year round, he would soon be able to make enough to leave steeple-jacking to others.

It will be readily believed that this business is a very risky one. Besides the ever present chance of a steeple-jack finding his nerve fail him, there are a hundred contingencies which may render him the victim of an accident. For instance, when repairs are being executed in the case of buildings which have fallen into decay, the steeple-jack often finds it very difficult to judge as to the stability of the material on which he is at work. Bricks which are to all appearance perfectly sound may be in a state which makes it in the highest degree dangerous to trust any weight to them, and the man who has not made an adequate trial of their condition may find them give way under him when he is in such a position that he can do nothing to save himself.

Perhaps the most frequent cause of accidents to steeple-jacks is an insecurely fastened 'dog.' The carelessness of those men whose task it is to drive the 'dogs' home is responsible for a very large proportion of the deaths that occur among steeple-jacks on duty. A 'dog' may be fastened by a careless workman in a manner which leads to the belief that it is perfectly secure. It will hold all right for a time, and men will pass up and down the ladder which it is supposed to support in perfect confidence. Sooner or later, however, it is pretty sure to start, and if a man should be passing up the ladder at that moment with a hod of bricks or mortar on his shoulder—a very likely state of affairs, as the extra weight of a loaded hod is apt to be the cause of the final disaster—he may consider himself fortunate should he escape a fatal fall. As it is very usual for workmen carrying material to the top of a flight of ladders to follow one another closely, an accident of this kind is very likely to include more than one victim, for the man who is shaken from his hold by the starting of a 'dog' will probably bring down with him in his fall one who is climbing up behind him. Unfortunately, such mishaps are generally of a serious nature. The lower

'dogs' are almost invariably fastened in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired, and it is very seldom that one of them gives way. But as the workman who is building up the flight of ladders progresses with his task, he is sometimes apt to get a little careless; and instead of expending a special amount of care upon the higher fastenings, to scamp them in his eagerness to finish his work as quickly as possible. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the failure of a 'dog' situated towards the top of a lofty spire is far more likely to be attended with fatal results than is that of one comparatively close to the ground.

However, though every steeple-jack has many stories of narrow escapes to relate, the number of accidents among them is surprisingly few considering the perilous character of their work. If it were not for the truth of the adage that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' the mishaps would be far less frequent than they are. When the causes that have led to an accident come to be investigated, it is almost invariably found that the victim owes his fall to some carelessness either on his own part or on that of his fellow-workmen. Unavoidable accidents of course occur in this as in all other callings, but provided that due attention is paid to the observance of proper precautions, they should be very few and far between.

THREE ROSES.

TOGETHER on a slender spray they hung,
Dowered with equal beauty, passing fair,
And blent, as though an unseen censor swung,
Their mingled perfume with the morning air.

Not theirs the fate to linger till decay
Strewed their sweet-scented petals on the ground,
For ere the close of that bright summer day,
Each sister-rose another fate had found.

Twined in the meshes of a beauty's hair
One blossom faded slowly, hour by hour,
Until at parting, some one in despair
As a memento craved the withered flower.

One went an offering to a vain coquette,
Who plucked its leaves, and as they fluttering fell,
Whispered a test that has believers yet,
He loves me—loves me not—he loves me well.

A maiden's form lies in a darkened room,
In folded hands, upon a pulseless breast,
One touch of colour in the deepening gloom,
The last of the three roses is at rest.

ENVOY.

O Love and cruel Death, so far apart.
Rose-sisters fair, could I but change with thee
And choose the fate of either of the three,
O happiest rose of all, my choice would be
Thy place above the maiden's pulseless heart.

J. H. SYKES.

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ON PORTLAND ISLE.

In the golden haze of the summer night, iron-bound Portland rises sombre against the flush of the fading skies. The gray quarries, delved out of the heart of the arid cliffs, testify to the reality of human labour; gigantic landships constantly shooting forth titanic blocks down upon the wild shores and afar out to sea. A natural fortress, desolate and sterile, yet withal magnificent. The weary clink, clink of the hammer, and the rattle of the crane-chains in the quarries, have ceased for the day, and a mysterious silence reigns over the weird headlands, upheaved, in one of her caprices, by Nature's mighty shoulders. To the west, a few filmy clouds float above the setting sun, that tinges with living fire the foaming surf, where four tides meet and boil as in a caldron in Portland Race. Away to the east lies the lovely Bay of Weymouth, gentle ripples kissing the sides of the anchored yachts, their white wings closed in slumber. The chalk cliffs loom faintly gray, half-veiled in silver mists; and six hundred feet below, the dim cavernous rocks stretch afar on all sides. The waters swirl with an ominous roar, suggestive of many a fatal shipwreck.

The curious natural breakwater of the 'Chesil Beach' connects Portland with the mainland. A puzzle to the geologist, this wonderful beach is an example of the sea producing a barrier to its own progress, the destruction of one part of the coast becoming the means of protection to another. The heavy waves of the Atlantic are here barred; and during a ground-swell, the ceaseless grinding of the pebble flints is heard, like the dull roar of thunder, for miles inland. In length about ten miles, its breadth at low tide is not above two hundred yards, and at no place is it raised more than forty-four feet above high water. The pebbles which compose the beach increase in size towards Portland, and diminish to gravel where they merge into Bridport Sands.

From an antiquarian as well as a geological point of view, the Chesil Beach is of the deepest

interest, many curious relics being constantly thrown up—coins of gold, silver, and copper, of mediæval or modern date, though those of the Roman Empire are most common. Sometimes antique rings are found, seals, and gold ingots, with other spoils of the sea, wrested from the dead of ancient as well as modern times by the relentless storms raging in the dreaded bay. To-night, the faintest ripple marks the advance of the rising tide, and the beach resembles a curving serpent spanning the waters from shore to shore.

In the morning the sun arose from out a cloudless horizon, and gathering heat as he mounted, poured down his scorching rays into the dazzling quarries. Larks sang against heaven's breast, perfect symbols of freedom. Below, the depressing spectacle of convict-life—man parted from his fellow-men, toiling here in the hot sun till he is burnt to a dull brick colour. Here are men of all ages, characters, nationalities, and diversities of crime. Hideous destiny—the cell and remorse by night, the blazing quarry and compulsory silence by day. Closely-shaven heads, clean-shaven faces, red-hooped stockings, and gray knickerbockers; the broad arrows stamped on the gray coats; each with his number and term of sentence fixed to his straining arm. An L on a black ground, ghastly sign! signifying that this silent labourer, who has about him the bearing of a gentleman, has parted for ever from the world. No hope, if amelioration, till he shall lay down his weary head on his pallet and sleep the last sleep. A 'butterfly' man rests for a moment to wipe his streaming brow, when the warder's stern voice bids him proceed with his work. One leg and arm yellow, the other black, signifying a desperate character. His face is significant of his fierce nature. The whole is truly a depressing sight; hundreds of gray-clothed creatures silent by law, sullen by captivity, moving to and fro.

Some, still novices, who may have been reared in the lap of luxury, are being instructed to that toil in which perforce their lives must now be passed. Some wheeling away the debris of stone for road-

making; others pushing and dragging the heavy trucks laden with stone, which in another quarry would be moved by horse-power. One old man, scarce able to drag one leg after another, holds to the truck's side. He is, too old to work, but still he must follow. The sweat streams down the leather-coloured faces; the sun beats ever hotter and hotter; the stone gives back the glow like a furnace. There is a jangle of metal, and a man passes dragging behind him heavy chains attached to his legs, raising a cloud of dust as he goes. Always the incessant clink of the hammer; the grinding of the chain running through the crane that raises the huge blocks; the creak of the barrows; the commanding voice of the warder, dark-blue coated, a sword by his side, a white hat falling to the shoulders, protecting his face and neck from the sun; the sentries pacing slowly round, loaded rifles in their hands, hem in the wretched children of crime.

Adepts at every phase of crime are represented in that scorching quarry; all are on the dead level of the convict. The murderer who quenched the human life as he would that of a mouse, works side by side with the cultured gentleman, who in the luxurious precincts of his own mansion wrote a name that was not his; one short moment of reckless impulse ending thus. Men with the slumbering demon in them, irreclaimable, untamable, in whose presence the warder's hand never leaves the sword's handle, working alongside one for whom hope lies buried, and love is for ever dead; condemned, it may be, upon circumstantial evidence, and—who knows?—perhaps innocent. The unutterable misery in the blue eyes, the listlessness of the drooping shoulders and bending back—no more awful spectacle than this utter hopelessness, this snuffed-out existence. 'Not much trouble with the gentlemen,' says the warder; 'they never forget who they are.' The prison clock chimes eleven; those silent figures fall mechanically into ranks, are searched, hats off, arms raised, and then marched to the prison for dinner, a dull, despairing herd. This is human life in its most awful reality, only to be realised when witnessed. Only can one really pity when one has seen. A living death in a world of beauty.

Outside the gray prison walls lies a tiny church with a black-and-white mosaic pavement, laid down by a female convict of high descent. Passing through the little scattered village of Wakeham, one emerges on a peaceful spot, a deep glade running down to the sea, shaded by giant elms. On the green brow of the cliff stands 'Bow and Arrow' Castle, a ruined keep, ascribed by tradition to William Rufus, having a large circular chamber, with three wide windows built in the six-foot thickness of the walls. Down through the trees lies all that remains of a tiny chapel, facing the west—a restful dream-haunted spot, where one may for a time forget the sorrows of humanity, and drink in the fullness and perfection of nature. Some few of the gray headstones stand erect; but the majority have slanted over, and many are fallen, their inscriptions hidden by moss. The blossoming grass flourishes luxuriantly. The air is full of shadowy silence; even the rocks in the elms rest in the noontide blaze. A faint tinkle comes from the

bay below where the waters caress the pebbles. A whitethroat calls suddenly from his perch upon a tomb whereon is graven 1674—'I loved him well.' Like an echo, the pathos of a long-forgotten grief. A little brook gurgles down through the glade to the sea, spanned by a fine old bridge in perfect preservation, fringed by purple irises and glossy hartstongue ferns. The scorching sun can pierce no entrance through the vault of trees, and all is cool and deeply verdant.

Away to the northward, on Portland Bill, stand the upper and lower lighthouses and coast-guard stations. There is no carriage-road, and the way is extremely rough, in many places dangerous; but the grandeur of the scene it is impossible to describe, when one stands out on the edge of the giddy sheer cliff, looking down on the fatal reefs, where the fleeing fugitive from justice, listening to the dread boom of the great gun over land and sea which tells of his escape, has rather faced death in the fierce race of the tide round the Bill, than be returned to the drawn-out agony of prison routine.

Nowhere can humanity feel more humbled, more alone, than in the presence of this havoc of nature, thrown down with so careless a hand, disclosing phenomena of such extraordinary interest. Passing through the village of Reforme, the lover of geology may gladden his eyes and store his mind in several magnificent quarries. In one may be seen some curious beehive-shaped excavations, recently laid bare, when removing the Purbeck from the surface in order to get at the valuable Portland stone below. Those primitive dwellings vary in size, the largest being seven or eight feet in height and about nine feet in diameter. Quantities of bones have been removed from the interiors, and on one occasion a heap of blackened corn. There can be no doubt they date from prehistoric times, and it is a misfortune that the quarry extensions will not permit of such interesting relics being preserved. A stone cist has also been discovered, the skeleton in a sitting posture, the skull—an enormous one—resting on the hands; beside it, three iron balls, a spear-head, and three earthenware cups.

The huge blocks of glittering freestone are most interesting to see. The beds lie at a depth of about sixty feet, but vary in different quarries. The workmen profess to tell by the musical ring of the hammer the quality of the stone. Blocks of any size may be procured, owing to the beds being continuous. Some beds, such as the 'Roach,' are so crowded by fossils that they are useless for building purposes, though used for constructing quays, harbours, &c., where a smooth surface is not necessary. The marine beds above and below the Portland stone are distinguished by their abundance of 'ammonites,' often of huge size, some being hardly less than a cartwheel. The cottagers have them placed above their doors as ornaments, and about the gardens.

A thin seam of clay, termed 'acum' by the quarrymen, spreading over the whole of the Portland series, is of interest, as marking the emergence of the Portland beds from the sea; in other words, separating the marine (Portland stone) from the fresh-water (Purbeck formation). In a species of slate, stalagmites are got of good size, the surface of the stone being more or less

coated. But perhaps that which is of most interest to the careless observer is that earthy deposit known as the 'Dirt-bed,' which is really the soil in which flourished an ancient forest, several fine fossil trunks, all cone-bearing, of good girth, and considerable height, testifying to this. Amongst other finds is a singular vegetable production, known to quarrymen as 'crows' nests,' but in reality they are fossil plants of the existing order of Cycads. These 'crows' nests' closely resemble a pine-apple.

The bleak sterile Portland of to-day must at one time have been luxuriantly wooded. Quarrying operations on the island have led to the discovery of bones belonging to extinct animals, such as the mammoth, also of those gigantic creatures that existed during the Secondary period, marine saurians; the Ichthyosaurs, a gigantic lizard, in size approaching the whale; showing that at one time a shallow shore must have existed, on which lived those monsters of a bygone age. One can imagine this Portland of the past, when the shades of a luxurious tropical forest sprang upon the soil which had slowly emerged from the ocean; when the cave-men gazed over the waters, and prostrated themselves to that mighty power, the only god they knew, the rising sun. Who can interpret the story of Portland, now lying like some old-world monster on the bosom of the deep? Slowly a leaf is turned over by man in the book of stone, and gradually a history is pieced together, as it is wrung by the sweat of the brow from her stony heart.

The shadows grow longer, and a belt of purple cloudland marks where sea and sky fade into each other. The solitary bell of Portland prison, mellowed in the summer twilight, comes floating over the headlands; but it brings no hope to those within, whose destiny must ever be to toil, toil, till life becomes a blank—on through the lovely days of summer, when the sky over the wheat is blue, when the earth seems so fair that sorrow seems a dream; on through the winter days, when the crystal rime makes beautiful the barred windows, never more to feel the breath of freedom on the cheek, to see the loved ones, or to hear their voice; no longer to watch the progress of humanity along the grand road of the universe. At night, the pallet bed and brief oblivion; but perchance, through the narrow slit which lights the lonely cell, the watchful eye of a star may look down and speak to weary hearts of a breaking day in a world to come.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XIX.—NIGHT.

THE wind blew hard, and the vapour swept past in a horizontal pouring, masses of it coming on a sudden in a blinding thickness till you could not see half the wreck's length; then the silver-tinted volumes would brighten for a breath or two, and show the steel-coloured sea heaving its freckled and foamless folds into the vaporous faintness a few hundred feet off; then the mist would boil down and over us once more until it was like being in a room filled with steam.

'The cabin is empty,' said I—the girl being on the port side, I had taken care to drag the body to

starboard—'there are seats, and you will be sheltered there. This is damping stuff.'

'Not yet,' she answered. 'I am as safe here. I hate the thought of having anything to screen the sea from me. I want to look—at any moment the Indianman or the man-of-war may come close to us.'

'Be it so,' said I.—'How rapidly has all this happened! One of the cutter's men shouted to me that the Indianman had fired two guns. Why did they not report this to us? Did they believe the swell would not let them get aboard? They saw—of course they saw—this fog bearing down; why did not the madmen let us know of it?'

'What will my aunt think?'

'Why, she will be in a terrible fright. But it will not last. We shall be picked up presently. I would rather be here than in the cutter. If they are wise, they will ride to their oars; if they row or allow the wind and seas to drive them, they are bound to lose both ships, the night being at hand; and then God help them!'

'Oh, it was an evil moment,' she cried, 'when we sighted the corvette!'

'It was an evil moment,' I exclaimed bitterly and wrathfully, 'when Mr Colledge, who had undoubtedly taken too much wine on board the *Mayicenne*, suggested that we should kill an hour on this hull.—Where,' I cried passionately, 'could the unhappy lieutenant's wits have been? He laughed at me for indicating the appearance I witnessed in the north-west. Was there nothing in the weight of this swell to convince him that there must be mischief not far off?'

'What will my aunt think?' she repeated, as though she scarcely heeded my words, whilst she brought her hands, brilliant with rings, together and stared into the thickness with her eyes on fire with fear and amazement and the score of wild emotions which filled her.

Though I held my peace on the subject, the wind, that was blowing with the spite of an ugly squall, was exciting an alarm in me that rose above all other considerations of our situation. The hatches lay open, and there was nothing to be seen of their covers about the decks. If this weather continued, a high sea must presently follow, in which case there could be nothing to save the wreck from filling and foundering. The lieutenant had assured us that she was dry; but it was certain that she had been badly wrenched by the lightning stroke that had dismasted and apparently set her on fire forward, and by the furious gale that had chased her afterwards; and though she might have been tight when the lieutenant overhauled her, this constant working in the strong swell might at any instant cause her to start a butt or open a seam, and then what should I be able to do? Both pumps were smashed level to the deck; there was no boat; there was nothing discoverable fore and aft which I could launch and secure my companion and myself to. It was with inexpressible anxiety, therefore, that I would send my gaze from time to time to windward, in the hope of observing a thinning in the thickness there, or any the faintest imaginable sign to elate me with the belief that the worst of the fog was on us, that we were now feeling the worst of the wind, and that the ocean would be clearing soon.

The time passed. I looked at my watch after we had been sitting a little, and found it six o'clock. The sun would be setting in something more than an hour, and a bitter black night was bound to follow if the vapour had not cleared when daylight ended. There was now a smart sea running, but the swell had flattened something, I thought. The hull was horribly frisky, leaning at desperate angles from side to side, and often recovering herself with a jerk that must have flung us to the deck had we not been seated. But she was extraordinarily light, and floated very tall, and though there would sometimes come a blow of salt water against the bow that flashed across the deck in a mass of foam and green crystals, yet she soared so nimbly to the height of every surge that she took in amazingly little water. Indeed, it was not long before I felt myself infinitely comforted by her behaviour, convinced that it would have to breeze up with much more spite than the wind now had to put us in jeopardy from a filling hold.

Shortly before the hour of sundown, I induced Miss Temple to occupy the deck-house. She entered with a great deal of reluctance, and seated herself in a corner that was the furthest away from where the body had been. It had not been very easy to converse outside. The ceaseless roaring and washing noises of the water, with the alarming thumps and leapings of froth at the bow, and the sounds of the rushing wind sweeping in gusty cries over the mutilated rails of the hull as she was hove up full into it, and then sinking into a sort of humming moaning as the wreck drove down the liquid acclivity into the swift comparative stillness of the trough: all this was distracting and terrifying, and speech had been difficult. But the interior of the deck-house was a shelter to the ear and voice. I seated myself opposite the girl, giving her as wide, respectful a berth as the narrow cabin permitted. The shadow of the evening lay already sullen in the white mist that looked to boil upon the wind, though at that hour it was not so thick but that the gaze might be able to penetrate a distance of a quarter of a mile. Miss Temple was deadly pale. Even her lips had lost their delicate rosy tint, and sat blanched in their compression. Her eyes looked preternaturally large, and there was an expression of passionate desperation in them, as one might figure of some proud, high-spirited creature driven at bay, and rounding upon the pursuer with a gaze charged with despair and wrath and the misery of some heart-breaking resolution.

'I believe I shall go mad,' she said, 'if this fog does not cease. I feel as though I were now insane, and that what we are suffering is the imagination of madness.'

'It is a frightful time of suspense,' I answered; 'we must have patience: there is no other medicine for this sort of affliction.'

'I could stab myself,' she cried, 'for being in this position. There is the Indianan close at hand; I see her saloon cheerful with lamplight, the tables glittering, the passengers seated, talking and laughing, without a thought of us by this time.'—I shook my head.—She continued: 'I think of the security, the comfort of that ship, which I never once reflected on when in her. And now contrast this!'

She rolled her wonderful eyes over the narrow

compartment in a shuddering way that was eloquent with abhorrence.

'Why am I here? It is my own fault. I could stab myself for my folly.'

It made one think of some beautiful wild creature newly caged to watch her.

'It is bad enough,' said I; 'but it might be much worse. Think of yourself in that open boat—on this high sea, and amidst this blinding vapour: no water, no food, the blackness of the night coming down, and a thousand leagues of ocean all around you!'

'Is not the cutter safer than this horrible wreck?' she cried. 'If the morning exposes the ships to the people in her, they can row; but what can we do?'

'If the morning exposes the ships,' said I, 'they'll see us, and very joyfully attempt to fetch us—that is to sail to us.'

She turned to look through a window the glass of which was gone, and through which the wind was shrilling as though it blew into a cylinder. It was fast darkening. In these latitudes twilight is brief, and in such weather as this there would be none. It was little more now than sombre blank grayness outside, with a sight of the steel-coloured swell, over whose humps the seas were rushing in foam, shouldering and vanishing into the thickness. But there was no increase in the wind, and the rum of the surge did not gain in weight.

I watched the girl while she looked through the window. It is not in language to convey the tragic irony that was put into our situation by her sparkling holiday attire. Her dress was of some white material, of a silken or lustrous nature, that most perfectly fitted the beauties of her person. Her hat was some rich combination of richly-plumed straw. She had removed her gloves on descending into the cabin of the hull when we boarded her, and many rings of splendour and value flashed on her fingers in a very armour of jewels and gold. There were gems in her ears, and a heavy chain of gold round her neck, terminating in a whole cluster of trinkets at her girdle, in which was sheathed a watch of the size of her thumb-nail. Think of this glittering figure, this stately, most perfect shape of womanhood in the gloom of the strong, rude interior of the deck-house, with its few rough details of fittings in the shape of a table and lockers, nothing to see through the window but the rough deck spreading naked to its splinters of bulwark, with the angry foam of waters beyond, and a near sky of fast blackening vapour!

'What are we to do?' she exclaimed, resuming her former attitude and fixing her large desperate eyes upon me.

'We must wait,' said I.

'You have been a sailor, Mr Dugdale; tell me what you think?'

'Well, first of all, we must be prepared to spend the night on this wreck'—She flashed her hands to her face and held them there, and I waited for her to look at me again. 'This weather,' I proceeded, 'is not likely to last very long. The dawn will probably exhibit a clear sky. If the ships are in sight'—she drew in her breath with an hysterical 'Oh'—'they will still have the bearings of the wreck, and search for us. Were there but a single vessel to hunt

after the hull, we might still feel perfectly safe; but there are two, and one of them is an English man-of-war.'

'But will Sir Edward Panton know that we are here?'

'No doubt. He or others will have seen the cutter deviate for the wreck instead of pulling for the Indianman.'

'But they may think we are in the boat; and if she is not recovered, they will search for her, and not trouble themselves about the wreck.'

'We must be hopeful, and we must be patient,' said I.

It was now rapidly growing dark. The white waters showed ghastly over the edge of the bare deck to each convulsive jerking roll of the hull, and my companion's white face was little more than a glimmer in the gloom of the corner in which she sat. The thought of the long black hours which lay before us was intolerable. I looked about me for a lamp, but there was nothing of the kind, nor hook nor bracket to prove that a lamp or lantern was ever used in this small abode. I told Miss Temple that I would go below and search for something wherewith to make a light.

'Will you be long?' she asked.

'I shall make haste,' said I.

'Yes, if you please, Mr Dugdale,' she exclaimed.

I had in my pocket the old-fashioned arrangement of tinder-box and sulphur matches, being, indeed, too confirmed a smoker to stir very far without that convenience. The mere descent of the steps was a horrible labour, owing to the extravagant leaps and rolls of the mere shell of wreck, and my progress was scarcely more than inch by inch, forced to hold on as I was with the tenacity of the grip of a parrot's beak. The straining noises in the cabin might have easily led me to suppose that the hull was going to pieces. Every blow of the sea trembled through her down here as though the fabric forward were breaking up, and I recollect swinging by a stanchion for some minute or two, overwhelmed with the consternation excited in me by the sounds, and by a sudden recollection of the lieutenant's words that the brig in her fore-castle had been burnt out. But I had promised Miss Temple to be speedy; and the thought of her sitting lonely above in terror and despair brought my mind back to its bearings.

It was almost pitch-dark, but remembering the situation of the pantry in which the lieutenant had cracked the bottle of wine, I dropped on my hands and knees, not daring to trust my feet, and crawled towards it. When I guessed by groping that I was near the door, I kindled a match and entered the pantry; and after consuming about half-a-dozen matches, I met with a tin box that was full of long wax candles, which looked to me very much like a sample of booty, as it was scarcely to be supposed that a vessel of the class of the *Aspirante* would lay in stores of that quality. I hunted for a candlestick, and found a small empty pickle bottle, which would very well answer the purpose of holding the candle. This I squeezed under my waistcoat, and filled my coat-pockets with a couple of bottles of wine, a handful of ship's biscuit, and a little tin drinking-vessel; and then putting

the box of candles under my arm, I fell again upon my hands and knees, crawled to the cabin ladder, and joined the deck-house so wearied by the posture I had been forced to adopt and by the convulsive motions of the deck, which had put an aching as of rheumatism into every bone, that I was forced to sit and remain quiet for some minutes.

The wind swept in through the denuded windows; but the structure, as I have before said, was long in proportion to its width, and at the fore-end the atmosphere was quiet enough for a candle to burn in. I secured the empty pickle bottle to a stanchion with my handkerchief, and placed the lighted candle in it; and the square of the bottle held the flame at a sufficient distance from the stanchion to provide against all risk of fire. The light seemed to raise some little heart in Miss Temple.

'You are brave,' she exclaimed, with a glance at the black square of the hatch, 'to descend into that dreadful dungeon. There may be dead bodies there.'

'I am not afraid of dead bodies,' said I. 'I wish there were nothing more harmful in this world than dead men.—Here are two bottles of wine and some biscuit. You will be the better for a little refreshment.'

I knocked off the head of a bottle and handed her a draught. She looked at the rough drinking-vessel for a little, and then said with a painful smile: 'A desperate change, Mr Dugdale, from the table of the Indianman! Will this wine hurt me?'

'I will drink first, to reassure you, if you please,' said I.

'No,' she exclaimed; 'I must not be too cowardly;' and she drank.

I took a good drain myself, and found it the same noble wine that the poor lieutenant had tasted.

'Try one of these biscuits, Miss Temple,' said I; 'they are but coarse eating for you, I fear; they are the bread that poor Jack is fed on.'

She took one and nibbled at it.

'Ha!' said I, 'this is an ocean experience indeed. This is being shipwrecked. You will have a deal more to talk about when you get home than Colledge could have dreamt of in proposing this excursion for that purpose.—Can you bite that biscuit?'

'Yes,' she answered.

'It is rather flinty,' said I, munching. 'There should be something more relishable than this to be come at below. I will make another hunt.'

'No, if you please,' she cried vehemently; 'do not leave me, Mr Dugdale.'

'Ay, but food apart, since we must needs remain here through the night, I must endeavour to find something soft for you to lie upon. You cannot rest upon that hard locker.'

'Oh, I do not want to rest,' she exclaimed. 'Do you think I could sleep? I shall sit as I am, and pray for the light to come and for a sight of the ships.'

I made no answer, though it was on the tip of my tongue to say I was sorry for her sake that it was I, and not Colledge, whom she was adrift with. It was an impulse coming through some sudden hot recollection of her treatment of me on board the *Countess Ida*; but I bit my lip,

and was grateful for my silence a moment after, when I saw her fine eyes swimming with tears.

'Pray, have hope,' I exclaimed. 'I am sure after a bit you will find plenty of courage in your heart to confront this little passage, hard as it is. I will do what I can. I would you had a better sailor than I by your side; but what can be done by me shall be done, and the worst is a long way off yet, I am certain.'

She put her hands upon the table and hid her face in them. I lifted the lid of the locker I was using as a seat, to stow away the bottles in a safe place; for, talk as I might, it was only God could know whether it might not end in a single drop of the liquor becoming more precious to us than twenty times the value of the cargo of the Indianman. There were some wearing apparel, a few small coils of ratline-stuff, and other odds and ends in the locker, but nothing noticeable. I then clawed my way to the deck-house door to take a look round. It was black as fog and darkness could make it. Close alongside, the foam glanced dimly, with now and again a flash of phosphoric light in some dark coil down whose slope the hull was sliding; but there was nothing else to see. The wind still blew fresh, but there was no recognisable increase in it since the hour of its first coming down upon the wreck. It made a most dismal and melancholy noise of howling in the sky, as it swept through the dark obscurity, splitting upon the foremast and the shrouds which supported the spar, in a low-toned long-drawn shriek, which had something of the sound of a human note as it pierced through the hissing and seething round about, and through the strange, low, dull thunder made by the shouldering of liquid folds coming together as they ran, and by the hurl of the surge as it rounded and dissolved into foam.

TELEGRAPH MONEY ORDERS.

ANOTHER addition has been made to the numerous facilities which the Post-office already affords to the public by the introduction in March this year of a system for Telegraphing Money Orders. The idea is by no means new, for it was freely mooted as far back as the year 1870, when the electric wires of the country were acquired by the Government. As a matter of fact, the old telegraph companies had in operation a plan whereby large sums of money could be remitted for the purpose of taking up bills on the last day of grace; and the withdrawal of the facility on the transfer of the telegraphs to the State was undoubtedly a great blow to merchants in strained situations, although, from the very nature of things, the grievance was not one which could well be ventilated. It was not, of course, to be expected that the Government should continue the practice of the old companies in regard to large sums of money; but it was generally considered that the introduction of the uniform and cheaper telegraphic tariff would enable the Post-office authorities, by utilising the machinery of the new department in combination with the existing money-order service, to organise a system of telegraph money orders. Mr Scuda-

more himself held out hopes that such might ere long be the case; but owing to various difficulties and obstacles, the matter was not at that time taken up in real earnest. The subject was revived in 1885 when sixpenny telegrams were introduced, and it was sanguinely thought that with the cheapened tariff the initiation of telegraph money orders was but a matter of a few months' time. And doubtless had Mr Fawcett lived, such would have been the case, for that ardent reformer would have found means of overcoming the objections that had hitherto prevented the establishment of such a system. As it is, it has been reserved for Mr Raikes to give effect to this desirable measure of reform.

Much as we pride ourselves on our Post-office arrangements, it cannot be denied that in some respects we are considerably behind other nations. Telegraph money orders have, for example, been established for many years past in several of the continental countries, as well as in some of our own colonies. In France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy the system has been carried out with much success, the maximum amount which can be telegraphed varying according to the country concerned. Thus, in France, as much as two hundred pounds can be telegraphed; while in Belgium and Italy the maximum amount is forty pounds, and in Germany it is twenty pounds. The charges generally are the ordinary money-order rates plus the ordinary charge for a telegram; but if the money is to be paid at the residence of the addressee, there is an additional charge for the messenger. There are also in some countries, where the telegraph office is distinct from the Post-office, charges for transferring the telegraphic advice from one office to the other. In other countries, again, there is a charge for sending a separate telegraphic advice to the payee.

As regards our own colonies, telegraph money orders can be sent in Victoria, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, and New South Wales for various amounts up to a maximum of ten pounds, the arrangements being similar to those in operation in the European countries referred to. In the face of the successful operation of these systems, which in most cases have now been established very many years, it is surprising that this country has so long deferred making the experiment; for although it can hardly be said that there has been any actual demand for telegraph money orders, yet there can be no doubt that such a system will prove a very great convenience to many persons. It may easily happen that a tourist should find himself in a strange place at the end of his funds, unforeseen circumstances having upset his calculations and caused him to outrun the constable. In such a case, the new system of telegraph money orders will prove of inestimable value to him; for in a couple of hours—or less, perhaps—he can telegraph to his friends and receive from them in return the necessary funds to enable him

to continue his travels. Prior to the new system, he must have been put to the delay and inconvenience of waiting at least a couple of days before the required remittance came to hand. To commercial travellers, too, and in cases of financial emergency generally, it is obvious that the system will prove of very great use.

The main obstacles that have caused the Post-office to hesitate to adopt a telegraph money-order system are, we believe, two in number—the proper provision of funds at small post-offices to meet sudden demands, and the apprehension of fraud. As regards the first point, it does not appear probable that even if the system applied to the smallest class of offices, which at present it does not, where only a very small reserve balance is allowed to be retained, it would be put to much use in regard to such offices; and as the lowest reserve cash balance is ten pounds, they would at all events be in a position to meet telegraph orders to that extent, for they could at once telegraph for fresh supplies. At the larger offices, the fear of inconvenience from lack of funds is of course much less, more especially as we believe the receipts as a rule exceed the payments; while, moreover, the system for keeping Post-offices properly in funds is so efficient as to cause no serious apprehension on this score in relation to telegraph money orders. In those foreign countries where such a system exists, no difficulty appears to have arisen under this head. In some countries, when an office on which a telegraph money order is drawn has not sufficient funds, there are arrangements for obtaining the money from a local bank, a government treasury, or from the nearest large post-office. Where such means of obtaining the money are not available, the payee has to wait until the paying office has sufficient funds in hand.

The apprehension of fraud is no doubt a more serious difficulty; still, with proper precautions, and the system of not paying the order until the payee has been properly identified, this risk will be minimised. Abroad, no special precautions are observed, further than repeating the amounts in words and figures from post-office to post-office; and the systems do not appear to have suffered much from fraud. If an error occurs leading to over-payment, the telegraphist in fault is held responsible for the loss.

The caution with which the Post office here have proceeded in introducing telegraph money orders is evidence of the diffidence with which the scheme was regarded by the authorities. The system was first applied tentatively in September last to eighteen of the leading towns throughout the country; and that it has now been extended to all the head post-towns in the United Kingdom may reasonably be taken to indicate that the experiment has proved entirely successful. The details of the system are extremely simple, and may be briefly described. Most persons are nowadays sufficiently well acquainted with the nature of electricity and the effect of a telegraphic message to know that the telegraph money order means, not the transmission of an actual sum of money over the wires, but merely the telegraphing of an order to a certain post-office to pay to a specified person a certain sum of money. To obtain this result, the person sending the order has to fill up the ordinary

money-order requisition form and to write across it the words 'By telegraph.' The clerk will then make out the money order in the usual manner; but instead of handing the order to the remitter, the clerk will furnish him with a receipt for the amount paid; the order itself, with the words 'Telegraph money order' written across its face, being retained for transmission to the chief office. The clerk will then prepare a telegram of advice to the postmaster of the town at which payment of the order is desired, giving, of course, all needful particulars respecting the money order. The ordinary advice will be sent on by post, in confirmation of the telegraphic advice, to be dealt with by the paying postmaster in the ordinary routine of money-order business. At the post-office where payment is to be made, the clerk will, on receipt of the telegraphic advice, prepare a form of receipt to be signed by the payee of the money order before the amount is paid, and this receipt is then dealt with in the same manner as a paid money order. The payee must, of course, as at present, furnish the name of the remitter, and he must also give satisfactory evidence that he is the person entitled to payment. Should a telegraph money order not be used and repayment is desired, the remitter must apply to the General Post-office, sending at the same time the official receipt, when a new order will be issued, less the ordinary commission, payable at any money-order office named for the purpose. Such, briefly, is the routine of the telegraph money-order system; in all other respects the ordinary money-order regulations obtain.

As regards the charges for telegraph money orders, it may be remarked that the system is a luxury which the user will find somewhat expensive, especially in connection with small amounts. To commence with, there is the initial charge at double the ordinary rate for money orders; then there is the charge at the ordinary inland rate for the telegram authorising payment at the paying office and the repetition thereof, the minimum being ninepence; and in addition there is the cost of any telegraphic communication which the remitter may desire to send to the person who is to receive the money, as the telegram already paid only covers the cost of transmitting an advice to the office of payment. It will thus be seen that, exclusive of the cost of telegram from the remitter to payee, the scale at the lowest charge runs thus: for sums not exceeding one pound, 1s. 1d.; between one and two pounds, 1s. 3d.; between two and four pounds, 1s. 5d.; between four and seven pounds, 1s. 7d.; and between seven and ten pounds, 1s. 9d. There can be no question as to this tariff being a high one; but as the measure is still comparatively tentative, it may probably be found necessary to make the scale so high. It is to be hoped, however, that in time, and with the benefit of experience, it may be found practicable to reduce the charges; and there is the more reason for this hope, seeing that in Germany, where telegraph money orders have proved very successful, the charge made is the ordinary inland money-order commission plus the telegraph tariff. At present, the expense of the system here will preclude the use of telegraph money orders except in those cases of great emergency in which the accommodation afforded

will be deemed to be in proportion to the cost incurred. It will only be when the rates have been lowered that the new system will attain to any real popular success.

THE HOSPITALLERS.

By FRED. M. WHITE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

WHEN I am tired and weary of the world, there is one spot where I can find balm for the vexed spirit and rest for an overburdened mind. You would pass it day by day and year by year, never dreaming of the paradise that lies within the city walls. All the passer-by sees is a long blank wall facing the hot dusty street, and nothing to break its dreary monotony save an iron-studded door, like the entrance to a jail. How should you know that beyond it lies all that remains of an erstwhile flourishing monastery of the Dominicans, and that the half-effaced inscription over the grim door points to the fact that, at the suppression of the religious houses, 'the site was granted to John Le Marchant and Raphael Hutchinson, Esquires?' Also, that early in Elizabeth's reign, it belonged to the Fotheryngsbys of Fotheryngsby Court; and further, as every student of Welsh Border history can tell, it is known as the Fotheryngsby Hospital to this day; for in the year of grace 1614 one Sir Thomas Fotheryngsby erected within the walls a quadrangular building to contain 'ten servitors, a Corporal to be over them, and also for a chaplin for their souls' good; five of them to be such as have borne arms, and five such as have served their masters well and faithfully.' And furthermore, 'that each Hospitaller at his first admittance should have a fustian suit of ginger colour of a soldier-like fashion, seemly laced; a hat with a band of white, and red slippers; a soldier-like jerkin with half-sleeves, and a square shirt down half the thigh, with a monocado or Spanish cap; a soldier-like sword with a belt to wear as he goeth abroad; a cloak of red cloth lined with a baize of red, and reaching to the knee; and a seemly gown to be worn of red cloth reaching down to the ankle, lined likewise with red baize, to be worn in walks and journeys.' All of which, with the exception of the sword, has been studiously observed to this very day in the year of our Lord 1888.

Here is such a change from the dusty Wide-marsh Street as will startle and delight you. Close the door behind and shut out the workaday world, for, in the historic words of the Quaker, it hath no business here. There is a dim passage opening out suddenly into a quadrangle, formed of twelve houses, four a side; and on the other the ancient chapel, where the chaplain, who is no longer an inmate, officiates; a wonderfully quaint building, containing on the reading-desk a veritable chain-Bible. The houses are small, but neat and clean; and round each doorway, far into the flagged court, are a profusion of flowering plants in pots, making the quiet spot a veritable garden. We have stepped back into the past. There are clean old men

and women clad in the 'cloak of red cloth lined with a baize of red;' and for the latter pensioners, the 'seemly gown,' also of ruddy hue. Beyond, there is another passage leading to the gardens, filled with peas and beans, and such produce as the owners care to cultivate; and then, when you have noted and admired the Arcadian neatness, you will have another surprise; for exactly opposite you there stands the ivy-mantled ruin of the old monastery, its roofless walls showing the bright blue sky beyond, with a peep of the same boundless heaven through an open chimney, where now the swallows and sparrows build. Where once the rushes were strewn underfoot, lies a carpet of emerald turf; great heads of fox-glove rear themselves on the open hearthstone; the very preaching-cross where vast multitudes were wont to assemble to hear exhortations in time of war, or prayer in the hour of disaster, still remains in the midst of this silent spirit beauty, presided over by the invisible saint of Peace.

Every inch of this ground is teeming with historic interest. For a small honorarium the Corporal will shake his white head, and pour out his store of antiquarian lore for the stranger's behoof, embellishing his history with certain scraps of information, easy to one long versed in the art of concocting historical fiction, yet at the same time believing every word that falls so solemnly from his own lips.

One bright August morning, some two years since, or it may be more, for time stands still in Fotheryngsby Hospital, two of its inmates sat under the shady side of the refectory wall, facing the gardens. One was an old man, so old that his clean shaven face was one mass of wrinkles; the other, somewhat more robust and hearty, who listened politely to his senior's amiable chatter with some show of interest, for the discussion was warlike, not to say blood-thirsty, to the last degree. Their gray heads were close together, contrasting not inharmoniously with the scarlet coats; on the breasts of each gleamed more than one silver medal with its parti-coloured clasp.

'It's in the blood, Jacob,' said the younger man, reflectively sucking his pipe. 'There was that lad of mine just the same. He might have been the old Squire's body-servant, and a good place too; but nothing would do but soldiering. He fell at Balklava, in the charge. He was a good lad, was Jim.'

'They was like we, Ben. There's a mort of trouble in bein' a father, not as I ever had time to think much of that sort of thing. When I was a boy, it was a sore time for wives and sweethearts. I'm ninety-five, Mr Choppin—ninety-five next Sunday, and I fought under the Duke at Waterloo'—

'It was in Balaklava harbour,' returned Mr Choppin, not to be outdone, 'as I see my most active service—A.B. on the old *Ajax*. It was there as Master Frank got killed'—

'And he never smiled again,' interrupted Mr Jacob Dawson, in the tone of one who repeats a well-learned lesson or an oft-repeated story. 'I've heard the tale afore, Benjamin, though as sad a one as I ever heard tell.'

Ben Choppin looked into space meditatively, perfectly unconscious, as was the last speaker,

of the irony underlying his words. It was a hot still morning, with the gentlest of breezes ruffling the ivy mantle of the ruin—a time for rest and retrospection.

'He never smiled again, Jacob,' Choppin resumed approvingly; 'leastwise, not till Miss Sylvia was born, and that was twelve years afterwards. There was three besides her and Master Frank, all of 'em dyin' of infantey'—as if childhood was some fell disease—the rest was Turkish Bonds, I'm told.

Mr Dawson nodded his head approvingly, somewhat lazy in his mind, as well he might be, as to whether the bonds in question represented another and more virulent complaint peculiar to children of tender years.

'There was a lad for you,' continued the narrator, with rising enthusiasm—'a gentleman and a Goldsworthy every inch of him. And, mind you, though he was a midshipman aboard his father's own ship, there was no favour for him.—Well, we was just laughing together—for he always had a pleasant word for everybody—when plump comes a ball and cuts him right down.'

'And then he said, faintlike—'Ben, old fellow, never mind me, but fetch the dear old gov'nor,' Jacob Dawson exclaimed parenthetically. 'Then you lifts him—all, all white from the pain as he pretends he can't feel. That's what I calls being something like an Englishman.'

'Jacob,' asked Choppin suspiciously, 'where did you get that last bit from?'

'That bit,' Dawson returned, with some show of pride, 'is my own. Still, I won't make a pint on it, Ben, if you do object.'

But Ben was so overcome that he could find no words to reprimand the Corporal for his unparalleled audacity in spoiling the symmetry of his best story.

Interruptions, so far as they were quotations from the original text, were permitted, and indeed accepted as a compliment; but never before, in the course of fourteen years' friendship, had Mr Dawson ventured to interpolate ideas of his own into the story-teller's polished narrative.

It was, after all, a commonplace tale enough. Captain Goldsworthy, the last of a good old Downshire family, had commanded the *Ajax* in the Black Sea squadron during the Crimean War; and Ben Choppin, a Downshire man, had been boatswain's mate on board that gallant ship. It was to the death of Captain Goldsworthy's only son that the threadbare story related; but how the Captain came to be a pensioner in the same Hospital as his humble follower was one of those points which Choppin was somewhat hazy upon.

But this was an old story, likewise the history of an honest single-minded gentleman, who refused to accept his pension on the ground that he had sufficient for his own wants without drawing an income he might not earn. We hear the rest of the sorry details often enough; the simple individuals who listen to the voice of the charmer, and fondly imagine that every financial genius who floats a bogus company risks his time and money with the philanthropic intention of finding the public a safe investment for spare capital at the rate of twenty per cent.

Goldsworthy asked for nothing when the crash came save a roof, other than that of the poor-house, to cover his gray hairs. Proud to the last degree, nothing savouring of charity would he accept; and so it came to pass that, when he was jestingly offered a shelter in the Blackfriars Hospital, he surprised the patron by accepting the offer. He had no encumbrances; no one depending upon him but his daughter Sylvia, a girl now in her twentieth year. The townspeople who knew him and his story wondered that he should care to have the girl with him in company with decayed soldiers and servants; but even in the midst of these poor surroundings there was a certain innate refinement in the pair that caused their fellow-inmates to look up to and respect them.

But Sylvia Goldsworthy, lady bred and born to her dainty finger-tips, was no idle heroine of fiction, bewailing her hard lot, and waiting for the handsome lover to carry her off to his ancestral castle. There was work to be done in Castleford, music-lessons to be given to more or less refractory pupils, and painting lessons at the Ladies' College. A girl who can support herself two years in London studying at the Royal Academy and College of Music, does not fear to face the ordeal of country-town drudgery.

'I wonder,' the Captain would say, nodding his gray head with the air of a connoisseur over some pretty landscape, or listening to some brilliant piece of music, for the Hospital home boasted a piano—'I wonder you did not stay in London, Sylvia. Think what a future was before you!'

'And what was to become of you? Why will you persist in thinking me to be a genius? Oh, I assure you there are hundreds in London far more clever than I who can scarcely get a living. Besides, it was so lonely, and I am far happier here.'

Such conversations were by no means rare in the cottage. Then the Captain would nod disapprovingly, as he contemplated this modesty of true genius. 'I sometimes think, I don't know why, that you had some reason more powerful than loneliness for leaving your work at home.'

Sylvia said nothing, but bent her head closer over the canvas upon which she was engaged. There was a little brighter colour in her cheeks, though her eyes were dimmer than before. 'At anyrate, I did my duty,' she replied; and some instinct warned the Captain that he had best seek no farther information. There was that perfect confidence between them that exists so rarely between parent and child, yet without the vulgar curiosity which impels some fathers to probe into every secret thought and fancy.

But Ben Choppin, smoking his pipe in the peaceful sunshine, with his bosom-friend the Corporal, knew nothing of this, except that he would have cheerfully laid down his life for his young mistress, as he would persist in calling her. Not a single bit of drudgery was there in the Captain's cottage but owed something of its cleanliness to the activity of the erstwhile boatswain. Even at the moment of his perturbation at Jacob Dawson's audacity, the sight of a large tin basin of unshelled peas attracted his attention, and in the labour of shelling these, his

late ill-humour vanished with every cracking hull.

'I heard last night,' he continued, in the pauses of this somewhat unmanly occupation, 'as the Hospital had been sold, Jacob.'

'We shan't have to turn out, Benjamin?' asked the Corporal, startled out of his philosophic calm. 'That don't mean as the place is to be pulled down?'

'They couldn't do it if they wanted to, 'cause Blackfriars is endowed. You see, it's just this way: one of the kings of England granted the Fotheryngsby estates on condition that they always kept up this place for such as we. The new gentleman at Fotheryngsby Court will be our new patron, that's all.'

'I hope he won't forget the Christmas 'bacca and plum-pudding, and beer,' Dawson returned practically. 'We must give him a 'int of that ere, Ben.'

'I don't think he's likely to forget that, because he's a soldier—a young one, it's true, but still a soldier; and they say he's very rich, far richer than Sir Reginald Fotheryngsby, our present patron.'

'Who is richer than our patron?' asked a voice at this moment, as another Hospitalier stole upon the old men unawares. Choppin looked up, and touched the brim of his cap to his fellow-resident, Captain Goldsworthy.

He was somewhat younger than the others, though his hair was white; and his blue eyes burned with all the fire and brilliancy of youth. His face, tanned by long exposure to tropical suns and ocean gales, bore a kindly, gentle expression, totally unsoiled by misfortune; yet the face, and the slim upright figure, clad in a somewhat faded uniform of a Commander in Her Majesty's navy, bore the unmistakable hallmark of gentleman; the same as he did when on Sundays, in his 'seemly coat of red,' he attended with the rest in the Hospital chapel. Mr Choppin touched his cap again, and unfolded his budget of news at much greater length than before.

'It will not affect us, as you say, Dawson,' remarked the Captain with a smile; 'but I am truly sorry for Sir Reginald all the same. Why, he and I were boys together, gracious me! half a century ago; and now he is forced to sell his very house, and I'—He broke off abruptly, and commenced to pace the narrow strip of turf in front of the two old men, as if it had been the *Ajac* quarter-deck, striding so many measured paces backwards and forwards, with his eyes fixed upon the soft August sky. Memory, finding us with mental food as we grow older, was busy among the faded rose-leaves of the past. 'He was a sailor, too, like all his race. He joined me in '45 on the *Bloodhound*; or was it the *Ocean Hawk*?—I forget which.'

'The *Greyhound*, Captain,' Choppin struck in, suspending his occupation for the moment; 'Captain Seymour, afterwards Admiral Sir Guyer Seymour, Commander. It was on that very voyage that your honour got masted for'—

'It's a great piece of presumption on your part to insinuate such a thing,' the Captain replied gravely, a merry twinkle in his eye, nevertheless. 'Dear me! how time changes us all, and to think—Who is to be our new patron, Ben?'

'Mr, at least, Lieutenant Debenham, of Leckington Hall. Your honour will be sure to remember old Squire Debenham.'

'Ay; I remember him well enough,' Goldsworthy replied with a sternness of face and manner which fairly startled the boatswain.—'Can this news be true?'

'Well, sir, if his steward—who used to be an honest man, and a good blacksmith to boot, before he became rich at other people's expense, and is own brother-in-law to myself—is any judge, it is sure to be.'

But the Captain caught but faintly the drift of this complicated and not too complimentary explanation. So perturbed did he seem, that the Corporal, who had remained silent through the interview, ventured to heal this anxiety by the information that the Hospitaliers might still look forward with tolerable equanimity to their usual good cheer at the festive season.

'Do you imagine that is all we think of?' asked the Captain sternly. 'Pah! man, I know one who would rather starve than taste his hospitality;' and saying these words, the speaker turned abruptly towards his cottage, leaving the unhappy Corporal on the verge of tears.

In the tiny cottage parlour, gay with flowers, and bright as the hands of a refined woman could render it, Sylvia sat at her easel painting, with the shadows cast by the chapel walls throwing her face in the shade. A sweet girlish face, a more beautiful copy of the Captain's, looked up at him from a frame of deep chestnut-hued hair, and as her eyes encountered his and she saw the unhappiness there, she laid her brush aside and placed one hand lovingly upon his shoulder. 'What is it, dear?' she asked simply.

'The Hospital is sold; and to whom, do you think? None other than the son of my friend, Crichton Debenham, the scoundrel who induced me to place my all where he declared his money was—the wretch who persuaded me to buy into a concern so that he might come out unscathed.—Sylvia, we must say good-bye to Blackfriars.'

'But, father, the son should not be answerable for the father. He may not be such another; nay, I am convinced he is not. Hugh Debenham I know to be one of the noblest and best of men.' Sylvia spoke quickly, almost passionately, her eyes bright and glittering, though her cheeks were pale and her hands trembled.

The Captain, hard and stern, changed and quivered strangely as he caught the light in his daughter's eyes and read its meaning. 'You—you know him?' he asked. 'And yet you never told me.'

Sylvia bowed her head under the gentleness of this reproach. 'It was in London,' she faltered, 'months ago, and we used to meet where I was a teacher. I—I will tell you all presently. Then one day he—he asked me to be his wife.'

'And you refused him.—Ah, I am glad of that.'

'I did not, I dared not. I was cowardly enough to run away. You see, if we had been in the same station in life, I might have thought'—She could say no more, another word would have choked her.

The Captain drew her closer to his side and kissed her gently. 'This is a pleasant finding,' said he, with a jocularity he was far from feeling.

'What hypocrites you women are! I should like to know, very much like to know, how this thing is going to end?'

'The very thing,' said Sylvia, smiling through her tears, 'that gives me so much anxiety.'

ROMANCE AND REALITY IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

RECENT remarkable discoveries of gold in portions of South Africa occupied by Europeans have led to the active investigation of adjoining territories which are still the undisputed home of the black man. Bordering on countries which have for many years enjoyed the blessings of civilisation, there are vast regions possessing great natural advantages and resources, but only just awakening the practical interest of the enlightened world. The inhabitants of these hitherto obscure regions are barbarians, steeped in ignorance and superstition. A few tribes are of warlike disposition; but the majority are tractable, and susceptible to the softening influences of truth and light.

Until recently, the few white men—intrepid hunters and adventurous traders—who penetrated the depths of these unknown wilds, returned to civilisation with glowing accounts of their beauty and wealth. Frequent dangers were encountered and great hardships endured by the wanderers, who were the only sources of information on the arana of the interior. Stretches of sandy desert—'thirst,' as these arid tracts are ironically called—where both themselves and their cattle severely felt the want of water; the tsetse fly, whose bite is as fatal to cattle as that of the cobra is to human beings; stony plains, formidable hills, and malarious valleys were amongst the difficulties they surmounted. Their toilsome journeys over, they found lands of eternal spring, genial climes of such fertility that the fruits of the earth were abundantly reaped without cultivation; flocks and herds roaming over the grassy undulations; gigantic forests; rivers of clear water; valuable wild beasts and birds; and game of all descriptions. They brought samples of virgin gold, ornaments of rude workmanship, ivory, skins, and feathers, with which to corroborate the stories of their adventures. Their recitals of the wonders of the countries they had visited were tinged with archaeology; they gave graphic accounts of the traces of mines, the gold diggings of past ages, old workings still extant as examples of ancient engineering skill; they told of mysterious caves where hidden treasures of gold, precious stones, and antique objects of virtue, were jealously guarded; and they described magnificent ruins, the remains of departed civilisation and grandeur. They depicted the natives in all the barbaric splendour of the skins of wild animals, gold and silver bangles, earrings, and uncouth jewelry; fantastically carved clubs, assegais, and shields; their faces and forms painted and hideously disfigured; their passions excited by war-dances, songs of triumph, and inordinate eating and drinking; and, in the pale clear light of the African moon, indulging in grisly orgies, attrac-

tive in their wild grotesqueness, but repulsive in their savage cruelty. Greatly as the imagination assisted in these portrayals, they were 'founded on facts.'

The existence of natural caves hollowed out with such precision as to look like the works of experienced engineers has suggested the theory of ancient mining operations. Some of these caves, intricate and perplexing in their windings, the galleries opening into immense chambers, with beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, decorative pendants from the roofs studded with myriads of sparkling beads of water, glittering in the fitful torchlight, and the statuesque figures of the native guides glancing silently from place to place, have supplied the excited fancy with material for speculation as to hidden stores of diamonds and gold. The results of vast seismic disturbances, tumbled rock scenery, enormous piles of huge stones thrown into the fanciful shapes of broken walls, columns, and pinnacles, rugged reminiscences of geologic ages, which when viewed from a distance have the appearance of the wrecks of massive masonry, readily lend themselves to the supposition that they are the ruins of ancient architecture.

Lo Benguela, king of the Mutabebes; Umbandine, late king of the Swazis; Khama, and many other paramount chiefs, have shown, in their receptions of white men, lavish hospitality, rude festivity, and displays of barbaric pomp and splendour, in which might be detected traces of Oriental magnificence. Their war-dances, songs, incantations, and mystic ceremonies; the savage paraphernalia of skins, feathers, horns, hair, and teeth; the superstitions and cruelties manifested in their belief in witchcraft, and the supernatural powers attributed to certain animals—show that among the natives there is a fondness for pageantry, and a reverential fear of the weird and mysterious.

A sham-fight among the Zulus is an impressive spectacle. The dusky warriors are fine muscular fellows, active, athletic, and highly trained. The rank and file, untrammelled by ornaments and dress, move about with grace and freedom. The officers—chiefs and headmen—wear coronets of ostrich feathers, which rustle freely with every movement of the body; circling their brows are rolls of tiger-skin, from which descend fringes of coarse hair; from the necks and shoulders downwards to the knees their bodies are covered with the tails of monkeys and tigers and strips of various hides strung together in girdles; their waists are girt about with tufts of lion's mane and cowhair. Forming into line, their variegated shields are so close and regular that they appear interlocked, whilst above them bristle rows of gleaming assegai heads. The foe is imaginary, as even among their own tribes they are roused to such a pitch of excitement, that, had they any opponents, though only in mimic warfare, they would be so carried away by their feelings that at close quarters bloodshed would inevitably result. At the word of command they advance in precise order, first slowly, then quick march, then double, and with shouts of 'Chie!a!' they charge their imaginary enemies, and the battle becomes fast and furious. Brandishing their assegais, stabbing and lunging with strength and dexterity, each stroke accompanied by a fierce grunt of satis-

faction, stamping, gesticulating, and gnashing their teeth, they work themselves into a mad frenzy, in which their features are distorted, and their eyes glare with a fierce lust of blood.

Suddenly the word of command is given to retire, and, as victors shouting triumph, they march from the field. Then there appears upon the scene a horde of wild-looking black creatures, running and leaping from place to place, screaming demoniacally, and frantically beating the earth with short heavy clubs. These are the women, and they are engaged in the horrible atrocity of killing the wounded. After a sham-fight the night is spent in feasting and revelry. Deprived of their spectacular tinsel and enacted in terrible earnest, these are the scenes of blood through which the march of progress has slowly laboured. Side by side with grim reality there has always been a glamour of romance which has invested South Africa with the halo of a future Eldorado, and rescued it from the indifference of the world. The mantle of prophecy descended on the shoulders of the dauntless wanderers who told their adventures in story and in verse; the realities of to-day are the romances of twenty years ago. Civilisation is now established on a firm basis, and will advance rapidly and comprehensively. The struggles and defeats of the past will be the stepping-stones of the future. Territorial extension by forcible annexation is being superseded by the peaceful and diplomatic mode of obtaining a footing in native countries by means of concessions from paramount chiefs. An embassy, laden with presents, visits the king of a desirable country, and should he prove friendly, as is often the case, peaceful negotiations are entered upon with the object of obtaining a concession, or right to hunt, trade, and mine in a portion, or the whole, of his kingdom. Rifles, ammunition, textile fabrics, and money from the concessionaires facilitate the completion of the bargain; everything is done in an orderly manner; pens, ink, and paper are produced; an agreement is drawn up; and the sable monarch for the first time in his life handles a pen, and attaches his mark to a document which in his eyes possesses talismanic powers.

The latest outcome of concessions from native chiefs is the recently incorporated British South Africa Company, which by the terms of its charter is granted power to develop, administer, and govern a tract of country nearly four hundred thousand square miles in extent, lying between the Central and Lower Zambesi on the north and the frontier of the Transvaal on the south. This vast addition to the British empire includes some of the finest and fairest portions of the earth's surface. Matabeleland and Mashonaland, which are included within the scheme of the company's operations, are eminently fitted for permanent occupation by Anglo-Saxon settlers. They are mostly high table-lands, five thousand feet above the sea-level, which means in those latitudes a climate similar to that of the Transvaal high veldt, almost ideal in its cool, clear, and invigorating character. The mere superficial exploration of British Zambesia—the name of the newly acquired territory—reveals unlimited commercial and agricultural potentialities, numerous tribes of peaceful and industrious natives ready to ally

themselves with those white nations who will treat them fairly and honestly and protect them from slavery; wonderful fertility of soil, magnificent forests, plentiful streams, and abundance of useful minerals and precious metals. There are drawbacks, such as patches of waterless desert and swampy valleys productive of malaria; but they can detract very little from the advantages of a vast country on which Nature has bestowed her favours with such a lavish hand. In addition to British Zambesia, there are other portions of South-eastern and South-western Africa towards which, as lands of promise, European nations are directing their attention. Exploration proves the existence, throughout the whole of the southern portion of the continent, of splendid natural resources of every kind. Scientific evidence points to geological formations in which coal, iron, copper, gold, and diamonds may be looked for with certainty; and the old belief that South-eastern Africa is the land of Ophir has every appearance of being founded on a rational basis.

The serious difficulty of the future will be the division of Africa amongst European powers so that rights will not clash; and the poor native, inevitably as he must suffer from the advancing wave of white men, may yet be subservient only to those nations who, in return for the occupation of his happy hunting-grounds, will allow him freedom and domestic happiness, protect him from the ravages of slave-hunters, instruct him in the arts of civilised life, and secure for him the blessings of good government.

SPECTRES OF THE SEA.

EVERY boy, and therefore every man, has read or has heard of Marryat's *Phantom Ship*, and every musician knows Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. But everybody does not know how these legends originated, and the many forms they have taken. They are among the most attractive of the romances of the sea, and both poets and novelists have embellished them with many fanciful and picturesque details. Every maritime country has its own phantom-ship, and the tales of these Spectres of the Deep are endless.

According to Sir Walter Scott, the *Flying Dutchman* is seen off the Cape of Good Hope only in stormy weather, and always forebodes disaster of some kind. It is the spectre of a vessel that was laden with the precious metals, but on board of which, after a brutal murder had been committed, the plague broke out and attacked all the crew. The ship was therefore refused entry to any port, and has since been doomed to roam the seas as a ghost, and never to find rest.

That, however, is not the most commonly recited story. Marryat's novel, for instance, is founded on the legend of a Dutch captain who, when homeward-bound from the Indies, met with such continuous head-winds that he could not round the Cape; whereupon, he swore a dreadful oath that he would round it, and would not put back, even if he had to strive till the day of judgment. He is striving yet, and although constantly beating, never succeeds in rounding the promontory.

This is how the story is told by M. Jal in his *Scènes de la Vie Maritime*: An unbelieving Dutch captain had vainly tried to round Cape Horn (not Good Hope) against a head-gale. He swore he would do it; and when the storm increased, laughed at the fears of his crew, smoked his pipe and drank his beer, even throwing overboard some of the men who tried to make him put the ship about. The Holy Ghost descended on the deck; but he fired a pistol at it, whereupon his arm became paralysed. Then he cursed God; and was immediately condemned by the apparition to navigate always without putting into port, always on the watch, and with nothing but gall to drink and red-hot iron to eat. He was to be the evil genius of the sea, to torment and punish sailors, and to carry warning of ill-fortune to the luckless mariner. It is he who sends the white squalls and sudden tempests. If he visits a ship, all the wine and beer turns sour, and all the food becomes beans, which sailors hate. Nothing must be taken from his hand, for the person who touches anything he has touched is lost. His ship is manned by all the old sinners of the sea, thieves, murderers, pirates, and cowards, who eternally toil and suffer, and have little to eat or drink. Thus the phantom-ship is the purgatory of the wicked mariner.

A phantom-ship is known to Baltic sailors as the 'Carmilhan,' and the captain or her is called Klabotermann. This ship, also, is always trying without success to double the Cape; and when sailors see her, with Klabotermann sitting on the bowsprit, dressed in yellow, wearing a nightcap, and smoking a short pipe, they know that their vessel is doomed.

It is curious that almost all the spectral heroes of these legends—at least of the most popular of them—are Dutchmen. But the fact seems to be that the legend is German in its origin, and has become attached in sailor-yarns to Dutchmen either because, to Jack, a Dutchman and a Deutscher are the same thing, or because the Dutch were the most famous and daring of navigators.

The German story is given by different authorities with variations; but, briefly, it is this. A baron called Falkenberg murdered his brother and his bride in a fit of passionate jealousy, and went forth from his home with the curse thundering in his ears, that he should for evermore wander towards the North. At the sea-shore he found a boat awaiting him, with one man in it, who simply said, 'Expectamus te.' Falkenberg entered the boat, and was conveyed to a spectral bark lying in the harbour. He boarded her, and she sailed away with him against the wind. On board that ship he still ploughs the northern seas, for ever playing dice with the spectral crew for his soul. The ship is painted grey, has coloured sails, a white flag, and flames issue from her masthead at night—so that she is easily identified by any vessel that may happen *to 'speak' her! For six hundred years this spectral bark has roamed the German Ocean, and is still, it is said in the German story, to be seen always heading northward, without helm or helmsman.

This is clearly not the same story as the one in which Marryat found material for his romance. His Vanderdecken, however, may easily be recog-

nised as the hero of Wagner's opera. In the Flying Dutchman legends—and there are several of them—the unhappy being is mortal, although his bark is spectral, and he is either redeemed, or open to redemption, by human love. Thus in one case it is a son who follows the demon vessel about the world until he finds an opportunity of giving the captain a sacred relic and the evidence of his own self-denying affection; upon which the spectre-ship disappears and the Dutchman ends his wanderings. In another case, the Flying Dutchman is allowed a short respite on land every seven years, with the hope of redemption if he can find a maiden to love him truly for his own sake. In Wagner's opera he nearly succeeds, but is foiled at the last moment. In other versions of the story he does succeed, and is saved.

The name 'Vanderdecken' occurs continually in these legends, and for no apparent reason, unless it be a fanciful nautical creation. Captain On-the-Deck is by no means an inappropriate name for the restless wanderer.

There is a strong probability that the German legend had a Scandinavian origin, for the old Vikings seem to have founded most of our sea-lore, and flavoured all our sea superstitions. There is a saga of one Stofe, who stole a ring from the gods; and when they sought him to take vengeance, he was found clothed in a sheet of fire, seated on the mainmast of a black spectral bark.

The story of the ring, again, reappears in a curious way in an old Venetian legend. Once, during a storm in the Adriatic, a fisherman was called upon to row three men out to sea. A huge spectral galley bore down upon them, with frightful demons on board; but the fisherman's bark ran it down; and the boatman was then presented, by his three passengers, with a ring. By that token (*sic*) he knew them to be St Nicholas—the medieval patron saint of sailors and fishermen—St Mark, and St George; and it was because the city was thus miraculously saved from destruction, that the Doges of Venice went annually through the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic with a ring.

An English version of the phantom-ship concerns a man-of-war. The crew had mutinied, and rigged her out to resemble the spectre-ship of which they had often heard and repeated yarns. Their object was to terrify the vessels they pursued; for they meant to be regular sea-rovers. Unfortunately, they encountered the real spectre-ship, and were so terrified themselves, that they put into port and gave themselves up to justice. If this story is not true, it ought to be, for it is a proper example of the would-be biter bit.

There are a great many more spectre-ships roaming the seas than those known to us in the familiar legends. Thus the Schleswig-Holsteiners know of one that suddenly appeared and carried off a maiden who was sitting on the shore, weeping for her absent sailor-lover. He was supposed to have been on board the strange bark, for he never returned. And on some of the German lakes and rivers, spectre fishing-boats and nets are quite common.

The Death-ship is also of German origin. She sails about with death's-heads grinning out of

all the portholes and with cross-bones decorating the sails. A skeleton stands on the poop with an hour-glass in his hand; and the crew are the ghosts of sinners who have each to serve one hundred years in each grade on shipboard before they take their turns as captain. No wonder the sight of this cheerful craft is an omen of woe.

Then there is another Death-ship, which, perhaps, may be the same under another name, only she is called the *Navire Libera Nos*. She is shrouded in black, and flies a black flag spangled with white flames. She is commanded by Captain Requiem, and must sail the seas until she is boarded by a Christian crew who will say a mass for the souls of the wanderers.

In Brittany they have the story of a large ship manned by human giants and dogs. The men are lost sinners, condemned for horrible crimes; and the dogs are the demons put over them to watch and torment them. This ship is constantly sailing about, and is never allowed to enter port or cast anchor, and she must go on doing this till the end of the world. Needless to say she is carefully avoided by the pious Bretons, who aver that they often hear the orders of the captain of this ship being shouted through a speaking-trumpet. He has so loud a voice that they can hear him before the craft heaves in sight, and thus are able to make tracks away from her deadly course.

There is also a Spanish spectre. Once the crew of a stately Spanish galleon mutinied and murdered the captain, Don Sandovalle. He was dying with loss of blood and thirst; but when he feebly moaned for water, they mocked him by holding it just beyond his reach. So they were doomed to roam the seas for ever; and those who have seen the phantom galleon say that it is manned by a black captain and a crew of skeletons, who cry out for water incessantly.

There is another Flying Dutchman, named Bernard Fokke, who only began his wanderings a century or two ago. He was a splendid seaman, and very daring, and he made the fastest voyages on record—from Rotterdam to the East Indies in ninety days, then an amazing feat. He wanted to beat his own record, and cased his masts with iron, so as to be able to carry an immense press of sail. But he never came back, having made a league with Satan, who, as usual, won. He is condemned now to beat for ever between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, and has only three spectres to help him to work the ship. When he sights a vessel, he always hails her, but should never be answered.

Allan Cunningham has told of the spectre-ships of the Solway. These were the vessels of two Danish pirates, condemned for their crimes to be wrecked there. The two vessels sailed right in toward the shore, and then sank with all on board. But one night they rose to the surface, and sailed away, all standing, as the sailors say; and once a year they come in again and go through the wrecking once more. There was also another spectral visitant of the Solway, a bark that always appeared to a vessel which is doomed to wreck. It is the phantom-ship of a bridal party that was once maliciously destroyed, and is, as has been alliteratively described, the spectral shallop which always sails

by the side of the ship which the sea is bound to swallow.

In the south and west of England, and notably on the Cornish coast, there are many stories of spectre-ships. Some of them sail over land as well as sea. They are usually visible in tempestuous weather, and are often manned by bad young men who did some desperate deed and then vanished. Sometimes these phantom barks have suddenly carried off notorious wreckers, who grew rich by luring ships ashore with false lights. Only some fifty years ago the captain of a revenue cutter reported that he had passed at sea, off the Devonshire coast, a spectral boat rowed by what appeared to be the ghost of a notorious wizard of the region. The question is, how did the revenue skipper know that the boat was a spectre? He does not seem to have boarded her.

The *Palatine* is an American spectre-ship. She was once a Dutch barque, but was wrecked on Block Island in the year 1752. After sacking her, the wreckers set fire to her and sent her adrift out to sea, although there was still a woman on board who refused to land among such human fiends. Every year, on the anniversary of this shocking deed, the ghost of the *Palatine* is seen blazing away off the Point. And, as Whittier says:

The wise sound-skippers, though skies be fine,
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing wreck of the *Palatine*.

Whittier tells of another American phantom-ship. A young skipper who traded to the Labrador coast in the season fell in love with one of two beautiful sisters who lived with their mother in a secluded bay. Both the sisters, however, fell in love with him, and the elder was jealous that he preferred the younger. So, when the skipper came, by arrangement, to carry off the bride of his choice, the sister shut her up in a room and, closely veiled, went out herself to meet the sailor. It is not until they are far out at sea that the disappointed lover learns how he has been deceived. He turns back at once, but finds his own sweetheart dead. Neither he nor his ship ever returned home.

The Greyport legend is familiar to all readers of Bret Harte's works. He tells of how some children went to play on board of an old hulk, which broke adrift, floated out to sea, and was lost with all its innocent company. When the fogs come down on the coast, the fishermen still hear the voices of the children on board the phantom hulk that drifts along, but never returns.

In the Gulf of St Lawrence they tell of a spectre often seen off Cape d'Espoir. It is a large ship, crowded with soldiers, and on the bowsprit stands an officer, pointing to the shore with one arm, while he supports a woman with the other. Then the lights suddenly go out, a scream is heard, and the ship disappears. This is the ghost of the flagship of the Admiral sent by Queen Anne to reduce the French forts. The fleet was wrecked off this cape, and all hands were lost.

On the Hudson River there is a legend of a spectral boat manned by Ramhout van Dam, who after drinking till midnight one Saturday, swore

that he would row home although it took him a month of Sundays. He never reached home; but he is heard at nights desperately plying his oars on the river, on which he is condemned to row till the day of judgment.

The largest phantom of the deep ever heard of was that of the old Frisians. This was the *Mannifual*, which was so large that the captain had to gallop about on horseback to give his orders, and whose masts were so high that boys going aloft to attend to the sails came down gray-headed men. It was in trying to pass the Strait of Dover that this huge vessel scraped the rocks, and so made the white cliffs of Albion. And yet, perhaps, she was not so large after all as the French phantom *Chasse-Poudre*. This vessel was so long that she took seven years to tack, and her cables were the circumference of St Peter's dome. Twenty thousand men could manœuvre on her maintop; and in order to provision the crew when sent aloft, each block was fitted up as a tavern. But this phantom ship was manned by good and deserving mariners, who found little to do, and plenty meat and drink on board of her.

We have not exhausted the phantoms of the deep, but have given examples of several varieties. That of the Flying Dutchman will always continue to attract most attention, because it has been vested with so many picturesque and awe-inspiring accompaniments.

But the Flying Dutchman is, after all, just the Flying Huntsman and the Wandering Jew in another form. He is, as Mr Moncreux Conway explains, the lineal descendant of the old Norsk demon, Nikke. The sound of the horn of the Wild Huntsman is always, in legend, an omen of evil; the curlew is called the 'Wandering Jew,' because he is never at rest, and his appearance is considered a harbinger of storms; the Flying Dutchman only appears as a portent of woe. But here, for the present at anyrate, we must cease, although much still remains to be said about Sea Spectres.

THE CORAL INDUSTRY.

THE British consul at Naples reports that the famous coral-fisheries of Torre del Greco, near Naples, are rapidly on the decline; the reefs or banks are very much exhausted, and the quantity of coral taken is of very inferior quality, so that great waste and little profit result from its manufacture. When the trade was flourishing, no fewer than five hundred boats, each manned with from ten to twelve men, were equipped at a cost of about four hundred and eighty pounds per boat, and the net gain varied from fifteen to twenty per cent. During 1887 only about one hundred boats were engaged in the fishery, and, though expenses have increased, the profit has diminished fifty per cent. Many of the fishermen formerly employed have emigrated to North and South America, while others have found employment in new callings; the four hundred unused boats are mostly laid up, and the number of work-people employed ashore has fallen from four thousand to one thousand. Nor is this all. Leghorn is another important centre of the coral trade, and the French consul there reports that

the industry is in a bad way. Many houses are closed; the number of work-people employed has fallen from ten thousand to six thousand, and the value of the exports from £451,936 to £124,184, a diminution of about seventy two per cent. It seems, therefore, probable that what was once a busy industry will be reduced to very small proportions.

The polype which yields the ordinary red coral is known to naturalists as the *Corallium rubrum*, and is placed in the family of *Gorgonidae*, or Sea-shrubs, a group of the order *Alcyonaria*. This red coral therefore occupies a different systematic position from that of the common corals, by whose accumulations islands and reefs are built up, and the investigation of which was the late Charles Darwin's first important contribution to scientific knowledge. The red coral found in the Mediterranean is considered the most valuable for commercial purposes, and it is obtained off the coasts of Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, as well as from the French and Italian fisheries. The coral is attached to the submarine rocks by its roots, but the branches grow downward, a conformation favourable to breaking them off from above and drawing them up. The old method of fishing was practised from a felucca by means of a large wooden cross, stoutly made, and with arms of equal length, each bearing a stout bag-net. To the middle of this cross a strong rope was attached, and it was let down into the sea, heavily enough weighted at its centre to cause it to sink. Then one of the fishers dived after it, and pushed one wooden arm after another into the hollows of the rocks, so as to entangle the coral in the nets. When this was satisfactorily done, both cross and diver were pulled up again to the surface, and the nets emptied.

This method of fishing was often very dangerous, especially for the divers, and has now been largely superseded by the introduction of the diving-bell and other machinery, by aid of which the rocks can be more thoroughly cleared of coral. No doubt the use of the latter has done something to hasten the diminution of the supply. It is said that at Cagliari, in Sardinia, seven hundred and ninety-four tons were once got in on a single day; but the Mediterranean is now pretty well explored, and large finds are unusual. In 1880, however, a new reef was discovered at Sciacca, in Sicily, from which enormous quantities were obtained. Its presence was explained by geologists to be due to some submarine eruption which had raised large masses of coral within reach. Unfortunately, the people in the immediate vicinity were ignorant of coral-fishery, and they invited the fishermen of Torre del Greco and Empedocle to instruct them in return for a share in the profit ultimately realised. It was too good an opportunity for the Italians to miss, and they came in such numbers as to necessitate the presence of a man-of-war to keep the peace among the swarming quarrelsome crews. For a few weeks each craft earned about twenty pounds a day. The reef was exhausted after three months' fishing, the value of the coral being estimated at ninety-two thousand pounds. Of this large sum the greater part went to the

Italian fishermen, and the share of the natives in the spoil was inconsiderable.

The coral industry has long been a flourishing one in Italy. So far back as the beginning of the Christian era, a large trade existed with India, in which country coral has always been highly valued, as possessing sacred and occult properties. Pliny tells us that at one time it was largely used by the Gauls for ornamenting weapons and helmets, but that in his day it was rarely seen in Europe, owing to the large Eastern demand. Its consumption in Europe has never been very considerable since, as it seems an article more suitable for barbarian and semi-civilised peoples than for those highly civilised. Still, even at the present day coral and bells for babies are not unknown, and in certain parts of Russia and Turkey a fair quantity is imported. That it has been used for ornamental purposes in this country at times is well ascertained. A curious instance of this fact is contained in a book called *Illustrations of Manners and Expenses of Antient Times in England*, published by Nichols in 1798. It contains 'the inventory of John Port, layt the King's servant,' who died in 1524, the following being enumerated among his possessions: 'Item, of other old gear found in the house: Item, one oz. and $\frac{1}{2}$ of corall, 2s. 6d. Item, a pair of corall beads, gaudied with gaudys of silver and gilt, 10 oz. at 3s. 4d., £1, 13s. 4d.' The value of money was then twelve times as great as at the present time.

At the present day, coral is most largely exported to such countries as Abyssinia, the Congo, the Cape, India and Ceylon, Siberia, China and Japan. The choicest pieces are used for the buttons of Chinese mandarins, or for ornamenting the turbans of rich Mussulmans; while the inferior qualities, sent to less civilised countries, are employed for various purposes. Coral has been often used as money in some quarters, but that use of it is now declining. Barbarous and semi-civilised peoples employ it largely for ornamenting arrows, lances, and pikes, and also for decorating corpses before interment. Prices have varied much of late years, a rapid decline in value having taken place owing to the scarcity of good, and the comparative abundance of inferior qualities.

Besides the loss accruing to the fishermen, the present state of things is very seriously affecting the large number of people employed in preparing the coral for use. As already mentioned, there has been a great decline in the number of women thus engaged at Leghorn; and the same thing is taking place at Naples and Genoa, the other principal seats of the industry. Nowadays, the proportion of inferior quality is so much larger, that fewer persons can manipulate the same quantity. No machinery or mechanical process is employed; but the workwoman takes the pieces into her hands one after the other, and, according to their thickness, quality, and defects, works them into certain forms. Their wages run from sevenpence-halfpenny to 1s. 3d. per day. Val da Bisagno has long been noted for its skilled workers, whose hereditary knack has so far been specialised that the three operations of cutting, piercing, and rounding were distributed among the women of

the various communes considered to be particularly skilful in each of these processes. Asio, for instance, had the cutting process assigned to it; while rounding and piercing have been done by villages farther up the valley. As every country to which coral is exported has, from time immemorial, required a special kind of make, it is only natural to find these and other subdivisions of labour. The beads have sometimes to be made round, and at other times oval or cubical; while they also differ largely in weight and size, according to the market for which they are intended. Bisagno has also workers noted for their skill in cutting the material into facets, and also for the still more difficult art of cutting cameos and engraving the beads for the necklace-makers.

Coral carving is chiefly practised at Trapani; though Joachim Murat, during his short reign at Naples, introduced it into the royal factory at Portici, where great success was achieved in the treatment of mythological and allegorical subjects. Nowadays, however, there is a scarcity of blocks large enough for carving, and the art is in consequence little practised. Any of these operations leaves, of course, minute fragments, useless for further working; but even these have an economic value. They are ground down, scented, and sold at a good price as tooth-powder. All these forms of industry are now seriously suffering, apparently without hope of immediate remedy. It is highly probable that fresh beds of coral are forming, but that is a slow process, which will take generations.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Not in bright abodes alone,
Children's laughing voices ring;
Dreary spots, in shadow thrown,
With their glee are echoing.

Gladdening these dull paths of ours,
Loving work by them is done,
All unconsciously, as flowers
Spread their sweetness to the sun.

Whence all holy influence springs,
Comes the grace that in them lies;
He Who chooses foolish things
Often to confound the wise—

Clothes these little ones with power
Passing wisdom's boasted might;
As He gives each fragrant flower
Wondrous charm of beauty bright.

And the heaven that we desire
Clearest is to those young eyes,
Which, with boundless faith entire,
Upward gaze in trustful wise.

You who would that Kingdom see,
Ering mortal, sin-defiled,
Must in heart and spirit be
Like unto a little child!

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RAILWAY STATIONS.

THE general improvement in Railway Stations has hardly kept pace with the speed and safety of the trains, or with the enhanced comfort of railway carriages. In many instances the stations have been vastly improved, and can take rank as architectural adornments of a town; but many of them still show the same primitive nakedness as they did on the day when they first saw the light, thirty or forty years ago. Birmingham, York, and Preston may well be proud of their stations, for they are the finest structures of the kind in the world, and are hardly likely to be surpassed. York Station has been called 'The North-Eastern Folly;' and if spending more money by thousands over a building than is actually required, and simply for show, can be called folly, the new name is not misapplied. The chief considerations in building a railway station are that it shall afford every convenience to the travelling public; that the offices shall be where they are mostly required; that the different platforms shall be easy to get at; and that the passengers can get from one place to another with ordinary intelligence.

Although the South London lines cannot boast such fine buildings as those that run to the north, their average degree of respectability will be equal, if not greater. No railway in the south having the same traffic can show such a miserable apology for a station as there is at St Dunstan's Junction, in Yorkshire, on the Great Northern Railway; nor can any town in the south having a population of ten thousand feel that it is worse off than Bingley, on the Midland main line, near Bradford.

With the vast populations that there are in Lancashire and Yorkshire, the accommodation in these districts can only be called wretched—that is, when the large towns are excepted. The Midland Company have begun to improve their smaller stations in the West Riding, and Keighley and Shipley are model stations in their way. The former is one of the best arranged in the country,

and should serve as a model for many more. St Pancras is too large, and at times appears a wilderness. Paddington and King's Cross always seem busy, though they lack the grandeur of the former. The Exchange Station, Manchester, is another of those stations that seem to have been built for show. It may do very well for local traffic from Manchester, but what about passengers arriving at Victoria and wanting to catch a train from the Exchange? The walk from one to the other under cover certainly is one of those arrangements not conducive to the good temper or comfort of the public, nor one to make them think highly of the wisdom of railway directors. It is a curiosity; and it is to be hoped that it will remain unique. If Mr Ruskin should ever go that way, the public will doubtless be treated to such a description of it as he only can give, for it beggars the pen of an ordinary mortal.

Junction stations have certainly improved within the last ten years, and well they might, for some of them have been a maze to folks not used to travelling; and to this day, and probably to the end of time, junctions will be counted amongst the nuisances of railway travelling. Clapham Junction is the busiest junction in the world, as far as number of trains passing through it is concerned; but it is not so interesting to the casual observer as Rugby, Crewe, Derby, York, and Carlisle. These may be called long-distance junctions; and when important trains arrive, the life and bustle are most interesting to watch. Passengers' luggage plays a very important part in the every-day work at these stations; and the labels will often show that the owners have gone pretty nearly round the world. Genuine travellers these; but they are seldom seen at Clapham Junction, as this station is almost entirely a local one, and the passengers alighting at it are largely made up of business people going backwards and forwards between their residences and places of business. The same may be said of Finsbury Park and Willesden Junction.

Railway stations have their ups and downs as well as ordinary mortals. To-day a certain

station may be proud of its position as a terminus; to-morrow it is decided to extend the line, and in a short time it will dwindle to a roadside station; or it may be decided that it shall be a junction, when its importance will be greatly increased. Knottingley, between Doncaster and Wakefield, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, was once a very important junction, and all the Great Northern trains for the north used to pass through it; but the West Riding line took away one-half of this traffic, and the line to Selby the other half, and the Great Northern is now represented there by two or three trains a day. Building and rebuilding stations is a very heavy item of expenditure, and one not to be indulged in lightly; but there is a case on record where a runaway train knocked down a station that was in sad need of being rebuilt, much to the joy of the inhabitants of the town, who had come to the conclusion that only such a catastrophe could bring about the desired end; and it did.

But with all their faults, the railways of this country are immeasurably ahead of those on the Continent, and save on a few points, are to be preferred to the colossal concerns on the American continent. The system of railway travelling in America may suit the Americans, but it is hardly likely ever to be copied throughout in this country.

Railway stations are used now by the public for other purposes than travelling. The Book-stall is an attraction to many people; and the Refreshment Room is well patronised by young men whose thoughts are not on travelling bent. The fire in the General Waiting Room often gives warmth to those who have not the means to provide even a few coals for their own desolate hearth.

But the most important use of a station, after travelling purposes are concerned, is that of a meeting-place. Every class of people make appointments at railway stations, and there conduct their business 'on the cheap;' and not business only, for more than one of our London termini might well be called 'The Lovers' Trysting Place.' Any observer can see this at both Charing Cross and Victoria Stations. Some of these people may be going by train; but there is no doubt that a vast number of people use the comfort of a railway station without helping in any way towards the expenses incurred by the companies in providing this accommodation. These are some of the public privileges of our British railways denied on foreign lines, and so long as they are not abused, they are not likely to be withdrawn.

Fifty years ago refreshment rooms were the only sign of trade being carried on at a railway station; but food for the body was soon found to be insufficient, and Messrs W. H. Smith & Sons and others catered for the mind. Now there is a tendency to extend the shopkeeping business at our large stations; and if it should ever be necessary for railway companies to look about for means of raising a dividend, the rent-roll from shops on station platforms would be an acceptable departure from their orthodox business of general carriers.

There are some stations which have an importance attached to them far beyond their traffic-

earning capacity. Windsor, Wolferton, Esher, and Chislehurst are some of these. No station in the world has been visited by so many celebrities during the last fifty years as Windsor, on the Great Western Railway. Sovereigns from every quarter of the globe, distinguished statesmen, officers, savants, poets, and travellers of all nationalities, have arrived at this station to visit England's Queen; and if a record had been kept, the list would for many reasons be an interesting one.

Wolferton, on the Great Eastern Railway, is the station used by the Prince of Wales, and its importance and most of its revenue is owing to this fact. Esher and Chislehurst are interesting stations in so far that they were once used by two exiled French monarchs, Louis-Philippe, who resided at Claremont House, and Napoleon III., who resided and died at Chislehurst.

In years to come, railway stations may play a part in the history of our country; but whether they do or not, one thing is certain, and that is, that such places are mixed up in the daily life of most of us, and are the stages whereon many a drama of human life is played in reality. Joy and sorrow, love-scenes and tragedies, have been witnessed on that public stage the Station platform.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XX.—I SEARCH THE WRECK.

THERE could be very little doubt that the drift of a light empty shell of a wreck with a yard and mast and shrouds forward for the wind to catch hold of would be considerable in such weather as this. Helped by the blows of the seas, she might easily blow dead to leeward, in the trough as she was, at the rate of some three to four miles in the hour, so that daybreak would find her forty or fifty miles distant from the spot where we had boarded her. However, I comforted myself with the reflection that the commanders of the two ships would have a clear perception of such a drift as I calculated, and allow for it in the search they would surely make for the hull. I had but one fear: that the cutter had been seen leaving the wreck, for there was an interval at least of a minute or two between her dropping astern and manœuvring with her three masts and her envelopment by the fog. If, then, she had been sighted, the inference would inevitably be that Miss Temple, Colledge, and myself were in her; and so the hunt would be for the cutter, without reference to the hull, with every prospect of the search carrying the ships miles below the verge of our horizon.

Meanwhile, as I stood in that doorway looking into the blackness over the sides, I bent my ear anxiously forward; but though there were constant shocks of the sea sniting the bow, I never caught the noise of water falling in weight enough upon the deck to alarm me. The leap of the surge seemed to be always forward of the fore-shrouds, and the ducking and tossing of the fabric was so nimble, and the pouring of the

blast so steadfast, that nearly all the water that sprang to the blow of the bow was carried overboard by the wind. This was about as comforting an assurance as could come to me; for I tell you it was enough to turn one's heart into lead to look into that starless wall of blackness close against the ship, to see nothing but the pallid glimmer of froth, to hearken to the noises in the air, to feel the sickening and dizzy heavings of the sea, and then realise that this hull had been struck by lightning, that the fore-part of her was burnt into a thin case of charred timbers, and that all three hatches in her, together with the skylight, lay open and yawning like the mouths of wells to the first rush of sea that should tumble over the side.

I will not feign to remember how that night passed. The tall wax candle burnt bravely and lasted long; but the guttering of it to the circlings of the air in the extremity of the cabin, obliged me to light another before the night was spent. It a little encouraged Miss Temple to be able to see. Once the candle was blown out; and when I had succeeded in lighting it afresh, after a few minutes of groping and hunting and manoeuvring with my tinder-box, I looked at the girl, and knew by the horror that shone in her eyes, and the marble hardness in the aspect of her parted lips, as though her mouth were some carved expression of fear, how heart-subduing had that short spell of blackness proved. From time to time she would ask for a little wine, which she sipped as though thirstily, but she swallowed a few drops only, as if she feared that the wine, by heating her, would increase her thirst; yet when I spoke of going below to seek for some fresh water, she begged me not to leave her.

'It is the memory of the body that sat at this table which makes loneliness insupportable to me, Mr Dugdale,' she exclaimed. 'I seemed to see the dreadful object when the candle went out. I thought I had more spirit. I am but a very weak woman, after all.'

'I do not think so,' said I; 'you are bearing this frightful trial very nobly. How would it be with some girls I know? They would be swooning away; they would be exhausting themselves in cries; they would be tearing themselves to pieces in hysterics. And how is it with me? Sometimes I am frightened to death, but not with fears of darkness or of the dead. I am certain we shall be rescued; this hull is making excellent weather of it; there is food and drink below, yet I am filled with consternation and grief. Why should it be otherwise? We are creatures of nerves, and this is an experience to test the courage of a saint.'

Well, we would exchange a few sentences after this pattern, and then fall silent for a whole hour at a time. She never closed her eyes throughout the night. Whenever I glanced at her, I met her gaze brilliant with emotion. The change was so sudden that I found it impossible to fully realise it. When I thought of Miss Temple aboard the *Countess Ida*, her haughtiness, her character of almost insolent reserve, how she had hardly found it in her to address me with an accent of courtesy, her ungracious treatment of me after the service I had done her in rescuing her from a perilous situation: I say

when I recalled all this and a deal more, and then viewed her as she sat opposite, crouching in a corner, supporting herself by grasping the table with her heavily-ringed fingers, the high-born delicate beauty of her lineaments showing like some cameo in ivory, and reflected that she and I were absolutely alone, that it might come to her owing her life to me, or that we might be doomed to miserably perish together—this girl, this unapproachable young lady, at whom I had been wont to stare furtively with fascinated eyes on board the *Indiaman* for long spells at a stretch—I could not bring my mind to credit the reality of our situation.

Occasionally I would edge to the door and look out, but there was never anything to see.

All night long it blew a strong wind; but shortly before daybreak it fined down on a sudden into a light air out of the south-west, leaving a troubled rolling sea behind it. It was still very thick all round the horizon, so that from the door of the deck-house my gaze scarcely penetrated a distance of two miles. It was no longer fog, however, but cloud, sullen, low-lying, here and there shaping out; a familiar tropical dawn in these parallels, though it made one think too of the smotherers you fall in with on the edge of the Gulf Stream.

I stepped on deck to wait for the light to break, and Miss Temple came to the door to look also. The hull still rolled violently, but without the dangerous friskiness of the jumps, recoils, and staggering recoveries of the night, when there was a sharp sea running as well as a long heaving swell. My heart was in my gaze as the dim faintness came sifting into the darkness of the east. In a few minutes it was a gray morn, the sea an ugly lead, and the horizon all round of the aspect of a drizzling November day in the English Channel. We both swept the water with our eyes, again and again looking, straining our vision against the dim distance; but to no purpose.

'Do you see anything?' exclaimed Miss Temple.

'No,' I answered; 'there is nothing in sight.'

'Oh, my heart will break!' she cried.

'We must wait a while,' said I: 'this sort of weather has a trick of clearing rapidly, and it may be all bright sky and wide shining surface of ocean long before noon: then we shall see the ships, and they will see us. But this is a low level. Something may heave into view from the height of that mast. I shall not be long gone. Be careful to hold on firmly, Miss Temple; nay, oblige me by sitting in the deck-house. Should you relax your grasp, a sudden roll may carry you overboard.'

In silence and with a face of despair, she took her seat on a locker, and very warily I made my way forwards. We had taken but a brief view of the hull when we boarded her, and the appearance of her towards the bows was new to me. There were twenty signs of her having been swept again and again by the seas. No doubt, her hatches had been uncovered, that her people might rummage her before going away in her boats; and the covers, for all I could tell, might have been rolled overboard by some of her violent workings. Yet it was certain that she must have been swept when her hatches

were covered, or the lieutenant would not have found her with a dry hold. But I had been long enough at sea to know that it is the improbable conjecture that oftenest fits the fact of a marine disaster.

I took a view of the foremast, to make sure that all was sound with it, and then sprang into the shrouds and gained the top. Some few feet of the splintered topmast still stood, and under the platform at which I had arrived the foreyard swang drearily to its overhauled braces hanging in bights. There was no more to see here than from the deck. The thick atmosphere receded nothing, and would have been as impenetrable had I climbed a thousand feet. It was like being in the heart of an amphitheatre of sulky shadows. The water rolled foamless, and there was little more air to be felt than was made by the sickeningly monotonous swing of the solitary spar from whose summit I explored the near ocean limits in all directions, frowning to the heart-breaking intensity of my stare. Then, thought I, we *are* alone! and if we are to be picked up by either of the ships, it will not be to-day, nor maybe to-morrow!

I glanced down at the deck of the hull, and observed that the sides of the fore-hatch were black with extinguished fire. The head-rail was gone, and from the eyes of her to the deck-house aft the fabric had a fearfully wrecked look, with its mutilated bulwark stanchions, its yawning hatchways, its dislocated capstan, and other details of a like kind, all helping to a fearful wildness of appearance to one who viewed, as I did from an eminence, the crazy, fire-blackened, dismasted old basket, that wallowed as though every heel of swell which rolled at her must overwhelm and drown her hollow interior.

I again sent my eyes in another passionate search, then descended. As I sprang from the shrouds on to the deck, my eye was taken by the brig's bell, that dangled from a frame close against the foremast. Dreading lest an increase in the swell should start it off into ringing in some dismal hour of gloom and heighten Miss Temple's misery and terrors, I unhooked the tongue of it and threw it down, and rejoined my companion, whose white face put the piteous question of her heart to me in silence.

'No,' said I, swaying in front of her as I held on to the door; 'there is nothing to be seen.'

'Oh, it is hard! it is hard!' she cried. 'If one could only recall a few hours—be able to go back to yesterday! I do not fear death: but to die thus—to drown in that dreadful sea—no one to be able to tell how I perished.' She sobbed, but with dry eyes.

There was no reasoning with such a fit of despair as this, nor was it possible for me to say anything out of which she might extract a grain of comfort, seeing that I could but speak conjecturally, and with no other perception than was to be shaped by the faint light of my own hopes. My heart was deeply moved by her misery. Her beauty showed wan, and was inexpressibly appealing with its air of misery. The effects of the long and fearful vigils of the night that was gone were cruelly visible in her. There

was a violet shadow under her eyes, her lips were pale, her lids drooped, her hair hung in some little disorder about her brow and ears; her very dress seemed significant of shipwreck, mocking the eye with what the grim usage of the sea had already transformed into mere ironical finery. Yet there was too much of the nature she had familiarised me to on board the Indianan still expressed in the natural haughty set of her lips, charged as they were with the anguish that worked in her, to win me to any attempt of tender reassurance. I watched her dumbly, though my soul was melted into pity. Presently she looked at me.

'I suppose there is nothing to be done, Mr Dugdale.'

'Indeed, then,' said I, 'there is a deal to be done. First of all, you must cheer up your heart, which you will find easy if you can credit me when I tell you that this hull is perfectly buoyant; that though the weather is thick and gloomy, the sun as he gains power is certain to open out the ocean to us; that there are two ships close at hand searching for us; that there are provisions enough below to enable us to support life for days, and perhaps weeks; and that, even if the Indianan or the corvette fail to fall in with us, we are sure to be sighted by one of the numerous vessels which are daily traversing this great ocean highway. What, then, are we to do but compose our minds, exert our patience, keep a bright lookout, be provided with means for signalling our distress, and meanwhile not to suffer our unfortunate condition to starve us?—And that reminds me to overhaul the pantry for something better than biscuit to break our fast with.'

A softness I should have thought impossible to the spirited fires of her eyes when all was well with her entered her gaze for a moment as it rested upon me, and a faint smile flickered upon and vanished off her lips; but she did not speak, and I dropped through the hatch to ascertain if the pantry could yield us something more nourishing than ship's bread.

The sullenness of the day without lay in gloom below. I was forced to return for a candle, with which I entered the little cabin that I had visited on the previous day; but when I came to make a search, I could find nothing more to eat than cheese, biscuit, and marmalade. There was a number of raw hams, but the galley was gone, and there was no means to cook them. There were two casks of flour, a sack of some kind of dried beans, and a small barrel of moist sugar. These matters had probably been overlooked when the crew hurriedly removed themselves from the brig. No doubt, at the time of jettisoning such commodities as the hold might have stored they had broken out as much food and water as they could take with them. There was more than a bottle of wine in the deck-house; down here, stowed away in straw and secured by a batten, were some three or four more of full bottles, all, I supposed, containing the same generous liquor contained in the first of them we had tasted. But there was no fresh water. I sought with diligence, but to no purpose. Possibly the people might have left some casks of it in the hold; but that was a search I would not at present undertake.

I took some cheese and marmalade and another handful of biscuits, along with a knife and a couple of tin dishes. As I passed through the cabin, the light of the candle I held glanced upon a stand of small-arms fixed just abaft the short flight of the hatch ladder. There were some thirty to forty muskets of an old-fashioned make, even for those days; and on either hand of them, swinging in tiers or rows from nails or hooks in the bulkhead, were a quantity of cutlasses, half-pikes, tomahawks, and other items of the grim machinery of murder. I placed the food upon the deck-house table.

'A shabby repast, Miss Temple,' said I; 'but we may easily support life on such fare until we are rescued.'

She ate some biscuit and marmalade and drank a little wine; but she incessantly sent her gaze through the windows or the open door, and sighed frequently in tremulous respirations; and sometimes there would enter a singular look of bewilderment into the expression of her eyes, as though her mind at such moments failed her, and did but imperfectly understand our situation. I would then fear that the horror which possessed her might end in breaking down her spirits, and even dement her, indeed. Already her eyes were languid with grief and want of rest, and such strength and life as they still possessed seemed weakened yet by the shadowing of the long fringes. I endeavoured to win her away from her thoughts by talking to her.

I possessed a pocket-book, which supplied me with pencil and paper, and I drew a diagram of the two ships and the wreck's position, as I was best able to conceive it, and made arrows to figure the direction of the wind, and marked distances in figures, and enlarged freely and heartily upon our prospects, pointing with my pencil to the paper whilst I talked. This interested her. She came round to the locker on which I sat, and placed herself beside me, and leaned her face near to mine, supporting her head by her elbow whilst she gazed with eyes riveted to the paper, listening thirstily. I had never had her so close to me before, saying that day when we swung together on to the hencoop; but then it was a constrained situation, and she had let me know that it was very distasteful to her. It was far otherwise now. She was near me of her own will; I felt her warm breath on my cheek; the subtle fragrance of her presence was in the air I respired. I talked eagerly to conceal the emotions she excited, and I felt the blood hot in my face when I had made an end with my diagram, and drew a little away to restore the book to my pocket.

She now seemed able and willing to converse, but she did not offer to leave my side.

'Suppose the ships are unable to find us, Mr Dugdale?'

'Some other vessel is certain to fall in with us.'

'But she may be bound to a part of the world very remote from India or England?'

'True,' said I; 'but as she jogs along, she may encounter a vessel proceeding to England, into which we shall be easily able to tranship ourselves.'

'How tedious! We may have to wander for months about the ocean!'

'It is always step by step, Miss Temple, in this life. Let us begin at the beginning, and quit this wreck at any rate.'

'All my luggage is in the Indianan. How I am to manage I cannot conceive,' said she, running her eyes over her dress and lifting her hand to her hat.

'Pray, let no such consideration as dress trouble you. The experience will gain in romance from our necessities, and you will be able to read *Robinson Crusoe* with new enjoyment.'

She faintly smiled, with just a hint of peevishness in the curl of her lip.

'If this be romance, Mr Dugdale, may my days henceforth, if God be merciful enough to preserve us, be steeped in the dullest prose.'

'I wonder where Colledge and the cutter's crew are?' said I.

'I do not think,' she exclaimed, 'if Mr Colledge were in your place he would show your spirit.'

'He was a great favourite of yours, Miss Temple.'

'Not great. I rather liked him. I knew some of his connections. He was an amiable person. I did not know that he was engaged to be married.'

I was astonished that she should have said this; but I was eager to encourage her to talk, and in our state of misery it could signify but little what topic we lighted upon.

'Did he inform you he was engaged?' said I.

'No. I perceived it in his looks, when his cousin asked him the question.—Did he ever tell you who the young lady was?' she added listlessly, and though she spoke of the thing, it was easy to see that she was without interest in it.

I could not tell a lie, and silence would have been injurious to my wishes for her. Besides, she had guessed the truth by no help from me, and then, again, our situation rendered the subject exquisitely trifling and insignificant.

'Yes,' I replied; 'we were cabin fellows, and intimate. He showed me the girl's portrait—a plump, pretty little woman. Her name is Fanny Crawley, daughter of one of the numberless Sir Johns or Sir Thomases of this age.'

She was looking through the cabin door at the sea, and scarcely seemed to hear or to heed me. Am I strictly honourable in this? thought I. Pshaw! it was no moment to consider the rights and wrongs of such a thing. Her discovery had freed me from all obligation of secrecy, and what I had stipulated she would have easily been able to ascertain for herself on her return home, if, indeed, home was ever to be viewed again by either of us.

'What horrible weather,' she exclaimed, bringing her eyes to my face; 'there is no wind, and the sea rolls like liquid lead. When you were at sea, were you ever in a situation of danger such as this?'

'This is an uneasy time,' said I; 'but do not call it a situation of danger yet. I am going shortly to overhaul the wreck. I must keep her afloat until we are taken off her.'

'How long were you at sea, Mr Dugdale?'

'Two years.'

'Is your father a sailor?'

'No; my father is dead. He was captain

in the 38th Regiment of Foot, and was killed in Burma.'

There was a kind of dawning of interest in her eyes, an expression I had not noticed when she talked of Colledge and his engagement.

'My father was in the army too,' said she; 'but he saw very little service. Is your mother living?'

'She is.'

She sighed bitterly, and hid her face whilst she exclaimed: 'Oh, my poor mother! my poor mother! How little she knows! And she was so reluctant to let me leave her.' She sighed again deeply, and let her hands fall, and then sank into silence.

AN AUSTRALIAN WOOLSHED.

By 'AN OLD CHUM.'

EVERY day Australia becomes better known. The completion of telegraphic communication, and the magnificent steamers of the P. and O., Orient, and other lines have largely conduced to that result; visits, too, from Australian cricketers, footballers, and rowing men have all tended to awaken and keep alive our interest in this far southern land. A voyage to Australia is a very simple affair in these days, and it has been 'done' by prince and politician, by historian and divine, by lecturer and actor; while no professed 'globe-trotter' thinks his tour complete unless the antipodes are included in his programme. Many books have been written, too, about the 'sunny south'; but it is a hard matter for a visitor to form correct impressions of so vast a country, where his stay is mostly for a few short months, sometimes, indeed, for only weeks, and the greater part of that time spent in the towns. Under such circumstances, then, it is not surprising that the colonist on visiting the 'old country' should often be amused, and sometimes just a little bit indignant, at the ignorance displayed by the 'home people' in matters more particularly appertaining to up-country life in Australia.

Let me try to familiarise some of these scenes to the readers of *Chambers's*—for many a well-thumbed copy of the *Journal* finds its way into the back-blocks, and is passed from hand to hand, cheering and enlivening the lonely hours of the solitary boundary rider, or tired-out Jackaroo (the young man getting experience is so called).

The time for gathering in the great wool harvest of Australasia varies in the different districts, according to climatic conditions, and there is hardly any time of the year during which shearing is not going on somewhere. Queensland and the far north of South Australia begin in January, February, and March; New South Wales takes up the tale; Victoria follows suit; and New Zealand is still 'at it' when Christmas comes round.

The description of one Australian woolshed, and the manner of conducting the work, will serve for all, though there are differences in the make and shape of the buildings and in the mode of working. But these differences are of

little importance, and are mostly matters of individual taste, one man holding one style of building to be the best suited for the purpose, while another man of equally great experience will favour a different one.

I shall say nothing at present of the great shearers' strikes, but take it for granted that on the large station or sheep-run we are going to visit everything is working smoothly, and the shearing agreement found satisfactory by employer and employed. There has been a grand season; feed is plentiful; the weather—as it can be just at this time—is perfection, and all looks most promising for a start.

The woolshed and huts where the shearers and shed-hands live during the shearing season stand—the shed on a slight eminence—about one mile from the homestead. We will go and examine these. The shed we find to be one of the usual sort in Australia, namely, what is called a T-shed from its shape, the long portion of the letter forming the main building, substantially built of wood or stone, with lofty iron roof. Down each side is a clear space some ten feet in width, technically known as 'the board.' Here the shearers work. The centre of the shed is divided down the middle and across into conveniently sized pens, where the great body of the sheep stand; and next the 'board' on each side are what are called the 'catching' pens, from which the shearers opposite take their sheep as they want them. These smaller pens are filled up when empty by the 'shed-yarder.' All these sheep-pens are floored with battens placed a little distance apart, in order to permit all dirt to get away. The top of the letter represents the end of the shed, wherein are situated the tables on which are spread out the fleeces as they are shorn off by the shearers, and picked up by the boys, called 'pickers-up.' Behind these tables, which stretch across the shed from 'board' to 'board,' stand the wool-rollers or 'skirters' (facing the shearers), whose business it is to take off any dirty or inferior wool from the fleeces. These are then neatly rolled up inside out and placed on the classifier's table behind. He again places them in bins according to their quality, whence they are taken by the wool-pressers to be packed in bales, sewn up, marked, and numbered. They then pass to the 'dump,' which much reduces the size of the bales, which are now secured by iron bands and are ready for removal.

On leaving the woolshed, we observe, some few hundred yards away, a small wooden building, which is the 'woolshed store.' Here, for the convenience of the shearers, are kept all the odds and ends they may require while the shearing lasts—sheep-shears, oil, oilstones, tobacco, matches, slop-clothes, drugs, &c. A large body of men is clustered round the door. The roll has been called, the 'agreement' declared satisfactory, and shears, oil, and stone are being sold to the men. This takes a long time; for the shearers is a most particular person, and adopts all sorts of 'dodges' known to the craft with the view of testing the quality of the tools. However, all are at length satisfied, and the men wend their way in twos and threes towards their 'huts' to 'rig up' their shears and eat a hearty tea, or supper as it is called, of beef or mutton

and vegetables, with an unlimited supply of tea and bread and the much-loved 'brownie'—ordinary bread sweetened with brown sugar. All are in the best of spirits, and a variety of subjects are discussed—the weather, politics, the shed 'boss,' the cook's qualities, former triumphs in the shearing-line—'when I was ringer at Malloola' (namely, was leading shearers); while two or three have been down to the woolshed to inspect the runs—which are usually shorn first—and give their several opinions as to what the sheep will be like from a shearers' point of view.

It may be here mentioned that the usual price paid for shearing in Australia is from twelve to fifteen shillings per hundred sheep when the men are found in cook and rations, and twenty shillings when they find themselves. A good cook—in the latter case elected by the men—is perhaps the most important element at shearing-time, for it means the peace and quietness associated with well-prepared meals, at the minimum cost, and little wasted.

As night advances, silence steals over all. The last of the 'slush'-lamps is extinguished, the last game of euchre, or 'ante-up,' played, and all hands seeking their 'bunks,' roll themselves in their blankets, and are soon fast asleep, dreaming of to-morrow's start and the big 'tallies' they will make 'once they get their hands in.'

When the light is good enough, work starts at six A.M., and as we look out from the overseer's cottage a little before that hour we find the sun just rising. The scene is indeed a lovely one: the well-grassed plains and ridges, speaking of Nature's bounty in the shape of an ample rainfall, are dotted here and there with lordly gum, feathery 'she-oak,' and stately pine-tree; while in the 'dreamer distance' the sky-line is broken by a range of hills, and we recall poor Gordon's lines as we fill our lungs in this land of pure atmosphere with a 'dew-laden air-draught resembling a long draught of wine.'

At shearing-time, on large runs, all the shearers live and mess by themselves, being in the nature of contractors; while the other hands connected with the working of the shed—such as yarders, pickers-up, wool-rollers, branders, &c., are paid weekly wages, and the station-owner finds them in cook and rations. They mess and sleep in huts apart from the shearers, and are termed 'rouseabouts.' The 'rouseabout' cook has also the care of the woolshed overseer and his assistant on his hands; and as six o'clock draws near, we see him approaching with a flagon, or 'billy' as it is termed, of steaming hot coffee in his hand, and the usual slices of 'brownie' or 'cake.' On these we gratefully break our fast, and the more satisfactorily when we remember that all hands have likewise been refreshed. As we walk across to the woolshed we notice streams of men issuing from the shearers' and rouseabouts' huts; and on entering the shed we find some of the shearers already at their respective places. These have been balloted for on the previous day, and no man is allowed to make any change without permission of the shed-manager. Each shearer has his own little doorway or opening, through which he passes his sheep when shorn into a long narrow pen outside, fenced off from his neighbours. Presently every shearers' has arrived;

the pickers-up, with so many shearers apportioned to each to attend upon; the wool-rollers ready at their tables, and all watching eagerly the movements of the manager as he advances watch in hand to ring the bell. The bell rings; the shearers dart into the respective sheep-pens allotted to them, and bring out the seemingly most easily to be shorn sheep they can select in the hurry of the moment, place it on its rump, and shearing has fairly commenced.

And what a busy scene it is; and how strong the contrast presented between the desolateness and the silence of yesterday morning and the liveliness and the activity of to-day. As a rule, the men take things easily at first, for the eager man is apt to 'knock his hand up,' and anyway runs are not to be hurried over. They are desirous, too, at least most of them, of doing fair work and of finding the 'boss's' measure, which they very soon do. From long experience I am of opinion that it is quite as often the fault of the shed manager, by his want of tact and firmness, as the fault of the men that has produced unpleasantness during the shearing-season. Men are but human all the world over; and as the shearers are paid by the number of sheep he shears, time to him is money, and he tries, naturally enough, to shear as many sheep as he possibly can, so long as his style 'suits.' On the other hand, the position of shed-manager is by no means an enviable one, for it is his object to get 'all the wool off'—in short, he has to please his employer and to please the men under his charge as well. It is not an easy matter always, and generally he is glad when shearing is over.

We are roused from these reflections as we are pacing up and down the shearing-board with the manager, who from now to the finish will there devote his time, by the cry from several shearers of 'Wool,' 'Take this fleece away,' as they turn out their sheep and rouse any of the pickers-up—usually boys—who may have been 'dreaming of home and mother' far away. By a dexterous movement, the fleece, divested of the belly-piece and 'trimmings'—which are removed and packed separately—is gathered up and spread well on the roller's table, there to be 'skirted' and rolled and passed to the classer. Presently, fleece after fleece comes pouring in as the slower shearers finish, and now, indeed, each man has to 'move himself,' the pickers-up to keep the floor perfectly clear from fleeces, the sweeper to keep it clean from the pieces, the wool-roller to skirt and to roll properly, and yet to allow none of his work to accumulate. It is enough to bewilder the unaccustomed eye. The bell rings at eight for breakfast. No shearers may catch another sheep; and in a few minutes after, the last sheep is 'off the board,' the fleece rolled, all swept up and tidy, and we are off to breakfast. For this, one hour is allowed. It is a most substantial meal, as indeed they all are, consisting of chops or steak, or some other meat-dish, any quantity of bread, and the inevitable 'brownie,' washed down by large draughts of tea, which is made in buckets and drunk out of tin pints or pannikins. It is really astonishing the quantity of this that a shearers' in 'good-going order' will get through in the day, and I doubt if there is any country in the world, perhaps not even Russia, where the consumption of tea per head exceeds

that of Australia. Let us note as the day progresses the amount each shearer, as a rule, imbibes. Before starting in the morning to work, we will remember that he had his pint of coffee or tea; and as he marched down to the shed at six A.M. we might have noticed that he was 'doubly armed,' with a pair of shears in one hand and a pint of tea (or coffee) in the other. But for the rest of the day it will be all tea. At breakfast he will, on the average, have a pint and a half; and as he reappears in the shed after that meal, he is again armed with his pint. Of course, there are exceptions to this, but it is true as a rule. We must remember, also, that shearing is very hard work, and the days are warm. The men perspire freely, and this probably prevents much ill effect.

At nine the bell rings to 'go on;' and the work proceeds till twenty minutes past ten, when an interval of twenty minutes is allowed for 'smoke oh!' at which time the cook's mate, or 'slushy' as he is called, appears with buckets of tea to refresh the workers. The manager takes advantage of this to walk round the pens outside, inspect the shearing as a whole, and if the pens are getting filled up with the sheep, count them out, putting down the number in each pen against the name of the man shearing into it. The sheep are then branded with the owner's distinguishing mark in oil and ruddle, or some similar composition; and when a sufficient number is ready to make up a good 'mob,' taken to their various 'paddocks,' no doubt intensely pleased that for them shearing is over for another year.

Dinner takes place at twelve or half-past to the accompaniment of *more* tea, at the conclusion of which the tea-armed shearers return to work. At twenty minutes past two or so, there is another 'smoke oh!' and *more* tea, after which work goes on till four, when a somewhat longer interval occurs, and the cook's mates appear again with what is called 'lunch,' which ushers in our old friend 'brownie,' or perhaps 'cake' and *plenty* tea.

According to the duration of light, the shearing for the day is over at from thirty minutes past five to six, when the men leave the shed with their shears and their empty 'teacup.' Supper follows almost at once, and *more* tea; and from this time till turning-in there are more or less frequent adjournments to the tea-buckets, which are replenished from time to time by the obliging cook and his assistants.

But the tea has rather distracted our attention from our main subject.

Woolsheds generally have sufficient space to contain a supply of sheep that will last till well on in the day; but when the weather is fine and settled, it is bad policy to 'crum' the shed full, and 'fresh' sheep are brought up at intervals. They are much more easily shorn coming in 'full-bellied.' Sometimes a 'stop' occurs on account of rain, and then while the sheep are drying, the men are at first a little at a loss to know what to do with themselves; but they soon find something to do in the shape of riding, running races, and other sports, though too many, I fear, resort to card-playing and various forms of gambling, in which large sums are lost and won; and it is not uncommon for an unfortunate shearer after five or six weeks' hard work

to leave the shed penniless owing to his wretched infatuation. From time to time we are favoured by callers from other sheds, who have finished at their various places and have come over to us to see what the 'cut' is like—namely, whether our 'boss' is very hard to please, or the reverse. Then every now and again men are discharged for persistent bad shearing. This they call 'getting the bullet' or being 'shot.' As a rule, the parting is taken quite philosophically by both employer and employed, and the man's place soon filled, while he tries his luck somewhere else where they may not be so 'pertikler.'

Some men 'follow shearing' literally all the year, with perhaps two to three months' 'spell' or rest, starting in the north and finishing up in New Zealand. Others are small farmers, or the sons of farmers, out to earn a little addition to their income.

The last year or two have witnessed the introduction and complete success of Wolseley's sheep-shearing machine. I cannot now notice it at length; suffice it to say that by its means shears are dispensed with, the wool taken off evenly quite close to the skin—much closer than the most careful shearing with shears—the animal is very rarely cut, and the fleece is shorn off uninjured by 'twice-cutting.' Lastly, it harms the men in no way, but merely puts a better tool into their hands, without diminishing the amount of labour required, and it is as fast as the old shears.

But our shearing is drawing to a close, thanks to good management on both sides. We have had a fair 'cut' all along from the day we started on the rams, through the wethers to the ewes and lambs—the paradise of shearers—and yet we are not sorry it is over and the last day arrived. The 'boss' is down from the head station with the cheque-book, and—tell it not—perhaps the bottle, to settle with the men and give them a parting glass; and for many long months the 'Malloola' woolshed will relapse again into that repose from which six weeks ago we roused it.

THE HOSPITALERS.

CHAPTER II.

MANY of the old mansions of the Welsh Borders bear to this day the sign and symbol of a bygone martial age. Most of the castles, such as Goodrich and Raglan, have long since become nothing but historical and romantic ruins; but where some of the great houses have remained in prosperous hands, the feudal character in many instances still obtains.

And perhaps one of the most perfect specimens along the whole length of Offa's Dyke is Fotheryngsby Court. Built originally of some dark stone, almost impervious to the onslaught of time, and repaired at frequent periods by succeeding Fotheryngsbys, the house, or rather castle, presents to this day perhaps the most perfect specimen of a border fortress. It stands upon a gentle eminence, commanding a wide and beautiful stretch of country, protected by a moat, which is crossed by a drawbridge, bounded by a green-courtyard, now

devoted to nothing more warlike than the exercising of horses; and beyond this again lies the Court, flanked by a forest of gigantic elms, where a colony of herons have formed their noisy republic. The moat, no longer a blank watery ditch, is clear and deep, with feathery ash and alder shading the water-lilies, a smooth tarn filled with many kinds of fish. The house itself, with a central tower and widely spreading battlements, seems to have lost its frown, as it looks down upon the sloping lawns and trim parterres all ablaze with scarlet geranium and lobelia, rioting in the huge stone vases on the terrace. Where once the vassals gathered together at the sound of horn, or the warning fires burning on the battlements, long stretches of greensward bear thin white lines, denoting a gentler pastime; the great quadrangle is now a rose-garden, with grassy paths between, the gray walls sheltering the delicate cream and yellow and crimson blooms, so that the winds of heaven may not visit their sweetness too roughly.

Inside, the old mediæval character is still maintained, with so much of modern art and culture as lends an air of comfort to the place. The house, with its dusky oak and chain-armour and stained glass, had no appearance of ruin or disaster, nothing to show that the last of the Fotheryngbys was gone and that an alien reigned in his stead, master of his very house, proprietor of every stick and stone within the Court.

But the fortunate young owner of all this majestic beauty was occupied with other thoughts, as he sat in his library, where no work, literary or otherwise had yet been done, save when a harassed Fotheryngsy indicted epistles to hungry creditors. Hugh Debenham was thinking nothing of this as he sat with a blank sheet of note-paper before him and an unlighted cigar between his teeth. Seated opposite to him, and watching his moody countenance with ill-disguised anxiety, was a lady, a haughty-looking dame, whose flashing black eyes and dark hair proclaimed the fact, as a glance at the young man would show, that their relationship was a close one.

Hugh Debenham looked up and laughed uneasily. 'I daresay I am very much to blame,' said he, with some traces of sarcasm underlying the words; 'still, you know, it was not my fault I was born with a heart. If you only saw—'

'There; spare me the gushing details. If you were five years younger I should know how to deal with you; but as it is— Still, I am only wasting words, as we both very well know. Really, Hugh, I cannot understand your going through the solemn farce of consulting me in the matter.'

'No? I have a fancy to ask my mother's opinion upon these questions—another proof of my being old-fashioned and out of date. We won't quarrel, however; because there is small probability of your being deposed, from your high state at present. A man can't very well marry a girl who hides herself away from him, as Sylvia has done.'

Mrs Debenham looked around her with a sigh of satisfaction. The idea of any one but a damsel of the bluest blood presiding over the destinies of the house of Debenham was utterly repugnant to her patrician soul. Still at the same

time it seemed a strange thing that any girl, and especially one of lowly station, should have the audacity to scorn the handsome and gallant owner of such a place as Fotheryngsby.

'I cannot help respecting her,' returned the lady more cheerfully. 'She displayed a most lady-like feeling in doing as she has done.'

'But, my dear mother, she is a lady. There is no doubt of that.'

'There are ladies and ladies,' Mrs Debenham continued smoothly. 'For instance, Mrs Clayton, your solicitor's wife, is a lady; so equally is our neighbour the Countess De la Barre; yet you could not place them on the same level.'

'I haven't made a study of these nice distinctions,' said Hugh dryly. 'And though Miss Goldsworthy did hold an inferior position—isn't that the correct phrase?—I must confess to seeing little difference between mistress and servant. Besides, we are not entirely free from the taint, if it is a taint, which I very much doubt, of being connected with business.'

'That is by no means a just view to take,' said the listener severely. 'It is true that your father speculated with a view to mending his fortunes, as many gentlemen do now. It would be absurd to rank him with an ordinary business man working solely for gain.'

'We won't go into the ethics of aristocratic commerce at present, because I have an engagement in Castleford this morning. I am about to pay my new possession there a visit.—Is it really true that old Captain Goldsworthy is actually an inmate of Blackfriars?'

Mrs Debenham did not speak for a moment. When she did so, there was a certain hardness in her voice that would have struck an observant listener as being akin to something like terror. For a moment her face lost its haughty expression; her eyes seemed to be contemplating some long-forgotten but unpleasant mental picture.

'He is there—yes. I never thought of that. There was some—some unpleasantness between your father and him when Captain Goldsworthy lost his money. I know there were some terrible things said between them.'

Hugh, playing listlessly with a pen and scattering the ink recklessly, heard nothing of this, for a new light had suddenly illuminated the darkness of his mind. It seemed as if the clue for which he had been so long groping in the dark was at length in his hands. 'I wonder,' said he, speaking partially to himself, 'if my Miss Goldsworthy and the Captain are related? Strange that such an idea did not occur to me before.'

'It is possible,' Mrs Debenham returned, with well-simulated carelessness. 'I never saw much of him, though he and your father were such great friends. I fancy this daughter went to London in some capacity.'

'It might be she,' said Hugh musingly, 'it might.—What nonsense am I talking! Do not give yourself any unnecessary anxiety, mother. In all probability it will be my fate to wed a Clara Vere de Vere yet.'

As his mother stood and watched him drive away in the direction of Castleford, the pained expression on her face deepened, and certain uncomfortable forebodings troubled the watcher, as the memory of an old crime is touched by some unconscious hand. 'Was it a crime,' she

murmured to herself, 'or only an act of prudence?' She turned away, and approaching a distant corner of the room, unlocked a small ebony cabinet, ornamented by heavy brass fittings. Inside lay a heap of papers, faded letters tied up with a piece of faint blue riband, from which there arose that sickly smell peculiar to old documents. Hastily turning over the various bundles, she arrived at length at the packet she was in search of—a small parcel of documents folded in brown paper, and bearing the written inscription, 'Goldsworthy.'

Most of the letters were merely tissues—that is, business epistles indited in an old-fashioned letter-book of the carbon paper and stylus type, dry communications of a purely commercial nature, mostly relating to stocks and shares, the jargon of which would be unintelligible to the average reader. One of them, folded away by itself, ran as follows :

25/7/74.

DEAR GOLDSWORTHY.—I cannot see you today, being confined to the house with a broken arm, as you probably know. This anxiety is fearful. But you must not suffer for me, as, after all, I can stand the crash best. Go to town immediately and dispose of every share, and warn all your friends. Think only of yourself, and nothing of the unhappy individual who has placed you in such imminent financial peril. I have wired my broker to do the best he can.—Yours ever,

H. CRICHTON DEBENHAM.

P.S.—If you have time, give me ten minutes before you start.

'If he had known,' murmured Mrs Debenham, 'we should have been ruined. As it was, there was barely time to save ourselves. And yet I could almost wish that I had never seen this fatal letter.'

Meanwhile, all unconscious of this nameless, shapeless dishonour, Hugh Debenham drove into Castleford, looking forward with almost boyish pleasure to visiting his new and strange possession. A thousand charitable schemes engaged his mind, little plans for the increased comfort of his pensioners, who, sooth to say, had been somewhat neglected by the last of the Fotheringsbys. There was some little business to be transacted, first principally a visit to a decorator and artist who had taken no slight part in the adornment of Fotheringsby Court. It was in the direction of this individual's house that Debenham first directed his steps upon reaching Castleford.

There are few towns of any size without one inhabitant of more than ordinary mental powers, and Harold Abelwhite, the crippled artist, represented most of the artistic talent of Castleford. Born of the humblest parentage, and often being acquainted with the actual want of food, there was yet something indomitable in that white face and feeble body. He lived alone in one of the small cottages on the outskirts of Castleford, attending to his own wants, and painting such pictures as one day will make him famous. Unaided, untaught, weighed down by stress of circumstance, the painter had yet succeeded in educating himself, and, what is harder still, in keeping himself by the proceeds of his brush and pencil.

It was a pretty little cottage, with a small garden, filled with old-fashioned flowers; and as Debenham approached, he found the painter tying up some sweet-peas to a trellis-work behind which lay the house. There were but two rooms down-stairs, each meanly furnished, and devoted to the requirements of eating and sleeping. It was only when the stairs were mounted that the owner's artistic tastes were fully disclosed.

The whole floor, turned into one room, and lighted by a large latticed window, had been converted into a studio. There was a curiously-woven Persian carpet on the floor, contrasting harmoniously with the draped hangings on the walls, out of which peeped here and there a finished picture, or a marble statue standing boldly out against the sombre background; or, again, a suit of Milanese armour towering above a perfect forest of palms and ferns, with which the studio was profusely ornamented; while the only flowers there were huge nosegays of deep yellow roses, thrown carelessly, as it seemed, into china bowls. In the centre of the floor stood a picture on an easel, carefully covered with a white cloth, and this, together with an open paint-box, was the sole evidence of there being any particular work on hand.

'What a beautiful room!' Debenham cried admiringly. 'There is certainly nothing conventional in its treatment, and that is something nowadays.'

'Every one can enjoy art at home now,' replied the cripple, his sensitive face flushing at the compliment, 'if he only has the taste. I could make every home in England artistic, with no outlay to speak of.'

Hugh nodded slightly, but said nothing in return. He was fascinated by the quiet beauty of the place, and not a little interested in the earnestness of his companion. There was something contagious in the enthusiasm of the handsome cripple, with face aflame and dark eyes burning, as he touched upon his favourite theme—the artistic education of the people. At length Hugh asked, 'How about the cabinet?'

'The difficulty is solved; the damaged marqueterie has been repaired, even better than I thought possible. Look there.' The speaker pointed to an exquisite specimen of an inlaid cabinet, so perfect that Debenham could scarcely believe it to be the same damaged work of art he had seen it to be only a week previously.

'I always thought you were a genius,' he said admiringly. 'It was a pet piece of furniture of my father's—the receptacle for his business papers, in fact. May I see the picture you have veiled so closely?'

The artist flushed again, but this time in a bashful kind of way, as a lover might when displaying his lady's picture. With a certain lingering tenderness he put the white cloth aside.

It was a simple subject enough, treated without any meretricious attempt at display—a simple cottage interior, with the window filled with geraniums and creeping plants; and in the dim light filtering through the leaves was the figure of a girl, clad all in white, reading from a book upon the table. Close by her side was another figure, that of a man clad in a naval uniform, his hands crossed before him in an attitude of atten-

tion; while the group was made up by a third, a somewhat older man, clad in a scarlet coat, his eyes fixed devotedly upon the reader's face. The colouring, soft and subdued, served only to throw up the vivid naturalness of the painting.

Artist and spectator stood a moment, the one regarding the work intently, the painter with his gaze fixed almost sternly upon his companion's face, and as he did so he saw a strange glad light flash into Debenham's eyes—a look of pleased recognition illuminating every feature.

'That is no effort of imagination,' he cried; 'you know all those characters?'

'Yes, I know them,' said the artist quietly.

'How did you discover that?'

'Because I happen to be acquainted with that lady. Will you so far favour me as to give me her address?'

'Ah!' said the cripple, 'I am a solitary man, with few pleasures and few friends. To me the study of expression is a necessity of my art. And as you examined that picture I watched you. In that brief moment I learnt your secret—I read the joy in your face. Forgive me if I speak plainly. What is Sylvia Goldsworthy to you?'

'That question you have no right to ask,' Hugh replied gently. 'I am not angry with you, because I feel that you mean well.'

But Abelwhite scarcely caught the purport of these words. Every nerve in his body quivered with rest-less agitation, though his keen earnest gaze never turned from his visitor's face. For a moment he hesitated, like one who complies against his will; then he simply said, 'Come with me.'

They passed out together through the streets of Castleford, the handsome aristocrat and crippled artist walking side by side in silence, till at length the Widemarch Street was reached. Here, before the long blank wall bounding the Blackfriars' Hospital, Abelwhite paused, and turning down a side-lane, opened a door in the wall and bade his companion enter.

The gardens lay still and quiet in the peaceful sunshine. The ancient ruin, with its mantle of ivy rustling in the breeze, gave a quaint bygone air to the place. It seemed to Hugh as if he had shaken off the world, and left every feeling, save that of rapture, far behind.

'What a beautiful old place!' he cried. 'What do you call it?'

'We call it the Blackfriars' Hospital—your property now.—Mr Debenham, you will find it to be a great responsibility. It is in your power to make the lives of these worthy men happy. Come and see them occasionally, and note what a little it takes to make people joyful and lighthearted.'

'They shall not complain,' Hugh replied mechanically. 'Can I see the cottages?'

There were cool shadows in the quadrangle; a pleasant smell of homely flowers—wallflowers, mignonette, and Brompton stock, and over all a dead silence, save for the voice of a woman reading behind one of the open doors. Hugh felt himself drawn towards the cottage, and, looking in, beheld a copy of Abelwhite's picture, only the figures were real and lifelike. There was the Captain, seated in his chair; and opposite him Ben Choppin, listening reverently to the words

falling from the reader's lips, the sound of a sweet womanly voice, the tones of which caused the watcher's heart to beat a little faster and the colour to deepen on his cheek. For some moments he stood, till the even tones ceased at length and the book was laid aside.

'May we enter?' Hugh asked eagerly. 'Would they mind?'

'Why not?' Abelwhite asked. 'They should be pleased enough to welcome you, and I am a constant visitor; and'—here the speaker lowered his voice till his words were scarcely audible—'may it be that I have done right; but I am not without misgivings.'

IVORY.

THERE are not many specimens of luxury which have excited so much interest in the public mind during the past few years as Ivory. Articles have been written by the score, with a view of proving conclusively that at no remote future the supply of ivory will cease altogether; indeed, some writers, drawing a little upon their imagination, have ventured to prophesy that within a few years ivory ornaments would be treasured as great rarities.

Although this view has gained ground of late years, the idea is not new, as an Encyclopedia published in 1874 states: 'If to the quantity of ivory required for Britain be added that required for the other countries of Europe, Asia, and America, the number of elephants annually killed must be very great; and the passion for ivory may eventually lead to the extermination of this noble animal.' But four years later, the quantity of ivory offered in the London auctions (six hundred and seventy tons) was the largest supply submitted to buyers in any one year during the past quarter of a century. In the year 1864 five hundred and twenty-two tons of ivory were brought to public sale; during 1869, five hundred and eleven tons; in 1874, four hundred and ninety-six tons; 1879 offered five hundred and ten tons; and 1884 five hundred and thirty-one tons. The average annual supply at the London auctions during the nineteen years from 1863 to 1881 was five hundred and fourteen tons; but in the following twelve months (1882) only three hundred and ten tons were submitted to buyers. But the discussion then raised as to the probable early extinction of ivory was allayed by the average annual supply in London during the two following years (1883 and 1884) increasing to four hundred and seventy-eight tons.

The world's requirements of this valuable article have always been mainly dependent upon the supplies obtainable from the Dark Continent of Africa. No doubt, many travellers can remember the time when elephants were to be seen a little distance north of the Cape; but it is a distinct fact that the animals move off directly the white man appears; and with the march of civilisation, elephants have been driven far into the interior of Africa, and are now seldom seen anywhere south of the Zambesi.

This fact has no doubt had a considerable effect in the falling-off of supplies of ivory during the past five years, as the present haunts of the elephants are so far removed from ports of

shipment as to cause the question of transport to be a difficult matter. It was the knowledge of this fact that caused every one in the trade to doubt the possibility of Emin Pasha bringing any quantity of ivory with him from the interior of Africa, although numerous statements were made in the press that the traveller had sixty tons of ivory with him; and our readers will remember that reports went even further than this, it being stated that some German bankers had been consulted with a view of their advancing the sum of sixty thousand pounds against the ivory when it reached the coast.

The tusks of ivory are carried by the natives on their heads or shoulders; and to prevent the ivory slipping, it is frequently fastened in a sort of cage of four short pieces of wood. Large heavy teeth are slung on to a pole and carried by two natives. Some of the largest teeth known have weighed from one hundred and seventy to one hundred and eighty pounds each tusk; but these are rare, although teeth weighing from eighty to one hundred pounds each are frequently met with in the London auctions.

It is curious how little is known regarding the age attained by elephants in their wild state; it would be most interesting to know the age of one of these splendid animals bearing tusks weighing together, say, three hundred pounds' weight. Another point never satisfactorily explained is, whether the small teeth—known in the trade as 'scrivelloes'—mostly averaging from five to ten pounds each, generally commanding from forty to fifty pounds per hundredweight, the ivory being close and useful—are the early growth of larger teeth, or the produce of a different species of elephant. Opinions mostly lean to the latter notion. Soft ivory always commands a higher price in the market than hard, and naturally teeth that are sound are more valuable than those containing cracks or other defects. Good-sized teeth are hollow where they were attached to the elephant, and for some distance down the tusk; and the quantity of disease apparent in the interior points distinctly to the fact that this disease must cause the animals excessive pain, and may perhaps go to account for the fearful noise heard from the haunts of elephants, often referred to in books of travel.

The demand for billiard balls has shown considerable increase of late years, and this is not surprising when our readers think of the supply required to keep pace with the trade requirements. Many old Indian merchants can remember when a billiard table was a rarity in India; but at the present time there is a big annual demand for 'bangles' (pieces of ivory), from which the billiard balls are manufactured in the East. As a matter of fact, the very highest prices paid for any description of ivory are realised for what are known in the trade as 'cut billiard-ball pieces,' which generally weigh from eight to thirteen pounds each, and measure across two and a half to three inches; to-day's value of such being ninety-five to one hundred and six pounds per hundredweight. These prices were no doubt taken as a basis by a contemporary who announced that the price of ivory had advanced to two thousand pounds sterling per ton and upwards. Such an all-round average price as this would only be paid for the finest ivory suitable for billiard balls;

whereas in nearly every parcel there is a quantity of inferior and defective teeth, which only command from forty to fifty pounds per hundredweight. We think, in estimating the all-round average value of ivory to-day as about thirteen hundred pounds per ton, we are very near the actual fact. Glancing back a quarter of a century, we find the average value twenty-five years ago was about six hundred to six hundred and fifty pounds per ton.

During the past twenty years, nine thousand one hundred and forty-four tons of ivory have been offered in the London public auctions, and this would represent the destruction of some four hundred and fifty thousand elephants. But to further fully realise the immense numbers of this noble animal which must have existed in Africa, it is necessary to remember that the above figures only include the number of elephants killed for their ivory, and it is well known that only the males possess ivory tusks.

The opinion is frequently expressed that a great deal of the ivory brought from the interior was from elephants found dead, or the remains of deceased elephants; but the best information we have met with concerning the origin of the ivory supply points to the bulk—in fact, nearly all—being taken from elephants shot for this special purpose.

The native carriers from the interior do not think much of the numbers of elephants killed annually to supply the trade demand, in comparison with the living herds on the vast plains of the interior, so that it is quite possible increased quantities of ivory may come forward when the vast continent of Africa is opened up.

The imports into London have certainly shown a decided falling off during the past five years, the average annual quantity in the sales from 1885 to 1889 being three hundred and forty-seven tons, against an annual supply during the five years 1880 to 1884 of four hundred and fifty tons.

But we must point out that Liverpool has had public sales of ivory during the last few years, principally west coast quality brought by the direct steamers, and often including, we believe, some of the River Niger Company's ivory, although the bulk of their imports is sold in London.

Another important feature is the quantity of ivory obtained from the Congo Free State by the Belgian Company; and this is all sold in Antwerp; and the auction held there last autumn included no fewer than thirty-one tons; and there was another sale in Antwerp early in the present year of fifteen tons.

We think we may safely state that the sorting and classification of ivory, an important matter to all concerned, is very much better in the London catalogues than at any other market; and there is very little doubt that higher prices are realised in consequence.

The London public sales which opened on the 28th January and closed on 31st January 1890, included ninety-four and a half tons ivory, which brought together a large attendance of buyers from all parts, and the heavy advance in values secured at the previous London sales in October 1889 were fairly well maintained.

In closing our article upon this very interesting subject, we think it is difficult to speak of the

future; there is the undoubted fact that since the Soudan troubles commenced, many articles previously exported from that district have ceased entirely to come forward, and this, in our opinion, has had an important effect also upon the supplies of ivory; and whenever trade from the interior is well resumed, the high price now obtainable for elephants' tusks will certainly be a strong incentive to traders to procure the article.

LYNCHING IN AMERICA.

It frequently happens in America that a mob, incensed by the sight of some blood-curdling deed, takes the law into its own hands and gives immediate expression to its natural and righteous indignation. It is with a view of discountenancing every kind of extra-judicial punishment, and of passing over the punishment of criminals to the properly-constituted authorities, that we give the following account of what took place at Fort Collins, in the State of Colorado, about three years ago. An added terror, no doubt, will always accompany an outburst of popular fury, and it is possible that an occasional exercise of lynch-law may have a deterrent effect on scoundrels and ruffians whom no other terrors can restrain. But the annals of justice furnish numberless instances in which men have been confronted with every appearance of guilt, but where a fuller investigation has proved them innocent. In the early days of America, as in the early days of the world, it was not only natural but necessary that prompt punishment should be dealt out to murderers, lest—as there did not then exist the facilities for the proper disposal of criminals, which we now possess—they might escape scot-free, either by eluding their jailers, or by an effectual resistance to constituted authorities being organised on their behalf by relatives, friends, or followers.

It is not too much to say that many of the most prosperous and law-abiding cities in Central and Western America have been evolved from rough camps, occupied by all kinds of adventurers and desperadoes, who regarded the taking of human life as little more than a jest. An Irishman, it was said twenty years ago, will bandy more words about the price of a couple of drinks than will the 'shootists' of the Pacific over a quarrel which ends in the taking of as many lives. In that wild and unorganised state of society, it became absolutely necessary for the peaceable citizens to combine together, and by the establishment of 'vigilance committees,' pursue and punish men who committed serious crimes. But in places so far civilised as to boast of a sheriff and a jail, any interference with justice is unwarranted and reprehensible, and ought not to be left unpunished.

Perhaps the less said about the murder at Fort Collins the better. It was of an unspeakably brutal character. The guilt of the murderer was manifest. A millwright, John Howe by name, murdered his wife in the street and in the presence of a driver of a wagon. The deed was done with a celerity which admitted of no interference on the part of this horrified witness of the tragedy, who as soon as possible rushed to the support of the victim and vainly endeavoured to stanch the flowing blood. Howe was admittedly partially intoxicated at the time. The motive for

the crime arose out of the jealous nature of Howe, who accused his wife of indiscretions which all who knew her were convinced were false. Howe was arrested in his own house, and without trouble conveyed to the county jail, escorted by the sheriff and several deputies. This happened about mid-day.

Fort Collins, though it goes by the name of city, is a town containing little more than a thousand inhabitants. By three o'clock there was commotion among these. The news of the tragedy had spread like wildfire. Men began to saunter up and form groups and talk; the groups thickened hugely, and then melted into one vast dense crowd. Every one knows how strangely the emotional power multiplies itself in all assemblages of human beings; how men in a body will do things which no single man among them would think of doing. And so there was a great heaving and pushing and swaying to and fro; and the excitement grew and grew, and the feeling of indignant demand for the quick retribution of outraged life swelled, until it could be confined by no bounds. Lynching was loudly talked of. The crowd needed only a leader to make a rush and tear the prisoner from his keepers. But a leader was not immediately forthcoming; and the crowd melted away, as crowds will unless provided with continuous food for excitement.

But the fire which had been kindled only smouldered; it had not died out. At nine o'clock that evening some three hundred men presented themselves at the jail and demanded admittance. Their manner bespoke business. All were mounted, and the leaders were effectually masked. Admittance was refused; but they were not to be balked. The jailer, the sheriff, and his posse of some twenty men made a faint-hearted resistance and succumbed to superior force.

There is not in an American jail that sombre solidity about everything which so depresses a visitor to a British jail; consequently, the door of Fort Collins jail soon yielded to the application of a pine-log battering-ram; and the masked men entered and dragged Howe from his cell. Understanding what was taking place, the miscreant flung himself a few times against the iron bars which formed his cage, and then, in the lowest depth of despair, crouched in abject fear upon the straw which covered the floor of his cell. But the battering-ram which had broken open the jail door soon forced the frail barrier which separated Howe from his self-constituted judges, and through the opening the fear-paralysed wretch was dragged. Arrived at the base of a derrick which was being used in the construction of a house at the outskirts of the town, the cavalcade halted. The majority of those who composed it dismounted. The leader spoke briefly and to the point. The sense of justice which resided in the breasts of the murderer's self-constituted executioners compelled them to ask if Howe had anything to say, and to allow him a few minutes to make his peace with Heaven. Howe had no appeal to make to Heaven. But singling out the man whom by some subtle magnetism all recognised as the superior power, the criminal threw himself at his feet and clung with piteous entreaties to his knees. The latter shook him off and turned away in disgust. His cowardly cries for pity were met by derisive shouts. A

noose was quickly slipped over his head and around his neck; the rope was then passed over the top of the derrick and seized by a hundred strong hands. How in all doubtful transactions men like to divide their responsibility! The leader of the masked men gave the word. 'One, two, three!' cried the men at the rope. Howe shot up into the air as if a ton-weight had fallen at the other end of the hempen cord, and so the life was strangled out of him. Without comment the rope was tied to the base of the derrick; and the cavalcade moved off in silence, leaving the dead body swaying in the wind.

It must not be understood that in general circumstances the respect for law and order in by far the greater part of America is less marked than it is in Britain. But lest any one should suppose that violations of the ordinary course of justice such as we have described are by any means infrequent, let us say that within six months of our writing at least a dozen cases of lynching have been brought to our notice. To every sensitive heart there is surely something peculiarly revolting in the display of deliberate human bloodshed, in calmly going to work to deprive a fellow-creature of existence. But if it is necessary that death punishments should be inflicted, there can be no two opinions about the desirability of their being divested of all appearance of vindictiveness. If the most solemn tribunals are liable to err—and all human institutions are fallible—how much more likely is it that an infuriated crowd will make mistakes; and mistakes in such matters as these are beyond rectification. It is recognised in America that the punishment of all misdemeanours is the function of the law, and punishment is meted out to those who interfere with the exercise of its functions except in this the 'head and front' of all offences. Hence, although we see many notices of lynchings in the newspapers of America, in none, or in remarkably few, does the Government think it its duty to see that the lynchers are traced and properly punished.

The necessity for justice to move slowly and to be in the hands of properly-constituted authorities, if it is to be even-handed, was never better illustrated than by a case reported at great length in the *Procès Criminels Extraordinaires*. Two travellers in France put up at the same inn. At the dead of night the inmates were aroused by cries of 'Murder!' The servants of the inn rushed to the room from which the sounds proceeded, and there found one of the strangers standing over the other with a lighted candle in one hand, a knife reeking with blood in the other, and a look of intense horror on his face. The knife had obviously been drawn from the wound in the chest of the murdered man. The *habits de nuit* of the survivor were covered with blood, which had obviously gushed from the other's wounds on the withdrawal of the knife. The hotel servants at once accused him of murder. He was given into custody, and the next day brought up for examination. He then protested his innocence, and gave a very plausible explanation of his presence in the murdered man's room and of the position in which he was found. He said that just as he was about to blow out his light, hearing cries for help, he snatched up his

candle, and proceeding along the corridor, was directed by groans to the room in which he was found. He there saw a man extended on the floor with a knife plunged in his bosom. He withdrew it instinctively. No sooner had he done this than the servants entered, and found him in the position described. He was naturally horror-stricken at the sight, and his look of horror had been mistaken by the hotel servants for one of guilt.

But, fortunately, the circumstantial evidence that will hang a man does not depend upon the force of any one circumstance or set of circumstances, but upon the strength of the whole. There was one link in the chain missing—the absence of all motive for the crime. Under the circumstances, the accused could hardly have stolen anything from the deceased, inasmuch as a minute search of the room had revealed no trace of anything having been secreted. The theory that the crime was the result of private hatred of long-standing was altogether as baseless. No connection could be traced between the two men; on the contrary, there was evidence of no look of recognition having passed between them. The Court recognised the difficulty, and remanded the accused. No further evidence against him was forthcoming. In his favour, it was shown that he was a man against whose honesty nothing could be urged. Such being the state of things, it yet looked as though the logical and ordinary consequence of the man's position must follow and his life be forfeited.

But no. The case took an unexpected turn. A man who was convicted of horse-stealing and sentenced to penal servitude for life, confessed that he was the murderer, and substantiated his statements with indubitable proofs. He was staying at the hotel on the night in question. His motive for the crime was the possession of a pocket-book containing notes and money which was exhibited by the deceased in his presence. He gave information as to where the pocket-book—which, by the way, contained part of the stolen notes and money and the murdered man's name—would be found; he was recognised as having been in the company of the deceased on the night of the murder; the knife with which it was committed was proved to have been his property; and he justly suffered the death penalty.

Had it not been for this providential delay, the death penalty would have been inflicted upon an innocent man. To him no remuneration—so to speak—would have been possible. And we ask what recompense could have been made to his wife, his surviving relatives, or those dependent upon him?

The foregoing is an instance in which the application of lynch-law would have been as baneful in fact as it is in philosophy. What is bad in principle cannot be good in practice. We shrink from a consideration of what dire injustices may result from a number of individuals being allowed without prodigious punishment to usurp the functions of the legislature and to substitute hatred and revenge for the scales of justice. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it cannot be pleaded that lynching is necessary for the security of society, the suspected criminal being forcibly taken from the safe custody of those who only have the right to inflict death.

The perfunctoriness in the administration of justice in America, the manner in which political influence can be brought to bear in favour of a criminal, and the power of the almighty dollar to clog the wheels of justice—all these things are matters for regret, and are, we believe, the *raison d'être* of lynchings. They all, however, admit of removal by legislative enactment; and it is to be hoped that the representatives of the people will plead for their abolition, and that in the near future these foul blots will be removed.

The estimate in which human life is held in certain parts of Western America is well illustrated by an anecdote which was told to us by an ex-Attorney-general of the State of Nevada. The story contains an element of humour; but it may serve to point a moral as well as adorn a tale. In a certain small town out West, a stranger once presented a cheque to the cashier of a bank who was also a county judge. 'The cheque is all right, sir,' said the judge. 'But the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient.'

'I have known you to hang a man on less evidence,' was the stranger's response.

'Quite likely,' replied the judge; 'but when it comes to letting go of cold cash, we have to be careful.'

SOME EAST END STUDIES.

THE East End of London, despite the factitious and temporary enthusiasm for 'slumming,' fashionable not so long ago, is to the majority of West End people an unknown land. A few sketches from actual life—for to the writer, Whitechapel and Bethnal Green and the area between them are nearly as familiar as Oxford Street—may possibly interest people who cannot imagine any London but their own familiar one, and are more at home in making a continental tour than a journey from one end of London to the other.

In those thickly-populated streets, courts, and in some cases ancient squares, fallen from their high estate, there is a scene of life which in its reality is sometimes broadly humorous, sometimes Dantesque in its grim horrors. It is of the lighter side of life we here propose to speak, and especially to introduce four distinctive characters to the reader, which are probably very little known to the ordinary West End inhabitant.

To see the east of London at its fullest 'typical development,' as the gentleman in *Happy Thoughts* calls it, you must visit it about seven P.M. on Saturday. The crowded stream of humanity is at its thickest; there is more money in a small way to be expended than at any other time, and hence a hundred miniature industries find their opportunity on this evening. Among them comes the first individual whom we would introduce to the reader's notice—the street umbrella auctioneer. He has spread on a sack or other covering in the gutter a quantity of showy umbrellas of all sorts, wonderfully 'faked up,' to use the slang of the trade. Most of them have seen better days, and have fallen from their high estate. After long service, sometimes in very well-to-do quarters, they have come down in a ribbed and battered

condition, to be bartered away for a pot plant or the like by the servants. Coming into the street-merchants' hands duly seamed, smartened, and furnished, they make a fine show under the glaring paraffin burner which stands behind them, and are at prices within the reach of anybody having a few pence to spend.

The auctioneer has one fine old crusted joke or piece of stage-business which he never omits, its object being to attract a crowd. For he is far above the mere prosaic vendor of goods who simply offers them for sale. 'Patter,' which means street rhetoric, is the belief on which he relies to sell his wares. His first proceeding is the farcical piece of business which commences the evening's work. Unfurling a dilapidated and huge umbrella with a hundred holes in it, and several of its ribs shaking through them, the facetious vendor informs the ladies and gentlemen 'that no money would purchase it, for it is a family treasure. His misus used it when a gal in their courtin' days; many a 'appy 'our 'ave they passed beneath it.' Here he sighs deeply, and inspects it pathetically. 'After they were married, the old woman took it wherever she went; and after they had a family it got into its present condition from—her whacking him about the 'ead with it whenever he came home "tight." (Roars of laughter.) He wouldn't part with it for a fi'-pun note.' This ancient and always successful prologue being over, a thick crowd has collected; and the wily vendor selects a showy umbrella, opens and shuts it, violently manipulates it, declares it to be unbreakable, and puts it up at ten shillings. General silence ensues, and he lowers his price with great rapidity to one shilling and sixpence, at which, with a mystic slap on the ribs—which always denotes that the lowest limit is reached—he generally sells it. He warmly thanks the purchaser, loudly informing the crowd that he has sold it to a gentleman who has money, whereas they, to all appearance, are either 'stone-broke,' or have 'left their hap'ence on the chimney-piece.' And the 'gentleman,' much embarrassed by the general publicity thrust on him, hastily retires.

Fixing his eye on some girl who is looking longingly at the showy little umbrellas in front, he offers her one which has a gorgeous handle, and which, in his dexterous hands and under the paraffin glare, seems equally new and strong, and forcing it on her much as a conjurer does a card, usually effects a sale at about one-sixth of his starting price. The young lady blushing hears herself loudly complimented on her taste and pecuniary means, much as her predecessor had been, and has to hear a sly allusion to her 'young man's' admiration of the article 'when he's out with her to-morrer.'

In this free-and-easy style the merchant disposes of his stock—we have seen a large one got rid of in a very short time—and especially in a drizzling night. The summer of 1888 was a very fine one for the trade. The most difficult customers to get over are the middle-aged women out marketing, who want an umbrella for family use, and who know by hard experience the value of every penny, who also have a thoroughly effective system of scrutinising everything they buy. Some of the umbrellas so purchased are really wonderfully good, seeing the used-up state in

which after long service they were originally got rid of, and are very creditable specimens of the 'faking' system. The umbrella merchant has a store of rough-and-ready chaff, which is necessary, for there are often lookers-on who have no intention of buying, but of chaffing; these are, however, frequently cajoled into an investment.

Another characteristic figure is that of the street medicine vendor, who, standing at his stall, covered with pills and potions, makes no attempt to sell any at first. Rather would you take him for a disinterested philosopher. Gazing into vacancy, he pours forth a stream of sonorous words on the human system, and has a frightful diagram in glaring colours of a supposed human stomach which has been the seat of dyspepsia. The crowd gape and listen, understanding about one word in ten. Sometimes they are invited to breathe into a glass containing clear liquid. By a very simple chemical trick, the breath causes a precipitate to be thrown down; whereupon the breather, all aghast, is solemnly informed, in stentorian tones—for unwished-for publicity attends most of these transactions down East—that his lungs are in a condition of unsoundness from his stomach; which, however, can be remedied by a box of the wonderful pills, 'Which you'll pay a shilling for in any chemist's shop in London—try that one at the corner—and which I offer at the nominal price of one penny.' Quite a sensation is produced, and a brisk demand ensues for the pills. Remedies for corns also go with great rapidity; and for cough mixtures the demand is enormous. Sometimes the vendor becomes facetious as the night wears on, and does a big business in powders 'warranted to cool your hot coppers after getting tight-to-night.' At other times he fixes with his glittering eye some cadaverous-looking individual in the crowd, and, to his great embarrassment, calls him up to the stall and presents him gratis with a box of pills, as 'I can see by your happearence, sir, that your liver is dishorganised, and I wish to benefit my speeches.' This eleemo-synatic treatment is usually a profitable investment, and the pennies roll in rapidly.

Given a fine evening and a quiet side street abutting on the main road where pass the maddening crowd, the street reciter does a fair trade. He is shabbily dressed, but has an appearance of having seen better days, and invariably carries a white handkerchief as his assistant in gesticulation much as Elliston did in our grandfathers' days, a habit which induced much remonstrance from Lord Byron when on the Drury Lane Committee. The reciter always makes a long speech, with a good deal of tautology, and ends by informing the assembled crowd that he trusts to their generosity to reward his efforts to amuse them. He then pauses, flourishes his handkerchief, smoothes his moustache, settles his collar, and starts off at once, using much the same stilted style and profuse gesticulation which were so popular with transpontine audiences in the days of the Victoria Theatre. All sorts of recitations are in his *répertoire*, those which have been so well known from modern pens of late years taking their turn with American and old English ones. Pathos and babies usually fetch the women's pennies; vigorous Americanisms of the *Phil Blood's Leap* type, the men's. Sometimes he realises a small harvest of bronze, and the rougher the

audience, curiously enough the better the chance of a 'genteel' appearance in the reciter. 'Pore chap! He's never bin used to this, he hasn't,' is the general comment; and with that real sympathy only found amid the poor classes to any general extent, the pence emphasise the sentiment. Some years back a prominent East End figure was a man of some talent, who, with a wooden sword, recited outside the public-houses, Richard III. and Macbeth's fieriest soliloquies, as also Hamlet's and Othello's.

Nor must we forget the book auctioneer, who vends showy but usually stupid books and quires of back numbers of popular periodicals of old date for trifling prices. He usually stands upon a cart, and informs his auditors that they can get an enormous amount 'of the most interesting reading for the fireside as 'll keep the workman out of the public,' for a mere trifle. After every three or four words, he snacks violently the book he is exhibiting, and ruffles its leaves to show how strong is its condition; while in case any backwardness is shown by the crowd, he warmly expostulates with them, and becomes quite personal in his animadversions on their spending their money on beer rather than on books.

Lastly must be mentioned the 'totter,' a sordid, melancholy figure. Doubtless, this epithet will puzzle the reader. In East End parlance, 'totting' means collecting every scrap of paper, wood, iron, coal, bone, or other odds and ends which lie in the gutters. It is a business akin to that of the Parisian *chiffonier*, and the sack over its practitioner's shoulder holds a motley and unsavoury selection. Gliding hither and thither amid the crowds of marketing people, the silent, gloomy 'totter' pursues his or her crouching way, a living illustration of the vast gulf in London which divides enormous wealth from poverty as deep as any in the world.

EARTH'S SHADOW.

WHAT spirit darkens the bloom of day?

The clovered meadow no sweetness yields;

A silence rests on the waveless fields;

The world is haggard and gaunt and gray.

The clouds drift wearily over the sky;

The grain is yellow, the hills are bare;

A heaviness broods in the quiet air;

The streamlet sobs as it passes by.

But yesterday morn the flowers were sweet,

The day was bright and the world was young;

And in the even the throstle sung,

And his song was glad and the hours were fleet.

But a misty darkness glimmers athwart

The fields to-day, and the hours are long;

And I hear a dirge in the throstle's song;

For the gloom is the shadow of thee, my heart.

VIRNA WOODS.

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ON HAPPINESS.

From the young lady whose dream of bliss was comprehended in the desire 'to eat fat bacon and swing on the gate all day,' to the philanthropist evolving a scheme for mankind's regeneration; from the sweep's notion of happiness, consisting 'in plenty of chimneys to sweep all day,' to the discoverer feasting his eyes on a new and unexplored region of lake and mountain; from the classic aspiration of the typical Englishman, who says, 'Here's a fine day! let us go out and kill something,' to the patient philosopher who sees a new planet 'swim into his ken'—what a mighty space! filled by all manner of high and low desires, in all sorts and conditions of men.

It is not more true that one man's meat is poison to his neighbour, than that what constitutes this one's happiness would or does make that one's misery. Given a man whose meat and drink it is to collect, to accumulate, to be careful of—be it a museum or a money-bag, and ten to one his heir will find his pleasure, or his pleasures, necessitate the dispersion of the same, piecemeal or wholesale. This one finds the drama of life insupportably dull unless he is tearing through the scenes at a hand-gallop; while that one shrinks from the slightest exertion, as if a shake would shiver the tender fabric of his existence. Here is a man rising early, and so late taking rest, eating the bread of carefulness in order to have the satisfaction of providing a shelter for his old age; and there a man, too resolutely bent on indulging his own delight in idleness to exert himself even to provide to-morrow's meal for his little children.

At one period, a man of genius tells us that happiness is our being's end and aim, and men believe him; at another period, a new prophet arises who tells us that men are not—because they are not meant to be—happy; that the fulfilment of duty is their only legitimate aim; and

he in his turn is believed. In effect, there is but little fundamental difference in the philosopher's recommendation of duty in order that peace may ensue, and the poet's commendation of virtue as the only sure path to happiness. It is a singular but unquestionable fact that happiness is so difficult of recognition while present; we feel that it has been, most acutely when, like health, we have to support the want of it. 'Ah happy, if your happiness ye know,' is as true on the one hand, as on the other is the unconsciousness which too often accompanies a brief season of happiness. And yet nothing can be more destructive of happiness, as a thoughtful writer assures us, than the self-seeking of a conscious search after happiness. Watch a little child at play, and you see an unconsciously happy human being. But not all childhood is happy. Every mother, or nursery governess to a large family, knows the sulky, sullen member of the nursery, who has already discovered that life is not worth living, and who does his utmost to compel his otherwise happy little brothers and sisters to be one with him on this point. But even this misanthrope, if he come to old age—though he may resent the idea of being willing to live his life over again—will probably be ready to live, say, six months longer; and this at a time of life when he can scarcely anticipate, reasonably, more ease of body, less inertia of mind. A very triumph, this, of hope over experience.

One great cause of happiness to the young is, doubtless, their delightful anticipations of a future which is to be bright with untried bliss. Mystics and poets share this forecasting of future happiness with children, and with a like result. As children unconsciously and by intuition, so they, by meditation, 'calm the mind, and make the happiness they do not find.' A great moralist supports by his deliberate judgment this foundation whereon to build: 'there is,' he says, 'but one solid basis of happiness, and that is the

reasonable hope of a happy futurity.' How solid it is, each must judge for himself. It cannot be denied that if we could, each of us, see spread out at our feet a splendid future, constantly unrolling and expanding before us, we might catch a spark of the radiant happiness of childhood; but it may be doubted whether this prospect might not somewhat distract us from the dull routine, from the degrading duties, as we might perhaps fancy them, of everyday life. Hope, the poor man's friend, as Fear is the rich man's torment—hope is left; but we all know that hope deferred is but lenten entertainment.

'To one who knows what conduct is,' writes Matthew Arnold in what is surely a very noble passage—'to one who knows what conduct is, it is a joy to be alive; the Lord makes happiness by revealing to us righteousness, and adds to the boon this glorious world to be righteous in.' Undeniably, conduct yields us that sustained satisfaction which nothing else earthly can either afford or destroy.

To be able to look back on a well-spent day cheers and calms us for our approaching rest; while to be able to look back on a well-spent life is to possess in the evening of our days a source of content which Fate itself cannot snatch from our grasp. Bacon places the purest of human pleasures in a garden; but beyond this pleasure, pure and lasting as we acknowledge it to be, we must reckon the soul's calm sunshine felt in one approving hour, when by our conduct we have been enabled to conduce to the comfort of a single human being.

Wealth, honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, all these, and a thousand other good gifts that help to make a man happy, he rejoices over, but with trembling, knowing full well how fragile is his tenure of them: when our soul's content is most absolute, then follows most surely a haunting fear of what shall succeed in unknown fate. But let us take courage; 'to bear is to conquer our fate;' and after all, men can live on a very small modicum of happiness, for they can survive and smile after 'consummate shame, in the profoundest desolation of mind and soul, in abject poverty, in noisome dungeons; by nobly persevering, they live on, and live through it all.'

Moreover, it is the body that warms the clothes, not the clothes the body; and, in the words of one of our great teachers, 'the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune wrapt about a sickly and uneasy soul.' As Burns tells us, if happiness have not her seat and centre in the breast, we never can be blessed.

It behoves us to lay hold of every offered chance of happiness, whether it be in watching and tending the growth of a rose, a lily, a tree, or better still, a human soul; counting ourselves happy if we can help forward any of the beauty and goodness in this world; happy while we

possess the present moment's actual power to perceive an outward universe of consummate beauty, if of inscrutable design; and to apprehend an inward world of love and reverence.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXI.—STILL SEARCHING.

I QUITTED the deck-house to take another look round. Just then rain began to fall, and the sea became shrouded with the discharge. So oil-smooth now was the swell, that each drop as it fell pitted the lead-coloured rounds with a black point, and the water alongside looked to be spotted with ink. As I had met with no fresh water in the little room that I call the pantry, and as there might be none in the hold, or none that with my single pair of hands I should be able to come at, I resolved to take advantage of the wet that was pouring down, and dived into the cabin to search for any vessel that would catch and hold it. The flour and sugar casks in the pantry would not do. I peered into the other berths, but could see nothing to answer the purpose. It was of the first consequence, however, to us that we should possess a store of drinking water to mix with our wine, for we were in the tropics: the atmosphere was heavy with heat even under a shrouded heaven; it was easy to figure what the temperature would rise to when the sun should shine forth; and the mere fancy of days of stagnation and of vertical suns, of this hull roasting under the central broiling eye, of the breathless sea stretching in feverish beatings into the dim blue distance unbroken by any tip of sail, and no fresh water to drink, was horribly oppressive, and rendered me half crazy to find some contrivance to catch the rain, which might at any moment cease.

The thought of the lockers in the deck-house occurred to me. I mounted the ladder and searched them, and, to my unspeakable joy, found in the locker upon which Miss Temple had been seated during the night, four canvas buckets, apparently brand-new, as I might judge, from the cloth and from the rope-handles. The rain fell heavily, and the water gushed in streams from the roof of the deck-house at many points of it. In a very short time the buckets were filled, but they were of a permeable substance, and it was necessary to decant them as soon as possible. There was no difficulty in doing this, for there were several empty bottles in the shelves below, along with a couple of large jars, some tin pannikins, and so forth. These I brought up, washed them in the rain, and then filled them, and in this manner contrived to stow away a good number of gallons, not to mention the contents of the buckets, which I left hanging outside, to fill up afresh, meaning to use them first, and taking my chance of loss through the water soaking through them.

All this, that is to be described in a few lines of writing, signified a lengthy occupation, that broke well into the day. Miss Temple watched my labours with interest, and begged to be of

service; but she could be of little use to me, nor would I suffer her to expose herself to the wet.

'Will not this rain fill the hull,' she exclaimed, 'and sink her?'

'It would need to keep on raining for a long while to do that,' said I, laughing. 'I am going below to inspect the forepart of her, and to ascertain if possible what her hold contains. Will you accompany me?—The hull rolls steadily; you will not find walking inconvenient, and it is very necessary that you should occupy your mind.'

'I should like to do so,' she answered; 'but should not one of us stay here, in case the sea should clear and show us the ships?'

'Alas!' said I, 'there is no wind, and the ships probably lie as motionless as we. This weather will not speedily clear, I believe. We shall not be long below, and any sort of exertion is better than sitting here in loneliness and musing upon the inevitable, and adding the misery of thought to the distress of our situation.'

'Yes, you are right,' she exclaimed, rising; 'you give me some heart, Mr Dugdale, yet I do not know why. There is nothing that you can say to encourage me to hope.'

To this I made no reply, but took her hand, and assisted her to descend the ladder. She came to a stand at the foot of it, as though terrified by the gloom.

'It is dreadful,' she exclaimed in a low voice, 'to think that only a few short hours ago the poor lieutenant, whose heart was beating high with thoughts of returning home, should have been laughing and joking—here! I can hear his voice still; I can hear Mr Colledge's laughter.—Hark! What noises are those?'

'Rats!' I exclaimed.

The squeaking was shrill and fierce and near. I lighted a candle, she meanwhile coming to my side, her elbow rubbing mine, as though she would have my hand within an instant's reach of her own. The squeaking continued. It sounded as though there were some score of rats worrying something, or fighting among themselves.

'Hold this candle for a moment,' said I; and I advanced to the bulkhead and took down a cutlass, and then peeped into the little passage that divided the after cabins. The rats were somewhere along it, but it was too dark to see; so, laying the cutlass aside, I took down a musket and sent the heavy weapon javelin-fashion sheer into the thick of the hideous noise. A huge rat as big as a kitten rushed over my feet; Miss Temple uttered a shriek, and let fall the candle.

'Do not be alarmed!' I shouted; 'the beasts know their way below;' and seeing the pallid outline of the candle upon the deck, I picked it up and relighted it.

'Oh, Mr Dugdale,' she cried in a voice that trembled with disgust and fear, 'what am I to do? I dare not be here, and I dare not be above, alone. What is more shocking and terrifying than a rat?'

I told her that rats were much more afraid of us than we could possibly be of them; but commiserating her alarm, I offered to escort her to the deck-house.

'But you will not leave me there?' she exclaimed.

'It is very necessary,' said I, 'that I should examine the state of the hull.'

'Then I will stay with you,' said she; 'I cannot endure to be alone.'

She gathered up her dress, holding the folds of it with one hand, whilst she passed the other through my arm. I could feel her shuddering as she clung to me. Her eyes were large with fright and aversion, and they sparkled to the candle-flame as she rolled them over the deck. At the extremity of the passage that separated the foremost berths where the pantry was, stood what I believed a bulkhead; but on bringing the candle to it I discovered that it was a door of very heavy scantling, that slid in grooves, with a stout iron handle for pulling it by. It travelled very easily, as something that had been repeatedly used. The moment it was open, there was plenty of daylight; for the open square of the main hatch yawned close by overhead, of dimensions considerable enough to illuminate every part of this interior.

I stood viewing with wonder a scene of extraordinary confusion. There were no hammocks, but all about the decks, in higgledy-piggledy heaps and clusters, were mats of some sort of West Indian reeds, rugs and blankets, bolster-shaped bags, a few sea-chests, most of them capsized, with their lids open, with a surprising intermixture of hook-pots, tin dishes, sea-boots, oilskins, empty broken cases, staves of casks, tackles, and a rattle of gear and other things of which my mind does not preserve the recollection. Several large rats, on my swinging the door along its grooves, darted from out of the various heaps, and shot with incredible velocity down through the large hatch that conducted into the hold, and that lay on a line with the hatch above.

'By all that's— Well, well! here's been excitement surely,' said I; 'was ever panical terror more incomparably suggested? But this brig was full of men, and there was manifestly a tremendous scramble at the last. Would not any one think that there had been a fierce fight down here?'

'Do you think there are any dead bodies under those things?' exclaimed Miss Temple in a hollow whisper.

'See!' cried I; 'lest there should be more rats about, suppose I contrive some advantage for you over the beasts;' and so saying, I dragged one of the largest of the sea-chests to the bulkhead, and helped her to get upon it.

This seemed to make her easier. Filled as my mind was with conflicting emotions, excited by the extraordinary scene of hurry and disorder which I surveyed, I could yet find leisure to glance at and deeply admire her fine commanding figure, as she stood, with inimitable unconscious grace, swaying upon the chest to the regular rolling of the hull. It was a picture of a sort to live as long as the memory lasted. There she stood draped in the elegancies of her white apparel, her full, dark eyes large and vital again in the shadow of her rich hat, under which her face showed colourless and faultless in lineament as some incomparable achievement of the sculptor's art: her beauty and dignity heightened

in a manner not to be expressed or explained by the character of the scene round about the uncovered square of hatch through which the rain was falling—the wild disorder of the deck, the rude beams and coarse sides of the interior.

I approached the edge of the hatchway and looked down. Little more was to be seen than ballast, on the top of which lay a couple of dismounted guns, apparently twelve-pounders. A short distance forward in the gloom were the outlines of some casks and cases. The hull was dry, as the lieutenant had said. Water there undoubtedly must have been, washing to and fro under the ballast and down in the run, but too inconsiderable in quantity to give me the least uneasiness. One glance below sufficed to assure me that the fabric of the wreck was tight.

I considered a little whether it might not be possible to so protect the yawning hatches as to provide against any violent inroads of water, should this dirty shadow of weather that overhung the wreck in wet end in wind; but there were no tarpaulins to be seen, no spare planks or anything of a like kind which could be converted into a cover, nothing but mats and rugs, which were not to be put to any sort of use in the direction I had in my mind.

I left Miss Temple standing on the chest, darting alarmed glances at the huddled heaps which littered the decks, and walked forward to a doorway in a stout partition that bulkheaded off a short space of fore-castle from these 'tween-decks. There was an open fore-castle here that made plenty of light. This was the interior that had been burnt out, as the lieutenant had told me, to the condition of a charred shell. The deck and sides were as black as a hat, and the place showed as if it had been constructed of charcoal. A strong smell as of fire still lingered. Whatever had been here in the shape of sea-furniture was burnt, or removed by the people. I picked up a small handspike, and entering the cinder-ey apartment, beat here and there against the semi-calined planks, almost expecting to find the handspike shoot through; but black as the timber looked, it yielded a hearty return of echo to my thumps; and I returned to Miss Temple, satisfied that the hull was still very staunch, and, but for her uncovered hatches, as seaworthy as ever she had been at any time since her launch.

Whilst turning over some of the mats and wearing apparel on the deck with my foot, I spied a large cube of something yellow, and on picking it up and examining it, I was very happy to discover that it was tobacco. I made more of this than had I found a purse of a hundred guineas, for, though I had my pipe in my pocket, I was without anything to smoke; and I cannot express how hungrily during the night I had yearned for the exceeding solace of a few whiffs, and with what melancholy I had viewed 'the prospect of having to wait until we were rescued before I should obtain a cigar or a pipe of tobacco.

'What have you there, Mr Dugdale?' cried Miss Temple.

'A little matter that, coming on top of the discovery that this hull is as good as a cork under our feet, helps very greatly towards re-establishing my peace of mind—a lump of very beautiful tobacco; and I smelt it fondly again.

'Oh, Mr Dugdale, I thought it was a dead rat,' she exclaimed.—'What are all those mats?'

'The privatersmen used them to sleep on, I expect. The quantity of them tells us how heavily manned this old wagon went.'

'There is no wind, Mr Dugdale. The rain falls in perfectly straight lines. Let us return to the deck-house.'

I took her hand and helped her to dismount. She gathered her dress about her as before, and passed with trepidation through the darksome cabin, holding tightly by my arm, and then, with a wearied despairful air, seated herself upon a locker and leaned her chin in her hand, biting her under-lip whilst she gazed vacantly through the little window at the sullen raining gloom of the sky.

I should but tease you by attempting to narrate the passage of the hours from this point. All day long it rained, no air stirred, and the leaden sea flattened into silky heavings wide apart, on which the hull rolled quietly. Possessing but the clothes in which I stood, I fetched an oilskin from the 'tween-decks to save me from a wet skin; and thus attired, made several journeys into the foretop, where I lingered, straining my gaze all around into the shrouded horizon till my eyeballs seemed to crack to the stretching of my vision. Sometimes when in the deck-house I would start to my feet on fancying I heard a sound of oars; but it was never more than some sobbing wash of swell, or some stir of the rudder swayed on its pintles by the movement of the fabric. There was plenty of stuff below with which to make a smoke, but no preparation for such a signal could be made whilst it rained, nor could any purpose be served by having the materials ready until the weather cleared and wind blew and something move into sight.

Miss Temple's miserable dejection grieved me bitterly. The horror of our situation seemed to increase upon her, and say what I might, I never succeeded in coaxing the least air of spirit into her face. It was distressing beyond language to see this haughty, beautiful, high-born woman, accustomed to every refinement and elegance that was to be purchased or contrived, reduced to such a pass as this, languidly putting her lips to the rough pannikin in which I would hand her a draught of wine and water, scarcely able to bite the flinty biscuit which, with marmalade and cheese, formed our repasts, sitting for weary long spells at a time motionless in a corner of the rough structure, her eyelids heavy, her gaze fixed and listless, her lips parted, with all their old haughty expression of imperious resolution gone from them, her fingers locked upon her lap, her breast now and again rising and falling with hysterical swiftness to some wrenching emotion, which yet found her face marble-like, and her eyes without their familiar impassioned glow.

I recollect wondering once, whilst watching her silently, whether there would prove anything in this experience to change her character. Should the Indianan recover us, there might be a full fourteen or even sixteen weeks of association before us yet. Once safely aboard the *Countess Ida*, would she let this experience slip out of her mind as an influence, and repeat in her manner towards myself the cold indifference, the haughty

neglect, the distant supercilious usage, which I had found so insolent, that I was coming very near to as cordially hating her character as I deeply admired the beauties and perfections of her face and person? Was she not a sort of woman to accept an obligation, and to look, if it suited her to do so, very coldly afterwards upon the person who had obliged her? Ridiculous as the emotion was at such a time, when, for all I knew, in a few hours the pair of us might be floating, a brace of corpses, fathoms deep in that leaden ocean over the side, yet I must confess to a small stir of exultation at the thought that supposing us to be rescued, let her behave as she pleased, she never could escape the memory of having been alone with me in this horrible hull, nor avert the discovery of this circumstance by her relatives and friends. It was a consideration, indeed, to bring her very much closer to me than ever she had dreamt of; and to my mind it was as complete a turning of the tables as the most romantic fancy could have invented, that she who could scarcely address me on board the Indianman for pride and for dislike too, for all I could tell, should now be in the intimate and lonely association of shipwreck with me, clinging to me, entreating me not to leave her side, dependent upon such spirit and energy as I possessed for the food and drink that was to support us, and again and again talking to me with a freedom which she would have exhibited to no living creature in the Indianman, her aunt excepted.

When that second night came down black as thunder, raining hard, the ocean breathless, I entreated her to rest.

'You must sleep, Miss Temple,' said I; 'I will keep watch.'

She shook her head.

'Nay,' I continued; 'you will rest comfortably upon this locker. You need but a pillow. There is nothing in the cabins to be thought of for that purpose; but I believe I can contrive a soft bolster for you out of my coat.'

'You are very kind; but I shall not be able to sleep.'

I continued to entreat her, and now she was affected by my earnestness.

'Since it will please you if I lie down, Mr Dugdale, I will do so,' said she.

I whipped off my coat and rolled it up; and she removed her hat with a manner that made me see she abhorred even this trifling disturbance of her apparel, as though it signified a sort of settling down to the un-peppable life of the wreck. The fabric swayed so tenderly that the bottle containing the candle stood without risk of capsizing upon the table, and the small but steady flame shone clearly upon her. How delicate were her features by that light! how rich and beautiful the exceeding abundance of the dark coils of her hair, the richer and the more beautiful for the neglect in it, for the shadowing of her white brow by the disordered tresses, for the drooping of it about her ears with the sparkle of diamonds there! Presently she was resting.

I removed the candle to the stanchion, and secured the bottle where the light would be off her eyes, and sat me down near the doorway as far from her as the narrow breadth of the structure would permit, where I filled a pipe

and smoked, expelling the fumes into the air, and listening with a heavy heart to the faint sounds breaking from the interior of the hull, to the washing moan, at long intervals, of some passing leave of swell, and to the squeaking of the rats in the cabin below—a most dismal and shocking sound, I do protest, to hearken to amidst the hush and blackness of that ocean night, scarce vexed by more than the pattering of the rain.

From time to time Miss Temple would address me; then she fell silent, and by-and-by, looking towards her, I observed that she had fallen asleep.

SEEKING SUNKEN TREASURE.

THE greedy ocean—as Horace terms the boundless expanse of waters that joins the nations it divides—not only puts a period to the checkered career of many a skilful seaman, but also engulfs stately ships and the toil-won treasures which they perchance contain. It is, however, much more the friend of man than his enemy. The human race have not been slow to devise means whereby some portion of the spoil can be recovered from the fabled home of Neptune and the Nereids. Seeking for treasure at the bottom of old ocean partakes somewhat of the nature of a lottery, with few prizes and many blanks; but it has attracted the attention of adventurous spirits making haste to get rich under every sky. It is the correct thing nowadays to form such a venture into a Limited Liability company, as though it were a silver mine or any other terrestrial undertaking. The scapegrace son in *Ready Money Mortiboy* is represented by the authors as stimulating the rapacity of his father by a plausible description of a rich wreck that lay in about eight fathoms of water somewhere between Turk's Islands and the Bahamas in a snug spot known only to himself. One hundred thousand pounds sterling, in substantial ingots of gold and silver won from the bowels of the earth, awaited him who should be bold enough to attempt their rescue from the depths of the sea. All this treasure could be obtained, he informed his avaricious sire, at a total expenditure of one-twentieth of its value. This would certainly yield a higher percentage than antiquated consols or even a modern cotton 'corner.'

Jules Verne has delighted his numerous readers by his extravagant descriptions of submarine forests, pearls worth ten million francs and as large as a coco-nut, and gigantic oysters. Scientific expeditions have failed to meet with any of these marvellous ocean treasures, evolved from the inner consciousness of the famous writer of fiction in a motley garb of distorted facts. They have, however, acquired other deep-sea treasures, which, although valueless on 'Change, and probably classed with the veriest rubbish by matter-of-fact men of business, have proved important factors in determining a more accurate know-

ledge of marine zoology and botany. Then, again, there are those more humble toilers of the sea, divers for pearl and sponge, who perform their arduous tasks without extraneous aid. The length of time spent under water by these men, after leaving the upper air, is limited by their powers of endurance. Hence, neither extensive nor prolonged submarine operations could be effected in this way. We are concerned more immediately with greater gain.

Diving-bell, waterproof suit and helmet, and electric light, have done much to render work under water a success. When constructing the foundations of a bridge, or repairing a leaky place in the immersed portion of a ship's hull, it is often absolutely necessary that men shall remain beneath the surface of the water while the work is proceeding. It is true that a cofferdam might be built up; but this would be more costly and less speedy. The diving-bell—a large hollow iron vessel—supplies this pressing need indifferently. It has an opening at its base, as its name implies; it is provided with inside accommodation for the workers; and is sufficiently strong to withstand the pressure of the superincumbent mass of water. All being ready and every one in his place, the bell is gradually lowered by suitable apparatus beneath the surface of the water. The air which it contains is compressed, and the water rises a little inside; but all above remains dry and snug. Powerful force-pumps connected with the top of the bell keep up a supply of pure air and prevent the air-space from being further encroached upon by the water. Submarine work can be carried on by this means; but operations are necessarily confined to the area beneath the bell. The diving-bell has a certain claim to antiquity, if the accounts of Aristotle and Jerome be accepted. Friar Bacon is said to have constructed one about the year 1250; but the earliest reliable account of its use in Europe would appear to be that of the descent of two Greeks at Toledo in 1538 in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. They went under the water 'in a very large kettle, suspended by rope, mouth downward.' The astronomer Halley has the merit of inaugurating submarine work in this country; for he not only improved on the crude ideas of his day, but actually descended forty-five feet in a bell of his own arrangement at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Smeaton was the first to employ diving-bells for civil-engineering purposes; and he constructed Ramsgate Harbour by their aid in 1780.

The discovery of the properties of india-rubber had an important bearing on the success of ocean treasure-seeking. It is an instance of an improvement in one branch of industry leading to unforeseen development in another. By discarding the bell and adopting a waterproof suit and helmet, a diver is free to make his way into the holds of sunken ships which must otherwise have been inaccessible. We have often watched a diver performing his toilet. He gets

into a waterproof suit; his assistants place in position his massive metallic helmet, which, resting upon his shoulders, covers head and neck; leaden-soled shoes are placed upon his feet; and he is ready to descend. Helmet and suit are carefully connected, so that water cannot insinuate itself between them. The helmet has glass windows, to enable the diver to see, and its upper part is fitted with a flexible tube for supplying him with fresh atmospheric air from a force-pump. Excess and vitiated air escape by a suitable valve. A rope is attached to a diver's body, by which he is hauled up to the surface if necessary, and by which he can make preconcerted signals with his attendants above. Both rope and air-supply tube are allowed to run out, or the slack taken in, according to the movements of the operator below. Any fouling of the tube, or its severance, may mean sudden death for the diver.

Water exerts great pressure on a diver even at moderate depths. Every thirty feet of descent represents an additional weight of another atmosphere, or, speaking roughly, an extra pressure of about fifteen pounds on the square inch. Practice has unequivocally demonstrated that a submarine worker breathes without much effort, has control over all his organs, and preserves his presence of mind down to about one hundred and twenty feet; but below one hundred and fifty feet the external pressure produces uncontrollable physiological effects upon his internal organs, and life is endangered. A man becomes more accustomed to the difference between the normal atmospheric pressure and the increased pressure of the water by gradually increasing the depth of descent. His progress both from and to the surface must be accomplished slowly, in order that humming in the ears and pains in the head may be avoided. Electricity enables a diver to partly dispel the gloom of his uncanny workplace; but under the most favourable circumstances his sight in the denser medium is far from being microscopically perfect.

Many schemes for the recovery of ocean treasures were rife towards the close of the seventeenth century. One of the ill-fated vessels of the Spanish Armada had gone down in shallow water off the island of Mull in 1588, and her wreck was supposed to contain immense treasure. The Duke of Argyll and other adventurers had her examined by divers in 1673, but without success, owing to imperfections in their apparatus. An American shipwright named Phipps tried his 'prentice hand upon the wreck of a Spanish galleon in the West Indies; but the return was less than the expenditure. Nothing daunted, he obtained a loan from the Earl of Albemarle, son of General Monk, at a high rate of interest, and eventually rescued property worth about three hundred thousand pounds sterling. His share amounted to twenty thousand pounds! It is said that he was subsequently knighted, became sheriff of New England, and was the founder of one of our noble houses. All speculators are not so fortunate; for more than twelve thousand pounds was spent in trying to raise the *Royal George*.

J. and W. Braithwaite were exceptionally favoured by the fickle goddess in some of their submarine searches. They recovered nearly all

her valuable cargo and seventy-five thousand pounds in silver dollars from the sunken East Indianman *Earl of Abergavenny*, which was lost in 1805, and had been ten months under water sixty feet deep. A Spanish galleon was cast away near Worms Head when homeward bound with a freight of dollars shortly after the conquest of South America by the ruthless Dons. The nature of her cargo did not transpire at the time, and drifting sand gradually hid her shattered hull. In 1805 a heavy gale laid bare the buried and forgotten wreck. Many dollars were picked up by the dwellers along the sea-shore; but money-hunting was not of long duration, for the ocean reclaimed its own, and twenty-six years elapsed before this wreck saw the light again. Then another harvest of dollars was reaped, which bore the date 1631.

His Majesty's ship *Thetis* left Rio de Janeiro for England in 1830 with eight hundred thousand dollars on board. She was lost near Cape Frio on the day after sailing, either in consequence of an unusual current, or, as Professor Barlow said in his paper read before the Royal Society, owing to an insidious disturbing action of the iron parts of the ship on her compasses. Her treasure was deemed a total loss; but Captain Dickinson of the *Lightning* constructed a diving-bell out of two iron water-tanks and converted an old fire-engine into an air-pump. With these rude appliances seven hundred and twelve thousand dollars were recovered, one-third becoming the property of the salvors. A long spar or derrick of marvellous construction, extending one hundred and fifty-eight feet from the side of the cliff, was used to suspend the bell over the wreck.

A Mr Deane was probably the first to use a waterproof suit and metallic helmet for diving purposes. He descended, in 1832, to the wreck of His Majesty's ship *Boique*, which had been at the harbour bottom for thirty-seven years, and brought up some bottles of wine, the corks of which were entire though soft-met. In the same year a diver named Bell adopted similar means to save some treasure from the sunken transport *Guernsey Lily*, which foundered in Yarmouth Roads in forty-three feet of water when coming from Holland with the Duke of York's expedition in 1799. The *Hants Telegraph* of November 1833 is responsible for the following statement: His Majesty's ship *Colossus* was wrecked in St Mary's Roads, Scilly; and thirty-five years afterwards, when her guns were brought to the surface by a diver, an explosion took place upon one of them being struck with a hammer. Another curious circumstance is recorded in the prints of that time: an iron cannon-ball taken by a diver from the wreck of the *Mary Rose*, which had lain under water near Spithead for one hundred and fifty years, gradually became red-hot on exposure to the atmosphere, and finally crumbled into a powder resembling burnt clay! A Spanish frigate, the *San Pedro*, laden with a million and a half of money, blew up and sank in Camana Bay. The Boston Diving Company has recovered a few guns and many of her dollars from a depth of sixty feet. A fishing schooner discovered a chain cable on a coral reef in the China Sea. Closer scrutiny brought to light a sextant and a chronometer. Not far from them lay what appeared at first sight to be lumps of lead, but

which proved to be Sycee silver. About one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth was got up from the bed of the ocean. This lucky find was handed over to the proper authorities by the schooner's captain, who was awarded a fair amount for salvage. This treasure was supposed to have formed part of the East India Company's ship *Christina*, which had sailed for home two years previously, but had not reached her destination.

On February 19, 1867, the French steamships *Le Gange* and *L'Impératrice* collided near Marseilles. A chest containing gold fell into the thick mud at the bottom of the harbour. Two divers went down, and each holding the end of a rope, swept circles until the chest was located and the treasure was saved. Not long since, the Spanish steamship *Alfonso XII.* foundered in deep water near the Canary Islands. Part of her cargo consisted of ten boxes of gold, each containing ten thousand pounds. After some delay, divers were sent out with the latest appliances; and nine out of the ten boxes of specie were brought up. Every attempt to localise the tenth was utterly futile, so that a fortune seems irrecoverably lost. A Dutch barque, the *Maria Theresa*, sank fifty-five years ago in Goree (atway, near Helvoetsluis, on the coast of Holland. Her hull has recently been found, and some boardloads of her cargo of tin have been brought up by divers. The schooner-yacht *Star of the Sea*, belonging to Sir A. H. Dendy of Torquay, was sunk on the Banjaard Bank, Zealand coast, on July 5, 1870. After an immersion of nineteen years, an iron safe containing fifty pounds and a gold watch-chain has been recovered from this wreck, together with two small guns and twenty-two pigs of lead ballast. A diving company has just succeeded in gaining some relics of the French frigate *Danac*, of fifty-six guns, which was destroyed near Trieste, seventy-eight years since, by an explosion in her powder-magazine, when her crew of six hundred men were hurled headlong into eternity. This find will throw some light on the construction and armament of the war-ships of a century ago.

Some Danish speculators are reaping a harvest of golden grain from the depths of the sea which washes the coasts of Jutland. Some years previously, the British steamship *Helen*, laden with copper, had foundered. All her cargo has been recovered; and it is probable that her machinery will follow, as the accumulation of sand in which the hull was embedded has now disappeared. A Russian frigate, the *Alexander Nevsky*, which was lost in 1868, has yielded twenty thousand pounds of brass. The sand which covered her has been scoured away, and an attempt will be made to get out her engines. The British steamer *Westdale*, laden with two thousand tons of iron, went down off the Danish coast in December 1888. Nearly the whole cargo, her machinery, and great part of her fittings have been saved by these Jutland speculators.

Dredging operations now being carried out at Santander, Spain, have resulted in the discovery of the well-preserved wreck of a war-ship of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. She must have been in her present position for four hundred years, and was partly covered by a deposit of sand and mud. Divers have brought up guns which bear the

united arms of Castile and Aragon, the scroll of Isabella, or the crown and initial of Ferdinand. This ship would appear to have been employed as a transport, and, inasmuch as some of the arms are of French and Italian make, it is supposed that she formed part of the fortunate expedition against Naples under Gonzalo de Cordoba. She probably foundered while entering the port of Santander on her return from Italy laden with trophies and plunder. Among the coins recovered are some bearing the image and superscription of Charles VIII. of France, and others issued by various contemporary Italian States.

Numerous syndicates are either formed or forming for the prosecution of a search for ocean treasures. The ship *Madagascar* left Melbourne for England in 1853 with a large amount of bullion on board. Nothing definite has ever been heard of her since she was seen from Port Phillip Heads steering a course for home. Piracy and many other more or less improbable causes have been advanced to account for her disappearance. Some speculators, however, left Sydney for New Zealand last June in order to seek for this long-lost ship and treasure. A recently-discovered wreck is supposed to be the one in question. Another expedition is about to proceed to the west coast of Africa to attempt the recovery of the specie, gold-dust, and ivory from the wreck of the steamship *Gambia*, which struck on a sunken rock near Cape Palmas and went to the bottom about twelve years since. It is the belief of the promoters of this scheme that the steamer's safe containing the valuables is still intact. A diver is reported to have salvaged two thousand pounds' worth of ivory; but death had claimed him before he could reach the safe. Divers are exploring the bed of the ocean near Galley Head, on the south coast of Ireland, in search of the wreck of the steamship *Crescent City*, which sank in sixteen fathoms of water about 1869. Her treasure in specie amounted to fifty thousand pounds. Divers succeeded, with great difficulty, in securing sixteen thousand pounds of this amount; but they failed to reach the remainder of her hoard. A Mr O'Hara, of Liverpool, who surveyed the *Crescent City* shortly after she foundered, is said to have purchased the hull from the underwriters as it now lies under water. He is of opinion that the chance of salvage will be much greater now in consequence of the breaking-up of the vessel. An English ship sank with all hands and a valuable cargo about one hundred and fifty years since near Danzig. Even now the spot where she disappeared is known as the 'Englishman's Roads.' Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to find out her position; but quite recently some divers, searching for amber, fell in with the submerged hull of a vessel which is believed to be the much-sought-after merchantman, so that there may yet be some salvage.

The Aboukir Bay Treasure Recovery Company has been got together for the purpose of recovering treasure from the ship *L'Orient* and other war-vessels belonging to the French which sank at the battle of the Nile. Divers have salvaged many articles; but a vague claim has been made by the French Government, and Egypt has appointed an overseer on behalf of France. The Khedive has visited the scene of operations. Property worth twenty thousand pounds is said to

have been recovered; but the much-coveted gold has not yet been won. As no fewer than three steamers and experienced divers are engaged on the work, the expenses must be very heavy.

THE HOSPITAL LERS.

CHAPTER III.

If the mornings within the Hospital walls passed quietly and smoothly, the evenings were far more redolent of brooding peacefulness. When the doors were closed upon the busy city, shutting out all the world except a merry shout of children at play in the meadows beyond, the pensioners in their best red coats sat under the monastery walls, or worked in their garden patches among their vegetables and flowers. Ben Choppin, smoking his evening pipe with his friend and ally the Corporal, watched a pair of figures promenading the path round the preaching-cross—*Sylvia Goldsworthy* and the painter, *Harold Abclwhite*, in earnest converse.

'It came upon me like a thunderclap,' said the sailor, as if resuming the broken thread of a story. 'Miss *Sylvia*, she had just finished the *Battle of the Nile*, when our new gov'nor walks in with the picture-chap yonder. "You are our new patron?" says the Captain—"I have the honour to be so," says Mr *Debenham*—"Then," says the Captain, "allow me to inform you that my cottage is at your disposal; I can accept no favour from a *Debenham*."—I was that astonished you might ha' knocked me down with the butt-end of a musket.'

'I daresay,' Mr *Dawson* replied meditatively, 'I did hear, when the Captain first came here, as he had had words along with the young gentleman's father. I only hope as it won't make any difference at Christmas.'

Mr *Choppin* listened to assure his friend that such a dread consummation was not likely to happen in consequence of the Captain's indiscretion. That the new patron and his chief pensioner had come to high words was common property in the Hospital, and had been warmly discussed amongst the inhabitants from a more or less personal point of view.

But *Sylvia* and her companion, walking in the gloaming beneath the shadow of the ancient preaching-cross, were likewise speaking of the scene that morning. The artist listened sympathetically to the girl, who spoke in a low voice, that trembled with emotion from time to time. Her features were pale, and on her cheeks were signs of recent tears.

'It is not for me to blame my father,' she said after a pause. 'I do not think he cared for the loss of his money; it was the treacherous action on the part of his friend that makes him so hard.—But it is not just; it is not like him to visit the sins of one upon another innocent head.'

'And such a handsome head!' replied the artist somewhat bitterly. 'I have not heard the whole story. Would you mind enlightening me?'

'It is simple enough. When my father gave up his profession, he had quite sufficient for his wants; indeed, he would to this day, had he not been persuaded by his friend Mr *Debenham* to speculate. There was a lot of money invested

in certain bonds; and when they were repudiated—whatever that may mean—all our money was lost. But my father found out afterwards that Mr Debenham had sold out the week before. If it was done deliberately, it was a cruel, heartless thing to do.'

'But how could this Debenham benefit by your ruin?'

'I have no head for business,' said Sylvia wearily. 'But I understand if my father's share had been placed suddenly in the market it would have seriously jeopardised Mr Debenham's chance of disposing of his. Can you understand? To me it is simply hopeless confusion.'

Abelwhite listened to this explanation thoughtfully, though with the reputation of Debenham, father or son, he felt but little impetus to show a partisan spirit. Gradually there had grown up in his imagination a picture, painted coldly at first by the cynical sarcasm with which those bodily afflicted treat their own physical infirmities; but gradually the picture grew in glowing colours, and as yet the painter refused to own that the pigments mixed by the hand of love himself had turned to the blackness of despair.

'We have always been friends,' Sylvia continued after a pause. 'Mr Abelwhite, can't you find some way to help me now?'

'I would lay down my life to make you happy. Tell me, if this quarrel is explained away, will you be any happier then?'

'Surely. Why, then, if he should say to me—'

She stopped, and Abelwhite was grateful, for every word falling from her lips was torture to his proud and sensitive soul. There was a wild passion in his affection for the girl, an adoration such as poets tell us of; and as he looked into her serious eyes, his madness alternately cooled and burned, despair and love mingled in a breath. He paused a moment, intending to refuse, a negative that he could not have uttered if he would.

'There are some men,' said he, 'who are born to have no wish, no ambition ungratified. They have riches and health and beauty, everything that makes life happy, and yet, should they but covet the only jewel of a poor man's heart, it is theirs.'

'Fie!' said Sylvia archly. 'Surely you envy no one.'

'And no one envies me, which is considerate under the circumstances.—Now, what if I were to tell you that I—I, Harold Abelwhite, the cripple, can resolve this mystery, and show you that it is all a misunderstanding, and that for Captain Goldsworthy's misfortune his friend was not to blame?'

'Do you know that?' Sylvia cried, her cheeks aflame. 'If you only can do this, I shall be grateful all the days of my life.'

'And gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come,' Abelwhite quoted. 'I do not say I can; it is merely a hypothetical case I am putting.'

The light in Sylvia's eyes died out; a gentle sigh betrayed the deepness of her disappointment.

The painter, watching these signs of alternate hope and despair, felt his conscience tax him for this cruel levity. But the keen torture of his

own feeling was too poignant as yet to spare a little room for the noblest of all virtues, self-sacrifice. Seeing that his feelings were somewhat akin to her own, Sylvia touched him gently on the arm.

His pale face blazed with excitement as he started back. 'Don't!' he cried, almost roughly. 'Do you think I have no feelings? that because I am not like other men— But I frighten you—you, whom I would not injure for the world. Bear with me only a little longer.'

He was past all power of acting now; there was in his emotional nature no vein of stoicism, no worldly training such as enables us to disguise grief and sorrow under the mask of simulated gaiety. He seated himself upon the steps of the old preaching-cross, and hid his face in his hands. 'I have been happy here, far too happy. Do not chide me for my folly, Sylvia. I had hoped—fool that I am—to see some day, when I became rich and famous— But that is only the dream of a poor crippled painter.'

'Oh! surely not,' Sylvia cried, in deep distress. 'We shall live to see it yet.'

'One part, perhaps,' said the artist with a mournful smile; 'the other, never. There is something in this place that causes one to weave Arcadian dreams, an air that makes me feel on an equality with all men; and I was mad enough to think that you might, after many days— But I will not distress you. I think I can assist you, and I will.'

Sylvia murmured her thanks and held out her hand. He took it, and carried it to his lips with a gentle reverence, for all the fire and passion had burnt itself away, leaving nothing but the dead ashes behind.

'In two days I will come to you again. I am going to take a bold step, and one that may cost me much; but I shall not fail. It is strange that you should come to me; but sometimes the mouse in the fable is acted in real life. And now, I shall say good-night.'

'But you must come in, if only for a few minutes,' said Sylvia.

'Not to-night,' the artist persisted. 'I could not. Say good-night here, and let me go through the side-door. Do not lose heart, but wait and hope.'

With these parting words of advice, Abelwhite turned abruptly away, and disappeared into the gathering darkness of the street beyond. There was no gleam of recognition in his face for passer-by, as he walked slowly, painfully along; but by degrees his pace increased, till at length the cottage was reached, and the owner sat himself down in his studio to think.

There was not a soul in the house to disturb these painful meditations, yet every article of furniture or ornament conjured up some unhappy memory. There was the chair where Sylvia had sat for her portrait, the very book represented in the picture lying upon a side-table. Here it was that the dream of happiness had been commenced, and raised story by story, till every airy detail was complete. And even now it was not too late. The Captain would lie in his grave before he would give his child to the son of his dishonoured friend; Sylvia would never disregard her father's word, though it cost her all her happiness. Then Hugh Debenham would go

away, and forget; another and fresher beauty would charm his eye, and then— But *then* the thoughts grew darker and more troubled; for the painter knew that, juggle with his conscience as he would, it was in his power to solve the mystery and bring the lovers within each other's reach.

He had the power to do this thing; that was the worst of all. There stood the innocent-looking cabinet, the workmanship and restoration of which, by Abelwhite, Hugh Debenham had so much admired; and there, concealed within its artistic depths, lay confirmation strong as proof of holy writ. A little curiosity, a glance, and finally a somewhat closer search, had brought to light the fact that the Captain's anger was in vain, and that his erstwhile friend had done his best to save him from ruin.

'What a temptation!' he cried; 'what a hideous trial of this poor body! Yet there should be no hesitation. I am—so I tell myself—by education and instinct, if not by birth, a gentleman; still, I am deliberately contemplating the act of a scoundrel. If I do right, I shall lose every hope of her; if I do wrong, she will be no nearer to me than now. And yet—and yet'—

But the good angel of the man had so far triumphed with the morning, that Abelwhite resolved that there was only one honourable course before him. Not that the task was an easy one, embracing as it did certain painful disclosures, and an interview from which the sensitive nature of the artist recoiled, as some natures shrink from physical pain. It was easy enough to prove that Debenham's father had been entirely innocent of treachery towards his old friends; but this, simple as it seemed, could not be accomplished without certain disgraceful disclosures affecting the happiness of more than one of the parties most directly concerned. No man possessed of the ordinary feelings of humanity cares to bring home disgrace to his fellow-creatures, especially if they are of the gentler sex.

Abelwhite walked the entire distance from Castleford to Fotheryngsby Court, a somewhat toilsome journey for one so bodily afflicted, without arriving at any satisfactory solution of the difficulty before him. He had racked his brain in vain to devise some scheme whereby the truth should be exposed without violating the confidence which he had so unwittingly gleaned from the contents of the old cabinet. In the first place, he had no earthly right to read the papers; and having done so, under ordinary circumstances, it was his duty to preserve an inviolate silence upon the matter. But after all—and there lay the difficulty—it was not an ordinary occasion, but one deeply affecting the happiness of two people. He who sows the wind must expect to reap the whirlwind; but the repetition of this homely philosophy brought no grain of comfort to the troubled breast of Harold Abelwhite.

He passed under the frowning portcullis, across the blazing parterres of flowers glowing on the lawns, and walked up the steps to the great hall door. A supercilious footman, contemplating his misshapen figure with a glance of undisguised contempt, vouchsafed the information that Mrs

Debenham was at home, though whether she would condescend to receive visitors at so unusual an hour was quite another thing.

'I don't suppose she'll see you, and that's a fact, young man,' said the superlative footman affably. 'Any message you may leave'—

'I shall leave no message,' Abelwhite replied firmly. 'My business is important and urgent. Take in my card, and inform your mistress that I can wait to suit her convenience, but see her I must.'

The servant disappeared, leaving Abelwhite standing in the hall, and returned in a few moments with a visible change of manner, and the information that Mrs Debenham would spare him a few moments if he would kindly walk into the library.

The artist braced his nerves for the coming fray. He had no anticipation of an easy victory, knowing that his case would have to be fully proved, and that nothing short of the most convincing evidence would suffice. And as Mrs Debenham, calm, haughty, and condescending, swept into the room, Abelwhite gave one swift glance into her face, and realised for the first time the extreme delicacy of the task before him.

'You wished to see me?' asked the lady. 'What can I do for you?'

'I came,' said Abelwhite, clearing his throat, 'not on my own behalf. It is for my friend Captain Goldsworthy that I wish to speak.'

The listener, still haughty and listless, drew herself up with an air of proud surprise, though her lips trembled slightly, but not so slightly that Abelwhite saw and noticed the ominous change.

'Of course I will attend to anything you have to say, Mr Abelwhite,' replied the lady, a little more graciously. 'I am rather surprised to receive any communication from Captain Goldsworthy, that is all. You will pardon me if I ask if you are well acquainted with his affairs?'

The artist bent his head. 'So far as any man knows,' said he.

'Then of course you are aware that some years ago my husband and Captain Goldsworthy were great friends. They were in the habit of doing business together, until a certain unfortunate quarrel—a quarrel in which the Captain was pleased to accuse my husband of something like dishonesty.'

'Wholly false,' returned Abelwhite laconically. 'I know that.'

The glib graciousness of Mrs Debenham's manner vanished before this plain and somewhat strongly-marked observation. She was simply talking to gain time, and her visitor was perfectly alive to the fact.

'I thank you for having cleared the ground for me,' he continued. 'It was on that very point that I wished to consult you. Knowing, as we both do, certain details, I will not go into them, but simply point out that unless Captain Goldsworthy was warned by the late Mr Debenham of the financial condition of the company in which the former's money was invested, there *was* treachery. Now, what we wish to know is this, what became of the letter written by Mr Debenham to the Captain, warning him to sell out at once?'

'Indeed, I have no head for business,' said the mistress of Fotheryngsby, white to the lips 'It would have been utterly unintelligible to me.'

'A view by no means shared by your husband,' returned Abelwhite dryly. A well-deserved compliment is never unwelcome. 'Please favour me with your attention for a moment while I read this letter.' So saying, the speaker drew from his pocket a few sheets of flimsy paper, book-copies of letters written with a stylus on the old carbon-paper principle. The rustling of the thin leaves and the unhappy listener's laboured breathing were the only sounds to break the oppressive silence.

'First a letter from your husband to Captain Goldsworthy, warning him to lose no time in disposing of his share—a letter never received. The next is far more interesting, dated a month later—after the crash—and evidently written in reply to an indignant outburst from Captain Goldsworthy, denouncing the shameful treatment he had received. Shall I read it aloud?'

Mrs Debenham bowed. She could not have spoken for the mines of Golconda.

'MY DEAR GOLDSWORTHY—I am utterly amazed at your note. On my honour, I wrote you nearly a month ago, when I had no means of personal communication, imploring you to lose no time in disposing of your shares without regard to me. I deemed that letter so important that I specially charged my wife, who is an excellent business woman, to see you received it. For the sake of our old friendship, call upon me, for I am still too ill to see you at your house, and all shall be explained. That I did write you, warning you, my letter-book will show.—Yours sincerely,
H. CRICHTON DEBENHAM.

'There are three others, all bearing upon the same question. There is no necessity to read them?'

Abelwhite paused, looking keenly at his antagonist. Her face was very pale, but all the iron self-possession had not yet forsaken her. 'You need not,' she replied; and the artist felt grateful that she had inquired no further into his questionable possession of this evidence. 'I think we understand each other.—Name your price.'

'You are quite mistaken, madam; it is no mere question of money. I have no such purpose to serve—far from it. I hold out no promises, and make no threats. Go to Captain Goldsworthy and tell him the whole truth; then these proofs are yours. For his sake and that of his daughter, I have taken this painful course. The issue is entirely in your hands.'

'And if I do this, if I clear up this mystery, and make things pleasant for Captain Goldsworthy and his daughter—for that this has something to do with her I am convinced—what do I gain?'

'Really, I had not considered you in the matter at all,' Abelwhite replied candidly. 'You are quite right in assuming that Miss Goldsworthy's happiness is a powerful inducement, and in this view I should certainly be borne out by Mr Hugh Debenham.'

'Ah!' cried the unhappy woman, now genuinely moved, 'if he must know'—

'He will never know. Madam, there is some-

thing more powerful than human schemes and devices, and that is Fate. Your sin has found you out—the time for expiation has arrived. Do as I ask you, and I pledge you my word that your son shall never know.'

There was a long pause between them before Mrs Debenham found sufficient courage to reply. 'I will take you at your word,' she at length said. 'If you fail me, I shall not blame you. But there is something in your face that tells me I shall not be betrayed. Anything, so long as he remains in ignorance.'

'Your secret will be safe in Captain Goldsworthy's hands; not even by look will he reproach you; for'—and here the speaker lowered his voice reverently—the loss of a little wealth matters nothing to one who has found the peace that passeth all understanding'

IN THE ROYAL COUNTY OF HANTS.

'HAMPSHIRE,' says that right honest old Englishman, Izaak Walton, who knew it well, 'exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear streams and goodly store of trouts;' nor is it less famous for the store of good men and true who were either born in it, or there played brave, goodly, or tragic and famous parts. Its capital city, Winchester, of all our old cities, is perhaps the most often mentioned in the pages of history, and may well claim the proud title of 'Royal,' having been in British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman times the dwelling-place of kings and princes, and the seat of government, and still containing the ashes of many a warrior sovereign of either race. Known first as the British town of Caer Gwent, the Romans when they took it from the Belgæ gave it the name of Venta Belgarum; and thus by easy transition it became under the Saxons, Wintanceaster, the 'fortified city of Wint.' Cerdic made it the capital of his kingdom of the West Saxons, and so it continued to be until the reign of Egbert, when it became the capital city of England up to the time of Stephen. After being plundered and almost destroyed by the Danes, it seems to have been rebuilt by Alfred, its noble benefactor, who there died and was buried. So it held its ground until William the Norman built strong castles on its eastern and western sides, strengthened its walls and defences, and there reigned with power and splendour. It was through the streets of Winchester, on the 2d of August 1100, one Purkiss, a charcoal-burner, drew the body of the dead King Rufus; the blood oozing out through the boards of the cart, and staining the road up to the gates of the cathedral where he was buried, and where his tomb is still to be seen. The fatal arrow which killed him was shot in a glade of that very New Forest which his father had, with wanton and iron hand, laid out as a royal hunting-ground; the laws of which he had himself enforced with such relentless cruelty; where, also, his elder brother, Richard, had been gored to death by a stag; and his nephew perished by being dashed from an unruly horse against the branches of a tree.

But it was during the reign of Henry I. that

Winton reached its highest splendour, some idea of which may be formed from the fact that, on the death of Henry II., his son, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, found there in the royal treasury no less a sum than nine hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold and silver coin, besides a goodly store of pearls and precious stones. It was at Winchester Castle that Henry III. (of Winchester) was born, and there also his son Edward I.—a fact disputed by some historians, who claim Westminster as the royal birthplace, on hardly sufficient grounds—and at a later date Arthur, the hapless son of Henry VII.

Leaving, however, these and many other such historical details to the reader's own pleasant discovery, we may note in passing that it was in the church of Southwick Priory, Hants, that Henry VI. married his brave and redoubtable wife, Margaret of Anjou, the Red Rose of that long and terrible strife which ended so fatally for her on the bloody field of Tewkesbury. Few traces of the famous old abbey now remain in the grounds of Southwick Park, though in its day it was one of the most splendid and flourishing foundations in the south of England; while of the marriage itself no details are extant. But of a far more gloomy and ill-omened marriage ceremony, that of Mary Tudor with Philip of Spain, we get a clearer glimpse in the Lady Chapel of the cathedral. Philip had landed at Southampton on the 20th of July 1554; and on ascending the steps from the beach was met by a goodly number of noblemen and ladies, and received at their hands the insignia of the Order of the Garter, sent to him by the queen. Thence he rode on a 'right handsome' horse—also sent by her majesty—to return thanks for his safe voyage at Holy Rood Church.

It was wild, wet, and stormy weather when Philip, after two days' rest, set out with his retinue for Winchester in pouring rain, 'which they, however, did only suffer in common with the Earl of Pembroke and a splendid cavalcade of one hundred and fifty gentlemen and nobles in black velvet and gold chains, and a bodyguard of one hundred archers, mounted and wearing the Prince's livery of yellow cloth, striped with red velvet, with cordons of white and crimson silk. Besides whom there were four thousand spectators, all variously mounted, who wound up the procession.' They took their time over the short journey of a dozen miles, now easily accomplished by rail in twenty minutes, and it was not until near seven p.m. that they arrived at Winchester, 'after a hard day's travel,' and were there met by the queen, who had been staying at the palace at Guildford, so as to be in easy reach of the city. The Prince was grandly received by the bishop and nobles before evening service at the cathedral; and on the day following, the gloomy Spaniard had his first formal interview with his future wife at the bishop's palace. 'On the morrow, being the festival of St James, the patron saint of Spain, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp in the Lady Chapel, where may still be seen the chair sent with the pope's blessing from Rome in which Mary sat. A grand banquet followed the royal wedding; the scholars of St Mary's College of the Virgin recited their special epithalamiums; the whole city rejoiced in a renewed charter and a restitution of property to the cathedral; and

amidst the shouts of a vast crowd of people, the royal pair set out for their honeymoon at Basing House, the seat of the Marquis of Winchester, who had given her majesty away. The ill-omened union, however, thus begun in splendour, was fated to be one of discomfort and wretched gloom to the end of Mary's reign in 1558, her kinsman, Cardinal Pole, dying on the same November day.

Far brighter and of fairer omen, though in reality still sadder, was another royal marriage—of which Hampshire was then proud to boast—that of Charles II. to the fair young Princess Catharine of Braganza. Born on St Catharine's Day 1638, well dowried, and possessed of beauty, intelligence, and a loving heart, it was in her twenty-fourth year that she landed at Spithead in May 1662 to await the arrival of her royal lover. He was too busy with other affairs to hurry himself, and a week passed away before he at last reached Portsmouth on the 20th of May, and, like the young bride, was welcomed by the people both with bonfires and much ringing of bells. The marriage was celebrated in the chapel of the Hospital of St Nicholas by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and it may possibly interest some fair readers to know that Catharine's bridal robe was made 'after the English fashion, pink in colour, and trimmed with blue ribbons'—the wearer being short, prettily shaped, and handsome. Three months later, says Evelyn, the queen entered London this day, August 23d, 'with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingales, or guard-infantas, their complexions olivader, and sufficiently disagreeable; Her Majesty in the same habit; her foretop long, and turned aside very strangely. Yet was she of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, with languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth a little wronging her mouth; for the rest, lovely enough.'

Little on that bright summer day did the gay young queen dream of the twenty-and-three miserable years that then awaited her, each seeming more hopeless than its predecessor, during which she had to bear the open neglect of the husband whom she loved, the scorn of his mistresses, the plots of courtiers, and the laughter of the public. One final consolation awaited her, that when he was on his death-bed, Catharine, half distracted with grief, asked pardon of her husband if by any chance she had ever offended him, and was rewarded with his last words. 'Alas, poor woman!' was the graceless profligate's reply; 'she beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart.'

From such tragic misery as this it is pleasant, if but for a moment, to turn aside to the origin of such a common phrase as 'a merry-andrew'; and to find it in one Andrew Boorde, 'a right witty, wise, and facetious' physician to Henry VIII. at Winton. He was a strange and eccentric as well as learned man, who, among other odd habits, drank water three days in the week, wore constantly a hair-shirt, and every night had his shroud and burial shirt hung up 'at his bed's feet,' to remind him that death was ever at hand. But in spite of these eccentricities, he 'found, humoured, pleased, and often cured many patients' far and wide throughout the county. He frequented markets, fairs, and holiday-makings of every kind. He prescribed, made merry jokes

and long harangues, more like those of a jack-pudding than a doctor of physic. But wherever he went, he made many cures, if not by pills and potions, by hearty laughter, and so got the name of Merry Andrew. Rivals and imitators soon sprang up in all directions, glad enough to ape his title, though they had none of his learning and little enough of his ready wit.

It was to Winchester, in 1603, just after that city had been desolated by the Plague, that Walter Raleigh was brought down from the Tower of London, with seven others, to be arraigned for high treason. Throughout the trial he defended himself with a brave spirit, 'rather showing love of life than fear of death,' and with a noble eloquence, in replying to the insults of Coke, the 'king's Attorney, and a splendid dignity which no insult could for a moment ruffle. All were condemned; Cobham, Grey, and Markham being actually led out to the scaffold—purposely within sight of Raleigh's prison window—pardoned, and sent back to the Tower, where Sir Walter had yet to write the *History of the World*, and after a weary bondage of twelve years, to die with as dauntless a heart as he had lived, his last words—to the executioner, pausing with uplifted axe—being, 'Why dost thou not strike?—Strike, man!'

Raleigh, however, was not a Hampshire man; and his trial in the old County Hall at Winchester was almost the last event of historic interest to be noted in connection with it; though Brooke, once Master of St Cross, was soon after there beheaded on the college green. And in 1685, Lady Alice Lisle suffered a like fate, at the hands of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, for harbouring one John Hicks, a dissenting preacher. There, also, in 1784 took place the last burning at the stake, the victim being a wretched woman convicted of the murder of her husband.

As for the royal city itself, gradually after it ceased to be the seat of government, Winton began to decline in extent, wealth, and importance. Even as early as 1450, decay had set in, nine hundred and ninety houses being found to be destitute of occupants, while no fewer than seventeen parish churches were closed. The reign of Henry VIII. and his seizure of the remains of the religious houses completed the ruin thus begun; and after suffering miserably during the civil wars, Winton, shorn of commercial, ecclesiastical, and military advantages, sank to its lowest pitch of degradation. No wonder, therefore, that in August 1670 we find Taylor the Water Poet writing thus: 'I took Winchester on my way homewards, and there saw an ancient city like a body without a soule; and for ought I perceived, there were almost as many parishes as people. I lodged that night at the signe of the Cocke; but mine host had dyed the night before I came; and I being weary, had more minde to goe to bed than to follow him for so long a journey to doe my message and deliver my commendations; but the whole city seemed as dead as mine host, and it may bee they were all at harvest worke; but I walked from one end of it to the other and saw not thirty people of all sorts; so that if a man should go to Winchester for a goose he might lose his labour, for a trader cannot live there by vending such commodities.'

But however desolate the city may have been in 1670, and however many the empty churches in the days of Good Queen Bess, it was to the goodly and loyal county of Hants that she turned when the great and terrible Armada was about to invade and plunder its coast, and asked for help towards defraying the expenses of the war. A curious list yet remains to tell us of the eighty-seven Hampshire men who promptly responded to the queen's requisition with the goodly sum of four thousand eight hundred pounds. Of these eighty-seven, six only were from Winchester, thirteen from the Isle of Wight, and seven from Southampton. No donor gave less than twenty-five pounds; and two 'generals,' Peake and Knaplake, contributed each one hundred pounds. This, at a time when the crews of many of the English ships were in danger of starving for want of food, and both Drake and Howard all but disabled for want of powder—and all the answer to their 'earnest entreaties' to Elizabeth for fresh supplies, when with difficulty extorted, was, 'With how little can ye make shift?'—must have been a most timely godsend. 'Stout hearts,' says Mr Hardy, 'might bear hunger, but could not conjure into being either shot or powder; and it is sad enough to read the still extant words of one Thomas Fenner, in the State Records: 'The want of powder and shot and victuals did hinder much service which might otherwise have been performed to the utter subjection of the Spaniard,' and contrast them with the dashing spirit of stout old Francis Drake: 'God grant ye have a good eye on the Duke of Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not but ere long so to handell the matter with Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St Mary's Port among his orange trees. This last of July 1588.'

Scanty space remains for us barely to touch on a few of the names of the good men and true who, before and since those glowing days, have by good service to their country added to the fame of Royal Hants. The list is a long and a goodly one, in which will be found poets, statesmen, scholars, and divines, 'whose deeds have still a lustre that shall live.' Few readers now need to be told of William of Wykeham, to whose piety and munificence in 1379 are owing the rebuilding and endowment not only of the cathedral itself, but of the noble College of St Mary, Winton, and the no less princely New College at Oxford; though some may not know that he once bestowed twenty thousand marks in rebuilding the houses of the church, cleared all the Hampshire prisons of poor prisoners for debt under twenty pounds, and amended all the highways from Winchester to London. Not so well known, though notable in his own day, was William of Edynton, Lord High Chancellor, Bishop, and first prelate of the Order of the Garter; and still less known and less worthy, Henry de Blois, King Stephen's brother, whose ruined palace still stands at Waltham. Then we have Bishop Thomas Ken, Fellow of Winchester, the friend and pupil of Izaak Walton, who is said to have won his bishopric by refusing a lodging to poor Mistress Nell Gwynne; whilst the worthy Izaak himself lies buried in the south aisle of the cathedral which he loved to haunt when alive. To Hampshire we owe St Swinith, tutor of King Alfred, and bishop of his native city, 'a wise and good prelate, the governor of

the weather for forty days in each year;' to say nothing of the poets, George Withers, whose words,

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?

everybody quotes—though he is less known as governor of Farnham Castle and a major-general under Cromwell—and Edward Young, whose *Night Thoughts* nobody now reads. To which names may be added those of Kent, the church musician; Charles Dibdin, whose sea-songs still live; Dr Lowth, whose Hebrew lore is forgotten; Hare, the witty apothecary, of whom Fox once said, 'Wait till you hear Hare;' Bishop Huntingford, whose Greek odes are now dead and buried; and Archbishop Howley, who was not only Primate of all England, but lived to crown three successive sovereigns, the last being Her Gracious Majesty, whom he also christened and married; he being the last of his order who wore the perwig.

Our brief glance through Hants would be incomplete without mention of Gilbert White of Selborne, the famous naturalist, whose charming *History* keeps, and will keep, its place with Walton's *Angler*. Nor must we omit mention of the famous house of Baring, so long and so intimately connected with Hampshire and its gray old sleepy city—from its founder, John Baring of Bellair, in 1733, through a proud succession of bankers, statesmen, and peers, down to the present Earl of Northbrook, late Governor-general of India; men of sagacity, intellect, and knowledge of the world, and of unblemished name.

THE BISON'S VICTIM.

'LET us sleep here.' Thus my Karen shikari addresses me as we emerge from the jungle upon a stretch of hard dry sand which forms the beach of a shallow pool left by the last rains.

We were in pursuit of a bison which I had wounded early in the afternoon. For more than four hours Bah Oo, the Karen, had tracked him by the drops and splashes of blood which stained the leaves through which the animal had pressed his way; but now darkness was closing in upon us, and reluctant as I was to abandon the chase, the impossibility of seeing the blood-marks compelled us to give it up for the night. Indeed, we were fortunate to come thus opportunely upon a suitable camping-ground before nightfall. In these regions we know not the delicious twilight through which day melts into night in more northern climes; hardly has the sun gone to rest ere the moon assumes her sway with a haste that is almost weird.

'It is good,' I answer briefly; and Bah Oo throws down my blanket and busies himself with the preparations for making a fire. Up here, on the higher slopes of the Arracan Yomas, the December nights are cold, and my thoughts travel wistfully back to last night's camp, where my flannel clothing and rugs are lying in readiness for their owner's return. The present prospects are not cheering. Bah Oo has a joint of bamboo filled with cold boiled rice, and I have a pocketful of broken biscuits—these are all our supplies until we get back to the rest of the party; and as I intend to follow the bison until we come up with him or lose trace of his path, we must husband our resources carefully.

'To-morrow we shall find him,' says Bah Oo confidently, as he lights his queerly-shaped bamboo pipe with a burning stick. 'There is much blood. You shall kill him.' And he nods reassuringly at me across the fire.

The simple speech and the dark-skinned sturdy form of the speaker often rise to my memory now. 'You shall kill him.' Yes, I was to kill him, but not before he had killed the pluckiest man of the bravest race in Burma.

The night was very still; the fitful light of the fire danced upon the rising columns of smoke, and shone upon the overhanging foliage of the gigantic trees around us. The bark of a deer or the call of a night-bird served to emphasise our loneliness; and before we lay down to sleep we took care to pile enough wood upon the fire to keep it alive until well on into the night; for numerous tiger pugs upon the sand told us that our lodging was not too secure. We had been afoot since daybreak, and might have as hard a day's work to-morrow, for aught we knew; and for my part I slept under the starlit sky a sleep as unbroken as though I had been in my bed at home.

The tree-crickets are chirping the last bars of the song they have been singing all night, when I open my eyes in the morning. There is no sign of the dawn yet; but it will come before long, almost as suddenly as did the night. Bah Oo is still slumbering peacefully under his *putsoe* beside the black embers of the fire, regardless of the heavy dews, from which I and my rifle have been protected by an English blanket. I have had a wash in the dark-looking pool, and am drawing the sponge through my rifle-barrels, to dislodge any lurking particles of sand which may have found their way into them, when Bah Oo awakens. He does not stretch himself and yawn, as a civilised sleeper might; he rolls into an upright posture, twists his long hair into a knot, and folds the cotton *putsoe*, which is his single garment, round his waist. He has all his wits about him at once, and looks round for the bamboo receptacle which contains his food. 'In a betel-chew' [about fifteen minutes] 'it will be day,' he says.

'When we can see, we must go,' I remark, sitting down on a stone to eat a few mouthfuls of biscuit.

Bah Oo and I are old friends; but as we carry on our conversation in Burmese, a language almost as foreign to him as to myself, our observations are comparatively brief and few.

The birds are beginning to clear their throats for their morning hymn as the Karen, *dah* in hand, leads the way into the forest. The sun's rays are just catching the highest branches of the teak-trees; but a gloomy twilight still reigns below, and when we find the track of our quarry, we get on but slowly for the first half-hour. Every leaf and spray is heavily charged with dew, and soon I am wet to the skin; but we work our way steadily onward, encouraged by the blood-marks, which now lie thick and close together. We are travelling westward, and by-and-by find ourselves overlooking the distant Bay of Bengal, across an undulating prairie of varied green. The sun is up, and we get on more rapidly; the bison has taken a sandy path which runs along the top of a steep, almost perpen-

dicular bank. We do not require the aid of the blood-tracks now; the sand bears the huge creature's slots so clearly that the Karen breaks into the peculiar scuttling run he affects when engaged in pursuit of game. Presently he pauses and points to a bitten stem of elephant grass from which the juice is still flowing. He does not look round, and as I acknowledge the silently given hint by touching his shoulder, he starts off again.

For nearly an hour we traverse the path without turning to the right or left. It leads us through teak jungle and thick undergrowth, and my heart beats faster than usual as I look round and speculate on the risks we must run in attacking a wounded bison in such cover as this. Suddenly, Bah Oo crouches, comes to a dead stop, and spreads his hand out behind him. This signal means 'Look out;' and I obey it by wiping the glistening dewdrops from my rifle-sights, and sweeping away the curtain of cobwebs which hang from the broad brim of my hat. I look over the head of my guide, but can see nothing; he looks round, and having caught my eye, directs my attention with a slight nod to a huge tree with roots like the buttresses of a village church; then he takes one long step backwards, clutches my knee, and points a finger, trembling with excitement, to a clump of bushes ten paces in front. I drop on my knees and look: after half a minute's careful survey I see the stout foreleg, black in front and gray behind, which Bah Oo's trained eye detected in a moment. I touch the Karen on the shoulder, and rise to my feet, while he noiselessly vanishes behind the roots of the tree he had selected for cover. It is not an agreeable shot; ten paces is too close to be pleasant when the game is a wounded bison and the weapon a .500 Express. I must make a guess at the whereabouts of the animal's shoulder, for I dare not risk attracting his attention by moving through the bushes to obtain a better shot. I stoop down to note the position of the leg again, and then standing upright, plant both feet firmly and give him both barrels, one after the other. A terrific snort of rage and crashing of branches follow, as I make a spring for the tree whence Bah Oo is eagerly watching. I am not a moment too soon; the bison comes charging furiously through the hanging clouds of smoke, with his head down, and his tail standing stiffly out as he goes. He thunders past our hiding-place and stops a few yards beyond it, looking round him angrily. He is a magnificent brute, at least seventeen hands high, with an enormous head and ugly, wicked-looking horns. His glossy black hide gleams in the bars of sunlight which struggle through the foliage overhead. A nasty customer to deal with; but he has not discovered us yet, and therein lies my hope.

We are hidden from him by bushes, and I steal cautiously from the friendly shelter of the roots to get another shot. I can plant a bullet behind his ear from where I stand now, and have raised the rifle to cover the spot, when I hear a crackling sound on the other side of the tree. Bah Oo has left his place of safety and, on all-fours, a few yards away from it, is eagerly watching to see the effect of the next shot. I

scream to him to go back, but it is too late; the bison sees him, and turning as I fire, is on the helpless Karen in half-a-dozen strides. There is a sickening scuffle and a heavy fall; the smoke rises, and I see Bah Oo, who has been gored and tossed, lying motionless in a clump of jungle ten paces from the spot where I saw him before I fired. The crashing and rending of boughs below tell me that the bison has gone over the bank, and hastily reloading, I run to the edge to make sure that there is no danger of his return. Thirty yards down, I descrie him lying belly upwards, dead. He must have fallen after tossing the tracker, and rolled down by the impetus of his furious rush.

I hasten back to the wounded man, to find him conscious, but so terribly torn and mangled about the chest and side that his death must be a question of a few hours at most. He lies quietly where I place him, and idly watches my movements as I tear up my shirt and his *putsoe* for bandages wherewith to try and stanch the flow of blood.

'I shall soon die,' he says wearily. And though I contradict him with all the cheerfulness I can assume, I feel that he knows himself to be right. The rude bandages have checked the loss of blood, and he may live for some time if he is not moved. Hour after hour he lies there, breathing heavily, but without uttering word or moan. I sit beside him, longing for the appearance of the other men, knowing that our prolonged absence will prompt them to break camp and come in search of us. But the scorching day wears slowly on, till the rays of the sinking sun fall across the wounded man's face, and we are still alone.

Bah Oo moves his head uneasily on the coat I have rolled up for a pillow, and looks out between the tree-trunks, over the shining sea, at the sun, whose crimson edge is just dipping in the waters. 'It is sunset,' he says, turning to me with a face of awful resignation.

'I will light a fire when it becomes dark,' I reply. 'The other men will see it, and come.'

I rise to collect sticks for the purpose; but the Karen's faint voice stops me. 'I must go now.'

A slight tremor passed over his features as I stooped down and called him by his name. But he did not answer; he had gone, with the sun.

WHITE BIRDS.

WHITE birds—or rather white and pied varieties—are, like black swans in the land, *rare aves*. Of birds whose normal plumage is white, or mostly white, the British list can boast but few; but almost every kind of bird produces from time to time a white or pied individual. Of course, the most striking examples of these 'sports' are to be found among birds whose normal colour is black. Thus, white or pied ravens, rooks, jackdaws, and blackbirds always rouse our special interest, not because 'albinoism' is more uncommon with them than with others, but because in these cases the contrast is especially striking. 'A rare bird in the land,' we might say, 'and very like a white crow.' The

old bi-weekly paper, *The News* of 1820, contains an account of the capture of 'that exceedingly rare bird, a white crow, in the rookery of' a certain gentleman. This unfortunate bird was having a very rough time of it at the hands, or rather at the beaks and claws, of his sable brethren, when he was rescued by his captor. This is not to be wondered at. Rooks, like all members of narrow and exclusive coteries, detest strangers, and could any stranger present a more suspicious appearance than this white-coated, white-legged, white-beaked, red-eyed albino brother?

A gamekeeper recently showed the writer a curiously spotted blackbird, which he had wounded slightly in the wing, and was keeping alive in a cage. This bird was speckled on breast, back, and head with white, and had in addition two or three white patches on its body. This same keeper, some years ago, saw four white young thrushes in one nest—a somewhat unusual sight. One of the loveliest white birds which the writer has ever set eyes on was a white ringed dotterel. It was not a pure albino, but an almost completely white variety of its kind. The beak, eyes, and legs were normal in colour; while on the back there was just the faintest shadow of a shade, invisible by candlelight, and the ring round the neck was as faintly indicated. The bird, when first seen, was teeming with a flock of its own species on the mud flats of the eastern coast, and formed a very conspicuous object. Too conspicuous, alas! as a gun of one of the writer's companions brought down the beautiful creature, which is now stuffed and in a glass case.

The capture or slaughter of a white female sparrow-hawk was recently recorded in one of the papers. One cannot help fancying that this bird's appearance must have greatly added to the terrors of death for its small victims, provided they were possessed of any imagination. Fancy the feelings of a sparrow or a greenfinch while being pursued by a great white ghostly-looking hawk! They must have been something like those that we experience in a bad nightmare.

A certain noble family numbers amongst its dependents a white bird species unnamed—which takes upon itself the duties of family banshee; that is to say, it warns the members of the family of the approach of death or misfortune. One would think that this bird must be an owl, or the ghost of an owl, of some sort, as from time immemorial the owl has been regarded as the most uncanny of feathered bipeds; and a white owl must be the most uncanny of owls. Indeed, it gives many country-folk 'a turn' to see in the dusk, suddenly, the partially white barn-owl skimming silently over the meadows; while the 'Too-whit, too-whoo' of the tawny owl, and the shriek of the long-eared, are ghastly indeed to listen to as they break in on the silent watches of the night.

Of the smaller birds, the sparrow appears to have the strongest tendency to albinism, a white or partially white sparrow being by no means an uncommon sight. The writer remembers to have seen a very prettily pied Robin, where the tail was pure white, while the rest of the colouring was normal. The bird was, for a Robin, rather shy, and some stalking was needed to set

the question of species entirely at rest. This may have been owing to a morbid sense of his peculiarity on the part of the Robin, as shyness is not a common weakness of his family.

Is abnormal whiteness or piedness any serious drawback to birds? It certainly makes them more conspicuous under most circumstances; but it does not seem to stand in their way in pairing, at least so far as has been observed. The writer once came across a curious instance of this. A friend of his owns a number of peacocks, amongst which are some white and pied individuals. Now peacocks are usually supposed to be very careful, in choosing a mate, to pitch upon a brightly-coloured one—at least it is to this fact that the peacock's gorgeous colouring is traced under the law of 'sexual selection.' In this instance, however, the peacocks with one voice rejected the brightly-coloured males, and followed faithfully a very disreputable, dray-tailed white one. Still, the case before mentioned of the white rook, and the bad treatment it experienced from its relations on account of its whiteness, seems to point in the other direction. But all that can be said is, that rooks are rooks, and their manners and customs—and doubtless, too, their canon of taste—differ widely from those of other birds. Moreover, albinism, although certainly morbid, does not seem to be correlated with any constitutional weakness. It probably is only skin-deep in a literal sense; and adopting the negro's question to the European, the white bird may say to its fellows: 'Am I not a bird and a brother?'

LOVE'S ROSES.

In a meadow gay and flowered,
On a balmy summer's day,
Walked a maid by nature dowered
With more charms than tongue can say.
As her arms with flowers she laded,
Gay and childish was her air,
And her charming face was shaded
By her curls of chestnut hair.

In that meadow, o'er the daisies,
Wander two, instead of one,
And a handsome stranger gazes
At the sweet maid he has won.
Thrice as happy is the maiden
As when with the flowers she played;
All her heart with love is laden
For the idol she has made.

Still that meadow; but the roses
From the maiden's cheeks have gone;
No more gathers she sweet posies,
But she wanders there alone.
'Neath her feet a daisy-token
Smiles, though crushed by feet of men;
But the sweet maid's heart is broken:
She can never love again.

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MERLIN'S GRAVE.

THE old stories and marvels relating to the mystical King Arthur and his court at Caerleon, in Wales, held for centuries a high place in the estimation of the wonder-loving and romantic. They were the favourite reading of kings and queens, of nobles and their ladies, through the Middle Ages and later, and they formed a choice source of inspiration to bards and senachies, who doubtless added to and embellished endlessly the wonders which were already wonderful enough. Hence we have a great collection of tales all bearing upon Arthur and the knights and ladies who figured in his court and at his Table Round. So impressed was Milton with the deeds and characters of these old warriors, that he at one time meditated the writing of an epic poem in which Arthur should figure as the hero. What Milton did not do, was, however, attempted by Sir Richard Blackmore, with what ignominious result the satires of Pope and Swift and Dryden are alive to show. But during the most of the last century—perhaps Sir Richard's endless and unreadable epics had something to do with it—the popularity of Arthur and his heroes was rapidly waning; their exploits retained too much of what was merely 'marvellous' to engage the interest of men and women on whose minds the new age of philosophy and science was beginning to operate. Scott's occasional employment of the Arthurian legends was not sufficient to rekindle their dying popularity; and it was not until Tennyson sent out his *Idylls of the King* that Arthur was once more, though under somewhat different colours, restored to popular favour.

Among those of Arthur's train who thus obtained a fresh lease of life was the Blameless King's philosopher and prophet, Merlin. Readers of Tennyson will remember how the wily Vivien tried her charms upon the King himself, and failed.

And after that, she set herself to gain
Him, the most famous man of all those times,
Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,

Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;
The people called him Wizard.

Thereafter, there fell on Merlin a great melancholy; 'he walked with dreams and darkness;' and so, quitting Arthur's court, he entered a boat—Vivien entering with him—sailed over the sea to the Breton coast, and became a wanderer in the Forest of Broceliande. There, falling under the spell of the temptress, he was urged by her to reveal the secret spell by which 'if any wrought on any one with woven paces and with waving arms,' the man so wrought on should ever seem to lie 'closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,' from which was no escape for ever. And Merlin, overtalked and overworn, 'had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.'

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Tennyson has here followed one of the traditional versions of Merlin's disappearance from among men. But there are other traditions; and that one of them which more immediately concerns us has for its scene one of the loveliest spots in all the Scottish Border. This is on the river Tweed, near Broughton. Here, at the junction of the Drummelzier or Powsail Burn with the Tweed, is a whitethorn-tree, which is said to mark the spot where Merlin died and was buried. It forms a fit sleeping-place for the great Bard of Celtic mythology. It is in the very heart of Tweeddale. The Tweed has already flowed northward in a narrow valley between closely-flanking hills, leaving far behind its pellucid source amongst the high brown slopes of Hartfell. But here at Drummelzier the valley broadens out, and the river starts on its eastward course with a full current, broad and majestic, overshadowed by the soft green hills that bound its farthest holms. It is a place that is always beautiful, whether we see it in the first fresh greenness of spring or in the full flush of summer;

but especially beautiful is it in the waning days of autumn, when the dark wood of Dreva on the one side of the river stands out in sombre contrast to the many-coloured groves of Dawyck on the other, where the yellows and browns and bronzes of fading foliage mass themselves in picturesque relation to the darker tints of the solemn pines.

It seems at first sight singular that a Wizard who is especially claimed as belonging to the Kymric or Welsh branch of the Celts should be so associated with the south of Scotland. But Merlin, like Arthur, belongs not so much to a district as to a race. And we must bear in mind that thirteen hundred years ago the distribution of the population in Britain was different, as regards races, from what it is now. Arthur is called the king of the Dumnonians; but there were two races in Britain so called. One occupied the south-western peninsula of Britain now known as Cornwall; the other occupied the greater portion of the middle Lowlands of what we now call Scotland. That the people of these two far-divided territories were of the same great family of Celts is obvious from the place-names that still exist on the Borders—Traquair, Trahenna, Polwarth, Penvalia, and many others that closely resemble names in Cornwall; as likewise from such river-names as the Tweed, the Teviot, and the Timah, all of which have analogues in Wales. The Cornish, like the Gaelic tongue, is regarded by philologists as an older form of Celtic than the Welsh; and the fact that we find names in the south of Scotland that resemble names both in Cornwall and in Wales, may be regarded as supporting the theory that it was the older or Gaelic-speaking Celts who first occupied the country, and that these gave place later on to a second wave of immigrant Celts who spoke Welsh. Bearing this in mind, therefore, it is not difficult to understand how the mythologies of the Celtic race should be found embodied in the place-names of districts so far apart as Cornwall and the Scottish Border.

This co-existence of traditional legends regarding Arthur and Merlin in places so widely separated, is distinctly unfavourable to the claims that have been put forward for these men as being really historical personages. It is difficult to regard them as such. The great battle of Mons Badoniens, or Badon Hill, fought 493 A.D., is one with which Arthur's name is associated. But the historian Nennius, who professes to give the names of this and other battles fought by Arthur, lived some centuries after the date of that event, and our best scholars regard his compilation of so-called Arthurian battles as of doubtful authenticity. Whereas the Welsh historian Gildas, who was born in the same year as that in which the battle of Mons Badoniens was fought, and who makes special reference to the battle, does not mention Arthur's name in connection with it, nor does he moreover seem ever to have heard of any military leader of the name of Arthur. If Arthur really lived and reigned and fought the battles attributed to him against the enemies of his country and his race, it is difficult to understand how an historian who lived during the same years, and belonged to the same nation, should have failed to give his life and deeds emphatic record.

If we are unable to recognise Arthur as an historical personage, it is on similar grounds that Merlin too must be regarded as mythical. But a special difficulty crops up in the case of Merlin. According to the Arthurian legends, Merlin was a man of great influence and great powers of necromancy long before Arthur was born; and according to the same cycle of legends, we find the Wizard fighting at the battle of Ardderyd in 573 A.D., more than a hundred years later. And not only so; but the Wizard is reputed to have wandered for forty years among the hills that surround the sources of the Tweed and Clyde, in a state of semi-madness in consequence of his defeat at Ardderyd, thus extending his life to something like a hundred and seventy years. The old legend writers were aware of this difficulty, and so, to get rid of it, were obliged to invent a second Merlin. The one who is said to have lived in Wales under Arthur's father (Uther Pendragon), and under Arthur himself, they call Merlin Ambrosius; the other, who is alleged to have lived in Scotland and to have fought at Ardderyd, they call Merlin Caledonius. We have voluminous and highly-wrought narratives of the wonderful deeds of both Arthur and Merlin; but these narratives are not earlier than the twelfth century, and they possess the unflinching characteristic of all myth stories, that those writers who lived farthest from the time of the heroes are able to give the fullest details of their history and deeds, while the one historian who was contemporary with them is absolutely silent.

Standing, therefore, by the so-called 'Merlin's Grave,' in these the upper reaches of the Tweed, we may regard the name and place which tradition has so long preserved and identified, as a link connecting us with that distant age when as yet the Saxon had not settled permanently in this far Borderland, and its dales and glens were peopled with men and women who spoke the language which their posterity in Wales speak still. These early Kymric settlers have long vanished from the Borders, but have left behind them the names of Arthur and Merlin—the highest personifications of Strength and Wisdom in the mythology of the Kymric people. In this view, neither Scotland, nor Wales, nor Cornwall, nor Brittany may lay any exclusive claim to have been the scene of Arthur's feats and Merlin's wonders; for the names of these heroes are to be found wherever Welsh-speaking Celts have lived.

We have seen the tradition of Merlin's death which Lord Tennyson has adopted for poetical treatment; that which relates to the death of Merlin the Wild, or Merlin Caledonius, is quite different both as to the locality and the circumstances of it. From Broceliande we are brought back to Tweedside, and instead of the wily Vivien with her woven paces and her waving arms, we have the sticks and stones of a rough band of ancient Border shepherds.

This latter story of Merlin's death is curious, and must have been written by one who was familiar with the locality, as the nature of the ground at the spot where the Wizard is said to have been killed is precisely such as the circumstances attending his death would lead us to expect. Moreover, it is just possible that the

person to whom the name of Merlin Caledonius was applied may have been a real person, as the name given him in life is Llallogen, and it is only Bower in his *Continuation of the Scotchchronicon*, which he wrote so late as the fifteenth century, who seeks to identify this Llallogen with Merlin the Wild. It is possible also that the poems which are attributed to this Merlin the Wild may have actually been written by Llallogen; and on account of this poetical faculty and the mental aberration of his later years, the people may have come to regard him as a second Merlin, the one name in the course of time supplanting the other. And so, instead of the place of burial being called after Llallogen—a name foreign to Saxon lips—it was consecrated with the more familiar appellation of Merlin's Grave.

In the *Life of St Kentigern*—better known in Scotland as St Mungo—written in the twelfth century, we read of a certain Lailoken or Llallogen who lived in the court of King Rydderch as a kind of jester, but who, after the death of the saint, became very melancholy, and began to utter prophecies, which were rendered memorable by their realisation. Bower, who connects him with Merlin the Wild, gives a different version of Llallogen's relations with the saint. According to him, it happened that Kentigern was in the woods praying, when he was suddenly come upon by a certain madman, naked and hairy, and like a furious savage. The saint addressed him, with the result that the supposed madman gave him some information as to himself. He said he was once the Bard of Vortigern, and was called Merlin; that he had been the cause of the slaughter of all those who fell at the battle 'fought between the Liddell and Carwandlow' (supposed to be that of Ardderyd), and that for this great evil which he had done he had been driven forth by Heaven to dwell among the beasts until the day of his death. The saint ministered to him the consolations of religion; and, after receiving the benediction, the Wizard is said to have at once prophesied his own death and that of the king, and again betook himself to the wilderness. It so happened that on the same day Llallogen in the course of his wanderings was met by the shepherds of a certain chief called Meldred, at his place of Drummeldred or Drummelzier, and these, probably regarding the Wizard as the cause of calamity to themselves or their flocks, seized him, and proceeded to stone him and beat him to death. At the last moment the wretched man stumbled over a steep bluff or bank overhanging the Tweed, his body falling upon the sharp point of a stake which had been stuck into a little fish stew in the water, and upon which he was impaled. This manner of death, it was found, corresponded with the prophecy which he had that day made, that he should die by three kinds of death, namely, by stoning, by drowning, and by impalement. The high bank above the Powsail Burn, at its junction with the Tweed, corresponds with the description of that over which the Wizard is said to have fallen.

The battle of Ardderyd was that at which Rydderch, by his victory over the pagans, established himself as king of Cumbria or Strathclyde, embracing within it all the petty Kymric tribes, and among them those who inhabited Tweeddale. If partial insanity befell Llallogen

after his defeat at Ardderyd, it is possible he may have been allowed to wander about the king's court, as told in the *Life of Kentigern*; and it is equally possible that in the later stages of his madness he may have taken to the forests and wilds, as narrated by Bower.

In the poems which have been attributed to him, and which will be found in Dr Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, he is represented as being in his last days haunted by two spirits—that of his sister Gwendydd, 'The Dawn,' and that of his early love Hwimleian, 'The Gleam.' These are the poetical fictions of an imagination stimulated by the nature-worship of his pagan years, and yet may have helped to soften the pressure of those bitter days in which the Wizard wandered friendless and alone, with crazed brain and remorseful heart, by the green-lipped fountains of the silver Tweed.

J. R.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXII.—WE SIGHT A SAIL.

It was then something after ten by my watch, and she slept for five hours without a stir, though now and again she spoke in her sleep. I know not why I should have remained awake, unless it was to keep my weather-eye lifting for the rats. There was nothing to watch for or to hope for in such weather as that. Once, when the beasts below were very noisy—for, as you will suppose, in that solemn stillness their squeaking rose with a singularly sharp edge to the ear—I bethought me of the pantry, and could not remember whether I had shut the door. For all I could yet tell, the stores we had to depend upon were in that little cabin; and if the rats found their way to the food, we might speedily starve. I lighted a second candle, that, should the girl suddenly awake, she might not find herself in the dark, and stepped below, and found the door closed. I opened it, and minutely surveyed the interior, and observing all to be well, shut the door and came away; but never can I forget the uncontrollable chills and shudders which seized me on passing through that cabin! I do not doubt my mind had been a little weakened. The remains of the mainmast pierced the deck, and stood like a pillar; it stirred to the movement of the candle in my hand, and I stopped with a violent start to gaze at it, while the perspiration broke from my forehead. Vague indeterminate shapes seemed to flit past and about the stand of arms. The dull noises in the hold took to my alarmed ears the notes of human groans. Several rats scurried in flying forms of blackness towards the after cabins: they seemed to start up through the deck at my feet!

When I resumed my seat on the locker, I was trembling from head to foot, and my heart beat with feverish rapidity. A draught of wine rallied me, and I tried to find something ridiculous in my fears. But all the same my dejection was as that of a man under sentence of death, and again and again I would put up a prayer to God for our speedy deliverance, whilst I sat hearkening to

the noises below, to the steady pattering of the rain, to the occasional melancholy sob of water, and to the broken unintelligible mutterings of the sleeping girl.

At some hour between three and four my companion awoke. She sat up with a cry of wonder; and by the candle-light I observed her staring around with looks of astonishment and horror. I waited until she should have recollected herself, to use the fine expressive word of the old writers.

'I have been dreaming of home,' she said in a low voice—'of safety, of comfort, of everything that I am now wanting.—What time is it, Mr Dugdale?'

I put my watch close to my face and told her the hour.

'How black the night continues!' she said—'how silent too!' she added after hearkening awhile. 'It has ceased to rain, and there is not a breath of air.'

'It has not rained for these two hours past,' said I. 'I am impatient for the day to break. The horizon should be tolerably clear, if there be no rain; yet what can daybreak possibly disclose to us on top of such a night of stagnation as this has been?'

'Have you slept?'

'No.'

'Then you will take some rest now. It is my turn to watch.'

'The dawn will be breaking in a couple of hours,' said I; 'I will wait till it comes. Should nothing be in sight, I may endeavour to rest. You will not suffer in the daylight from the feeling of loneliness that would make you wretched now if I slept.'

'Whilst you are here, although sleeping, Mr Dugdale, I should not feel lonely. Your voice assures me that you require sleep. I have been resting five hours. How patient you are!'

She took up my jacket, re-formed it pillow-fashion, placed it on the locker where her own head had lain.

'Pray, lie down, Mr Dugdale. I shall not be afraid; and I can awaken you in an instant if there should be occasion to do so.'

I complied, rather to please her than to humour my own wishes; for though my eyelids had the heaviness of lead, there was a thrilling and hurrying of nervous sensations in me which were as good as a threat that I should not sleep. And so it proved, for after I had held my head pillowed for some half-hour, I was still broad awake, and then, growing impatient of my posture, I sat erect.

'No use, Miss Temple. I cannot sleep; and since that is so, pray, resume this hard couch and finish out your slumbers.'

But this she would not do, protesting that she was fully rested. I was too desirous of her company to weary her with entreaties; and until the day broke, we sat at that narrow table with the light close enough to enable us to see each other clearly. I remember saying to her:

'Since this is an experience you were fated to pass through—I suppose we must all believe in the preordination of our lives—my sincere regret is that you should not have been imprisoned in this hull with somebody more agreeable to yourself than I.'

'Why do you say that?' she exclaimed, giving me a look that carried me back. 'In this state of misery a compliment would be shocking.'

'I seek no compliment,' said I. 'I am merely expressing a regret.'

'You regret that you are here?' she exclaimed. 'So do I, for then I should not be here. But since it is my lot to be here, I am satisfied with my companion; I would not exchange him for any other person on board the *Countess Ida*.'

I bowed.

'Should we be rescued,' she continued, keeping her dark gaze full upon me as she spoke (and something of their beauty and brilliancy of light had returned to her eyes with her rest), 'I shall be deeply in your debt. My mother will thank you, Mr Dugdale.'

'I have done nothing, Miss Temple. It is you who are now complimentary, and I fear ironical.'

She slightly shook her head and sighed, then remained silent for a minute or two, and said: 'How small and contemptible my spirit shows itself when I am tested! Do you recollect when this wretched brig was lying near us, how I took a parol from my aunt and levelled it at this vessel and talked of wishing to see a sea-fight and of shooting a man? How brave I was when there was nothing particularly to be afraid of, and how cowardly I have shown myself here.'

'I should have scarcely believed,' said I, 'that you were sensible of my presence at the time you speak of.'

'Why?' she asked.

'Indeed,' I continued, 'I should have scarcely believed that you were sensible that I was on board the ship.'

'Mr Dugdale, if my manner did not please you, this is no time to reproach me with it.' Her eyes sparkled and her lip curled peevishly.

'Hark!' I exclaimed; 'I hear a rippling noise as of approaching wind.'

I passed round the table, gained the door, and looked out. The atmosphere was still motionless; but the sounds of rippling drew near, and presently I felt a pleasant little air blowing over the stern of the hull, accompanied with the tinkling and lipping noises of water set in motion trembling to the brig's side. But it was still pitch-dark, and search the sky where I would, I could observe no break of faintness, no leanest vision of star, no vaguest outline of cloud in the impenetrable obscurity.

I returned to the table, this time seating myself opposite to Miss Temple. It was easily seen in her face that she was sensible I did this consciously; indeed, the gaze she rested upon me was a look of inquiry, as though she would discover whether this holding aloof on my part was due to respect or to dislike. Then, as though she suddenly sickened to such idle considerations, she exclaimed with an eager awakening of her in her whole manner: 'Does this breeze come from the direction where the ships are, or where you may suppose them to be, Mr Dugdale?'

'For the life of me, I could not tell you,' I responded; 'there are no quarters of the compass for human senses on such a night as this, in a hull that may be headed on all sorts of courses

by the set of the swell; but the dawn will be here anon, and if this draught holds, we shall be able to find out whence it proceeds.'

It was still blowing the same light breeze when day broke, and I then knew that the wind sat about north-west. Miss Temple and I stepped on to the deck, where we stood in an agony of impatience awaiting the full revelation of the sea. One saw why it should have been so pitch-dark throughout the night; the sky was overcast from horizon to horizon by a sheet of sawdust leaden-hued vapour. Yet the atmosphere had cleared so as to enable the sight to penetrate to the verge of the normal sea-line, where the ocean stood in a firm rim of the darkness of indigo in the east against the gray of the morning that was spreading out behind it. I took a long and steady view of the circle; my companion's eyes were riveted upon me as I did so; she had rather trust my sight than hers, and her gaze glowed with an inexpressible eagerness to witness in my face an air that should inform her I beheld a sail.

'It is the same inhuman abominable blankness as that of yesterday,' said I, fetching a deep breath of rage and grief; then shocked by the look of horror and despair in Miss Temple, I added: 'Yet this gives us a view of but little more than seven miles. Here is a wind, surely, to whip something along. The ships of this ocean cannot all have rotted in yesterday's pestilential calm. Oh for such another telescope as Mr France's!' and so saying, I nudged forwards, and in a few minutes was sweeping the horizon from the elevation of the foretop.

I ran my eyes slowly and piercingly along the sea-line, starting from the part into which the vessel's mutilated bowsprit pointed, and when my vision was over the starboard quarter, I beheld, trembling upon the utmost verge of the livid waters stretching to the shrouded sky, a minute fragment of white—a tip as of a seagull's pinion, but of a certainty a sail! I lingered to make sure. Miss Temple watched me from about the deck-house. My glance went to her for an instant, and I saw her bring her hands together and lift them, as though she witnessed in my posture that I desecrated something. My heart hammered violently in my ears, and my breathing was short and laboured.

'What do you see?' Miss Temple cried at last, her rich voice, tremulous with excitement and expectation, floating up like the notes of a flute.

'A sail!' I exclaimed, calling with an effort. 'Patience! I must stay here to make sure of the direction, she is taking;' and I stood pointing while she strained her sight; but there was nothing for her to see down there.

The breeze had weight enough to determine the matter with some despatch, and I knew that if the sail were heading away from us, it must speedily vanish, so mere a speck was it. Instead, though I will not say that it *grew* whilst I stood staring, it hung with a fixedness to satisfy me that the vessel was steering a course that must bring us into the sphere of her horizon; and not having the least doubt of this, I dropped over the short futtock shrouds of the wreck and sprang on to the deck.

'It is a ship, Mr Dugdale?' cried Miss Temple

with something of an hysteric accent of inquiry in her voice.

'Assuredly,' I answered.

'Will she see us, do you think?'

'Ay, if she does not shift her helm. But we will *compel* her to see us.'

The girl suddenly grasped my hand in both hers, bowed her head over it, and I felt a tear. I was so affected that I stood looking, unable to speak. It was a sort of submission in its way—I cannot convey my thoughts of it. She was without her hat; I see her now as she bent over my hand; I feel the ice-cold pressure of her fingers, and recall the hot tears glittering through the beauty of her downcast lashes as they fell. She slowly lifted her large wet eyes to my face.

'What an experience this has been!' she whispered; 'how shall I be able to persuade people that I underwent it and lived?'

She still unconsciously held my hand. I put my lips to her fingers, and she released me.

'It must always be one of the very happiest memories of my life to me,' said I. 'I shall never make you believe in the joy your deliverance will fill me with.'

'Oh yes, yes!' she cried passionately; then sending a look over the quarter, she added: 'Are we not losing time? Is there not something we can do to summon her to us? Will it be long before she appears?'

'No; we are not losing time,' I answered. 'I shall have plenty of leisure to make a smoke, and that is what we must presently do. If she be the Indianan or the corvette, all that is visible of her from yonder foretop is her royals. Her topgallant-sails, her topsails, and her courses will have to clumb before her hull shows. Her speed to this air will not exceed four knots. She is probably twenty miles distant yet; and we must allow her, unless the breeze freshens, a good three hours to give us a full sight of herself on that horizon out there. So let us first get something to eat, Miss Temple, and then I will go to work.'

But our excitement was too strong to suffer us to make more than a phantom of a meal. A little biscuit soaked in wine formed my companion's breakfast; but her spirits had returned to her, the remembered brilliancy was in her eyes again; a faint, most delicate flush was on her cheek; with unconscious fingers she caressed her hair, as though, influenced by a womanly instinct of which she was sensible, she adjusted her tresses in preparation of our reception by the people of the ship. She was sure it was the *Countess Ida*. There was real gaiety in the laugh with which she said that she knew Mrs Radcliffe's character, that she could well imagine how her aunt had tormented Captain Keeling, how ceaselessly the old lady would importune the captain to make haste and recover her niece.

'Oh, what a meeting it will be!' she cried.

'The sail may prove the corvette, though,' said I.

'But she will rescue us, Mr Dugdale, and hunt after the Indianan, and Sir Edward will put us on board of her.'

I left her to enter the 'tween-decks, where I collected a number of mats, blankets, staves of casks, and other material, which would burn and

produce a thick smoke; and presently, with the assistance of Miss Temple, had a great heap of these things stacked on deck betwixt the foremast and the main-hatch. It was a hard job to get the stuff to kindle, for the mats were damp, and the staves not to be set on fire by a sulphur match. But on overhauling the lockers in the deck-house I found a tin can half full of oil and a small parcel of rags; and by means of these I set my bonfire alight. The planks of the deck were thick and wet and securely calked, and the burning stuff was well clear of the hatch; there was no fear, then, as I believed, of the fire penetrating the deck. It made a prodigious smoke. The mass of damp blankets and rugs smouldered into a dark thick column, which mounted high ere it arched over to the wind. It was a signal to be sighted as far away as the ship was, and I stood watching it with transported eyes as it soared in belching folds, gyrating into and blackening out upon the breeze till it showed like a steamer's smoke or a ship on fire.

I waited a little, and then got into the fore-shrouds to mark the sail afresh, and beheld the gleam of her canvas when I was still two or three ratlines below the futtock shrouds: good assurance, indeed, of her rising, and nimbly too, and heading square for us. I strained my gaze at her from the height of the top, but she was far too remote to be distinguishable: nothing more, indeed, than a little ivory shaft against the sulky shallowish sky.

It now occurred to me that I might accentuate the signal of the smoke by letting fall the fore-sail, for here was a space of canvas that would not only catch the eye, but suggest the hull as a still inhabited wreck that was on fire. I called to Miss Temple. She looked up eagerly.

'Do you see those ropes leading to the deck from the arms of this yard?' said I, pointing.

'Yes.'

'I want you to haul them taut, Miss Temple—gather in the slack, to prevent the yard from swinging, as I mean to get upon it.'

She understood me perfectly. Her jewelled fingers flashed upon the brace as she threw it off the belaying pin, and I gazed down with a smile of deep admiration at her noble figure as she swayed at the rope, tightening and then belaying it again.

'You should have been a sailor's daughter, Miss Temple,' I cried; 'there is the true skill of the ancient mariner in your trick of holding on with one hand and making fast with the other.—Will you please now tighten the brace on the right-hand side?'

She did so; and I got upon the yard, and 'laying out' upon it, as it is called, severed with my knife the ropes with which the canvas was frapped to the spar, and down fell the sail with a large rent right amidships of it, though that signified nothing in a square of white that was to serve as a signal only. I descended to the deck.

'Why have you loosed that sail?' inquired Miss Temple.—I explained.—'But will not the wreck now blow away from that ship?'

'No,' said I; 'she will fall off and come to. But the yard must be trimmed to achieve that.'

So saying, I let go the weather brace and swung the yard fore and aft as far as I could bring it, then overhauled the clew-garnets, that all there was of the sail might show. The hull slewed to the pressure, then hung quiet; meanwhile, I continued to feed the blaze, heaping on rugs and blankets, and so firing up that at times the smoke hung as thick to leeward as a thunder-cloud.

(To be continued.)

KRUPP'S IRONWORKS.

ONE of the largest iron and steel manufacturing establishments in the world is that founded by the late Alfred Krupp, the famous German cannon-founder, whose name is so well known in connection with modern improvements in artillery. His principal works are situated at Essen, in Prussia, in the midst of a district productive of both iron and coal. The town of Essen, which at the beginning of the present century contained less than four thousand inhabitants, has become an important industrial centre, with a population of seventy thousand persons, this increase being chiefly due to the growth of the ironworks, and the consequent demand for labour. In the vicinity of the town, numerous coal and iron mines, many of which are owned by the Krupp firm, are in active working, and furnish employment to the large population of the surrounding district. Much of the output of iron ore and coal from these mines is destined for consumption in the vast Krupp works within the town. Those works had their origin in a small iron forge, established at Essen in the year 1810 by Frederick Krupp, the father of Alfred Krupp. The elder Krupp was not prosperous; and a lawsuit in which he became involved, and which lasted for ten years, though finally decided in his favour, reduced him nearly to bankruptcy. He died in 1826, in impoverished circumstances, leaving a widow and three sons, the eldest of whom was Alfred, aged fourteen. The business was continued by the widow, who managed, though with difficulty, to procure a good education for her sons. When the eldest, Alfred, took control of the works in 1848 he found there, as he himself has described, 'three workmen, and more debts than fortune.'

Krupp's subsequent career affords a remarkable instance of success attained, despite adverse circumstances, by sheer force of ability and energy, in building up a colossal manufacturing business from a humble beginning. At the present time, Krupp's works within the town of Essen occupy more than five hundred acres, half of which area is under cover. A census taken in September 1881 showed that the number of individuals in his employ was then 19,605, and the members of their families were 45,776—there being thus a total of 65,381 persons maintained by his works. Of the army of workers, 11,211 were employed at the works in Essen, the remainder being occupied in the many iron and coal mines of the vicinity, or at the branch-works at Sayn and Neuwied; or in the iron mines at Bilbao, in Spain, which produce the best ores. In Krupp's Essen works there are eighty-two steam-hammers, ranging in

weight from fifty tons down to four hundred pounds. There are 1553 large ovens, 439 steam-boilers, 480 steam-engines—representing together 18,500 horse-power—and twenty-one rolling-trains; the daily consumption of coal and coke being 3100 tons by 1648 furnaces. The average daily consumption of water, which is brought from the river Ruhr by an aqueduct, is 24,700 cubic metres. The electric light has been introduced, and the work ceases entirely only on Sunday and two or three holidays. Connected with the Essen works are forty-two miles of railway, employing twenty-eight locomotives and 883 vehicles. There is a fine chemical laboratory; a photographic and lithographic atelier; a printing-office, with steam and hand presses; and a bookbinding room.

Though, in the popular mind, the name of Krupp is usually associated with the manufacture of instruments of destruction, yet two-thirds of the work done in his establishment is devoted to the production of articles intended for peaceful use. The various parts of steam-engines, both stationary and locomotive; iron axles, bridges, rails, wheel-tires, switches, springs, shafts for steamers, mint-dies, rudders, and parts of all varieties of iron machinery, are prepared here for manufacturers. The production is, in *Domnie Sampson's* phrase, 'prodigious.' In one day the works can turn out 2700 rails, 350 wheel-tires, 150 axles, 180 railway-wheels, 1000 railway-wedges, 1500 bomb-shells. In a month they can produce 250 field-pieces, thirty 5·7-inch cannon, fifteen 9·33-inch cannon, eight 11-inch cannon, one 14-inch gun, the weight of the last-named being over fifty tons, and its length twenty-eight feet seven inches.

Alfred Krupp devoted much attention to the production of steel of the finest quality, and was the first manufacturer who succeeded in casting steel in large masses. In 1862 he exhibited in London an ingot of finest crucible steel weighing twenty-one tons. Its dimensions were nine feet high by forty-four inches diameter. The uniformity of quality of this mass of metal was proved by the fact that when broken across it showed no seam or flaw, even when examined with a lens. The firm can now make such homogeneous blocks of seventy-five tons weight if required. Such ingots are formed from the contents of a great number of small crucibles, each containing from fifty to one hundred pounds of the metal. The recent developments of the manufacture of steel by the open-hearth process have removed all difficulty in procuring the metal in masses large enough for all requirements, and of a tensile strength so high as thirty-three to thirty-seven tons to the square inch. Crucible steel, however, though more expensive, still holds its place as the best and most reliable that can be produced; and nothing else is ever used in the construction of a Krupp gun. By the perfected methods in use at the Essen works, such steel can be made of a tensile strength of nearly forty tons to the square inch, and of marvellous uniformity of quality. The ores used in the Krupp works for making the best steel are red hematite and spathic ore, with a certain proportion of ferro-manganese. The crucibles employed are formed of a mixture of plumbago and fireclay, shaped by a mould into

a cylindrical jar some eighteen inches in height, and baked in a kiln. When in use, they are filled with small bars of puddled metal, mixed with fragments of marble brought from Villmar, on the Lahn. They are then shovelled into large furnaces, whose floors are elevated three or four feet above the ground-level. In the earthen floor of the immense room containing the furnaces are two lines of pits, one set to receive the molten metal, the other intended for the red-hot crucibles when emptied of their contents. When the crucibles have undergone sufficient heating, the furnace-doors are opened simultaneously at a given signal, and the attendant workmen draw out the crucibles with long tongs, and rapidly empty them into the pits prepared for the reception of the metal. The empty crucibles when cooled are examined, and if found unbroken, are used again; but if damaged, as is usually the case, are ground up, to be utilised in making new ones.

The production of steel by this method furnishes employment for eight or nine hundred men daily in the Krupp works. The Bessemer process for converting iron into steel is also largely used there in making steel for certain purposes. All material used in the different classes of manufactures is subjected at every stage to extreme and exact tests; the standards being fixed with reference to the purpose to which the metal is to be applied, and any material that proves faulty when suitably tested is rigorously rejected.

The guns originally manufactured by the Krupp firm were formed from solid ingots of steel, which were bored, turned, and fashioned as in the case of cast-iron smooth-bore cannon. With the development of the power of artillery, the greater strain caused by the increased powder-charges and by the adoption of rifling—involving enhanced friction between the projectile and the bore—had the result of demonstrating the weakness inherent in the construction of a gun thus made entirely from one solid forging, and that plan was eventually discarded. Artillerists have learnt that the strain produced by an explosive force operating in the interior of a cannon is not felt equally throughout the thickness of the metal from the bore to the exterior, but varies inversely as the square of the distance of each portion of the metal from the seat of effort. For example, in a gun cast solid, if two points be taken, one at a distance of one inch from the bore, and the other four inches from the bore, the metal at the former point will during the explosion be strained sixteen times as much as that at the distance of four inches. The greater the thickness of the material, the greater will be the inequality between the strains acting at the points respectively nearest to and furthest from the interior. The metal nearest the seat of explosion may thus be strained beyond its tensile strength, while that more remote is in imperfect accord with it. In such a case, disruption of the metal at the inner surface ensues, and extends successively through the whole thickness to the exterior, thus entailing the destruction of the gun.

This source of weakness is guarded against by the construction of what is termed the built-up gun, in which the several parts tend to mutual

support. This gun consists of an inner tube, encircled and compressed by a long 'jacket' or cylinder, which is shrunk around the breech portion with the initial tension due to contraction in cooling. Over the jacket and along the chase, other hoops or cylinders are shrunk on successively, in layers, with sufficient tension to compress the parts enclosed. The number and strength of these hoops are proportionate to the known strain that the bore of the gun will have to sustain. The tension at which each part is shrunk on, is the greater as the part is farther removed from the inner tube; the jacket, for example, being shrunk on at less tension than the outer hoops. The inner tube, on receiving the expansive force of the explosion, is prevented by the compression of the jacket from being forced up to its elastic limit; and the jacket in its turn is similarly supported by the outer hoops; and on the cessation of the internal pressure the several parts resume their normal position.

This system of construction originated in England, and is now in general use. The first steel guns on this principle were those designed by Captain Blakely and Mr J. Yvasseur, of the London Ordnance Works. At the Exhibition of 1862, a Blakely 8·5-inch gun, on the built-up system, composed wholly of steel, was a feature of interest in the Ordnance section. The plan devised by Sir W. Armstrong, and carried into effect for a series of years at Woolwich and at the Armstrong works at Elswick, consisted in enclosing a tube of steel within a jacket of wrought-iron, formed by coiling a red-hot bar round a mandrel. The jacket was shrunk on with initial tension, and was fortified in a similar manner by outer hoops of the same metal. The want of homogeneity in this gun was, however, a serious defect, and ultimately led to its abolition. The difference in the elastic properties of the two metals caused a separation, after repeated discharges, between the steel tube and its jacket, with the result that the tube cracked from want of support. Both at Woolwich and at Elswick, therefore, the wrought-iron gun has given place to the homogeneous steel built-up gun, which is also the form of construction adopted by the chief powers of Europe and by the United States of America.

The failure of some of his solid-cast guns led Krupp, about 1865, to the adoption of the built-up principle. With few exceptions, the inner tube of a Krupp gun is forged out of a single ingot, and in every case without any weld. The ingot destined to form the tube has first to undergo a prolonged forging under the steam-hammers, by which the utmost condensation of its particles is effected. It is then rough-bored and turned, and subsequently carefully tempered in oil, whereby its elasticity and tensile strength are much increased. It is afterwards fine-bored and rifled, and its powder-chamber hollowed out. The latter has a somewhat larger diameter than the rest of the bore, this having been found an improvement. The grooves of the rifling are generally shallow, and they widen towards the breech, so that the leaden coat of the projectile is compressed gradually and with the least friction. The jacket and hoops of steel are forged and rolled, without weld, and after being turned and tempered, are heated and shrunk around the tube

in their several positions, the greatest strength and thickness being of course given to the breech end, where the force of explosion exerts the utmost strain. The completed gun is mounted on its appropriate carriage, and having been thoroughly proved and tested and fitted with the proper sights, is ready for service. The testing range is at Meppen, where a level plain several miles in extent affords a suitable site for the purpose.

For many years all guns of the Krupp manufacture have been on the breech-loading system, and he has devoted much time and ingenuity to perfecting the breech arrangements. The subject of recoil has also largely occupied his attention. In the larger Krupp guns the force of recoil is absorbed by two cylinders, filled with glycerine and fitted with pistons perforated at the edges. The pistons are driven by the shock of the recoil against the glycerine, which is forced through the perforations. In England a similar arrangement of cylinders, containing water as the resisting medium, has been found effective; and in America, petroleum is employed for the same purpose. The advantages of the use of glycerine are that in case of a leak it would escape too slowly to lose its effect at once, and it is also more elastic than water, and is less liable to become frozen.

The resources of Krupp's establishment are equal to the production of guns of any size that can conceivably be required. He has made guns of one hundred and nineteen tons weight, and is said to be now making one of one hundred and forty tons. The potent development of the size and power of modern ordnance is exemplified by these guns, and the Armstrong guns of one hundred and eleven tons made at Elswick. Amongst the class of monster cannon, one of the most powerful is Krupp's seventy-one-ton gun. This, like all others of his make, is a breech-loader. Its dimensions are—length, thirty-two feet nine inches; diameter at breech end, five feet six inches; length of bore, twenty-eight feet seven inches; diameter of bore, 15·75 inches; diameter of powder-chamber, 17·32 inches. The internal tube is of two parts, exactly joined; and over this are four cylinders, shrunk on, and a ring around the breech. Its rifling has a uniform twist of one in forty-five. It cannot possibly be fired until the breech is perfectly closed. Its maximum charge is four hundred and eighty-five pounds of powder, and a chilled iron shell of seventeen hundred and eight pounds.

Krupp did much to promote the welfare and comfort of his workpeople. For their accommodation, he erected around Essen nearly four thousand family dwellings, in which more than sixteen thousand persons reside. The dwellings are in suites of three or four comfortable rooms, with good water-arrangements; and attached to each building is a garden, large enough for the children to play in. There are one hundred and fifty dwellings of a better kind for officials in the service of the firm. Boarding-houses have also been built for the use of unmarried labourers, of whom two thousand are thus accommodated. Several churches, Protestant and Catholic, have also been erected, for the use of his workmen and their families.

There have likewise been provided two hospitals, bathing establishments, a gymnasium, an unsectarian free school, and six industrial schools—one for adults, two for females. In the case of the industrial schools, the fees are about two shillings monthly, but the poorest are admitted free. A Sick Relief and Pensions Fund has been instituted, and every foreman and workman is obliged to be a member. The entrance fee is half a day's pay, the annual payment being proportioned to the wages of the individual member; but half of each person's contribution is paid by the firm. There are three large surgeries; and skilful physicians and surgeons, one of whom is an oculist, are employed at fixed salaries. For a small additional fee each member can also secure free medical aid for his wife and children. The advantages to members are free medical or surgical treatment in case of need, payment from the fund of funeral expenses at death, pensions to men who have been permanently disabled by injuries while engaged in the works, pensions to widows of members, and temporary support to men who are certified by two of the physicians as unable to work. The highest pension to men is five pounds monthly, the average being about two pounds sixteen shillings monthly. The average pension to widows is about one pound fourteen shillings monthly.

The firm have made special arrangements with a number of life-insurance companies whereby the workmen can, if they choose, insure their lives at low rates. They have formed a Life Insurance Union, and endowed it with a reserve fund of three thousand pounds, from which aid is given to members needing assistance to pay their premiums. An important institution in Essen is a great Central Supply Store, established and owned by the firm, where articles of every description—bread, meat, and other provisions, clothing, furniture, &c.—are sold on a rigidly cash system at cost price. Connected with the Central Store are twenty-seven branch shops, in positions convenient for the workpeople, placing the advantages of the system within the easy reach of all.

The original name, 'Frederick Krupp,' has been retained through all vicissitudes of fortune, as the business title of the firm. The small dwelling in which Alfred Krupp was born is still standing, in the midst of the huge workshops that have grown up around it, and is preserved with the greatest care. At his expense, photographs of it were distributed among his workmen, each copy bearing the following inscription, dated Essen, February 1873: 'Fifty years ago, this primitive dwelling was the abode of my parents. I hope that no one of our labourers may ever know such struggles as have been required for the establishment of these works. Twenty-five years ago that success was still doubtful which has at length—gradually, yet wonderfully—rewarded the exertions, fidelity, and perseverance of the past. May this example encourage others who are in difficulties! May it increase respect for small houses, and sympathy for the larger sorrows they too often contain. The object of labour should be the common weal. If work bring blessing, then is labour prayer. May every one in our community, from the

highest to the lowest, thoughtfully and wisely strive to secure and build his prosperity on this principle! When that is done, then will my greatest desire be realised.' Alfred Krupp died 14th July 1887.

THE HOSPITALERS.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

It is hard enough to own one's self in the wrong, and to admit the mistake makes the matter very little pleasanter; but to confess a fault in cold blood is perhaps the most painful test to which a proud nature can be put. Still, Harold Abellwhite's estimate of George Goldsworthy's character was not very wide of the mark when he assured the mistress of Fotheryngsby that her confession would be met in the most forbearing spirit.

On the morning on which Mrs Debenham had succeeded in screwing up her courage to the sticking-point, Ben Choppin, in an unusual fit of contrariness, had deemed it his duty to take his late commander to task touching the latter's reception of Hugh Debenham upon the occasion of his initial visit to the Hospital. Sylvia being absent upon some scholastic duty, it devolved upon the Captain to read the matutinal allowance of 'British Battles.' He had donned his spectacles and cleared his throat, usually the signal for rapt attention upon the boatswain's part; but instead of assuming an attitude of deep admiration, Ben laid his pipe on one side and made a sign that he wished to speak.

'Captain,' he commenced oracularly, 'heave-to and drop your anchor for a moment. I've got something on my mind; and that bein' so, it's got to come out. Let's discuss this matter without violence.'

'What do you mean?' asked the Captain mildly.

'You know what I mean well enough. You calls yourself a Christian man. I don't believe you're anything of the sort—so there.'

Choppin hurled this defiance at his antagonist as Betsy Prig denounced the apocryphal Mrs Harris, only the effect was not so theatrical as upon that historic occasion. The Captain's spectacles beamed with benign astonishment.

'There is all kinds o' pride,' pursued the speaker, 'some proper, and some not. Pride brought you here, and pride 'll carry you away. But I didn't owt to see the gentleman as I have looked up to for nigh upon thirty years, go and insult another gentleman as never done him any harm.'

'You think I was wrong?' asked Goldsworthy meekly. 'You cannot understand some things, Ben, and this is one of them. Our young patron's father once did me a grievous injury. I cannot accept any favour from his hands.'

Ben Choppin described a few circles, indicative of contempt, with his pipe-stem. 'He comes here affable and friendly enough—as nice a mannered young man as I could wish to see. And what do you do? Why, insult him in your own house. That's because his father had done something or other he shouldn't. Not that I believe it, mind, for the gentleman I remember on the *Greyhound*, him as was so thick with you, couldn't ha' done it.—I tell you what it is,' continued Choppin,

waxing warm, 'if you leaves Blackfriars, my name's Walker.'

'But my decision need not influence you,' replied the Captain, somewhat touched by this evidence of his old friend's fidelity. 'You must not think of such a thing, Ben. What could you do?'

'Ay, and what could *you* do, either? I could put up with the workhouse, as many a better man has done; but I don't stop here without you, sir. I'm a lonely old man, with few to care for a worn-out old sailor. There's Miss Sylvia, God bless her! with always a word and a smile for me.—Captain, I'd lay down my life for her happiness!'

'I believe you would, Ben,' replied the Captain huskily, as he wiped his spectacles, which had somehow become misty. 'I believe you would, Ben. I believe we all would.'

'And a nice way you've got of showin' it. There's a model parent for you! All along of pride, he's goin' to give up a comfortable house, and live upon his daughter's little earnings. What do you think of that? Pride! It's nothin' but wickedness and tomfoolery; it's'—

'Ben, be quiet,' cried the listener. 'How—how dare you say such things? Why, if I had you on the quarter-deck at this moment, I would—My old friend, pray, do not say such terrible things.'

But Mr Choppin for the time being was adamant on the piteous plea. Always tenacious of his point, he was not slow to see the advantage he had gained, and, like a good general, resolved to follow up his first impression. 'Fair words butter no parsnips,' he rejoined sententiously; 'and you can't hurt me by cutting off your nose to spite your face. Just say as you didn't mean it, and I shall be the first to let bygones be bygones.'

The Captain melted visibly, being considerably softened by Ben Choppin's rugged, but no less forcible, arguments. There was, too, a certain rough tenderness in this dog-like fidelity, a quality for which Goldsworthy had the highest admiration; and, moreover, every word was replete with truth.

'You are right, and I am wrong,' he said. 'Don't reproach me with my weakness, Ben! You do not know how I have been tried.' Here he paused for a moment. 'Let us say no more.—And now to our "Battles".'

'The battle of Trafalgar, commencing—"At this point the *Victory*"—chapter 10, page 374,' said Ben cheerfully. 'Ah! it makes me feel young again.'

But the stirring history of that memorable victory was not destined to enlighten Mr Choppin on this particular occasion, for scarcely had the place been found, when the Corporal, in a state of somewhat agitated dignity, appeared, followed in the distance by a dapper footman, clad in the claret and silver livery of the house of Debenham.

'Mrs Debenham would like to see Captain Goldsworthy for a few moments, if he is not particularly engaged,' Mr Dawson announced, with the air of one repeating a lesson, at which the footman in the background nodded approvingly. 'And please, Captain, may she come inside?'

'Certainly,' replied Goldsworthy calmly, 'if she cares to come this way.'

Dawson shuffled away in company with the gorgeous footman, while the Captain and Ben Choppin regarded each other in speechless astonishment.

'There's going to be a reconciliation,' said the latter solemnly, first to find his tongue. 'You mark my words. I think you're to be trusted this time, Captain. And whatever you do,' continued the speaker confidentially, 'no insults—nothing about the late Mr D., because ladies ain't fond o' hearing their belongings abused.'

This valuable counsel was scarcely imparted before the lady in question appeared, preceded by the agitated Corporal. Her own servant she dismissed with a gesture, Choppin and his *fidus Achates* retiring to their favourite retreat to discuss this event, at once so potentous and unexpected.

Captain Goldsworthy rising, bowed, and motioned his visitor to a chair. 'Pray, be seated,' he said. 'I am sorry the accommodation is so limited.'

Mrs Debenham took the proffered chair. There was an awkward silence for a moment as each scanned the other's features. There had been little ravage wrought by the hand of time upon the one, rich, prosperous, and free from the carking cares of life; while the other, save that his hair was whiter, his figure not quite so straight as it had been, carried his troubles well and manfully.

'This is an honour I had not anticipated,' said the Captain, all the easy courtesy natural to a gentleman recurring in the presence of an equal. 'Will you be good enough to explain the occasion for your visit?'

There was something in this simplicity that immediately set the visitor at her ease, not that the confession she had to make came to her tongue any the more readily. But a woman of the world, troubled by no excess of awkwardness, the training stood her in good stead now.

'What I have to say,' she commenced, 'will be painful to you, but infinitely more distressing to me. In the first place, Captain Goldsworthy, I will ask you to remember the time when my husband and yourself were friends.'

The Captain inclined his head gently. Up to a certain point the recollection of that time was pleasant enough.

'Then something came between you—something you were pleased to call, and not without some show of reason, I admit—treachery. In the first place, I must tell you that my husband was true enough to you. There was treachery, but not on his part; that was left to another.'

'I should like to believe that,' cried the Captain eagerly. 'It would be very pleasant to know that my old friend Debenham was innocent of deception. Madam, the loss of that money for its own sake I never deplored; it was the loss of my friend that I most regretted.'

'I believe you, Captain Goldsworthy; I do indeed,' said the lady warmly. 'Your faith has not been misplaced. I am to blame.'

'An accident,' replied Goldsworthy, somewhat incredulously. 'Is it possible?'

The moment for confession had arrived, and, strangely enough, it seemed far easier than it had

done an hour since. Without the slightest hesitation or faltering, Mrs Debenham told her tale.

'You will remember that my husband was, owing to an accident, unable to attend to his duties. From time to time I had helped him, till at length I grew to be interested in business affairs, and, for a woman, knew a great deal respecting stocks and shares. I do not want to revive painful recollections; but the warning you declared you never received was written in my presence, and handed me as an important document to post myself. That letter I deliberately suppressed.'

Still, not a word or sign of astonishment from the listener. For a moment there was a look of mingled reproach and astonishment in his blue eyes, but so gentle that the penitent took fresh heart of grace to proceed.

'My reason, as you can guess, was this: My husband was unable to travel and see to his own interests. Had he been badly crippled over that one speculation, ruin would have followed. On the other hand, you could have been in London the same day the sinister rumours arrived. You might have sold out, and saved your money. But what would have followed? Twenty thousand pounds sold out in one day, and our chance of getting out would not have been worth the trouble of a journey. That is all I have to say. And from the bottom of my heart I thank you for making this humiliating confession of mine less degrading than I expected it to be.'

'Dear, dear,' said the Captain regretfully, 'and my old friend was true to me, after all. It serves me right. What business had I to doubt him?'

Not a single word of reproach, nothing that tended to embarrass the now thoroughly penitent speaker. Her face was flushed to a deep crimson; there were heavy tears in her eyes and rolling down her cheeks.

'You are a good man,' she said brokenly. 'How can I thank you?'

'I want no thanks,' replied the Captain gravely. 'To find that my trust was not misplaced is sufficient happiness for me. Will you oblige me by saying no more? Let us be thankful it has been no worse.—Nay, do not ask it. Your secret is perfectly safe in my hands.'

It was with a heart singularly light that Mrs Debenham turned her face homewards, so light, indeed, that, rapt in her pleasant reverie, she drove past Hugh in the Widemarshe Street without the slightest recognition. She had stayed long enough to see Sylvia, and signify approval of her refused beauty and singular charm of manner. After all, she thought, there was money enough, and the Goldsworthys were as old a family as, nay, older than the Debenhams. It was the pleased expression engendered by this train of thought that Harold Abelwhite, walking towards the Hospital with Hugh, caught and interpreted as a happy omen. The latter had heard, not without astonishment, of his mother's determination to visit the obdurate Captain; but that her mission would be successful he had not for a moment anticipated.

'It is safe,' said the artist, half jestingly, half sadly. 'Come, sir; I shall have much pleasure in presenting you to the genuine Captain Goldsworthy, a gentleman without equal in all this

broad county. Mr Debenham, the gods must love you passing well.'

'It will be an acceptable change,' said Hugh dryly. 'I suppose I must ask no questions. Only, I cannot stand a repetition of last week.'

But there was nothing frosty in Captain Goldsworthy's manner as he came to the door of his cottage to meet the new patron. That Hugh intended to pay the Hospital another visit in the course of the day, he had gathered from a parting observation of Mrs Debenham. In honour of the occasion he had donned his best uniform, a decided breach of the rules, but, under the circumstances, perfectly excusable.

'I hope you have forgiven me?' he said in his most courtly manner. 'There had been a grievous mistake, for which I am altogether to blame.'

In spite of himself, Abelwhite was forced to turn away to disguise a smile. Like Uncle Toby, the Captain's perversion of the truth must have been ignored by the recording angel.

'I have heard of some misunderstanding,' Hugh replied as easily. 'But I have been out of England so long, that really'—

'It is best forgotten. We old servants of Her Majesty are apt to be hasty in our judgments sometimes. Your father and I were old shipmates, and bosom friends many years ago. If you are half as good a man, you will fill his place worthily.'

There was nothing more for it but to shake hands, which they did with more than usual heartiness. Then Hugh looked round, as if he had missed something, an action by no means thrown away upon the observant painter.

'Your family circle is not complete, Captain Goldsworthy,' he observed. 'Mr Debenham is wondering what has become of Miss Sylvia.'

'I must plead guilty to the impeachment,' Hugh admitted unblushingly.—'Come, Captain, in common fairness to me, you must remove the very unfavourable impression created the other afternoon.'

'Nay; you must do that yourself, lad,' cried the Captain, in great good-humour. 'If you have as winning a tongue as your appearance is pleasing, there is no likelihood of failure on your part. If you care to walk round your new possessions, you will probably find her in the ruins.'

Hugh, eager as he was, hesitated a moment; but reading the unmistakable 'Yes' in Abelwhite's eyes, tarried no longer. The latter watched his retreating figure with a curious mixture of pain and pleasure at his heart. It is hard for a man to destroy the fabric of his happiness to form the material upon which to build up the felicity of a rival.

The shadows had already commenced to lengthen across the lawn; there was only the faintest of breezes stirring the green ivy round the ruined monastery. From the street beyond there came the muffled roar of traffic, here soft and subdued to something like drowsy music. A little rain had fallen in the morning, freshening the borders of mignonette and tenweek stock. There was not a 'seemly coat of red' to be seen, no figure save that of a girl standing before the preaching-cross, her eyes fixed upon the worn lettering round the base.

Hugh stepped across the strip of lawn, his feet deadened by the elastic turf, and stood by her side. As she turned, half-startled, and her eyes met his, there was something there more eloquent of welcome than any words could be. He took her hand in his and held it for a moment. 'I have been talking to your father,' he said.

'Yes? I am glad you came, for I should not like you to misjudge him. Your mother was here this morning, and explained the miserable misunderstanding. It was very good of her to come.'

'Why did you leave London?' asked Hugh. He had heard but vaguely the preceding remark. 'I have been looking for you everywhere.'

'Have you? I thought you knew that—that—who I was. I knew you were the son of my father's old friend. I thought I could be happier here than there. It is a beautiful place, and I have got to love it.'

They had moved towards the ruin, and with no fixed intent on either side, presently stood within the naked walls, alone and unperceived, shut out as it were from the outer world. Hugh waited patiently till she had ceased to speak, then drew a pace closer to her side.

'I have heard most of the story,' he said. 'Of course there is no one to blame; still, I feel that I and mine owe you and yours a great deal. And yet, selfish that I am, I want to go deeper into your debt. If I had spoken to you a week ago it would have been useless; now, I hope differently.'

'Say on,' said Sylvia gaily, though there was a slight break in her voice. 'I am so happy to-day that I could not refuse any favour. Anything that there is in my power to grant shall be yours.'

'Many thanks,' said Hugh, calmly appropriating the hands Sylvia had held out to him half jestingly. 'Then I want this.—Now, be silent. I am the governor of this place, and its inmates are subject to my supreme command.—Sylvia, I command you to say "Yes."'

'But really,' Sylvia ejaculated, laughing and crying in a breath, her blue eyes filled with tears; 'it is so sudden!—'

'But not unexpected. Oh! you sweet hypocrite! you deceitful Sylvia! And this is how soon you have forgotten that morning in Kensington Gardens, but five months ago, that you promised to—'

'I didn't,' Sylvia cried indignantly.—'I didn't promise to marry you.'

'No; but you promised, if you didn't marry me, you wouldn't marry any one else,' Hugh retorted coolly. 'See, I am waiting.'

'You are very patient,' Sylvia murmured; 'and I am a happy, happy girl. Oh! how much more do you want me to say than that!'

Mr Corporal Dawson, wandering towards his accustomed seat, heard the voices, and peeped in. There Ben Choppin discovered him ten minutes later, a rigid statue of astonishment at the unaccustomed spectacle of a beautiful girl with her lover's arm round her and her head upon his shoulder. Ben, taking in the situation at a glance, led his friend kindly, but none the less firmly, to the accustomed seat, where he eyed him for some moments in silent scorn and loathing.

'Jacob Dawson,' said he in a judicial whisper, 'ain't you ashamed of yourself?'

But the Corporal's energetic and far-seeing mind was busy discounting the future. 'If so be as that be the case,' he replied meditatively, 'it ought to mean summat hexter at Christmas'—a low practical remark, accepted by Ben Choppin with the contempt it unquestionably deserved.

In accordance with the Corporal's anticipations, there was a wedding a little later, of so romantic a description that the *élite* of Castleford and neighbourhood had conversational matter enough to last through at least a dozen dinner-parties and such-like festivities. The idea of being married from an almshouse was unconventional enough in all conscience; but then a Goldsworthy of Lugwardine, as every woman in the west of England knows, can trace descent from Llewellyn himself. Under the old ruin, roofed over for the occasion, Hugh and his bride cut the wedding cake; and the Corporal and Ben Choppin, the breach being healed, drank so many toasts that they became exceedingly vain-glorious and inflated with pride, thus engendering a sore feeling with the rest of the Hospitaliers for some days afterwards.

There was but one notable absence from the marriage-feast—that of Harold Abelwhite. He sent the bride a present, the picture Hugh had so greatly admired; and the same day Mrs Debenham received a present likewise—three sheets of tissue-paper enclosed in an envelope. A week later an enclosure, containing bank-notes to the value of five hundred pounds, found its way to the artist's cottage; a little tribute of admiration, said the sender, of Mr Abelwhite's genius, and to enable him to complete a course of study he had long contemplated. Had he been able to regard the gift as a genuine tribute to his abilities, he might have retained it; but it looked too much like bribing him to silence, hence he returned it. His pictures are yearly increasing his reputation; but in his London studio he has as yet found no time or inclination to design another castle in the air.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THERE has for a long time been an expression of opinion among artists and others that our metropolitan National Gallery does not contain sufficient examples of the works of British artists, who are therefore left out in the cold, where it is only natural they should find a home. It is now pointed out that whatever may have actuated the authorities from time to time in making their selection of pictures, there is no question about the want of space, which would forbid a representative collection of the works of our native artists. This being so, it is proposed that a new collection should be gathered together under the name of 'A National Gallery of British Art.' Sir J. C. Robinson has suggested that the new Gallery might be built on to the old Kensington Palace, and that the rooms of the old building, which are stately in appearance, and which possess fine painted ceilings, elaborate chimney-pieces, and carvings in oak and marble in the best taste, should be fitted with suitable

furniture, and thrown open to the public as a highly attractive and interesting exhibition.

For centuries, salt has been obtained by the evaporation of brine in open pans, at first from sea-water, and of later years from the water which comes from the melting rock-salt underground, and which is pumped up in such abundance in Cheshire and elsewhere. It is somewhat remarkable that this crude way of making salt should have held its own for so long, for it has disadvantages. Among these are the slowness of the operation, the cost of the large quantity of fuel required, the noxious fumes given off by the escape of brine into the furnaces, and the rapid decay of the iron pans used, owing to the hard scale formed upon the metal by the action of lime and magnesia contained in the brine. An improved method of manufacture has at length been discovered by Dr Pick of Austria, who for many years has devoted his attention to the subject. The system is too elaborate to be fully described here, but it may be said that it is continuous and automatic in action, requires only two-fifths of the usual amount of fuel, and does not entail skilled labour. The operations are conducted by means of steam instead of fire, and the salt is produced in closed vessels in a vacuum, the spent heat from one vessel being utilised by its neighbour. Under favourable conditions, the salt produced by the new apparatus is of the finest quality, and its cost is not much above one quarter of that made by the old method. The apparatus has for some time been at work at a salt-work in Staffordshire, and it fully bears out the promises of its inventor.

A recent despatch from India dealing with the sugar-manufacture does not speak very hopefully of that industry. The authorities have, since the beginning of the century, done their best to effect improvements in methods of production, but their efforts have had but little success. The cultivation of the sugar-cane in India is limited by scarcity of both water and manure, and seems to be confined to small farms which are more or less widely separated. For this reason the attempts to establish central factories where the sugar could be refined have failed, the difficulties of collection over a wide area being insurmountable. Sugar-refining, indeed, cannot be made to pay unless it be supplemented by the sale of rum and other liquors; and even in this case the manufacturer is handicapped by Excise difficulties. Under present conditions, it would seem that it is more profitable to produce a coarse sugar for local consumption than to attempt the manufacture of a better kind for export; and any improvement that it is possible to look for must appertain to the native method of manufacture.

A form of Bell Buoy which presents many new features has been invented by Mr Jasper Gibson of London. The Buoy supports two bells, one above the other, which are used for distinct purposes—the lower one being a fog-bell, and the upper one a storm-bell. The fog-bell is actuated by a rod attached to a float which moves up and down with every ripple, and it is thus in no way dependent upon a rough sea for its warning note. But the storm-bell requires something more than this to force it into action. Three external hammers are suspended from a disc,

which is so balanced that it remains horizontal however the buoy may be tossed about on the angry waves. This persistence of position continually brings its hammers into contact with the agitated bell, and a sustained tolling is the result. In both bells, provision is made for the hammers springing back after striking the bell, so that its sonorous qualities are not interfered with. It will thus be seen that the Gibson Bell Buoy presents many advantages over the somewhat clumsy contrivance which it aspires to supersede. It is thought very highly of by experts.

The delay which seems to have been incurred through a variety of circumstances in the establishment of the electric light as a common illuminant in this country has not been all lost time, for English electricians are now able to profit by the experience of other countries, and will be able to avoid many pitfalls into which they otherwise might have stepped. They are at least warned by the many fatal accidents which have occurred in New York against the danger of leaving wires in exposed situations unprotected. We are glad to see that the widow of a victim to carelessness in this respect has been awarded liberal damages at Brighton, and we hope that this early accident in England will have a good effect in making others more careful. Mr Edison pointed out while he was in Paris the danger of laying cables charged with high tension currents side by side with gas-pipes in street subways; and he was able to quote one instance at least in which a gas-pipe had been melted, and the escape of gas from it had led to an explosion.

Venturesome sportsmen, who are occasionally prone to complain that big game is being exterminated, and that now there is very little left to shoot, will find their aspirations gratified to the utmost if they care to undertake a journey to Indo-China. At Annam, for instance, tigers are so numerous that no one ever thinks of going outside his residence after dark; and as much as four hundred pounds sterling was paid last year by the authorities for their destruction. We do not know how many tigers this represents, but we learn that the evidence of a skin and fangs is necessary before the reward is paid. But it would seem that the Annamese believe more in superstitious observances as a talisman against wild animals than they do in powder and shot, for they have raised the tiger to the position of a deity, and propitiate him by the consecration of temples to his honour. He is also distinguished by various titles of nobility, and has followers, as if he were the head of a religious sect. But this does not prevent the natives from trapping the animal and destroying him by stratagem, and they would doubtless heartily welcome any noble sportsman who may visit their country to levy war against the creature.

A signalling system for use of the police in cities and towns has been recently exhibited in London by means of miniature apparatus. An ordinary lamp-post is furnished with a receptacle, in which is a clock dial and pointer, very much like the telegraph used in a steam-ship, only, instead of the commands to 'Go ahead' or 'Go astern,' the dial is furnished with notices of fire, robberies, riots, and the like. A corresponding dial at the nearest police station synchronises with this on the lamp-post, and also gives the

number of the lamp from which the message is sent. The plan is ingenious, and would no doubt be useful in many cases.

It is said that Iceland is gradually becoming depopulated, owing to the constant emigration of its people to the more inviting shores of Canada and the United States. These emigrants send such favourable accounts home to their friends of their change of domicile that others quickly follow in their wake, and so the drain goes on. It is estimated that this year the exodus of Icelanders will amount to twenty thousand, which is nearly one quarter of the population of the island. The emigrants are chiefly from the northern and eastern districts, where labour is only carried on under the greatest difficulties, and where bad harvests have lately caused much poverty. Among the fisher-folk, too, the competition of steam-trawlers has almost crippled the work which used to be carried on successfully with old-fashioned boats and gear.

A recent Report from Upper Burma gives some interesting particulars concerning the Silver and Lead Mines in that country. The ore is found within ten feet of the surface; but the shafts are commonly carried down to three hundred feet before the miners find any veins worth following up. They work out the ore by primitive methods, and sell it at the pit's mouth to others, who extract the silver from it. The lead is at present not allowed to be dealt with, in order that the dacoits may not have the wherewithal to manufacture bullets, and there is consequently an accumulation of the baser metal, which it is suggested that the Government should purchase. The ore is plentiful, and yields about ten shillings' worth of silver for every basket of three hundred and sixty-five pounds.

An improved method of making sheet-glass is said to have been perfected by an American manufacturer. At present, such glass is made by blowing a cylinder; and after cutting it down on one side, it is allowed to unroll itself by its own weight while resting in a hot state upon a flat surface. In this new method the glass in a semi-liquid molten condition is submitted to the action of hollow metal rollers, which are heated on the inside by steam or gas, and it is by them rolled out in a thin sheet much after the manner in which plate-glass is made. The new process is said to furnish sheet-glass of a high quality at a cheaper rate than was before practicable.

The practice of Cremation, in lieu of ordinary burial, is making steady progress in Paris, in spite of the opposition to it which exists in certain quarters. At the new Crematorium at the well-known cemetery Père-la-Chaise, a furnace has been erected which will reduce a body to ashes in less than an hour, and at a cost of about fifteenpence for fuel. Since the establishment of this system in the French capital, twelve hundred unclaimed bodies of persons who have died in hospitals have been thus disposed of, besides the bodies of three hundred of the well-to-do classes, whose wishes have been thus complied with.

Lord Rayleigh, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, took for his text the word 'Foam,' and he proved by many interesting experiments that foaming, or frothing, is not possible with a liquid of pure constitution. Thus, pure water and pure alcohol will neither of them foam; but

a mixture of water with five per cent. of alcohol will foam strongly. Beer is, of course, a mixture of this character. Water impregnated with camphor, or with a small quantity of any colloid substance, will froth freely; and we all know that a little soap added to water will cause the same effect. Alluding to sea-foam, the lecturer said that this was not due to the salt contained in the water, but rather to the seaweeds which suffer destruction in stormy weather. He also alluded to the effect of oil upon troubled waters, and pointed out that although in the first instance only the smaller ripples were affected by the oily coating, the larger waves were afterwards brought under control, for it seemed as if the power of the wind to create those large waves was due in great measure to the small ripples which formed at their back, and gave the wind a hold on the water which it would not otherwise have. It was in reality the curling tops of the waves and the broken water which was mischievous, and this was quieted by the action of the oil.

The Horse Accident Prevention Society has been established with the humane object of saving needless suffering to one of our most faithful and obedient servants. This Society, which well deserves support, recently issued a circular inviting the opinion of those well qualified to judge as to the best form of paving for our city streets. The circular was addressed to all the drivers attached to the London General Omnibus Company and other similar associations, to the drivers of well-known firms of carriers, and to others; and the principal questions to which it invited replies were: 'Which is the best—that is, the safest—and which is the worst or most dangerous pavement now used in the London streets?' The replies are as follows: 750 drivers think that wood is the best material; 219 prefer macadam; 197 think that granite cubes form the best roads; while 51 are in favour of asphalt. With regard to the worst pavement, more than 1000 condemn asphalt to this ignominious position, while 122 say that nothing is worse than wood. As a result, the Society is now urging upon local authorities to discard asphalt for the future, and to replace it as it becomes worn out by a safer material.

A favourite and apparently successful method of advertising is to publish testimonials from those who have benefited by the particular article which is thus brought under public notice. American adventurers are very clever at this kind of thing, and some of our own countrymen are not far behind them. But certainly one of the best advertisements of the kind comes from the pen of Theebaw, the deposed monarch of the Burmese, a translation of which recently was published in the *Rangoon Gazette*. It is designed for a particular brand of cigars, and appears upon every box of those luxuries. It runs as follows: 'My late father, the Royal Mindoon Min, the Golden-footed Lord of the White Elephant, Master of a thousand gold Umbrellas, owner of the Royal Peacocks, Lord of the Sea and of the World, whose face was like the Sun, always smoked the Esoof Cheroot while meditating on his treatment of the bull-faced, earth-swallowing English. Had I done the same, I should never have lost my throne; but I used the opium-drugged cheroots from

Manila and the trash which was sent me from San Francisco, and I fell.—(Signed) THEEBAW, formerly King.

A Melbourne paper lately described the visit of the Conservator of Forests to the Mount Macedon State Nursery of trees, where the work of propagating young trees and cultivating plants of various kinds for distribution among local bodies is constantly going on. It is estimated that this year nearly half a million trees will be thus distributed. An examination of a number of American black walnut trees has revealed the existence of what seems to be a new disease, and energetic measures are at once to be taken in order to cope with it. This disease takes the form of a species of mildew, which clusters round and attacks the roots. The efforts to cultivate the Rhea Grass from India, which yields such a valuable fibre, has been attended with marked success.

Sir Morell Mackenzie has recently written upon the effect of tobacco-smoking on the voice, and his remarks should receive attention by those who practise public speaking or singing. He tells us that most of the leading actors in London suffer from a relaxed condition of the upper part of the throat, brought on, he believes, entirely by smoking; but actresses are rarely affected in that way. He has noticed the same thing in the case of military officers and clergymen. It is not necessary to be a smoker to encourage these symptoms, for a delicate throat exposed to an atmosphere laden with the fumes of tobacco such as is often met with in a railway carriage, is, we learn, even worse than the use of the cigar or pipe. The oriental hookah is in Dr Mackenzie's opinion the least harmful apparatus to use, for the smoke passes through water, and is robbed of its heat before it enters the system; and the cigarette, so fashionable nowadays, is the most dangerous.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF GEOGRAPHY.

Few people perhaps study geography for mere amusement, yet half-an-hour with an atlas may be profitably and agreeably spent, and it will reveal some curious though little suspected facts. In these days of School Boards, of course everybody has a smattering of the science, and very few, indeed, are so ignorant as the statesman who, according to *Punch*, is represented, during a delicate negotiation respecting East Africa, as desperately exclaiming, 'Where, O where is Zanzibar?'

It would be unpatriotic, as well as untruthful, to say that the British Empire is not the greatest, so far as regards territory, on the face of the earth. It may be true, also, that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions; but it is rather surprising to find that until within a few months ago she did not possess a square inch of territory anywhere on the line of the equator. This newly acquired and interesting part of the British Empire is the territory belonging to the Imperial East Africa Company, which stretches from the coast north of Zanzibar north-westwards to Lake Victoria Nyanza.

India is virtually a tropical country; yet Cape Comorin, the southernmost extremity, is about five hundred and sixty miles north of the equator;

and the most northerly part of the Punjab is almost on the same latitude as Gibraltar, or one thousand miles farther south than London.

Although New York is in a general sense 'west,' it is in reality nearly nine hundred miles nearer the equator than Liverpool. Directly west from Liverpool is the cheerless coast of Labrador; and crossing the continent we pass the southern portion of Hudson Bay, Lake Winnipeg, and, on the other side of the continent, the southern extremity of Alaska. Farther west still is the centre of the Isthmus of Kamtchatka; and, if the circuit is completed, right through Siberia and Russia, and on to Hamburg. We have to thank our climate, maligned as it is, that we are not frozen fast half the year. Apropos of freezing, Montreal, of ice-palace notoriety, is on the same degree of latitude as Venice, or about four hundred and fifty miles nearer the equator than London. Again, St John's, Newfoundland—that land of fogs and drifting icebergs—lies one hundred miles farther south than Paris.

When we read of vessels rounding Cape Horn, it never occurs to us that they are sailing through a strait not much broader than the North Sea; yet that is all the distance between the Cape and the Antarctic continent.

A curious incident regarding a strait occurred during the Russian War. It would have been ludicrous, if anything can be ludicrous connected with war. Commodore Elliot was blockading a Russian squadron in the Gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. Thinking he had the Russians in a *cul de sac*, he complacently waited for them to come out, as the water was too shallow for him to attack them. As the enemy did not come out, he sent in to investigate, and found, to his astonishment, that Russians and ships had vanished! While he had been waiting for them in the south, they had quietly slipped out by the north; teaching both him and the British Government a rather severe lesson in geography, as it had been thought that Saghalin was an isthmus; and they were totally unaware of a narrow channel leading from the Gulf to the Sea of Okhotsk.

Buccaneering romances teem with references to the Spanish Main, yet how many people nowadays know what or where the Spanish Main was? Main is a contraction for Mainland, and was applied to the part of the north coast of South America washed by the Caribbean Sea. The name is a relic of the time when that part of the continent belonged to Spain, and was used in opposition to the West India Islands, which also then belonged to that country.

Where is El Dorado? This was a question which acutely exercised the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. Not content with the spoils of these unfortunate countries, the Spaniards argued that there must be another and a richer country in the interior, supposed to be somewhere to the north or west of Peru. They called it, in prospective, the Golden Land. Sir Walter Raleigh tried to find it in Guiana. It has not yet, however, been discovered. The Spaniards very likely found their El Dorado when they plundered Mexico and Peru; and the English buccaneers—of whom Sir Walter Raleigh was by no means an insignificant specimen—found their El Dorado in plundering the plunderers; a sort of rough-and-

ready retribution, highly pleasing, no doubt, to the well-known English sense of justice.

To come nearer home : comparatively few are aware of the exact 'lay of the land' round about our shores, or even in our own country. How many people, for instance, know that Edinburgh is on the same parallel of longitude as Cardiff, in South Wales, or one hundred and twenty miles west of London, or that it is actually seven or eight miles west of Liverpool? And that directly south of Edinburgh is the Solway Firth? In a vague kind of way Edinburgh is supposed to be north of London. It is really north-west. Flamborough Head is the last point of land directly north of London. Beyond that is an interrupted line passing to the west of Spitzbergen up into the depths of the Arctic regions, where no definite land has yet been discovered. This is, in fact, one of the least explored parts of the Arctic continent.

It is curious, too, that south of the Blasquets, the most westerly point of Ireland, there is no land for sixteen hundred miles, until we reach the north-west coast of Africa.

Land's End, although the most westerly point of England, is by no means the most westerly of the island; there are several parts of Scotland more westerly still; and Ardnamurchan Point, the farthest, is ten miles farther west than Land's End.

A good deal of haziness prevails as to the exact relative geographical positions of various parts and places of the Continent to this country. Denmark, for instance, lies east of the southern half of Scotland, and Copenhagen, the capital, is twenty miles farther south than Edinburgh. Moscow lies on the same latitude as the former city. What might have been the result of Napoleon's famous campaign if the climate, as well as the latitude, agreed with ours?

Sumburgh Head, the southern extremity of the Shetland Islands, is on the same latitude as Cape Farewell, in Greenland, on the one hand, and on the other, St Petersburg. To St Petersburg is generally given the credit—if credit it can be called—of being the most northerly capital in Europe; but it must divide the distinction with Christiania, capital of Norway, which is on exactly the same latitude. Stockholm, the sister capital, is forty miles farther south.

It is natural enough to suppose that the shortest distance between two places is along a straight line stretching from the one to the other. So it would be for all practical purposes between, say, Holyhead and Dublin, or Dover and Calais, but not between Liverpool and New York, or any other two places great distances apart. Marine charts are on Mercator's Projection, on which all the parallels of latitude and longitude cross each other at right angles. The utility of this arrangement cannot be explained here; but we shall simply confine ourselves to the reason why the shortest distance as on Mercator's Chart, say between Land's End and Newfoundland, is not along a straight line drawn from the one point to the other, but along a segment of a circle lying to the north of it and having one end at the place of departure and the other at the place of destination. As every one knows, degrees of latitude become shorter as they approach the Pole, therefore, in sailing from the one point to the other as above,

although a vessel must pass through the same number of degrees, yet they are shorter than the degrees lying along the straight line, so that it has actually to sail a less distance along the curved line than the straight one. This is called in nautical language, 'Great Circle Sailing.' The example given is in the northern hemisphere; in the southern hemisphere the curve, of course, will incline towards the South Pole.

Although difficult to understand, the principle of Great Circle Sailing becomes quite clear with the aid of a terrestrial globe.

It may not be out of place to give, in conclusion, two instances of the curiosities of ancient geography, one might almost say mysteries, for they have not been satisfactorily cleared up to this day. About 400 B.C., Pytheas, a citizen of Massilia, after having discovered Albion, sailed still farther north, and came to a place he called Ultima Thule. Some suppose that this was Shetland, others Norway, and others Iceland. Shetland has popularly been regarded as the Ultima Thule, although there is really no definite ground for supposing so, as Pytheas gives us no information which would help to locate the mysterious region; or rather the information he does give is so mixed with the fabulous as to be utterly worthless. Another mysterious region was a great island lying outside the Pillars of Hercules, called Atlantis. Plato was the first to mention it, and he says that the sea suddenly engulfed it, and that the region had ever since been unnavigable by reason of the shoals created by the sunken continent. Some regard the Canary Islands as the remains of Atlantis; some suppose it to be America; and some suppose it existed in Plato's imagination only.

B E T R O T H E D.

DEAR, as I listen to your voice, Love's light
Falls in full glory over all the land,
And I? I scarce can see. With trembling hand
I needs must shade my eyes, since all too bright
The dazzling radiance shines. Through shadowy night
Kist I looked up, and longed but for a strand
Of light from some dim star; at your command,
Lo, day breaks, with no dawning, on my sight!
Deem me not cold, beloved, but only slow
To realise how my poor life is blest.
Thus hold my hands in yours until they grow
Warm in your clasp; and thus, dear, let me rest—
All the sweet peace of Love at last to know—
Here with my glad face hidden on your breast!

KATR MELLERSH.

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INVALIDS.

By MRS LYNN LINTON

WITH sickness, as with everything else in life, the same state has different manifestations, and the 'so many men so many minds' is an adage which proves itself true at every turn. There are invalids and invalids, as there are sinners and sinners—saints and saints; and some of them are beautiful and pathetic, and others are unlovely and rasping. There is the patient invalid who does not lose strength in fretfulness, in self-pity, or in disobedience to the nurse and doctor—the invalid who recognises that certain element of Necessity in his sickness, and who, now that he is laid by the heels by disease, waits tranquilly till he is rescued by science and restored once more to health. This is the ideal invalid, and the one, moreover, who not only gives his care-takers the least trouble but also gives himself the best chance. Never down-hearted; never recalcitrant; doing as he is told—believing that experts know better than himself; waiting patiently, as one who is in a storm at sea stands by in silence, letting the captain command, and obeying orders as they come to him—this invalid is he of whom his care-takers say fondly: 'He gives no trouble, poor lamb, and is as easy to wait on as a child.' And this is the invalid who gets well—save when the very citadel is attacked, and then he lowers his flag and opens the Great Gates when resistance is in vain, yielding with the same brave constancy as that which had heartened him to the fight, and sinking into the arms of death as placidly as he had done his best to escape for yet a little while longer.

How different from him is that furious, fighting, intractable invalid who will not allow himself to be controlled, and who despises his physician as heartily as he rates his nurse! He calls the medical profession generally 'humbug;' and medical practitioners are 'those fellows.' When he falls sick, however, he sends for one of those fellows and pays him grudgingly his

fee; but the chances are he refuses to take the medicines prescribed or to follow the regimen ordained, and he winds up by saying testily: 'Those fellows know nothing about it!' Not necessarily an unkind man, he is a perfectly detestable invalid—tyrannical, testy, ungrateful, impracticable. His temper is so bad and his ways are so irritating that his very pain does not command the sympathy which else would be given to it. You are sorry, of course, that he suffers as he must, but why is he such a demon to that nice nurse of his?—why does he allow himself to be the prey of such degrading suspicions?—why is he such a fool as to disobey his doctor on the plea that he knows as much as that other, and that 'as much' means nothing? His illness has not touched his brain in other matters. Only in all that concerns himself and his malady does he 'carry on' like a maniac, and act with such want of common-sense and ordinary good-feeling as excuses the want of sympathy in his *entourage*. Such an invalid as this, man or woman, is the typical 'handful.' Do what you will you cannot do the thing that is right, and you are hourly accused of doing wilfully the thing that is wrong. Small wonder, then, if the trained nurses who come as they are sent go back to their headquarters at the double. It is a task beyond their powers to tend that roaring, furious, leonine invalid, who rails at them in between the spasms of pain as though they were the familiars of the Inquisition wilfully racking and pressing him—who accuses them of every crime from drunkenness to peculation, and who will do nothing he or she is told to do, nor allow them to do what they ought. No wonder, indeed! Human nature has its limits even in a professional nurse, and sympathy has its low-water mark when it flows no more. And an invalid of this kind suffers not only more than need have been, in actual pain and discomfort, but also in the loss of that soothing grace of human compassion and friendly sympathy which does something for the sick, if not all nor yet even much.

Then there are mopy invalids who frighten

themselves by their own fears, and who exaggerate their symptoms as much as a mountain mist exaggerates the things it covers. If they have a cold, they have bronchitis, pneumonia, laryngitis, and who knows what besides. If they are feverish, they are in for some awful turn of which *typhus* is the most general bugbear. If they have a rash produced by transient indigestion, it is *eczema* at the least and scarlet fever at the worst, and they are always going to die. They sit in the dark, or they lie in bed for ailments to which a robust moral nature would give no heed whatever; and they send for the doctor to cure a malady which a day's abstinence from wine and meat, or a simple 'cooling draught' in the morning, would banish as surely as the wind sweeps away the fog. They are the most doleful creatures in existence, and the wonder is how they care to live wrapped up as they are in the wet-blanket of their own fearful imaginings. These are also among the difficult patients to nurse when they are really ill. They are so miserably certain that the Grim King has them in his clutches there is no heartening them up to make an effort. They might, but they will not. They are like people with their eyes shut, who cannot find the door because they will not open their closed lids and see. And, indeed, these people do really often die just for want of that effort. They let themselves sink into the Slough of Despond, and they are smothered because they will not struggle out of the morass when they might.

Opposite to them are the breezy, gallant, never-say-die fellows, who laugh and joke when at the last gasp, and do not recognise that they are in any danger even when they are *in extremis*. They, too, are in their own way difficult patients to deal with. They will not submit to necessary restrictions, not from the 'cussedness' of those furious lions and tigers and bedridden hyenas who snarl and growl and snap from between the sheets, but from the overflowing froth of their champagne-like spirits—the irrepresible buoyancy of their temperament. They cannot believe that anything serious ails them. It is a temporary inconvenience, and they will soon turn the corner, and be rattling along the broad and sunny highway as usual. Their jocund temper never seems to flag—their bubbling hopes never grow flat. They good-humouredly neglect precautions—laughingly disobey injunctions—miss their medicine with a jest—declare themselves fit as fiddles when they are nothing better than a set of broken panpipes—maintain that they are convalescent when they are practically moribund. They have been known to die with a jest on their lips—a jest more full of fun and less bitter at the edges than Rabelais' famous: 'Lower the curtain—the farce is played out.' But though the exuberance of their jollity is at times embarrassing to their care-takers, and often harmful to themselves, it is better than the overflowing melancholy of the weak-spirited, who give themselves up to death and despair if their finger aches or their eyes smart.

The affected invalid who gives herself up to *sestheticism* and the muses—posturing as a kind of diaphanous priestess of delicacy to whom rude health is synonymous with vulgarity—she contrasts pretty forcibly with her careless sister, who

makes the inevitable unpleasantnesses of invalidism more unpleasant still by her indifference to beauty and even to seemliness. We may go too far in the more refined way, and overload the sick-bed with artistic fal-lals as we may overload an apple-tart with sugar and spice; but it is almost easier to go too far in the contrary direction, and to smother the very shadow of the graces under the knitted woollen shawls and rough flannel jackets of a careless woman's hideous invalid attire. Between the extreme of one of these diaphanous priestesses, who bound her crimped and well-dressed hair with a diamond fillet and decked herself with roses as for a ball, the while she lay on her bed of suffering, draped with lace and satin—and the extreme of that other whose towzelled locks were all in disorder about her face, and whose gray woollen shawl was eloquent of linseed meal and mustard, there is surely a mean. And that golden mean will be found the best for all the working purposes of a sick-room, as indeed for every other place and purpose. Less pranked and more simple than the one, the invalid who has hit the golden mean is more careful and less ungraceful than the other. If her sick-bed is not as a garden of roses, and she herself not like a princess busked for a ball, she takes care that her invalidism shall be robbed of all repulsive features, and that it shall possess its own appropriate beauty. She has flowers in rational quantity, and books and pretty trilles to please the eye and soothe the senses. She is dressed with taste and care, and her chosen colours are suggestive of freshness. She is not overladen with perfume, but there is perfume throughout all the room. She wears no jewels; her hair is not filleted with diamonds, nor crimped and curled as for a ball; but neither is it lying in tumbled *elt*-locks over the pillow, and hanging in stray wisps about her face. Nor, again, does she give herself up to friends as a show they come to see; nor repel them when they do come by either her monstrous affectation on the one side, or her revolting carelessness on the other. She is herself in her sick-room as she is herself in her drawing-room; but the places and their appropriate furniture are different, and she does not seek to bring the one into the other.

Again, there are invalids who, when they have to give up active life for a time, give up everything connected with the family—things which yet are well within their power to direct if not to look after. They retire to their beds, perhaps on small provocation, and there lose the thread of active life, as if there were no world beyond their own four-poster. The house may manage itself for all the care they take that it shall go on as usual in the accustomed groove. The husband must take care of himself, and the children must manage in the best way they can. The invalid has washed her hands of all responsibility, at least for the time, and she is too ill to be worried. As she is often too ill to be worried, things in that house are not infrequently at a dead-lock, and comfort is one of the lost arts. By-and-by it begins to be whispered that the lady's illnesses are but cloaks to hide her indolence—euphemisms for her selfishness—and that she is no more ill than she is insane. Her sister, poor dear, is a real invalid—but then her sister directs her household

from her sick-bed just as she does when on her feet; and the pain of her illness falls only on herself—her husband, her children, and her household do not suffer. And here again, as everywhere in life, unselfish consideration for others and strict regard for duty override conditions and redeem what else would be failures, making even invalidism less a hindrance than a pathetic kind of beauty, and robbing it of all its practical disabilities.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRACK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE 'LADY BLANCHE.'

So light was the breeze, that it was drawing on to ten o'clock in the morning before the approaching vessel lay plain on the sea. Long before this, I had made her out to be a square-rigged craft, and sometimes I would imagine that she was the corvette, and sometimes that she was the *Countess Ida*. It had been a time of breathless expectation, of crushing suspense. Again and again had I mounted the rigging to make sure that she had not shifted her course, and was edging away from us. Again and again had I run my eyes round the sea with a passionate prayer in my heart that the wind might hold; for if it shifted, we stood to lose the ship; and it it fell, the calm might last all day, with the prospect of another black night before us and a deserted ocean at daybreak.

But now, drawing on to this hour of ten, the hull of the vessel had risen to its bends, and though I might be certain of nothing else, it was absolutely sure that the stranger was neither the *Maquinnan* nor the *Countess Ida*. She had puzzled me greatly for a considerable time; for even when her fore-course had lurly lifted she yet seemed to be rising more canvas. But by this hour I could distinguish. She was a small vessel, painted white—whether barque or ship I could not then tell. She had studding-sails out and skysails set, and showed as an airy delicate square of pearl; and indeed I might have believed that she was the Indianman for that reason, until her snow-white body came stealing out to the stare I fixed upon her, and then I looked at Miss Temple.

Her sight for seafaring details was not mine. She was trembling as she said: 'Which ship is she, Mr Dugdale?'

'Neither,' I answered.

'Neither?' she cried.

'Do not you observe that yonder craft has a white hull, and that she is a small ship?—But what does it matter? She is bound to see us. She will rescue us; and let the future be what it may, our one consuming need now is to quit this hull.'

She had so reckoned upon the stranger proving either the corvette or the Indianman, that, had the approaching craft been no more than a

mirage, had the fabric melted upon the air as we watched it, she could not have looked more blank, more wildly and hopelessly disappointed.

'Neither!' she repeated, breathing with difficulty.—'Oh, Mr Dugdale, what are we to do?'

'Why, get on board of her, in the name of God,' I cried—'giving Him thanks when we are there.'

'But she may—she will be'—she paused, unable to articulate: then with an effort: 'She may be going to another part of the world.'

'It matters not,' I answered, observing with rapture that the vessel was heading more directly for us; 'she will put us aboard something homeward bound.—Will not that be better than stopping here, Miss Temple?'

'Oh yes, oh yes!' she cried; 'but if we waited a little, the Indianman might find us.'

'Heaven forbid! we have waited long enough.'

So speaking, I rushed forward, picked up the handspike with which I had beaten upon the fore-castle wall, secured a blanket to it, and dancing aft, fell to flourishing it with all my might. Very slowly the vessel came floating down upon us with a light swaying of her trucks from side to side, and a tender twinkling of the folds of her lower canvas, which there was not weight enough in the wind to hold distended. Her hull was exceedingly graceful, and of a milky whiteness; and as she leaned from us on some wide fold of the breathing waters, she exposed a hand's-breadth of burnished copper, which put a wonderful quality of beauty and delicacy into the whole fabric, as though she were a little model in frosted silver.

'Before she takes us on board, Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed Miss Temple, 'will not you mount the rigging to see if there is another ship in sight that may prove the Indianman?'

'But even if the Indianman were in sight,' said I, 'we should seize this the first of our opportunities to escape from this floating tomb. For heaven's sake, let us get aboard that fellow!'

As I spoke, I seized the handspike again and frantically flourished it. All this while there was a column of smoke ascending steadily from my fire of rugs and mats and darkening the sea over the starboard bow, heading as the wreck was. I was now able to make out that the coming craft was a barque. My eyes were glued to her; my heart thumped furiously; the wildest alternations of joy and dread seized me. Suppose she should prove some foreigner in charge of a man indifferent to human life, some cold-blooded miscreant who had shifted his helm merely to satisfy his curiosity, and who, on perceiving that the smoke was no more than a signal, and that the wreck floated high, should slide quietly on and leave us to our fate? Such things had been; such things were again and again happening. As she drew with a snail-like motion abreast without touching a brace, without any signs of movement about her deck, my eyes turned dim; I feared I was about to swoon.

'Will she not stop, Mr Dugdale?' exclaimed Miss Temple in a voice of terror.

Lifting the handsake with its fluttering blanket high above my head, I waved it furiously for some moments, then flinging it down upon the deck, applied my hands to the sides of my mouth, and in a voice of such energy that it came near to cracking every vein in my head, I yelled: 'Barque ahoy! For God's sake, send a boat and take us off.'

As the words left my throat, the vessel's helm was put down; the clew of the mainsail mounted, and her topsail yard slowly revolved, bringing every cloth upon the main aback, and in a few minutes the graceful little craft was lying without way within speaking distance of us.

In the violence of my transport, I grasped Miss Temple's hand, and again and again pressed my lips to it, congratulating her and myself so, for I had no words. The figures of the people were clearly visible: a row of heads forward, the fellow at the wheel on a short raised deck, and two men dressed in white clothes with large straw hats at the mizzen rigging. One of them leisurely clambered on to the rail and holding by one hand to a backstay sang out:

'Wreck ahoy! How many are there of you?'

'Two of us only,' I shouted back; 'this lady and myself.'

'Any contagious sickness?'

'No, no,' I bawled, amazed by the question.

'Pray, send a boat.'

He continued to stand, as though viewing us meditatively; then: 'Wreck ahoy!'

'Hallo!' I cried, scarcely able to send my voice owing to the consternation excited in me by the man's behaviour.

'Are you a sailor?' he roared.

'Oh, say yes, say yes!' cried Miss Temple; 'he may be in want of men.'

'Ay, ay,' I cried; 'I'm a sailor.'

'What sort of sailor?'

'I belonged to an Indianman.'

'Afore the mast?'

'No, no! send a boat—I'll tell you all about it.'

He descended from the rail and apparently addressed the man that stood near, who walked to the companion-hatch and returned with a telescope; the other took it from him, then knelt down to rest the glass on the rail, and surveyed us through the lenses for at least a couple of minutes, after which he rose, returned the glass to his companion and flourished his hand at us. I watched, utterly unable to guess what was next to happen. My fears foreboded the departure of the barque, and the impatience in me worked like madness in my blood. But mercifully we were not to be kept long in this intolerable state of suspense. A few minutes after the man, whom I supposed to be the captain, had motioned to us with his arm, a number of sailors came to the davits at the foremost extremity of the raised afterdeck, where swung a small white boat of a whaling pattern. Four of them entered her, and she sank slowly to the water's edge, where she was promptly freed from the tackles, and three oars thrown over. The fellow in the stern sheets was the man who had handed the glass to the other. The oarsmen

pulled swiftly, and in a very short time the little craft was alongside.

'Only two of ye, is it?' said the fellow who grasped the tiller, a short, square, sun-blackened, coarse-looking sailor.

'Only two,' I cried.

'Any luggage?'

'No,' I answered.

'Nothen portable aboard worth carrying off, is there?'

'Yes,' I answered, cursing him in my heart for the delay these questions involved; 'there are several hams, bottles of fine wine, cheeses, and the like below.'

'Odds niggers! we'll have 'em then,' he exclaimed; and in an instant he was in the wreck's chafis, wiggling over the side and calling to one of his fellows to follow him. They hung in the wind a moment, staring their hardest at Miss Temple and myself; then said the short square man in white: 'Where be the goods, master?'

I pointed to the hatch in the deckhouse, and directed them to what I called the pantry. But nothing could have induced me to leave the deck. As they disappeared I stepped to the side where the bulwarks were gone.

'Bring the boat close under, my lads,' I exclaimed to the two fellows in her, 'and stand by to receive the lady.'

The hull was rolling very gently, with just enough of depression to render a jump into the little fabric as it rose very easy and safe. 'Now, Miss Temple,' I cried. She sprang without an instant's hesitation, was caught by one of the sailors, and in a jiffy the pair of us were snug in the stern sheets side by side.

The two men could not take their eyes off us. They surveyed us with countenances of profound astonishment, running their gaze over Miss Temple as though she were some creature of another world; as well they might, indeed, seeing the contrast between the groaning mutilated smoking hull and this girl leaping from her deck in the choice and elegant attire of the highest fashion, as the two poor fellows would imagine—for what eye would they have for the disorder of her apparel?—and her hands, breast, and ears sparkling with jewels of value and splendour.

'Are ye English, sir?' said one of them, a middle-aged man, of a very honest cast of countenance, with minute eyes deep sunk in his head, and a pair of grayish whiskers uniting at his throat.

'Why, yes, to be sure,' I answered.

'The lady too, sir?'

'Yes, man, yes.—What ship are you?'

'The *Lady Blanche*,' he answered.

'Where bound?'

'To Mauritius, from the river Thames.'

I glanced at Miss Temple; but either she had not heeded the fellow's answer or her mind failed to collect its meaning.

'Been long aboard here, sir?' said the man, indicating the hull by a sideways motion of his head.

'Two nights,' I answered. 'There should be a corvette and an Indianman close at hand hereabouts. Have you met with either ship?'

'No, sir.'

'Sighted no sail at all?'

'Nothen like un,' exclaimed the other sailor.

'Th' ocean's gone and growed into a Hafrican desert.'

The square man in white followed by his attendant seaman arrived at the side bearing between them a blanket loaded with the produce of the pantry, to judge by the clinking of bottle glass and the orbicular bulgings of cheeses and rounds of hams.

'Catch this here bundle now,' sung out the square man, who, later on, I ascertained was the barque's carpenter, acting also as the second mate. 'Handsomely over the bricks. It's wine, bullies.'

The blanket and its contents were received, and deposited in the bottom of the boat. The men entered her, and we shoved off.

'Did you make up that there fire, sir?' inquired the square man, bringing his eyes in a stare of astonishment from Miss Temple to myself.

'Yes: nobody else. This lady and I are alone.'

'Then you've set the bloomin' hull on fire,' said he.

I started, and sent a look at the column of smoke, at which I had never once glanced whilst lying alongside, so distracted was my attention by the multiplicity of emotions which surged in me. There was no need to gaze long to gather that more was going to the making of the coils of smoke which were now rising in soot than the nearly consumed remains of the mats and rugs which I had stacked and fed.

'The fire's burnt clean through the deck,' said the square man, 'and there are some casks in flames just forrads of the main hatch. What might they have contained, d'ye know?'

'I don't know,' I answered, trembling like a half-frozen kitten as I watched the smoke, and thought of what must have come to us if yonder barque's approach had been delayed.

'I suppose there'll be gunpowder aboard?' continued the square man.—'Pull, lads! If a bust-up happens, it'll find us too near at this.'

The men bent their backs, and the sharp-ended little boat went smoking through the quiet rippling waters. Nothing more was said. The square man, whose rugged, weather-blackened face preserved an inimitable air of amazement, eyed us askant, particularly running his gaze over Miss Temple's attire, and letting it rest upon her rings. The toil of the seamen kept them silent. For my part, I was too overcome to utter a word. The passion of delight exerted by our deliverance—that is to say, as signified by our rescue by the barque—was paralysed by the horror with which I viewed the growing denseness of the smoke rising from the hull. She was on fire! What would have been our fate—without a boat—without the materials for the construction of a raft—with no more than a few staves of casks to hold by!—Such a sea-brigand as the wreck had been, in her day was sure to have a liberal store of gunpowder stowed somewhere below: in all probability, in a magazine in the hold under her cabin. What, then, would there have been for us to do? We must either have sought death by leaping overboard, or awaited the horrible annihilation of an explosion!

Miss Temple's eyes were large and her lips

pale and her face bloodless, as though she were in a swoon. She was seeing how it was, and how it must have been with us, and she seemed smitten to the motionlessness of a statue by the perception as she sat by my side staring at the receding hull.

We swept to the little gangway ladder that had been dropped over the rail, and with some difficulty I assisted the girl over the side, swinging by the man-rope with one hand and supporting her waist with the other. The man who had hailed us stood at the gangway. I instantly went up to him with my hand outstretched.

'Sir,' said I, 'you are the captain, no doubt. I thank you for this deliverance, for this preservation of our lives, for this rescue from what *now* must have proved a horrible doom of fire.'

He took my hand and held it without answering, whilst he continued to stare at me with an intentness that in a very few moments astonished and embarrassed me.

'What is your name, sir?' he presently said.

'Laurence Dugdale,' I answered.

'Mate of an Indianan, I think you said, sir?'

'No,' I replied. 'I was for two years at sea in an Indianan as midshipman.'

He let fall my hand, and his face changed whilst he recoiled a step, meanwhile running his eyes from top to toe of me.

'A midshipman?' he exclaimed, with an accent of contempt. 'Why, a midshipman ain't a sailor! How long ago is it since you was a midshipman?'

'Six years,' I answered, completely bewildered by questioning of this sort at such a moment.

'Six years!' he cried, whilst his face grew longer still. 'Why, then, I don't suppose you'll even *know* what a quadrant means?'

'Certainly I know all about it,' I answered, with a half-glance at Miss Temple, who stood beside me listening to these questions in a torment of surprise and suspense.

'Are ye acquainted with navigation, then?'

inquired the captain. 'Sufficiently well, I believe, to enable me to carry a ship to any part of the world,' I rejoined, controlling my rising temper, though I was sensible that there was blood in my cheeks and that my eyes were expressing my mood.

'Why, then, that's all right!' he cried, brightening up. 'You tell me you could find your way about with a sextant?'

'Yes, sir, I have told you so.'

'Why, then,' he roared, 'I'm glad to see ye! Welcome aboard the *Lady Blanche*, sir.—And you, mem, I am sure.' Here he pulled off his immense straw hat and gave Miss Temple an unspeakably grotesque bow.—'What have you got there?' he bawled to the square man.

'A blanket full of wines and cheeses and 'ams,' answered the man, who was helping to manœuvre the bundle inboards over the side.

'All right, all right!' shouted the captain. 'Now put 'em down, do, and get your boat hooked on and hoisted, d'ye hear? and get your topsail yard swung.—Why, who's been and set that wreck on fire?'

'The flare's burnt through her deck,' cried the square man in a surly tone, 'and I allow she'll be ablowing up in a few minutes.'

But she was too far distant to suffer this conjecture to alarm the captain.

'Let her blow up,' said he; 'there's room enough for her,' and they giving Miss Temple another convulsive bow, he invited us to step into the cabin.

This was a little stateroom under the short after-deck, and, with its bulkheaded berths abaft, a miniature likeness in its way of the *Countess Ida's* saloon. It was a cosy little place, with a square table amidships, a bench on either hand of it screwed to the deck, a flat skylight overhead, a couple of old-fashioned lamps, a small stove near to the trunk of the mizzen-mast, a rack full of tumblers, and so forth.

'Sit ye down, mem,' said the captain, pointing to a bench.—'Sir, be seated.—I heard Mr Lush just now talk of wines, and cheeses, and hams; but what d'ye say to a cut of boiled beef and a bottle of London stout?' 'Drifting about in a wreck ain't wholesome for the soul, I believe; but I never heard that it affected the appetite.'

'You are very good,' I exclaimed; 'our food for the last three days has been no more than ship's bread and marmalade—poor fare for the lady, fresh from the comforts and luxuries of an Indianan's cuddy.'

He went to the cabin-door and bawled; and a young fellow, whom I afterwards found out was his servant, came running aft. He gave him certain directions, then returned to the table, where he sat for a long two minutes first staring at me and then at Miss Temple without a wink of his eyes. I could see that my companion shrunk from this extraordinary silent scrutiny. I had never witnessed in any other human head such eyes as that fellow had. They were a deformity by their size, being about twice too big for the width and length of his face, of a deep ink-black, resembling discs of ebony gummed upon china. There was no glow, no mind in them, that I could distinguish, scarcely anything of vitality outside their preternatural capacity of staring, that was yet immeasurably heightened by the steadiness of the lids, which I never once beheld blinking. His face was long and yellow, closely shorn, and of an indigo blue down the cheeks, upon the chin, and upon the upper lip. He had a very long aquiline nose with large nostrils, which constantly dilated, as though he snuffed up rather than breathed the air. His eyebrows were extraordinarily thick, and met in a peculiar arch in the indent of the skull above the nose; whilst his hair, black as his eyes, and smooth and gleaming as the back of a raven, lay combed over his ears down upon his back to the depth of a foot at the very least. He was dressed in a suit of white drill, the flowing extremities of his trousers rounding to his feet in the shape of the mouth of a bell, from which protruded a pair of long square-toed shoes of yellow leather. 'I should instantly have put him down as a Yankee but for his accent, that was Cockney beyond the endurance of a polite ear.

I broke into his intolerable scrutiny by asking him from what port his ship hailed; but he continued to stare at me in silence for some considerable time after I had made this inquiry. He then started, flourished a great red cotton pocket-handkerchief to his brow, and exclaimed: 'Sir, you spoke!'

I repeated the question.

'The *Lady Blanche* is owned at Hull,' said he; 'but we're from the Thames for Mauritius.—And what's your story? How came you and this beautiful lady aboard that hull? You're gentle-folks, I allow.—I see breeding in your hands, mem,' fixing his unwinking eyes upon her rings. 'You talk of an Indecman. Let's have it all afore the boiled beef comes along.'

So saying, he hooked his thumbs in his waistcoat, brought his back against the table, and forking his long shanks out, sat in a posture of attention, keeping his amazing eyes bent on my face whilst I spoke. It did not take me very long to give him the tale. He listened without so much as a syllable escaping from him, and when I had made an end, he continued to gaze at me in silence.

'By what name shall I address you?' said Miss Temple.

He started as before, and answered: 'John Braine; Captain John Braine, mem; or call it Captain Braine; John's only in the rowl. That's my name, mem.'

She forced a smile, and said: 'Captain Braine, the *Countess Ida* cannot be far distant, and I have most earnestly to entreat you to seek her. I am sure she is to be found after a very short hunt. I have a dear relative on board of her, who will fret her heart away if she believes I am lost. All my luggage, too, is in that ship. My mother, *Lady Temple*, will most cheerfully pay any sum that may be asked for such trouble and loss of time as your search for the Indianan might occasion.'

I thought he meant to stare at her without answering; but after a short pause he exclaimed: 'The Indecman's bound to Pombay, an't she?—Well, we're a-navigating the same road she's taking. It is three days since you lost her; where'll she be now, then? That can only be known to the angels, which look down from a taller height than there's e'er a truck aloft that'll come nigh.—Now, mem, I might shift my hellum and dodge about for a whole fortnight and do no good. It would be the same as making up our minds to lose her. But by keeping all on as we are, there'll ne'er be an hour that won't hold inside of it a chance of our rising her on one bow or t' other.—See what I mean, mem? You're aboard of a barque with legs, as Jack says. Your Indecman's had a three days' start; and if so be as she is to be picked up, I'll engage to have ye aboard of her within a week. But to dodge about in search of her—the Lord love'ee, mem! The sea's too big for any sort of chiveying.'

'I am completely of Captain Braine's opinion,' said I, addressing Miss Temple, whose face was full of distress and dismay. 'It would be unreasonable to expect this gentleman to delay his voyage by a search that, in all human probability, must prove unprofitable. A hunt would involve the loss of our own chance of falling in with her this side the Cape.'

She clasped her hands and hung her head, but made no reply. The captain's servant entered at that moment with a tray of food, which he placed upon the table; and the skipper bidding us fall to and make ourselves at home in a voice as suggestive of the croak of a raven as was his hair of the plumage of that bird, stalked off to the deck,

where the sailors—who by this time had hoisted the boat and trimmed the barque's yards—were coiling down the gear and returning to the various jobs they had been upon before they had hoisted the ship to.

WHAT IS AN ORCHID?

ONE sometimes hears the question, What is an Orchid? The questioner has possibly been to see 'Mr So-and-so's beautiful collection,' and wishes to know something more about them.

The prevailing impression about orchids is, that they are very rare, cost a great deal of money, and have flowers more or less like butterflies or some other insect. This last is so, no doubt, in some few cases; but, as we believe orchids are 'caviare to the general,' we propose to explain briefly what orchids are and where they are found.

These plants are more common in this country now than they were some years ago; but still comparatively few people know them as such when they see them. When first introduced, they were commonly called 'air-plants,' from the fact that they send out aerial roots which do not require any soil to cover them. The descriptions sent by those who had the good fortune to see them in their native habitat were to the effect that these plants grow on the branches of trees or on rocks, and send out roots into the air; that they require no soil to speak of, merely using the branches as supports, and binding themselves firmly by means of their strong roots. The roots do not penetrate into the tree itself, nor does the plant derive any nourishment therefrom—thus orchids are not parasites. The trees are generally more or less moss-grown, from the decay of which, and also from dead leaves, &c., the plants derive a part of their nourishment; the rest they obtain from the atmosphere and the moisture contained in it. It is true that the larger proportion of orchids do grow in this manner in their native state; but some grow in the ground, as do all the ordinary plants with which we are acquainted at home, and these have no aerial roots.

The Orchid family may be divided into two great classes: (1) Epiphytal Orchids, from two Greek words *epi*, upon, and *phytos*, a tree; all those which have aerial roots belong to this class (2) Terrestrial Orchids—these grow in the ground, and have no aerial roots. All orchids have a bulb or tuber in which are stored up supplies of nourishment against the dry season; in fact, the name orchid is derived from the Greek *orchis*, a tuber. In the case of Epiphytal Orchids these tubers are called pseudo-bulbs or false bulbs. They are large, soft, and green, from the base and apex of which proceed the leaves and flowers. On the other hand, in Terrestrial Orchids the tubers are small and underground; sometimes they are replaced by a sort of rhizome or 'crown.'

The points of chief interest, however, about orchids are the flowers; they are of remarkable form, and have a higher organisation than any other flowers. We do not propose to treat the orchid flower scientifically; suffice it to say the reproductive organs are different from those of

any other flower, and the modes of fertilisation are intricate and wonderful. These have been studied by Darwin, who tells us that in certain species, only special insects have the power to convey the pollen masses to the stigmatic surface and fertilise the flower; so that if the insect by any means becomes extinct the orchid does not produce any seed, and in time becomes extinct also. This, be it remarked, is not the case with all species; but it is believed that no orchid can possibly fertilise itself.

Orchid flowers exhibit remarkable variation; in fact, it is difficult in some species to find two flowers exactly alike in size and colour. Some hybrid orchids have been raised by gardeners from plants under cultivation; but the process is extremely slow, as it takes years to get the seedlings to a flowering state. Some remarkable changes have been brought about in this country by means of cross-fertilisation; plants bearing flowers differing in some respects from either of the parents, and yet retaining a likeness to both, have been obtained.

The most prominent feature of an orchid flower is usually the labellum or lip. This is a modification of a petal, and is generally large and beautifully coloured, often having a colour quite different from the rest of the flower.

Some orchids produce flower-spikes bearing only one flower, some three or four, and a few even have hundreds of flowers on one branching spike: these last are indeed a magnificent sight when in bloom. Orchids last a much longer time in perfection than other flowers; some, indeed, remain months without any change. This is probably one reason why orchids are so much desired by amateurs for cultivation.

Orchids are found nearly all over the world, except in the highest latitudes. They are the most numerous in the tropics, and there the flowers are more gorgeous and highly coloured than those found in temperate countries, the latter being generally of a more sombre tint; as, indeed, is the case with other plants, and animals also. We have some orchids in England; there are a good many indigenous species, all of which belong to the Terrestrial group. The most common native species is the Purple Meadow Orchid, which we suppose every one knows.

Orchids are imported now in great numbers every year; but many die in transit, although not so many as formerly, because their nature is better understood. Most tropical orchids are subjected to a time of rest, when no growth takes place; this is during the dry season of the year, growth being made during the rains. This resting season is the proper time to collect them for shipment. Orchids which come from countries in which no definite dry season prevails are growing more or less all the year; these are more difficult to import in good condition.

We suppose few growers realise the difficulty, and sometimes the danger, attending orchid-hunting. The collectors are usually men of experience and botanical knowledge; they run considerable risk sometimes in order to reach new and unexplored ground, so that they may find and send home new kinds and rare varieties. Orchids, consequently, are expensive plants, and we think are likely to remain so, at anyrate for some time. Orchid-hunters sometimes die of

fever or from accidents met with in the wild countries they visit; they are therefore able to command high salaries, and the cost of plants is proportionately dear.

Some orchids are found at very high elevations: on the Peruvian Andes they are common at eight to ten thousand feet, and some even grow at fourteen thousand feet altitude. Native labour has to be employed to gather them, and then they are conveyed to the seaports on mule-back; the process is consequently slow and tedious, so that it is a long time before they are placed under conditions favourable to growth again. In South America, the lasso is sometimes used to get the plants from high trees: it is thrown over the branches with a weight attached to the end of the cord, and then drawn down, thus scraping off the plants in numbers. Sometimes a whole tree is felled; but this is a very destructive method, as many thousand seedlings are sacrificed for a few large plants fit for exportation.

The rage for orchids is increasing; and when one considers the infinite variety of colour and form exhibited by the flowers of these plants, and the length of time they remain in perfection, one cannot wonder at the desire to grow them felt by all true lovers of flowers.

We have avoided all reference to details of cultivation and names of desirable species; all such information can be obtained in abundance from the gardening periodicals: there are also several books written specially on orchid culture. We can assure any one who wishes to grow them that they will repay any time and trouble spent in finding out their requirements. We grant they are somewhat dear; but small imported pieces can now be obtained at a moderately cheap rate, and, in our opinion, one orchid is worth many of the ordinary plants found in greenhouses.

THE BOSS OF THE YELLOW DOG.

A WESTERN STORY.

By the Author of 'CHARLIE RANSOM'

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

WHEN the present century was still in its teens, Richard Sanborn, younger son of an ancient but withal poor family in a Midland shire, entered the service of the Honourable East India Company. Dick Sanborn was but a beardless boy, and left home with nought beside his father's blessing, a scanty wardrobe, and a fifty-pound note. Yes; he possessed an unlimited stock of ambition and energy.

Forty years later, Richard Sanborn returned to England with snowy locks and feeble knees. He was old, but he was also rich—even as men are counted rich in Bombay and Calcutta. In addition to his rupees he brought with him two lads—the elder, John, aged twenty years, a son by his first wife; the younger, Frank, born of his second wife, a boy scarcely twelve years old. The mothers of both lads were buried in far-away Eastern graves.

Once again in his native land, Richard Sanborn's ambition re-asserted itself. He desired to establish himself as an English country gentleman; so an estate agent scoured the United

Kingdoms in search of a suitable residence for the rich man. This was at last discovered in a fine old red-brick Queen Anne mansion, standing in a small park, with several hundred acres of fertile land adjacent. The place may be seen yet from a road which traverses a lovely ridge along the southern border of Hertfordshire. A fine old family mansion, with a hundred rooms, yet it was not spacious enough for the Sanborn family. There is too often more of truth than fiction in the sarcastic saw, 'Three is a crowd.'

The younger lad, Frank, was his father's favourite, and as the old man's affection for his 'baby' apparently increased, his interest in John diminished proportionately; and the elder lad grew jealous and dissatisfied. John Sanborn was naturally of a restless disposition, and in many ways resembled his father at his own age.

The Sanborns had been established at Linwood Park less than two years, when, one morning at breakfast, John, being then about twenty-two years of age, abruptly announced his intention of leaving home for a time. The information did not create much surprise or concern on the part of the old man, for he merely remarked: 'Yes; when do you start?'

'This morning.'

'Indeed!—May I ask where you are going?'

'To America. I should like to see some of the fighting over there—perhaps I shall take a hand in it.'

'Ah, well; I shall have to get along with Frank. I think we can manage pretty well.—Do you need any money, John?'

'No, sir.'

This reference made by the old man to the younger lad was quite sufficient to arouse John's temper and resentment—he arose from the table and left the room. His father never saw him again; for ten minutes later a groom drove John and his valise to the Watford Railway Station, whence he took the train for Liverpool.

That was in 1861. Within a year, old Richard Sanborn died, and—shrewd business man that he had been—to the surprise of all, left no will.

The name of Sanborn became familiar to newspaper readers the world over; and for many years after the old gentleman's death, people in the distant East and the Far West, as well as in remote Australia, read what came to be regarded as a stereotyped advertisement:

'JOHN SANBORN, elder son of the late Richard Sanborn, Esq. (formerly of Bombay), who died at Linwood Park, Hertfordshire, England, June 8th, 1862, is requested to communicate at once with Hughes & Hughes, solicitors, 785 Chancery Lane, London.'

For seven continuous years this notice appeared in the London dailies, in the *New York Herald*, in the *Melbourne Argus*, and the *Bombay Gazette*; but no communication reached Messrs Hughes & Hughes from the missing heir of Linwood Park and old Richard Sanborn's rupees.

Frank Sanborn was to some extent independent; that is to say, he inherited a small property of his mother's which was amply sufficient to meet the demands made upon it for his education. When his father died, he was under the care of a private tutor, who continued his instruction until Frank entered a college at Oxford. At

that venerable seat of learning Frank distinguished himself, and in his first year of manhood graduated with honours. Not only so; he was also a creditable member of all the Athletic Clubs, pulled a good oar, could hit a ball for six runs at cricket, while he would have delighted the heart of the most noble the Marquis of Queensberry himself with the way in which he handled the gloves. Withal he was a scholar and a gentleman and—an Englishman. One blemish there was to Frank Sanborn's otherwise unblemished record—lying dormant within him was a fearful temper. Only twice did it appear on the surface during his three years' residence at Oxford: once to terrorise a gang of river-side roughs, and once to astonish his friends—both times to appal Frank himself with the thought of possible consequences which might some time or other result from so terrible a fury. Fortunately, Frank knew his failing, and bravely tried to prevent his worst enemy from getting a start: mostly he was successful.

Frank Sanborn was twenty-two years old when he quitted Oxford a full-fledged B.A. He was a young man well able to take care of himself, if needs be: one of those very finest specimens of modern Britons—a colonial Englishman, possessing in a rare degree 'a sound mind in a healthy body.' Having done pretty well at the university, he proposed to himself to do still better at some profession or in business. To this end he proceeded to Chancery Lane, that he might consult with his late father's solicitors and the administrators of the estate, Messrs Hughes & Hughes.

'I am glad you have come, my dear young sir,' said the senior Hughes—Mr Owen. 'I had seriously thought of requesting an interview at an early date.'

Frank responded with proper politeness.

'You see, Mr Frank,' continued Mr Hughes, as he turned the key in the drawer of his private room, 'something has got to be done about your late father's affairs. Now we have complied with all the requirements of the law so far, yet no word has reached us from your brother John. Of course you understand that, if living, he is sole heir to the property. But it is only reasonable to suppose that he is dead, probably killed in the civil war which raged for several years after he went to the States. In that case, you are entitled to take possession of the property. Indeed, you can do that in any event, the law requiring us to wait no longer than seven years for absent heirs to return and take their own. Certainly, if Mr John should reappear at any time, you will have to surrender the property; but he can make no demand upon you for the income from the estate during his absence. Later, when proof of your brother's death can be obtained, you will be absolute owner of the entire property left by the late Mr Sanborn, to hold as you please.'

Frank was rather astonished at the information given him by the old lawyer. To tell the truth, he had never once during his entire life, up to that moment, given the matter so much as a passing thought. In fact, his brother had receded entirely from Frank's life. John had never been much of a factor in his younger brother's plans and calculations, yet he had

scarcely thought of the absent man as dead. He knew that their father left no will, and was aware that, therefore, John was sole heir to the property. Farther than that he had given the matter no consideration. Yet there was reason in what the man of law now said, and Mr Owen Hughes, of all men, knew what he was talking about; otherwise, he would never have spoken to Frank on the subject.

'This proposition or suggestion of yours comes to me as a surprise, Mr Hughes, for, really, I came up here to consult you in regard to choosing a profession or some other means of earning a living. However, if I have a perfect right to live at Linwood'—

'Right! My dear Mr Frank, of course you have a right. Not only a right to live at Linwood and let the two Linwood farms, but also to draw a dividend on something like three hundred thousand pounds invested in Indian Government securities' and the old lawyer proceeded to give a glowing description of the wealth left by his late friend and client.

After a long conversation, Frank rose to leave. 'I will go down and take a look at the old place, Mr Hughes, and will let you know in a week what I intend doing.'

Before a week passed, Frank Sanborn had decided that he would like to be an English country gentleman, as his father had doubtless intended he should be; so he proceeded to establish himself as the bachelor master of Linwood Park.

Frank dropped very naturally into his new and rather important position. He possessed enough of his father's active and ambitious spirit to enable him to discharge all the duties of a rich man with thoroughness and pride; while from his mother he inherited a full appreciation of ease and luxury, with all the other privileges and advantages of wealth. Within a very short space of time he developed into an ideal country gentleman, and became quite a favourite among his immediate neighbours. He regularly drew his princely income, and somehow managed to expend it, while never a word of John Sanborn, dead or alive, came to disturb the even tenor of his existence.

Frank Sanborn had been in possession of Linwood Park about a year, when, on a warm evening, he sat alone in the fine old library, smoking an after-dinner cigar. The library was his favourite room, and he was ensconced in a very easy chair before an open window, through which he looked out upon the velvety greenward and venerable trees of the Park. The shadows of the midsummer night were fast falling, and not a sound disturbed the peaceful stillness. Were it not for the thin wreath of blue smoke which arose from his Havana, the young master of Linwood might have been supposed to be himself sleeping. What his thoughts were are of little import, but his reverie was rudely disturbed by the figure of a man darkening the window at which he sat. That was not all. The man stepped boldly across the windowsill, entered the library, and took a seat opposite Frank. The latter knew not what to make of this intrusion. It was almost dark, but Frank was certain that the man was a total stranger.

'May I ask the reason of this very unceremonious entrance into my home?'

A rough laugh was the immediate response to this inquiry, followed by a counter-question: 'May I ask what you mean by taking such cool possession of my home?'

Frank now judged, from the harsh laugh and the excited manner of the intruder, that his visitor was tipsy. This opinion was confirmed by the man's actions; for, as he addressed Frank, he pulled a bell-rope and, when a servant appeared, called loudly for 'Scotch whisky and lights.'

Frank Sanborn hardly knew how to act. If the man was tipsy or crazy he would prefer to leave him to the servants. He thought lights would improve the situation, so lit the gas himself. Then he took a good look at the man, and saw, by the bloodshot eyes, that he had already consumed more liquor than was good for him. He perceived also that his visitor was a man of perhaps thirty or thirty-five years—tall, broad, and heavy—his face tanned by exposure to sun and wind. He also noticed that the stranger was clad in ill-fitting, cheap clothing, certainly not made at Poole's.

Yet the man's countenance seemed familiar, and when he announced, 'I am John Sanborn,' Frank could not for the life of him gainsay the assertion. Indeed, he felt constrained to offer some sort of welcome to the new-comer. So he extended his hand and said: 'I am glad to see you, John.'

But there was a lack of cordiality in his words, and his hand was not extended far enough to make the action natural. John, for John Sanborn it certainly was, perceived this, and being already in a bad humour, was only irritated the more.

'You lie! You are *not* glad to see me; and I repeat my question—what do you mean by being here at all?'

'You are scarcely polite, John, not to say brotherly,' remonstrated Frank.

'Politeness be hanged! I've not been hobnobbing with polite folks for the last eight or nine years. Manners don't count for much in the corner of the world I have just left. Besides, it seems to me you should be the last man to speak of politeness, when I return to find you in possession of my house, and spending my money!'

'But, my dear fellow,' urged Frank, anxious to avoid unpleasantness, 'why did you not come before, or write to Mr Hughes? Even now you will find the property intact, and Mr Hughes will straighten everything out if you will go and see him.'

'Confound old Hughes and you too! I guess I can attend to my own affairs. I know you of old, young fellow. You took it for granted that I was dead, and was only too glad of the chance to step into my shoes. I can just imagine how much you and old Hughes tried to find me. I fully expected that my father would make a will, and leave you the lion's share, so didn't bother much to keep myself informed. I learned only a few weeks ago that he died without making a will. That leaves me in sole possession of Linwood—understand?—in sole possession!'

'Yes, I understand, John, and am willing to give over everything to you. But you are hasty

and unreasonable. Go and see the lawyers, and have matters arranged properly.'

'I will do that all in good time. Meanwhile, I stay here, and you go. I will give you just fifteen minutes to pack your personal effects and clear out!'

Frank's dormant temper was rapidly awakening. He felt it nearing the surface, and tried to crush it as he quietly said: 'Remember, John, I am your brother and our father's son. I have some rights which you are bound to respect.'

'Rights? I should like to know what they are! Yes, you are our father's son, but you are not my mother's son. What was your mother, anyhow?'

This was a most insolent and uncalled-for reference to Frank's mother, who was lady-like and refined as well as Richard Sanborn's honoured wife. That there had been blemishes in generations past on her family escutcheon was small excuse for John's insult, which would never have been uttered had he been cool and sober. It was the last straw. Frank Sanborn drew back his powerful right arm, clenched his fist, and dealt his half-brother a terrific blow on the left temple, which felled him to the ground. His head struck upon a corner of the table as he fell. When the old butler arrived on the scene, in response to Frank's ring, John Sanborn was beyond all aid. He was dead.

Of course Frank Sanborn felt badly enough at the fearful result of his passion, but much sympathy was accorded him. He was placed under arrest; but, owing to the exertions of Messrs Hughes & Hughes, who employed able counsel in his behalf, the grand-jury returned a true bill of manslaughter only. At his trial the most eminent legal talent in the land defended Frank, and with such good effect that a merely nominal sentence was passed upon him.

He served the short term of imprisonment, at the end of which his friends and neighbours were ready to welcome him back to his old place in their midst. But Frank Sanborn was a changed man. He magnified his own wrong doing, and to him it seemed that he had committed murder of the grossest nature, even fratricide. He positively refused to again take possession of the Sanborn property, the more so as he fancied he had good reason to think, from some papers found on John Sanborn's person, that his brother had been married when abroad, and that a son had been born to him. The period when this probable marriage took place, if at all, and whether the boy was alive or dead, could not be even surmised. It was certain, however, that John had come to England direct from South Africa, and with this one clew Frank proposed to start out and learn, if possible, all that had happened to John during his long absence; so, leaving everything in the hands of the old lawyers, Frank started out. He took very little with him, and all that he did take was his own absolutely. He went to South Africa, and located in the Diamond Diggings, hoping sooner or later to run across some one who knew his brother. But while waiting he could not remain idle. He took up a claim, and worked with his own hands. Phenomenal luck overtook him, and in two years he had over twenty thousand pounds in a Cape Town bank. But he had heard nothing about John. In that

regard he was so far discouraged; but in Cape Town he learned from an old Australian that a man named John Sanborn had been a resident in Melbourne some three years before. The information was positive and reasonably reliable; so to Melbourne Frank journeyed, resolved upon remaining there until he could learn something of his brother.

Seven years he resided in the Victorian capital, all the time 'coining money' in the wool-trade. At the end of seven years he met a farmer who gave him considerable news of John Sanborn. John Sanborn came to Australia from California in 1866, with a young wife and three-year-old boy. A year later, he left them; and after waiting vainly two years for his return, the woman with her child returned to her own country. That was in 1868. When Frank received this news it was the year 1880, so that the folks he wished to find had twelve years' start of him. That made no difference, however. If such a thing were possible, he proposed to find them; so, hastily selling out his interest in the wool business, he left Australia a fabulously rich man.

THE HOME OF AN OLD MASTER PRINTER.

There is perhaps no city on the Continent which affords a more complete change of scene to English people than Antwerp, and this at a comparatively small expenditure of time and money. The narrow streets, with glimpses into curious inner courts with trees and porticoes, the quaint dresses, the little milk-carts with their bright brass vessels drawn by dogs, the old churches, the wonderful paintings, and above all, the glorious Cathedral, which has seen so many changes and survived so many stormy periods, and which towers over the whole city—form a *tout ensemble* so new, so different, and so delightful, that it is hardly possible to realise that one could have left Scotland enveloped in mist and rain only thirty-six hours before.

Some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of the writer one morning while wandering about in the Place Verte, where the flower-market is held, and where the most lovely roses and bunches of heliotrope can be bought for a few centimes. The air was filled with the sweet chiming of the Cathedral bells, and the spire rose sheer up into the air four hundred and four feet, showing against the clear blue of the morning sky like a bit of lacework in stone. It has been told of this spire that Charles V. said the sculpture was so delicate it ought to be covered with glass; and Napoleon the Great suggested that the design had been copied from a piece of Mechlin lace. The bells, too, have a story of their own. The famous carillon of bells which ring every few minutes were placed in the spire in 1483, and have thus seen all the vicissitudes through which Antwerp has passed. They were there at the time of her greatest magnificence, when it was the greatest commercial city in Europe, when the luxuries of all nations and of both hemispheres poured into it, and when two thousand vessels could lie at anchor in its harbours, and through the terrible years when the Dutch Republic

struggled against the Spanish power with a bravery which has never been surpassed in the history of the world.

The largest of the bells is dignified by the name of Carolus, after the Emperor Charles V.; it is sixteen thousand pounds in weight, and requires sixteen men to ring it.

It seems as if the beauty of the Cathedral had protected it through all the wars and sieges to which Antwerp has been subjected, and even in the crowning horrors of the three terrible days called the 'Spanish Fury,' it escaped comparatively uninjured, and has remained to the present time with the marvellous pictures of Rubens and many other art treasures to be a delight to all who have the privilege of seeing it. Antwerp may be called the Rome of northern Europe, so profuse and varied are the beautiful pictures and many other art treasures which it possesses. When we think that it was the home of Rubens, and that churches and museums alike are filled with his works—he is said to have painted in the course of his long life fifteen hundred pictures—and that the most famous painters of the Dutch school were born, and in many instances lived here, such as Quentin Matsys the blacksmith—who was transformed into a painter by falling in love with an artist's daughter—Van Dyck, Van Oort, Teniers, Jordaeus, and others, we cannot wonder that the whole city breathes an atmosphere of art; and it is said that there is hardly a family in Antwerp which does not possess some good paintings.

Antwerp, however, is not merely famous as a great art-loving city; it was also one of the early homes of printing, which has revolutionised the world. It possesses in the Museum Plantin Moretus one of the most wonderful and interesting records of printing in its earliest stages to be found, perhaps, in the world. In many museums there can be seen models of early types, lithographic plates, proof-sheets of very early impressions, and rare copies of early works; but by rare good fortune here we have the very home of Christopher Plantin, who may truly be called a 'Master Printer,' preserved to us. An old Dutch home, with its stately hall for receiving guests, its ordinary living-rooms, broad low staircase, open quadrangle, balconies, verandas, and all the many rooms and galleries where the printing-work was carried on. These are in no way apart from the house; they are not only under one roof, but are so much part of the household life that it is difficult for any casual visitor to tell where the house proper ends and the printing establishment begins.

It shows very plainly that in those old days people had no wish to dissociate their work from their home and home-life, but lived in the very midst of their work, with all their workpeople around them, in a truly patriarchal fashion.

Christopher Plantin was born at Tours about 1514; he was educated in Paris, and finally, after various chances and changes, settled in Antwerp, where he began life as a bookbinder; but an accident he met with caused him to turn his attention to his real vocation of printing. At this date, about 1550, printing, though not in its infancy, was sufficiently novel for congenial spirits to work at it with never-failing enthusiasm. No difficulties daunted them; no discouragements held them back; they had ideals

which upheld them, and which, with unconquerable perseverance and manifold labours, they generally contrived to carry out, leaving to those who came after them not merely the actual works, they produced as legacies of untold value, but examples of patience and stout-hearted determination, which have perhaps never been rivalled in the world's story. Such an undertaking was the great Polyglot Bible published by Plantin; the adventures and the difficulties he underwent in the years when it was being published would have daunted many a stout heart; but through peace and war, under suspicion of heresy, through money difficulties of the most complicated nature, brought on by Philip of Spain refusing to advance the money due to him, he struggled on for five weary years; till at length, in August 1573, the magnificent work was completed. It consisted of twelve hundred and thirteen copies on paper of various qualities, and thirteen copies on vellum. Those who have read Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* can realise the horrors of the years during which the Polyglot Bible was in progress.

A great fair was held at Frankfort twice a year, at Lent and in autumn; and these fairs Plantin or his son-in-law, Jean Moretus, regularly attended for many years. At the Lenten fair in 1566, Plantin displayed specimen sheets of the Polyglot Bible; and soon after the Duke of Alva arrived in the Netherlands. Then followed a time of bloodshed and trial, hardly ever equalled in any country, when many brave and noble men laid down their lives for their country, including Counts Egmont and Horn, and when William the Silent gained deathless renown as the patriotic defender of his country.

During all these years, Plantin was working steadily on; and when the Polyglot Bible was completed, one of the thirteen copies on vellum was presented by Philip—who would not allow any one to have the vellum copies but himself—to the Duke of Alva with the famous inscription upon it: 'From the best of Monarchs to the best of Ministers.' This very copy, with this Latin inscription—most likely written by Arius Montanus, by whom it was presented to Alva—may now be seen in the British Museum, showing little if any trace of the three hundred years which have passed since Plantin sent it forth to the world. An interesting and detailed account of the printing of this Bible, with the many difficulties Plantin had to encounter, the greed of Philip, and the troublous times in particular, was given in the *Quarterly Review* some little time ago.

The 'Hôtel Plantin,' as it used to be called, or the 'Musée Plantin Moretus,' as it has been called since the city of Antwerp purchased it in 1876, stands in a small square, surrounded by commonplace houses and shops, with a sort of market in the centre of the square, where country produce, second-hand furniture, pots and pans, and similar items, made up a very prosaic *entourage*. It seemed strange to pass from the dusty bustling market and the shrill voices of the Anversois contending over a centime more or less for a bunch of pot-herbs, or disputing the exact value of a rickety chair, into the calm cool retreat of the Musée Plantin—to go from the petty cares and peaceful prosperity of to-day right back for

three hundred years into an atmosphere of learning and culture, pursued amid the distracting anxieties of war, bloodshed, and cruelty.

Passing from the entrance hall through one or two rooms of no special note, we come to the great banqueting hall or Reception Room, adorned with the portraits on the walls, and the monograms, both carved and in stained glass, of Plantin's daughters and their respective husbands. Plantin had five daughters, of whom he was both fond and proud; and we are told that in early childhood he taught them to read and write so well that they were able to help in correcting the proofs from the printing-house 'in whatever language or writing it was sent to be printed.' He adds also that he had taken pains to have them taught to work well with the needle, and to assist their mother in all her household duties. The eldest girl, who was called Marguerite, was specially famed for her fine writing. She married a very learned man called Raphelengien, whose services were of immense value to Plantin in revising and editing learned works. Among the Plantin papers there remains an account of the expenses incurred at Marguerite Plantin's wedding. A hat, rings, and other ornaments were purchased by the bridegroom; the bride's dress was of Lille 'gros grain' silk; and the wedding feast seems to have been composed of very solid fare indeed, in the shape of sucking-pigs, legs of mutton, game, &c., with fruit of all kinds and confectionery. *Mussepan*, or *Alm-span*, as it is now called, seems to have been held in as high favour three hundred years ago as it is now.

The second daughter, Martine, married a young man called Jean Moretus, who was such a valuable condutor to Christopher Plantin that besides becoming his son-in-law, he took him into partnership; the firm thenceforward became known as Plantin-Moretus; and Plantin affectionately calls him 'a second self.'

Moretus and his wife most likely lived on in the 'Hôtel Plantin' after the death of Plantin, as we hear that Raphelengien and his wife lived in a house near the Cathedral, and Moretus is buried in one of the chapels of the Cathedral.

The floor of the hall is of the finest parquet, dark with age, and polished till it is as smooth as glass. There are a row of windows on one side of the hall, looking out, not on the dusty square, but on a large quadrangle, gay with shrubs and flowering plants in pots, and with a veranda on one side overgrown with a vine—evidently a very old one, from the thick gnarled stalks—covered with clusters of purple grapes. The wall of the quadrangle above this veranda was covered with a most luxuriant wisteria in full bloom, running far up the side of the house. A magnificent chimney-piece and wide open fireplace fill up one end of the hall; and the furniture consists of one or two beautiful inlaid tables and old oak cabinets and chairs. Leaving the hall by another door, we go up the low broad old-fashioned staircase, and in the rooms above we find many curious and quaint things. Great china jars and wondrous punch-bowls, jars, cups, and goblets, with lids of old blue Nankin china; rare bits of dragon china in pale yellow; wonderful tea-sets in curious shades of green; and dainty priceless bits of egg-shell china, all show the traffic

which was carried on between Antwerp and the East in these old days. There are old oak cupboards, where Dame Plantin, no doubt, had wonderful stores of the fine linen for which the Flemish were so justly famed; beds with embroidered coverlets in silk and satin; high-backed chairs and tabourets, all so wonderfully fresh and bright and *clean*, that it is hardly possible to realise their advanced age.

A cord drawn across the upper stair checked the advance of the curious, and we passed back through these 'living-rooms,' to use an old phrase, to what must ever be the great attraction of the place to all who love books—namely, the printing-house.

As has been said before, it is hardly possible to tell where the private rooms end and the printing establishment begins, so closely are they united. There is one little nook, a sort of projecting wooden balcony, from which it was evident Plantin could have overlooked several of the rooms and galleries of the printing establishment, and which was doubtless made for this purpose. Imagination pictures him sitting here with his little daughters around him, teaching them as he did, and keeping an eye likewise on all that was going on around him; and it may have been here that he compiled the Flemish Dictionary which made him famous as an author as well as a printer, and which definitely fixed the national language of the Netherlands.

Time fails to tell the curious and interesting contents of the printing-house; they require to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. There are specimens of the various kinds and varieties of type used not only in the great Polyglot Bible, but in the famous Missals and Service Books printed by Plantin, as well as the printing presses themselves. The tables at which the proof-correctors sat are still to be seen; there are huge old presses filled with engravings, &c., and long show-cases filled with open specimens of the beautiful Missals and Service Books; and also the original copper plates with etchings. The library is full of rare and valuable books, and endless documents relating to the business of the firm. Rubens, who was an intimate friend of Plantin, engraved many frontispieces for books and other illustrations, and these form not the least interesting part of the collection.

Coming through some part of the printing-house into the quadrangle, we walked along the grape-clad veranda and re-entered the great hall for a last look. The windows were open; the warm summer air filled the room; but all was quiet and still. Imagination pictured Marguerite Plantin rustling across the polished floor in her bridal 'gros grain.' Rubens must have sat at that very fireplace talking with Christopher Plantin, and perhaps discussing new designs for the ornamentation of the Psalter or the Breviary. The spare form of Arnus Montanus, Philip's confessor, and the editor of the Polyglot Bible, seems to glide in at one of the side-doors; Dame Plantin goes to and fro, busy with her household cares, or sits spinning at her little ebony wheel. Raphael-engen sits in one of the deep window recesses buried in thoughts of his beloved books. Jean Moretus, bright and busy, hurries in from the printing-house. All pass before us as in a dream called up from the far-back past.

The old house has passed through many a changeable year and witnessed many a scene of joy and sorrow. It remains a monument, perhaps unique, in its perfect preservation, and in the picture it brings before us of the daily life of the old Master Printer and his family three hundred years ago.

MY SIAMESE 'KRU.'

EVERY one has heard of the Siamese Twins; but I venture to assert, without much fear of contradiction, that very few readers of this *Journal* have the slightest notion of what a Siamese 'kru' is.

Three months ago, on my arrival in Bangkok, which some over-imaginative traveller has dubbed the 'Venice of the East,' I was told I would be provided with a kru; and being saturated with the said traveller's glowing description of the watery character of the Siamese capital, I could scarcely help connecting the expression with a gondola and its complement of rowers. The two friends with whom I stayed took a wicked delight in refusing to enlighten me on the subject; and it was consequently with a considerable degree of curiosity that I went downstairs one morning, on receiving the welcome intelligence that my kru had come. I hurried into the room and looked eagerly around; but nothing unusual was to be seen except a diminutive native, who stood bowing and scraping, and at every bow he contorted his countenance into a frightful grin, displaying a double row of blackened molars. I then turned to my two friends, who were lolled listlessly in those long rattan chairs so indispensable in the East, and said: 'Well, I don't see any signs of my kru.'—'Your kru?' was the answer; 'don't you see him? There he is—a walking dictionary of the Siamese language; a barefooted philosopher, who will haunt you like a shadow for the next two or three years.'

A kru, then, was nothing more or less than the Siamese 'coach' by whom I was to be initiated into the mysteries of a language in the study of which I am destined to spend the best years of my life. I have had many different schoolmasters and coaches whose idiosyncrasies of disposition and manner presented an interesting study to the schoolboy mind; but the specimen before me apparently contained more peculiarities in his own little body than did all his predecessors put together.

Imagine a brown, pock-marked individual of about five feet one inch in height, clad in a thin white jacket buttoned up to the chin, and a piece of pink cloth arranged in the form of a divided skirt reaching to the knee. His hairy legs and feet are destitute of any covering; but as a set-off to this, he boasts the luxuries of a soft felt hat and a small white umbrella. His hair is coal-black, profusely oiled, and by some curious means is made to assume a perpendicular position, giving the top of his head a striking resemblance to a modern blacking-brush. His eyes are dark-brown, nose flat, with the nostrils spread out to a remarkable extent, and the lower part of his face is what scientists term prognathous or protruding. The few stumpy hairs which used to constitute his

beard have all been carefully plucked out by the roots, so as to render himself pleasing in the eyes of the Siamese women, who detest a bearded countenance.

While I thus stood taking mental notes of my future coach, he advanced to the veranda and disgorged an enormous quid of betel. Having thus cleared his mouth and then deftly placed behind his ear the half-used cigarette which he has hitherto held in his hand, he turned to me, bowed profoundly, and immediately opened fire with the most alarming volley of sounds that have ever been graced by the name of articulate language. I addressed him in English; but he was entirely ignorant of that noble speech, with the exception of the word 'yes,' which he pronounced with a kind of a grunt like 'yāi, yāi.' This was discouraging, and our studies promised to be rather dry; but I meant to make the best of it; and I resolutely settled down to weary out my eyes over the puzzling forms and sounds of the forty-four Siamese characters.

Unlike all my former tutors, the patience of my kru is inexhaustible. He never gets out of temper, and a more easy-going, good-natured, child-like disposition can scarcely be imagined. He is a genuine type of the ordinary Siamese, easily pleased, and easily affected to wonder. He inspected my wardrobe with the greatest curiosity, and seemed rather struck by the variety of brushes on my toilet table, and would have put some of them into action on his own perfumed body if he had been allowed. He was greatly delighted with a tablet of Pear's soap, and managed to make me understand that a piece of Pear's soap was 'the joy of his heart,' and that, if he had a similar piece, his gratitude would be unbounded. I accordingly gave him a tablet, which he wrapped in paper and deposited in his pocket, to keep company, as I found on careful inspection, with three cigarettes, a piece of betel, a pen-and-pencil combination, the various non-descript ingredients of a native medicine, and a small note-book.

He repeats every morning, when he comes at seven, the pantomime of our first day's acquaintance—bowing profoundly, depositing his felt hat and white umbrella in the corner, then advancing and spitting out his huge mouthful of betel over the veranda. I daresay he would feel highly gratified if he knew the deep interest I take in his slightest manoeuvres. There he stands, the representative of a strange Oriental race, whose intellect and ideas are the production of centuries of semi-barbarism mingled with the highly moral precepts of Buddha. What a pleasure to lay bare and analyse the workings of such a mind, and to trace the growth of a soul struggling along through an Egyptian darkness. As I regard his powerful prognathous jaws, my mind conjures up the wild scenes of dark and distant ages, when primeval man quarrelled over his prey, and defended himself against his enemies by a savage use of his teeth. Those broad nostrils remind me that in his ancestors of many generations back the sense of smell was developed to an extent of which we are incapable now of forming a true estimate. His supple active toes can be easily imagined assisting their owner to climb up and down trees, as did his monkey-like progenitors of old; and as he unconsciously puts his foot under

the table and neatly picks up a stray pencil, the picture of a human being in a state of evolution becomes most vivid.

At first I took my lessons extended on a long easy-chair, with a pillow under my head, and the kru seated gravely at my side like a doctor by his patient. Needless to say small progress was made in this manner, as the combined influence of a recumbent position, a temperature of ninety degrees in the shade, and the monotonous, solemn hawing and grunting of the teacher invariably sent me into a troubled and uneasy slumber, during which I suffered a kind of nightmare, haunted and menaced by the four-and-forty Siamese alphabetical characters, whose naturally fantastic shapes curled and twisted themselves into the most dreadful and terrifying spectres.

Now, with a book in hand I perambulate the long veranda, squeaking, growling, and shouting out the strange tones that run up and down like a musical scale, followed at a respectful distance by my little barefooted master, who is amazed at the stupidity of a 'farang' preferring to walk energetically, when he has half-a-dozen chairs, two couches, and a bed to sit down on. It is easy to imagine that what one human voice says, another may reproduce with tolerable exactness; but it is not till the experiment has been actually tried in such a language as Siamese, that the supreme difficulties of vocal reproduction become evident. In modern languages it is possible to be perfectly understood in spite of a bad accent; but in Siamese, if the one correct tone out of the existing five is not properly enunciated, something very different from the thought of the speaker is expressed. Thus I may say to my 'boy,' 'Phe su sua' (to and buy a coat); but if I don't exercise the greatest care with the tone of the last word, I may tell him to 'Go and buy a tiger,' or 'Go and buy a nat.' In the midst of all a beginner's grievous mistakes, it is one thing to be thankful for that the unfortunate 'boy' preserves a sphinx-like gravity, and never moves a muscle of his face or winks an eyelid, but invariably answers: 'I beg to receive your commands.' The tones of 'sua' resemble each other so closely that, after three months' study of the language, I can barely distinguish any difference on hearing them pronounced; and my own efforts to say them are quite ineffectual. When we consider that the same word has three or four up to a dozen meanings with slight variations in sound, a short process of arithmetical calculation will easily show how many phrases, meaningless or the reverse, may be manufactured out of three words.

But in spite of these difficulties, my kru and I are beginning to carry on a kind of conversation, lame and one-sided indeed, but which affords me sometimes glimpses of the wonderful depths of a Siamese intellect; and a veritable mine it appears to be of queer superstition and curious ideas of religion and natural laws. I should not be surprised if this barefooted philosopher had similar ideas of myself; and if he ever publishes 'Recollections of my Life as a Kru,' he would, basing his ideas on experience, probably write as follows: 'English pupils are endowed with a boundless curiosity, and a love of brushes is a salient feature of their character. They have a marked distaste for sitting down, and exhibit all the restless nature of a tiger hurrying up and

down before the bars of his cage. They earn enormous salaries, yet they are totally deficient in talent, as they stutter and blunder in learning our language, which is so easy that even the boys in the street speak it with perfect correctness. They are perpetually asking questions about what I eat and what I drink, what my clothes cost, the name of this and the name of that; and although I tell them the same thing hundreds of times, they always forget. They tell me that the earth is circular, and that it turns upside down; that the sun is larger than this world, and a great deal of other nonsense. I am also insulted by being told in confidence that my great-great-grandfather was a wretched monkey. In my opinion, they are all slightly crazy.

ROYAL PLEASURE-SHIPS.

DRY-ROT has, it seems, attacked Her Britannic Majesty's yachts *Osborne* and *Alberta* to such an extent that to make them seaworthy £9000 will have to be spent on the latter and £5000 on the former.

The oldest surviving English royal yacht is the *Royal George*, which carried the Queen on her first trip to Scotland well-nigh half a century ago. Built in 1813, the glory of this ancient craft has long since departed; but she still serves in Portsmouth harbour the humble but useful purpose of a floating barracks for the crews of her modern successors. In 1833, another royal yacht—the *Royal Adelaide*—was launched at Sheerness. She was a tiny frigate, fifty feet long and fifteen feet broad. Like the *Royal George*, she has had her day so far as royalty is concerned. Her Majesty has at present four pleasure-ships at her command—the yachts *Victoria* and *Albert* and *Osborne*, and the tenders *Alberta* and *Elfin*. Though the average age of these vessels is only twenty-nine years, not far short of a million sterling has been spent on them up to the present. The *Elfin*—the oldest of the four—was built at Greenwich in 1849, and has a displacement of only ninety-three tons. Her original cost was £6168, and the cost of her maintenance up to date has been about £40,000. The *Victoria* and *Albert*, the largest and handsomest of Her Majesty's private fleet, is the second of her name. When she was laid down at Pembroke in 1854 it was as the *Windsor Castle*; but at her launch in 1855 she was given her present name, the old *Victoria* and *Albert* being then renamed the *Osborne*, which was broken up in 1868.

The present *Victoria* and *Albert* is three hundred feet long and rather over forty feet broad, has a displacement of 2470 tons, and engines of 2980 indicated horse-power. Her spacious cabins and saloons are furnished and decorated in the most luxurious and artistic style, and she has the reputation of being not only a fast but a comfortable vessel. She carries a crew of one hundred and fifty-one officers and men. It cost £176,820 to build her; and keeping her afloat has entailed an additional expenditure of more than £387,000—so that altogether more than half a million has been spent on her. The *Alberta* and the *Osborne* were also built at Pembroke, in 1863 and 1870 respectively. About

£70,000 was laid out on the former, a vessel of three hundred and seventy tons; while the latter, with a displacement of eighteen hundred and fifty tons, cost nearly £134,000. Like the *Victoria* and *Albert*, the *Osborne* is a paddle-steamer. She is two hundred and fifty feet long and thirty-six feet broad, her indicated horse-power is 3360, and her crew consists of one hundred and forty-five all told. As during her comparatively short life of nineteen years the *Osborne* has cost over £150,000 for maintenance, it is somewhat surprising to be told that she now stands in need of a large further outlay to render her serviceable. Her Majesty, as is well known, makes very little use of her little squadron of yachts. Once or twice a year one or other of them is requisitioned to convey her across the Solent; and on rare occasions she crosses the Channel in one of them; but nearly all the year round they are lying idle. Being all built of wood, they decay rapidly, and would soon fall to pieces if they were not constantly overhauled and patched and painted. Economists urge that these four old wooden ships, on which large sums have to be spent year by year, should at once be replaced by one or two new steel yachts of a modern type. Dry-rot cannot attack a steel ship, and though it may cost more to build, it would cost far less to keep in repair.

But it must not be supposed that Queen Victoria's yachts cost more than those of any other monarch. That is far from being the fact. Among crowned heads the Emperor of Russia ranks first as a yacht-owner. When, ten years ago, the late Czar ordered the notorious *Livadia* to be built, he was already the owner of half-a-dozen fine yachts. All things considered, it must be allowed that the *Livadia* is the strangest and most useless yacht that has yet been seen. To secure the Imperial family against sea-sickness, she was built with a breadth (one hundred and fifty-three feet) equal to about two-thirds of her length (two hundred and thirty-one feet); and in order to give her greater speed and make her handier than other ships, she was supplied with engines indicating 10,500 horse-power and with three screws. On her ample deck was reared a veritable palace; and had she fulfilled the expectations of her designers, she would no doubt have been the most magnificent yacht that ever floated, albeit the ugliest. So far, however, from 'walking the waters like a thing of life,' she behaved in a generally awkward manner, and, in short, turned out a grotesque and monstrous failure. To-day, with her name changed to the *Opyt*, she figures as a sort of barracks somewhere in the Black Sea. The *Livadia* was constructed at Govan, and launched in 1880. Altogether, there can be little doubt that over half a million was spent on her. When the White Czar goes for a sea-trip now, it is in the *Derjavea*, a wooden paddle-ship, built in St Petersburg in 1871. She is three hundred and eleven feet long and forty-two feet wide, has a displacement of 3346 tons and engines of 2700 horse-power, and her internal arrangements are on the most magnificent scale. The Czar is, however, now having built, also at St Petersburg, a yacht which is to surpass in splendour—and in costliness too, one may safely predict—every other in the world. The *Polarnaia Sweizda* is to be a twin-screw vessel of 3346

tons and 6000 horse-power, and measuring three hundred and fifteen feet by forty-six feet. His Imperial Majesty's other steam-yachts are the iron single-screw schooner *Chavenna*, of 796 tons, built at Hull in 1874; the paddle-yachts *Alexandria* and *Strielna*, built on the Thames in 1851 and 1887; the screw *Slavianska*, launched at Hull in 1874; the *Mareva*, the *Zina*, and the *Sutka*. Besides these, he has several small sailing-yachts.

The young German Emperor is also a considerable yacht-owner. In addition to several little river-craft, he has a frigate-yacht, which was built at Woolwich in 1832, and sent by King William IV. as a present to the king of Prussia. She was modelled like the old *Royal Adelaide* mentioned above—after the renowned English frigate *Pique*, and as a youth the Emperor William was very fond of sailing her. The Kaiser's chief yacht is the *Hohenzollern*, an iron paddle-ship built at Kiel in 1875. She is two hundred and sixty-eight feet by thirty-four feet, has a displacement of 1675 tons and a horse-power of 3000, and carries a crew of one hundred and thirty-three including officers. Though the *Hohenzollern* is beautifully fitted and can steam about sixteen knots an hour, the Kaiser must needs have another yacht. It is said that the *Hohenzollern* is not nearly large enough to accommodate the Emperor's staff and suite when he assumes the command of operations at sea, and the Budget Committee of the Reichstag have accordingly included in the naval estimates a grant of 4,500,000 marks (nearly £225,000) for a new Imperial yacht.

The Sultan owns no fewer than ten yachts, all of which are of British build. Of these the most important is the *Sultanah*, which dates from 1861. She is three hundred and sixty-four feet long, and has a displacement of 2902 tons and a horse-power of 800. The *Asur-i-Nusret* and the *Medar-i-Zaffer* are of 1344 tons and 350 horse-power each; while the *Tevcid*, *Ismai*, *Osadir*, and *Imedlin* are rather smaller. The remaining three are the *Stamboul* (909 tons and 350 horse-power), the *Rethima*, and the *Sireya*. All ten are paddle-yachts.

The Italian royal yacht, the *Sarcia*, is remarkable for her size and power as well as for the completeness of her armament. In fact, she is more of a war-ship than a pleasure-ship. Built at Castellamare in 1889, she is a deck-protected cruiser of 2800 tons displacement and 1150 indicated horse-power. Her length is two hundred and seventy-five feet and her breadth forty-two feet. She is furnished with four two-and-a-quarter inch quick-firing guns and six machine-guns, in addition to which she carries two torpedo discharging tubes.

The *Miramar*, the principal yacht of the Austrian Emperor, was built in this country in 1872. She is a fast iron paddle-ship of 1830 tons and 2500 horse-power, and measures two hundred and sixty-nine feet by thirty-two feet. Another British-built royal yacht is the *Amphitrite*, belonging to the king of Greece. She was built eleven years ago, and is a steel paddle-ship, having a displacement of 1028 tons and an indicated horse-power of 1800.

The *Makroussa*, owned by the Khedive of Egypt, is a yacht of imposing dimensions, but is

now sadly out of repair. She measures three hundred and sixty feet by forty-two feet; her displacement being 3142 tons and her horse-power 6400. She was launched in 1865, and used to be capable of steaming eighteen knots an hour.

The king of Denmark's yacht is the *Dannebrog*, an iron paddle-ship of 760 tons and 800 horse-power, built at Copenhagen in 1880. The *Skoldman*, the Swedish royal yacht, was built of iron in 1868, and has a displacement of 1028 tons. The Prince of Roumania's yacht, the *Stefan cel Mare*, was built in 1866. She is an iron paddle-ship of 350 tons and 570 horse-power.

Among Asiatic potentates the king of Siam, the Mikado, the Sultan of Johore, and the Rajah of Sarawak are yacht-owners. The yacht at present used by the Mikado is the *Surin*, an iron screw-steamer of 300 tons and 270 horse-power. She was built in 1856, and will soon give place to a new and larger vessel.

THE FAIRIES' FLITTING

THE Fairies are floating, flying away

From bushy path and from grassy dell;
From the dark rings seen on the valleys green;
But whither they're wandering none can tell.

In the dim blue haze, from the mountain spread
O'er river and landscape at close of day;
Through the amber farze; o'er the shining pools,
The fleet footed fairy folk pass away.

In the vapour floating o'er marsh and moor,
The bright clouds trailed o'er the mountain height;
In the white mist-wraiths on the silent lakes,
They've taken their noiseless, secret flight.

In the rosy dawn, in the cloudy dusk,
They vanish, and with them the good old times;
So we bid them farewell with regretful thoughts,
With tender memories, and gentle hymns.

But where have they vanished? the small bright folk,
That never at matin or vesper bell
Have knelt down to prayer, yet were blithe and gay—
Where have they vanished from hill and dell?

Too frail to traverse the rolling seas,
In the billow's swell, in the tempest's roar;
Too light to sink to the underworld,
Where the shadows of death lie brooding o'er.

Too feeble to reach heaven's gates of gold;
(Their wings are slight, though so light and fleet);
They'd fail in the blue, so cold and pure,
And find no rest for their tiny feet.

Perhaps they are still near the moated hill,
The rank green grass, and the flower-sweet sod.
May their sleep be soft on the earth, poor souls!
Whose wings are too weak to ascend to God.

M. E. KENNEDY.

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My country-house stands on the verge of wide uplands, where I have before me a vast panorama of woods and hills, a green pastoral solitary world, where few sounds are heard except the bleating of flocks from the grassy straths, or the shrill whistle of the curlew, or the shepherd's hoarse call to his dogs. Jaded with the jostling, struggling life of a great city, the solitude charms me, especially when it is new. There is no other house within sight. I feel a personal peculiar interest in the wide landscape. No one looks at it exactly from the same point of view; it is peculiarly my own, as much my own as the wide, rambling, old-fashioned garden which lies between my dining-room window and the green, pastoral, restful world without.

I know every nook and cranny of this garden. I planted most of the flowers and shrubs, and some of the trees. I struck as a slip that glorious *Gloire de Dijon* rose which now covers nearly half the house, and which my rustic gardener persists in calling 'The glory of Dudgeon.' I reared with more than paternal solicitude that fine *Victoria* plum, at present displaying its treasures so temptingly on the south wall. The wind rustling in the drooping boughs of these weeping-willows is to me as the voice of the friend of my youth; for I was little more than a boy when I stuck the slender twigs from which they sprang into the soft turf. In the same intimate, kindly, personal manner I know every nook of these sunny hills, at present smiling to us in the mellow gleam of the October sunshine. I have seen them black with storm, dark with driving mists, shrouded in winding-sheets of snow. And with the same personal interest which I take in my flowers, I explore these wide-spreading woods. I know the ferny coverts which the rabbits love; the thickets of privet, where the young pheasants disport themselves; the glades where the great beeches spread their massy arms and drop their nuts by thousands. I have watched the nimble squirrels spring from

bough to bough, and the tiny dormice gathering their winter hoards from the Goshens of nuts below. I know the mossy paths which lead to fairy dells and hidden springs. I know the solemn far-reaching aisles of woodland shade, where the slant sunshine quivers down in bars of gold, and the great red boles of the pines gleam like pillars of porphyry.

How sweet the wood smells. How tender is the dim green light. What a charming surprise when the straggling sunshine bursts through the dense foliage overhead, and sends a shaft of gold twinkling through the innumerable leaves and branches. Gilding as it falls, it heightens into warm bronze the fading hues of the bracken, and lightens up the underwood of sloe and alder. How fresh the morning air is; the breeze that comes blowing across the hill-side is fragrant with the scent of the bog myrtle.

Far down below us a stream is winding; you can hear the musical plash of its waters as they gurgle down the stony bottom of the gorge. If you are a disciple of quaint old Izaak Walton, you may find rare sport in shine or shower in these silvan solitudes. For my own part, I never take rod in hand; I am at once too indolent and too restless for the gentle art; so, while you fill your basket, I will stretch myself here in the woodland shadows and dream of the past, and listen to the birds twittering in the boughs overhead, and watch the sheep feeding on those soft green hills, whose gently rounded swell makes such a charming foreground for the Titans behind, who cleave with sharp and frowning peak the smiling heavens.

The wind blows the clouds in fleecy masses across the sky, and there is a sudden change in the glowing picture; the great mountains beyond come into the foreground, as it were, with the change of light, and show themselves in a thousand changeful hues and gradations of colour. You see for a moment, distinctly, slopes and gullies of which you have ordinarily no conception. You begin to be aware of how subtle and infinite are the gradations of grays and blues

and purples in these far peaks and mountain masses. No mortal painter has ever mixed on earthly pallet the tender glow of these ethereal tints. No Claude Lorraine has caught, or ever will catch, the changeful brilliancy, the magical blending of faint and ever fainter hues in that picture of mountain beauty, as evanescent as it is lovely; for even as we gaze the clouds roll up and it is gone; and the light is shimmering with a faint golden sheen on the alders below, and the dark deep green of the grass which clothes the mounds and fills the trenches of that ancient Roman camp.

Far down among the scattered birches may be seen the figure of the patient angler; and around us on the hill-side, imagination, heaven's blest boon to man, re-creates the past. Against that hoary oak leans a sheaf of Roman spears. The soft turf quivers beneath the stately centurion's tread; the legionary's loud laugh startles once more the sleeping echoes. No rude hand of Goth or Hun has crippled as yet the flight of the Imperial eagles; but ruthless and fierce, they cleave these cold northern heavens with as fell a swoop, as strong a wing, as ever carried them under the sunny skies of the flower-spangled Campagna. Away over the green undulating upland you may trace the remains of one of their roads—solid masonry, enduring and strong, the footprints of the moral heroes of a vanished age; and on the bank beyond, a relic of the conquered, a Druid's stone—a huge boulder, so nicely poised that it rocks to and fro at the slightest touch. Beside it are one or two aged oaks, almost the only oaks in these woods. There is no mistletoe on them now. Ages ago, a Druid may have cut the last with his golden sickle. There is something pathetic in the aspect of these gnarled hoar old trees. Their leaves may have rustled in the ears of the captive maids and matrons of a vanquished and failing race; their acorns may have dropped on the mail of a Caesar, their shade soothed the dying and sheltered the dead; yet there they stand amid the browsing sheep, mementoes of a past well-nigh forgotten, when Roman and Druid alike are gone, crowded out by the trooping memories and associations of the ages which have followed.

A little beyond the Roman road, a red 'scar' stands out very distinctly from the soft swelling green of the opposite hill. It is called the Battle Brae; but except its name, there is no tradition to connect that scene of long-forgotten massacre with any known story. Men fought there and fell; but for once the harp of Fame was mute; they found neither minstrel nor historian to shadow forth the supreme tragedy of their lives to future ages. 'It is the Battle Brae,' the rustic tells you.—'What battle?' you ask.—'Eh, man, wha can tell?' he answers, and cheerily plods on, whistling as he goes; and I resume my pipe, and meditate as I smoke upon the fleeting nature of human glory.

At a bend of the stream below me, patient as the human angler under the sweeping birches, a heron stands, watching intently the reedy plashy margin of the water. Thus he has stood for hours in lonely dignity, a hermit among birds, waiting for his prey. As I watch him, a sympathetic freak of the imagination carries me back into the days when the solitary bird before

me played a much more important part on the world's stage than he does now. The wide breezy uplands are alive, as in the days of old, with the stir and bustle of a gallant company. Through the clump of green hawthorn, a gay cavalcade winds into the sunshine, knight and squire, and fair lady with falcon on wrist. I hear once more the merry clang of the hawk's bells; the bridles ring as the impatient steeds toss their heads and curvet and paw the ground; the falconers utter their hoarse cries; the gallant stoops to utter in the ear of beauty his well-turned compliment. And beauty laughs carelessly; she has heard that phrase, or something like it—well, often. If he wanted appreciation, he should have sought an eye of dimmer lustre, a face less fair.

But now the heron rises in evident alarm, and with seeming awkwardness, as if he felt his legs uncomfortably long. A hawk is let loose, and away soar pursuer and pursued, lessening specks in the clear blue heaven. They bend their course to the hills, and the splendid pageant follows, picturesque in medieval breadth and warmth of colour, rich in waving plumes, in the gleam of mail, in the brave glitter of cloth of gold and velvet and miniver, which have long since been dust, like their wearers. But the steadfast hulls still stand, brave sentinels of the perished centuries; and my heron stands also on his long blue legs beside the quiet stream, placidly fishing. The world has changed for the better for him; there is less of glory, perhaps, but there is decidedly more comfort. It is changing also now for me, but decidedly not in the direction of comfort; there is an ominous hush in the wind, and a rustle as if all the trees of the wood were taking counsel together, and then the sharp patter of drops on the leaves. A brisk shower; but it will not last long, for across the dark horizon streams a sudden gleam of sunshine, which lights up the cloudy sky, and trembles with wavering uncertain glimmer over the bluebells which cluster in the grass beside me. Some of them are pure white, and I gather them with a smile; for they are supposed, like white heather, to bring happiness to the fortunate finder.

I get up lazily. It seems as if it were going to rain in earnest. I look down at the two anglers; my human friend has moved a little, but my bird-friend still stands motionless in the same pose on the same spot. The rain is clearing off; the sun shines out again with a warm glow. A sweet resinous scent is on the wind; the shower has brought out all the latent fragrance of the woods. A gamekeeper strides past with his gun under his arm and his dogs at his heels, and flings me as he goes a cheerful good-day. As I watch his tall figure, lithe and handsome, the past returns to me under a different aspect. The little ruined Border 'peel' I can just see on the horizon stands square and erect once more, and frowns defiance to the world. A few cottages cluster under the bare lonely tower; an armed moss-trooper or two fording the shallow stream, drive before them a lowing herd of plundered cattle. An archer returns from the greenwood with the best half of a gallant buck on his shoulders. All is savage plenty where of late there was pinching want; loud sounds of rustic revelry fill the air; the shepherd tunes his pipe, and the milkmaid,

smoothing her fair hair, lifts a merry roundelay as she bends under the weight of the foaming pails.

The dun deer are gone now, like the other picturesque mediæval accessories of the scene. You see them no more dapppling the woodland glades or conching in the thickets of fern; but in their place there are herds of fine West Highland cattle, which seem to me almost the more picturesque animals of the two. Look at that herd feeding on the rising ground to the west: something startles them; how grandly they toss each shaggy front, and uttering low bellows, spurn the turf with impatient foot; then, with tails in air and lowered heads, set off in full career like mad creatures. It is not always safe for a stranger to meet them in one of these stampedes, especially if he has a dog with him. —Yes, Gyp, I was speaking of dogs, but not of you; you need not point your ears and look so preternaturally wise.

The autumn day is waning to its close; a veil of mist is beginning to shroud the peaks of the distant hills; the sun is setting behind me in a splendour of imperial purple; and in the flood of refulgent light I can see a commonplace figure enough, my distracted housekeeper, at the garden gate. A weary woman she looks; her very attitude tells me that the hour of dinner is long past. I can almost hear her querulous whisper, 'I'm in a terror for the fish, sir.' Reluctantly I rise; a chaffinch twitters above me in mid-air; a mellow golden sheen lies on the grass, adhwart which the scattered birch-trees cast long shadows. The angler is trudging homewards under the welcome weight of a heavy basket. I hope the heron was equally successful; he has been gone for some time to his roost in these lofty scattered trees on the hill-side. Gyp is whining impatiently; the sheep, slowly wending their way to the highest point of their pasturage, bleat at intervals. Below me, the stream gurgles through the glen with plaintive cadence; the cushat's long-drawn note falls tremulously on my ear. The silent night is advancing. As I pass homeward, darkness is beginning to enshroud this green pastoral world of solitude. I hear my friend's cheery voice; he has arrived before me; and I am fain to confess with him that a cheerful fire and a good dinner are no unwelcome termination to an October day among the woods and hills.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CAPTAIN BRAINE.

AFTER three days of sailors' biscuit and strong cheese and marmalade of the flavour of foot sugar, the lump of cold salt beef that the captain's man set before me ate to my palate with a relish that I had never before found in the choicest and most exquisitely cooked meat; and a real treat, too, to my shipwrecked sensibilities was the inspiration of home and civilisation in the tumbler of foaming Loudon stout. Miss Temple seemed too harassed, too broken down in mind, to partake of food; but by dint of coaxing and entreating I got her to taste a mouthful, and

then to put her lips to a glass of stout; and presently she appeared to find her appetite by eating, as the French say, and ended with such a repast as I could have wished to see her make.

When the man put the tray down, he went out, and the girl and I were alone during the meal. Now that I had recovered from the first heart-subduing shock of the discovery that the hull was on fire, and could realise that, even supposing she had not been set on fire, we had still been delivered from what in all probability must have proved a long, lingering, soul-killing time of expectation, dying out into hopelessness and into a period of famine, thirst, and death: I say now that I could realise our rescue from these horrors, my spirits mounted, my joy was an intoxication, I could have cried and laughed at the same time, like one in hysteria. I longed to jump from my chair and dance about the cabin that I might vent the oppression of my transports by movement. I was but a young man, and life was dear to me, and we had been in dire peril, and were safe! What a paradise was this cosy little cabin after that ghost-haunted, narrow crib of a deck-house! how soothing beyond all words to the nerves was the light floating rolling of the graceful little snow-white barque, under control of her helm, and vitalised in every plank by the impulse of her airy soaring canvas, compared with the jerky, feverish, staggering, tumefaction of the wreck, with its deadly deck leaning at desperate angles to the fang-like remnants of the crushed bulwarks, and its uncovered hatches yawning to the heavens, as though in a dumb mouthing of entreaty for extinction!

'Oh, Miss Temple,' I cried, 'I cannot bring my mind to believe in our good fortune! This time yesterday! how hopeless we were! And now we are safe. I thank God, I most humbly thank God, for His mercy. Your lot would soon have become a frightful one aboard that wreck.'

'Yet what would I give,' she exclaimed, 'if this ship were the *Countess Ida*! What is to become of us? For how long are we to wander about in a state of destitution, Mr Dugdale—mere beggars, without apparel, without conveniences, dependent for our very meals upon the bounty of strangers?' and she brought her eyes with the old flash in them from the table to my face, at which she gazed with an expression of temper and mortification.

'You would not be a woman,' said I, 'if you did not think of your dress. But, pray, consider this: that your baggage is now recoverable; whereas, but for this *Lady Blanche*—'

'Oh, but it would have been so happy a thing, that might so easily have happened too, had this vessel been the *Indianan*.'

'Cannot you summon a little patience to your aid?' said I. 'Our strange-eyed captain spoke with judgment when he suggested the probability of your exchanging his ship for the *Countess Ida* within a week.'

'Well, I will be patient, if I can,' said she, looking down with an air of trouble and distress in the pout of her lip; 'but is it not about time that the adventure ended?'

'Suppose it may be only now beginning?'

She gave me a side-glance and exclaimed, somewhat haughtily : ' I really believe, Mr Dugdale, you enjoy this sort of experiences ; and if I were a man—— But it *must* end ! ' she added with an air as, though she was about to weep. ' It is unendurable to think of being carried about the world in this fashion. I shall insist—well, I shall bribe Captain Braine to question every ship he passes as to her destination, and the first vessel we encounter that is going home I shall go on board of.'

'Alone?' said I.

'No,' she answered, half-closing her eyes and looking a little away from me ; ' you would not suffer me to travel alone, Mr Dugdale ? Besides, do not you want to get home too ?'

'I would rather find my way to Bombay,' said I. ' My baggage as well as yours is aboard the *Countess Ida*, and I should like to get it, though not at the cost of too much trouble. I am bound to India on a visit, and am not expected home for a good many months.—Now, I don't see why both of us shouldn't keep our appointments by sticking in this barque, and sailing in her to the Mauritius, whence we ought to be able without difficulty to ship ourselves for Bombay. The *Lady Blanche* has the hull of a clipper, and it will be strange if the pair of us are not ashore at Bombay some weeks before the *Countess Ida* sails.'

She listened with impatience, and when I had ended, said : ' If the chance offers, I shall certainly go home. I shall take the first ship that passes, though it should cost a thousand pounds to bribe Captain Braine and the commander of the vessel that receives me.—How is it possible for me to continue thus ? and here she looked at her dress.—'And where is Mauritius? Is it not nearly as far off as Bombay? Whereas England is not so very remote from this part of the ocean.'

'Well, Miss Temple, I am your humble servant,' said I ; 'head as you will, I shall most dutifully follow you.'

'I beg that you will not be satirical.'

'God forbid!' said I, averting my eyes, for I was sensible that they were expressing more than I had any desire she should observe. 'I wish to see you safe, and meanwhile happy. If we pick up a ship homeward bound, we can commission Captain Braine to request Keeling, if he encounters him, to transfer our baggage to the first craft he speaks going to England.—Your aunt's maid will know all about your luggage.'

She watched me, as though doubtful whether I was joking or not ; but I was cut short by the entrance of Captain Braine.

'I hope you have done pretty well?' he exclaimed, after gazing at us for a short time without speaking ; 'it is poor fare, mem, for the likes of you. But the ship'll afford nothing fresh till we kill a pig.—What did you say your name was, sir?'

'Dugdale,' said I.

'Ha!' he cried, whilst he viewed me steadfastly, 'to be sure. Dugdale. That was it. Well, Mr Dugdale, there might be an edifying sight for you and the lady to behold from the deck.'

'What?' swiftly exclaimed Miss Temple with a start.

'The hull, mem, we took you from,' he replied in his hollow somewhat deep voice, 'is rapidly growing into a big blaze.'

Her face changed as to a mood of disappointment. I believe she thought that the captain had come to announce the Indian in sight : I was about to speak.

'Captain Braine,' she said, approaching him by a dramatic stride, and exclaiming proudly, as though she would subdue him by her mere manner to acquiescence in her wishes, 'I am without wearing apparel, saving the attire in which you now view me, and it is absolutely necessary I should return home as speedily as possible. My mother will fear that I have perished, and I must be the bearer of my own news, or the report of my being lost may cause her death, so exceedingly delicate is her health. She is rich, and will reward you in any sum you may think proper to demand for enabling me to return to England quickly.'

An indescribable smile as she said these words crept over the man's face and vanished. I was strongly impressed by the expression of it, and observed him closely.

'Therefore, Captain Braine,' she proceeded, 'I have to entreat you to promise me that you will signal to the ships you may pass, and put me on board the first one, no matter what sort of vessel she be, that is sailing directly to England.'

He silently surveyed her, and then directed his eyes at me.

'You'll be wanting to get home too, sir, I suppose?' said he.

'Oh yes,' I replied. 'Miss Temple is under my care, and I must see her safe.'

He turned to her again, and stood staring ; then said : 'That'll be all right, mem ; we're bound to be falling in with something coming along presently ; and if England's her destination and she'll receive ye, the boat that brought you from the hull shall take you to her, weather permitting.—That'll do, I think?'

She bowed, looking as pleased as agitation and anxiety would allow her.

'Come now and take a look at the hull,' continued Captain Braine ; 'and then'——

'You quite understand, I hope,' she interrupted, 'that any sum'——

He broke in with an odd flourish of his hand. 'No need to mention that matter, mem,' he exclaimed ; 'we are Christian men in that part of the country where I come from, and there's never no talk of pay amongst us for doing what the Lord directs—succouring distressed fellow-creatures.'

With which he spun upon his heels and walked out of the cabin, leaving us to follow him.

I had no eyes nor thoughts for anything else than the hull the moment I saw her. I remember recoiling as to a blow, and panting for a few breaths with my hand to my side. She had slipped to something more than two miles away down on the starboard quarter, and although only a portion of her was as yet on fire, she was showing as a body of flame brilliant and forked, soaring and drooping against the leaden-hued background of sky. Shudder after shudder went like ice through me as my sight swept the mighty girdle of the deep, coming back to the

little body of flame that most horribly to every trembling instinct in me accentuated the lonely immensity of the surface on which it glowed.

'Think—if we were on her now!' I muttered to Miss Temple. She hid her face.

'Was there any valleyables aboard her, Mr Dugdale, d'ye know?' said the captain.

'I cannot tell you,' I answered in a voice subdued by emotion; 'I did not search the sleeping-berths. There was little enough in her hold.'

'Ye should have crept away down in the run,' said he: 'that's where the chaps which peopled her would stow their booty if they had any. If I'd known she'd been a privateersman—How came ye to set her on fire?'

'My signal burnt through her deck, so I was informed by that gentleman there,' I replied, indicating the square man, who stood a little way from us.

'Was that so, Mr Lush?' cried the captain.

'Was what so?' asked Mr Lush.—The captain explained.—'Well, I dunno, answered the other; 'there was fire in the hold when I looked down, and it seemed to me as if flakes of it was falling through the deck.—But what does it signify?' Wood ain't cast-iron, and if ye makes a flare upon a timber deck, why, then what I says is, stand by!'

'Oh look, Mr Dugdale!' shrieked Miss Temple at that moment, tossing her arms in horror, and standing with her hands upraised, as though in a posture of calling down a curse upon the distant thing.

My eye was on the wreck, as hers had been, and I saw it all. There was a huge crimson flash, as though some volcanic head had belched in fire; daylight as it was, the stretch of clouds above and beyond the wreck glared out in a dull rusty red to the amazing stream of flame; a volume of smoke white as steam, shaped like a balloon, and floating solid to the sight, slowly rose like some phenomenal emanation from the secret depths of the ocean. Then followed the sullen, deep-throated blast of the explosion. Captain Braine snatched a telescope from the skylight and levelled it, and after peering a little, thrust the glass into my hand.

'See if you can find out where she's gone to,' said he with a singular grin, in which his eyes did not participate.

I looked: the water delicately brushed by the light wind flowed in nakedness under the shadow of the slowly soaring and enlarging cloud of white smoke. Not the minutest point of black, not the merest atom of fragment of wreck, was visible. I put down the glass with a quivering hand, and going to the rail, looked into the sea to conceal my moist eyes, too overcome to speak.

'A good job you weren't in that hull, men,' said the captain to Miss Temple; 'it would be sky high with any one that had been there by this time. But you're aboard a tidy little ship now. If so be that you are at all of a nautical judge, men, cast your eyes aloft and tell me if there's e'er an Indian or a man-of-war, too, if ye will, with spars stayed as my masts is, with such a fit of canvas, with such a knowing cocked-ear like look as the run of them yard-arms has, with

such mastheads tapering away like the holy spire of a meeting-house, and that beautiful little skysail atop to serve as a cloud for any tired angel that may be flying along to rest, upon! Ha!'

He drew so deep a breath as he concluded, that I turned to look at him. He stood gazing up at the canvas on the main as though in an ecstasy; his hands were crossed upon his breast after the manner of coy virgins in paintings; his right knee was crooked and projected; I could not have imagined so curious a figure off the stage. Indeed, I supposed he was acting now to divert Miss Temple. I glanced at the tough, sullen, storm-darkened face of old Lush, to gather his opinion on the behaviour of this captain; but his expression was of wood, and there was no other meaning in it that I could distinguish save what was put there by the action of his jaws as he gnawed upon a junk of tobacco, carrying his sight from seawards to aloft and back again as regularly as the swing of the spars.

Miss Temple drew to my side with a manner of uneasiness about her. She whispered, while she seemed to be speaking of the wreck, motioning with her hand in the direction of the smoke that was slowly drawing on to our beam in a great staring, still-compacted mass, white as fog against the leaden heaven: 'I believe he is not in his right mind.'

'No matter,' I swiftly replied; 'his ship is sound.—Captain,' I exclaimed, 'I hope you will have a spare cabin for this lady. For my part, you may sling me a hammock anywhere, or a rug and a plank will make me all the bed I want.'

'Oh, there's accommodation for ye both below,' he answered; 'there's the mate's berth unoccupied. The lady can have that. And next door to it there's a cabin with a bunk in it. I'll have it cleared out for you.—Come down and see for yourselves.'

He led the way into the little cuddy, as I may term it, and conducted us to a hatch close against the two sleeping berths right aft. He descended a short flight of steps, and we found ourselves in a 'tween-decks in which I should not have been able to stand erect with a tall hat on. It was gloomy down here. I could distinguish with difficulty a number of cases of light goods stowed from the deck to the beams, and completely blocking up all the forward portion of this part of the vessel. There were two cabins in the extremity corresponding with the cabins above, with such another small hatch as we had descended through lying close against them, but covered: the entrance as I took it to 'the run' or 'lazarette.' Captain Braine opened the cabin door on the port side, and we peered into a small but clean and airy berth lighted by a large scuttle. I noticed a couple of sea-chests, a suit of oilskins hanging under a little shelf full of books, a locker, a mattress and a bundle of blankets in the bunk, a large chart of the English Channel nailed against the side, and other matters of a like sort.

'You'll be able to make yourself pretty comfortable here, men,' said Captain Braine.

'Are there any rats?' asked Miss Temple, rolling her eyes nervously over the deck.

'God bless us, no!' answered the captain. 'At

the very worst, a cockroach here and there, mem.'

'But this cabin is occupied,' said I.

'It was, young gentleman, it was,' he exclaimed, in a hollow raven voice, that wonderfully corresponded with his countenance, and particularly somehow or other with his hair—'it was my chief-mate's cabin. But he's dead, sir.' He gazed at me steadfastly, and added: 'Dead and gone, sir.'

Miss Temple slightly started, and with a hurried glance at the bunk, asked how long the man had been dead.

'Three weeks,' responded Captain Braine, preserving his sepulchral tone, as though he supposed it was the correct voice in which to deliver melancholy information.

'May I see the next cabin?' said Miss Temple.

'Certainly,' he answered; and going out, he opened the door.

This room was the same size as the berth which adjoined it; but it was crowded with an odd collection of sailmakers' and boatswains' stores, bolts of canvas, new bucket, scrubbing-brushes, and so on. There was a bunk under the scuttle full of odds and ends.

'I would rather occupy this berth than the other,' said Miss Temple.

'You're not afraid of ghosts, mem?' exclaimed the captain, fixing his immense dead black eyes upon her.

'I presume this room can be cleared out, and I prefer it to the other,' she answered haughtily.

I broke in, somewhat alarmed by these airs: 'Oh, by all means, Miss Temple. Choose the cabin you best like. Captain Braine is all kindness in furnishing us with such excellent accommodation.—This stuff can be put into my berth, if you please, captain. I shall merely need room enough to get into my bunk.'

'I'll make that all right,' he answered somewhat sulkily.—'How about bedding? The lady's a trifle particular, I fear. She wouldn't be satisfied to roll herself up in a dead man's blanket, I guess.'

'Leave me to manage,' said I, forcing a note of cheerfulness into my voice, though I was greatly vexed by Miss Temple's want of tact. 'There's more bedding than either of us will require in less than a bolt of your canvas. We are fresh from an experience that would make a paradise of your forepeak, captain.—And so,' said I, plunging from the subject, in the hope of carrying off the ill-humour that showed in his face, 'you are without a chief-mate?'

'I'll tell ye about that by-and-by,' said he. 'This here crib, then, is to be the lady's?—Now, what have I got that you'll be wanting, mem? There's a bit of a looking-glass next door. He use to shave himself in it. You won't mind that, perhaps? His image ain't impressed on the plate. It'll show ye true as you are, for all that he shaved himself in it.'

Miss Temple smiled, and said that she would be glad to have the glass.

'There'll be his hairbrush,' continued Captain Braine, 'though that might prove objectionable,' he added doubtfully, talking with his eyes fixed unwinkingly upon her. 'And yet I don't know; if it was put to soak in a bucket of salt-water, it

ought to come out sweet enough. There's like-wise a comb,' he proceeded, taking his chin betwixt his thumb and forefinger and stroking it; 'there's nothing to hurt in a comb, and it's at your service, mem. If poor old Chicken were here, he'd be very willing, I'm sure; but he's gone—gone dead.'

He looked at Miss Temple again. I watched him with attention. He seemed to sink into a fit of musing; then waking up out of it in a sudden way, he cried: 'You've got no luggage at all, have ye, mem?'

'No,' responded Miss Temple with gravity.

'I'm sorry,' said he, 'that I didn't bring Mrs Braine along with me this voyage. She wanted to come, poor thing, observing me to be but very ordinary during most of the time I was ashore—very ordinary indeed,' he repeated, shaking his head. 'If she was here, we could manage.'

'Pray, give yourself no concern on that head, captain,' said I; 'we shall be falling in with the Indianaman presently; and supposing the worst to come to the worst—what time do you give yourself for the run from here to the Mauritius?'

'I'm not going to say—I'm not going to say!' he cried with an accent of excitement that astonished me; 'what's the good of talking when you don't know?—Wouldn't it be a sin to go and make promises to people in your condition and disappoint 'em?' I can just tell ye this, that Baltimore itself never turned out a keel able to clip through it as this here *Lady Blanche* can when the chance is given her.—And now,' he exclaimed, changing his voice, 'suppose we clear out of this, and go up into the daylight and fresh air; and without pausing for an answer, he trudged off.

I handed Miss Temple up the ladder, and we gained the little cabin, or living-room as it might be termed. The young fellow who acted as steward or servant was busy at the glass-rack. The captain called to him, and peremptorily and most intelligently gave him certain instructions with respect to the clearing out and preparing of the berths below for our reception. He told him where he would find a spare mattress—'Quite new, never yet slept on,' he said, contorting his figure into a bow to Miss Temple—he had a couple of shawls and a homely old rug which had made several voyages, and these were to be put into her bunk; the man was to see that the lady lacked no convenience which the barque could afford. 'The late Mr Chicken's mattress was to be given to me along with his bedding, if so be that I was willing to use the same.' Other instructions, all expressive of foresight and hospitable consideration, he gave to the fellow, who then went forward to obtain help to clear out the cabins.

'We are deeply indebted to you, captain,' said I, 'for this very generous behaviour.'

'Not a word, sir, if you please,' he interrupted. 'I have a soul as well as another, and I know my duty.—Lady, a hint: you have some fine jewelry upon you; take my advice, and put it in your pocket.'

She was alarmed by this, and looked at me.

I smiled, and said: 'The captain of a ship is Lord Paramount; his orders must be obeyed, Miss Temple.'

Without another word she began to pull off

her rings, the skipper steadfastly watching her.

'Will you take charge of them for me, Mr Dugdale?' said she.

I placed them in my pocket. She then took off a very beautiful diamond locket from her throat, and this I also carefully stowed away.

'I will remove my earrings presently,' she exclaimed with a slight flush in her cheek and a sparkle as of ire in her gaze, though her lips still indicated an emotion of dismay.

'My advice to you is—at once, mem,' said the captain.

'We must believe that Captain Braine is fully sensible of the meaning of his requests,' said I, answering the glance she shot at me.

She removed the earrings and gave them to me. The captain stood running his eyes over her figure, then, with a melodramatic gesture, pointed to her watch. This, too, with the handsome chain belonging to it, I pocketed. He now addressed himself to contemplating me.

'You don't need to show any watch-chain,' said he, speaking with his head drooping towards his left shoulder; 'there's no good in that signet ring either. As to the breastpin,' he half-closed one eye—'well, perhaps that's a thing that won't hurt where it is.'

He waited until I had taken off my ring and dropped my chain into my waistcoat pocket, and then, looking first of all aft and then forward, then up at the little skylight, whilst he seemed to hold his breath, as though intently listening, he approached us, as we stood together, by a stride, and said in a low deep voice, tremulous with intensity of utterance: 'My men are not to be trusted.—Hush! If they imagined I suspected them, they would cut my throat and leave me overboard!'

Miss Temple took my arm.

'Let me understand you?' said I, wrestling with my amazement. 'In what sense are they untrustworthy?'

He stared eagerly and nervously about him again, and then extending the fingers of his left hand, he touched one of them after another, as though counting, whilst he said: 'First, I have reason to believe that Lush, the carpenter, who acts as my second mate, committed a murder four years ago.'

'Good God!' I ejaculated.

'Hold!' he cried. 'Next, there ain't no shadow of a doubt that two at least of my able seamen are escaped convicts. Next, there is a man forward who was concerned in a mutiny that ended in the ringleaders being hung. Next'—he paused, and then exclaimed; 'but no need to go on alarming the lady.'

'But were you not acquainted with these men's characters at the time of their signing articles?' said I.

'No, young man—no,' he answered with a most melancholy shake of the head; 'it's all come out since, and a deal more atop of it.—But hush! Discretion is the better part of valour, as Jack says. There's no call to be afraid. They know the man I am, and what's better, they know I know *them*.—Ye're quite safe, mem—only, don't be a-tempting sailors of their sort by a sight of the valleyables you've been a-carrying about with you.—And now, perhaps you'll

excuse me whilst I goes and looks after the ship.'

He gave us another extraordinary bow—I never met with any* posture-maker who approached this man in the capacity of distorting his person—and walked out of the cabin.

THE HEART OF AFRICA.

THE attitude of suspicion and hostility immediately assumed by an African tribe or village on the arrival of a party of strangers in their vicinity is easily explicable by the condition of internecine warfare in which those savage communities pass their existence. The strong are continually preying on the weak, old feuds are constantly waging, insults are being averaged, and injuries resented.

Such is the general condition of a country in which no public law prevails except that of force. The approach of strangers is commonly too likely to be that of enemies. If, however, pacific assurances are given and supported by liberal presents, the travellers may succeed in disarming hostility, and may secure a passage for themselves, subject to more or less tribute to the cupidity of the chiefs. But whatever degree of satisfaction the chiefs and tribes may derive from the liberality of the strangers—this being usually in proportion to the amount of pressure put upon them—or how much soever the natives may be convinced that the objects of the white visitors are entirely pacific, the character of the men who undertake long and toilsome and costly expeditions for such objects—the discovery of a lake, of the source or course of a river, of a reported mountain, as the case may be—with the hardships, privations, and dangers incidental to such enterprises, must be a subject of considerable wonder and perhaps a certain mixture of pity. In 1863, when Sir Samuel Baker was in the Latooka country—which is situated in the eastern part of what were lately the Equatorial Provinces held by Emin Pasha—on his expedition for the discovery of the lake which he subsequently named Albert Nyanza, he attempted to make the chief, Commoro, understand his object so as to elicit some information that might be of assistance. But it was in vain. The chief said: 'Suppose you get to the great lake, what will you do with it? What will be the good of it? If you find that the large river [the White Nile] does flow from it, what then? What's the good of it?'

The impenetrability of the African chief was not very different in character, perhaps not even in degree, from the incapacity of large numbers of civilised persons at home to conceive an intelligent sympathy with the efforts of explorers. A good many of us feel a keener interest in the narratives of adventure themselves than in the scientific results to which they have been dedicated.

It was characteristic of British pluck and obstinacy not to let the problem of the Nile alone until it was solved. Sir Samuel Baker—accompanied every inch of the way by his wife—started up the river to pursue it to its source; at Gondokoro he met Speke and Grant coming down, after travelling all the way from Zanzibar with the same object. It was somewhat disconcerting to Baker, after the greatest part of his

journey had been done, to meet his plucky countrymen fresh from the discovery of the great Victoria Nyanza Lake; but there still remained the second lake westward, and this sufficed for Baker. He 'got there,' as the Americans say, and gratified the craving of his heart by finding the Albert Nyanza and the great river flowing northward out of it. This was the source of the Nile, and he was satisfied to turn homeward with the full sense of his task completed. Mr H. M. Stanley, however, as every one now knows, has just discovered that the White Nile has its source still farther south in yet another 'Nyanza'—the Albert Edward; and as the regions beyond this last-found lake to the south are unexplored, we may very soon expect to hear of some other British explorer making his resolute way thither in order to find out all about the back of the new lake, and whether or not the Nile is really run to earth.

The regions between the great lakes and the Bahr-el-Ghazal district were annexed to Egypt by Sir Samuel Baker in the years 1870-1873, in pursuance of the commission given to him by Ismail Pasha, with a view to the suppression of the slave-trade. This traffic had for years been carried on by the Khartoum traders, with the active connivance of the Egyptian authorities of the Soudan. Baker found all the country south of Khartoum leased by the Soudan Government to traders, who paid the Government a round sum per annum for the monopoly of the general and ivory trade of the regions assigned. These traders occupied districts and stations as far south as the neighbourhood of the lakes, and west of the White Nile as far as the Niam Niam and Mombutu countries. In 1868, 1869, and 1870, Dr Schweinfurth, the distinguished German traveller, accompanied the 'Khartoumers' into the countries west of the Nile, and gives a full and interesting description of what he saw there. The traders soon found that there were more profitable ways of trading in this dark interior than by carrying goods up the Nile for barter. Their vessels left Khartoum with gunpowder instead of merchandise. They raided and laid waste the country in all directions, plundering the cattle of one tribe to exchange with another for ivory, and returning in due course to Khartoum with their vessels laden with ivory and slaves. Parties were left behind to carry on operations until the arrival of the boats at Gondokoro—the limit of navigation—the next season. At Fashoda, a station on the Nile where the river, after leaving the Equatorial Provinces, flows north to Khartoum, the governor levied a toll per head on all slaves carried down by the traders, and thus reaped his share of the atrocious trade. That Sir Samuel Baker was hindered in every way in their power by the government officials of the Soudan, as well as by the 'Khartoumers,' was a matter of course, and even his officers and soldiers mutinied against the duty. The work begun by Baker was afterwards carried on by Gordon and Emin Pasha, and the slave-trade in these regions almost entirely suppressed. Whatever the work was worth, it is now all lost, and to be done over again at some future day. The hordes of the Mahdi are in possession of the territories thus temporarily rescued from darkness and outrage.

All that a strong and regular government can

ever do for the tribes of Equatorial Africa—and it must be strong and regular to be of any value at all—is to give them peace and security to follow the simple industries with which they are acquainted. Some arts they may be taught, and in those which they know their knowledge can be improved, so that the comforts of life may be made more abundant for them. But it will be difficult to raise the negro of the Nile regions up to a higher moral and intellectual level. In childhood he is often more intelligent than the European, and shows delusive promise of future development; but as he grows the prospect fades, and the fact becomes apparent that at a certain point, very low in the moral and intellectual scale, his growth naturally stops. Family affection is almost entirely unknown, except that of the mother for her offspring. He is quite incapable of understanding our detestation of slavery except as applied to his own individual case; and the first desire of a freed slave is, as is well known, to procure a slave for himself. Domestic slavery prevails everywhere, and in tribal wars the reward of victory consists of captives and cattle, the former chiefly women and children; but the lot of the captives thus reduced to slavery—or rather subjected to a compulsory change of owners—is, as a general rule, no worse than it was before, and in no way bears comparison with the fate of the unfortunate beings who fall into the ruthless hands of the slave-traders.

The *rascals* of the Khartoum traders have ploughed their mark deeply in the countries bordering on the Equatorial Nile, and many of the smaller tribes have been displaced and ruined. But the few great divisions into which the inhabitants on either side of the river are classifiable still exist in more or less entirety. Hunting, cultivation, and fishing are the staple industries, though the first and last, owing to the rude methods and appliances employed, are precarious in their results. Of course there is considerable wealth of cattle, sheep, and goats in certain districts. The Latookas possess immense herds of cattle. It is a singular fact that some tribes, owning plenty of cattle, will suffer the severest starvation rather than kill one of the animals.

The Kyth tribe, on the right bank of the White Nile, furnish a curious illustration of the incomprehensible inconsistencies of the character of the negroes. These belong to what Dr Schweinfurth terms the *alluvial* or black type of negro, conforming in his colour to the soil on which he lives, and even corresponding in his postures—as that of resting on one leg—to the birds of the marshes, as well as in his leisurely long stride over the rushes, and his lean and lanky limbs and long thin neck. The Kyth tribe, however, are not so fortunate in their condition as their alluvial kindred the Shilooks, Nueir, and Dinka. They have large herds of cattle, but they will not sell one, nor will they kill it for food, nor do they taste meat except when an animal dies from sickness. Their misery is said to be beyond description. They will not work, and consequently they frequently starve, subsisting only on rats, lizards, snakes, and field-mice, which they spend hours in digging out from their burrows. Sometimes they catch a fish by spearing; how often they succeed in harpooning one

may be judged from their method, which is to throw the spear haphazard into the reeds on the chance of a fish happening to come in the way of it. It is little wonder that they are a tribe of skeletons, emaciated to mere skin and bone.

The Latookas are a fine race of men, with great numbers of cattle. It may be observed here that, as a general rule, a negro's two sources of wealth are his cattle and his daughters. The custom of the country gives the latter a settled value in so many head of cattle. A suitor has to purchase his wife from her father, so that if a girl is worth ten cattle, a man with a family of six daughters may regard himself as practically worth sixty cattle in respect of them. The custom has its good points about it. If the girl has no value in a suitor's eyes for her beauty or amiability, she has another value, which he must recognise before he obtains her; and this requiring a young man to pay a substantial price for his wife is a guarantee—or rather was perhaps originally meant to be one—of his industry and competence, qualifying him for the possession of a wife.

On the west of the White Nile the rearing of cattle gradually disappears in the districts to the south and south-west, inhabited by the Niam Niam and Monbuttu. It is here that we touch upon the region addicted to cannibalism, which extends through the forest zone to the Congo, Aruwimi, and Manyema countries. It may be noted that amongst the other tribes of negroes north and east—especially east of the river—cannibalism is abhorred. The horrible practice appears to have come from the south. The districts in which it is followed are prodigal in nature's gifts, so much so, that the people find existence without toil to be so easy that they hardly cultivate the bountiful soil at all. Cattle do not exist, hardly are even sheep or goats to be found, and as a consequence, flesh of any kind is a luxury. The products of the chase being few and precarious, the theory has been advanced that the unsupplied craving for meat-food is responsible for the prevalence of cannibalism. So strong is the appetite for such unnatural fare, that Emin Pasha mentions the case of a freed captive belonging to one of those tribes as eagerly returning to the fare of his native country, being 'sick of beef' in the north.

Schweinfurth notices the singular correspondence, already referred to, between the physical character of the people and that of the locality which they inhabit. The alluvial tribes—the Dinka, Nuer, and Shillooks—of the lower districts are black; while on passing into the country of ferruginous soil inhabited by the Bongos, the skin begins to take a coppery hue. There is, however, on the whole, little distinction in point of feature or colour observable amongst the various tribes. The distinguishing characteristics are mainly found in the shape of their huts, their personal ornaments—not clothing, which is a *quantité négligable*—and the manner of dressing their hair. The circular form of hut is universally found among the tribes of Central Africa, subject, however, to a variety of form in respect of the roof. A Shillook village looks from a distance like an immense bed of mushrooms. The Dinka huts are drawn up to a

point on the apex of the roof, and are generally large and spacious. The Dyook roof is a simple pyramid of straw; the Bongo is conical, and so on. As regards ornaments, these are chiefly rings of iron or copper worn on the arms, legs, necks; sometimes a woman wears half a hundred-weight of metal going about her daily labour. The mutilations practised on their bodies by both sexes are very numerous. 'Tattooing is frequent; the abstraction of the low incisor teeth almost universal; and the ladies sedulously enhance their beauty by inserting pieces of stone or metal through their lips, noses, and ears, producing results most abhorrent to the civilised eye. In the matter of dress, abundance of cowdung, ashes, earth, and grease, well rubbed into the skin, produces the most desirable results. Hair-dressing is a fine art among these savages, but it is a form of vanity generally confined to the male sex. Every tribe has a distinguishing fashion of doing up the hair. To perfect the coiffure of a man requires a period of from eight to ten years in some fastidious tribes, and the process is almost too elaborate for description.

The aborigines of Central Africa, if very low in the moral and intellectual scale, are not without a self-acquired proficiency in some of the arts that is very striking. The manner in which they smelt iron—ignorant of the use of charcoal—and work it into spear-heads, rings, &c., is calculated to strike a European smith with wonder. Their appliances are of course of the most primitive character, and they seem incapable of improving them. No European smith could, with a couple of stones for hammer and anvil, fashion such workmanship as these untutored savages turn out of their rude smithies. In the art of pottery, too, which is chiefly the work of the women, their skill is often extraordinary, and generally remarkable. If we go farther south, among the natives of Unyoro and Uganda—lying between the two great lakes Victoria and Albert—the proficiency of the people in the domestic arts is still more striking. Their pottery is various and admirable, their mats are beautifully woven, and the celebrated bark-cloth—made from the bark of the fig-tree of Uganda—is a manufacture unequalled in Africa. The Waganda, inhabiting the western shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, are a very nautical people, and possess a large fleet of canoes; these vessels, however, from the prevailing ignorance of carpentry, are held together with thongs instead of nails or other fastenings used by civilised shipbuilders. The Waganda, it should be remarked, are a race very superior to that of the negro pure and simple; and in the arts of life, in agriculture, and in social organisation, are far ahead of any other race in the interior of Africa.

The darkest portion of Africa is probably that which lies to the west of the central lakes as far as the Congo. This region is given up to the slave and ivory hunters and all the horrors attending on the infamous trade. It will be a good day for Africa when the supply of ivory is exhausted, as it is the ivory trade which chiefly causes the slave-trade. The Arabs have no other carriers to convey their ivory from the interior to the coast except the slaves that they capture on their bloody raids. When the wretched cap-

tives have carried the ivory to the coast, they are sold or exported, thus realising an additional profit for their captors. No ivory can now be procured east of the chain of lakes, except in the comparatively virgin forests of the new British territory, where, fortunately, the slaver will not be permitted; and to the west the elephant is gradually and surely disappearing owing to the wanton destruction caused by the trade. When there is no more ivory to be got in the interior, the slave-traffic will soon wane, for the services of captives as carriers will no longer be in demand. The gradual advance of railroads and steamboats will do the rest, as far at least as the carrying system has been responsible for the slave-trade.

THE BOSS OF THE YELLOW DOG.

A WESTERN STORY.

PART II.

AWAY on the western slope of the great Rocky Mountains, in the wildest and, apparently, most unapproachable part of the State of Nevada, is a deep gorge or canyon. It is only a couple of hundred yards wide, and in the spring-time half of that narrow width is occupied by a rushing torrent, formed by the melting snow as it pours from the giant hills. The sides of the canyon rise perpendicularly to a height of nearly fifteen hundred feet; while abrupt bends to the north and south, a thousand yards apart, help to give the gorge the appearance of a mammoth grave. Standing by the little stream, across which one can easily step in summer-time, nothing can be seen but the solid walls of rock on all sides and the deep-blue sky above. Even from the highest elevation of those mountain precipices the eye rests upon nought but tier beyond tier of rugged hills, capped in the distance by lofty snow-clad peaks full a hundred miles away.

It is difficult to grasp the enormous extent of the territory occupied by the Rocky Mountain ranges—those great sierras which stretch the entire length of America, and spread across it, east and west, more than a thousand miles.

Mountains ten hundred miles to the south; mountains two thousand miles to the north; mountains to the east, and mountains to the west, hem in the little canyon, and ten years ago scarce a white man knew of its existence. At the present time it is linked to civilisation by a line of Concord coaches, which make weekly trips to the Central Pacific Railway, a hundred and fifty miles away. For to-day rich capitalists, busy stockholders, and rough miners are interested in the secluded canyon. Out of that rocky gorge many tons of rich silver ore have been taken; and on 'Change at San Francisco the Yellow Dog Silver Mine is now a name familiar as 'Erie Railway' or 'Panama Canal.'

In 1885 the Yellow Dog 'boom' was at fever heat. Every available foot of space in the canyon—or Gulch, as the miners call it—was occupied by tents, shanties, huts, and all other conceivable forms of dwelling-places which could possibly be erected in from ten minutes to ten

hours. Men of all nationalities arrived on foot and on horseback, as well as by every coach, armed with picks, shovels, hammers, drills, buckets, &c., not to mention the orthodox bowie-knife and pocket gun, which articles are considered as essential to a man's outfit as wearing-apparel in the Far West.

Of course, the Yellow Dog—the origin of which unpoetic and truly American name is lost in oblivion—was discovered and worked for some years in a desultory manner by a few hardy pioneer adventurers. Then a strong syndicate of rich mining men was formed in San Francisco, and the Yellow Dog was mined on scientific and business principles. But its assured success brought many more adventurers, eager to explore the adjacent territory. A few were successful to a greater or lesser degree: more failed, but all helped, with the employees of the Yellow Dog Mining Company, to swell the heterogeneous population of Blue Rocket Gulch, until, in the year above mentioned (1885), the rock-girt gorge contained nearly a thousand men and—three women.

A thousand men: Yankees, Canadians, and Mexicans; Saxons and Celts; Africans and Chinese; Jews and Gentiles—and only three women! Yet these three women embraced almost as much variety of moral character as did the larger and more cosmopolitan assemblage of men; that is to say, the women were good, bad, and indifferent. For the good, there was old Aunt Ruth, a whole-souled and very religious darkey, who nursed 'the boys' when they were sick, and did a hundred little things about the camp such as only a handy, experienced, and kind-hearted woman could perform. By contrast, there was Mother Bone, a Western woman of the very worst type, through whose French blood there coursed a strong strain of Hebrew. She presided over the one whi-ky-dive and gambling den which the camp boasted, and managed to reap a harvest of silver shekels from the boys whether they were, financially, on the up or the down grade. And then a young person, whose moral and social status it would have taken an entire court-room of Philadelphia lawyers to determine, was Seph—just Seph, no more and no less.

Who Seph was, whence she came, and whither she might eventually drift, were questions which never once agitated the minds of the miners in the Gulch, and even Seph rarely gave a thought to herself, past, present, or future. She was Seph: she was paid and parcel of the Yellow Dog Mine. So far as Seph and the miners were concerned, these two undeniable facts were as satisfactory as a coat-of-arms and three pages in Burke's *Peagee* might be to some scion of an old British family.

For the benefit of such as never enjoyed the privilege of crushing quartz in the Blue Rocket Canyon, we may add that Seph, then a little girl seven or eight years old, came to the Gulch with her father, who was one of the first pioneers in search of silver. In the early history of the mine he was killed by a premature explosion of blasting-powder, leaving his little girl in that strange out-of-the-world corner to the tender mercies of his rough comrades. Seph's father left no word as to who he was or whence he

came, and the child was quite ignorant of both home and mother. So 'the camp' adopted Seph. And if it was a rough, wild, uncultured crowd—a crowd that included men who had been gamblers, cut-throats, and highway robbers—Seph was well cared for. The boys built a little cabin for her sole use; they furnished her with clothing and girlish trinkets—bought at unheard-of prices in Frisco—and waited on her every need. Refined society of her own sex Seph never missed, simply because she had never known it. Perhaps she instinctively appreciated her own peculiar position, which gave her an almost autocratic sway over so many men; for all those rough fellows admired Seph, and rude and uncouth as they were, never an insult by word or deed had been offered the girl in all the eight years in which she had resided in Blue Rocket Gulch.

Seph was now sixteen years old, and a most beautiful girl—a magnificent specimen of a Western maiden. She was bright as she was handsome, and, though a stranger to all that goes to make up an 'accomplished' young lady of the present day, she was no duncie. She could read and write; she was witty and keenly sensitive; in short, she was 'smart.' Only, at sixteen, it would have puzzled any one to decide whether Seph was more woman or child.

In the autumn of 1885 news reached the Gulch, by way of a letter from San Francisco to the manager of the mine, that the Yellow Dog Mining Company had sold out its entire interests to one man, who would immediately take possession.

A solitary horseman was wending his way along the narrow mountain track which did duty for a coach-road between Blue Rocket Gulch and the railway. It was about two hours after noon on a late summer day, and the sun was beating its merciless rays upon the traveller's head and shoulders. So searching was the heat that his broad-brimmed straw hat formed little or no protection, while the rocky wall to the left of the horseman only served to intensify the scorching rays. He was a man of powerful physique, with a handsome face and pleasant eyes, the latter betraying just a tinge of sadness. Judged by his hair, which was iron gray, he might have been taken for a man fifty years old at least, though a closer inspection would have led one to the conclusion that the white hairs were premature. As a matter of fact, the traveller lacked two years of forty.

Strong and vigorous as he naturally was, the man was tired, for this was his second day in the saddle, and the temperature was somewhere up in the nineties. So, when he perceived a niche in the rocky mountain side—the first he had noticed since morning—which made a shady spot about six feet by four, he dismounted and, after hobbling his horse, lay down to rest.

The setting sun was casting long shadows athwart the mountains when our traveller awoke from a refreshing sleep. The first object upon which his eyes rested was the nozzle of his own heavy revolver held within a yard of his face, while a musical voice exclaimed, 'Throw up your hands, Mr Tenderfoot! I've got the dead drop on you!'

'So I perceive,' quietly remarked the man, as he mechanically elevated his hands, conscious of the fact that there are stranger things than petticoated highway robbers in Nevada. Yet he could hardly persuade himself that the girl before him was bent on mischief. She appeared to him so pretty and so winsome, so girlish and so frank; besides which, he thought he could detect a merry twinkle in her dark eyes.

'Yes,' he said, 'you caught me napping.—What next?'

'Hand over! You may take down one hand at a time to clean out your pockets.'

A gold watch, a tolerable sum of money, some letters and papers, soon lay in a pile between the man and his fair captor. These the girl gathered in her lap, and then proceeded to remove the cartridges from the revolver, with which she had covered the traveller while he delivered up his effects. 'There,' she said, as she tossed the now harmless weapon to the man, 'I guess, considering that this is my first attempt of the kind, that I've done the trick in good shape. Let me see: six twenties, three tens, and three fifties—three hundred dollars, and a gold ticker. I'm no slouch if I do wear petticoats! Guess you won't go to sleep again on the coach-road, and that within three miles of the Yaller Dorg, in a hurry, Mr Greenhorn!'

But while the young lady was counting her ill-gotten wealth, the stranger had reloaded the revolver and quickly reversed the order of things. 'Throw up your hands, Miss Smarty! It's my turn now.'

Up went the girl's hands, while a queer look of chagrin overspread her pretty features. 'Ah,' she said in tones of genuine disappointment. 'Of course I was only fooling; but I wanted to play a good joke and do it up brown. Now the joke's on me! I'll take back everything I said about you being a tenderfoot, though!—and here she showed her woman's nature in qualifying an apology.—I still think you were very foolish to fall asleep near the road.'

'Yes; I know it was unwise, though I had no idea that I was so close to the camp. Well, you just bring back my belongings and place them in the pockets from which I took them, and we will put the pistol away and be good friends.'

With her own hands she replaced the various articles. In such close proximity the man was enabled to look well into the open countenance of the girl, the result being that he was more favourably impressed than ever. On her part, the girl, to use an expression of her own, was 'dead-mashed' on the stranger with his handsome sunburnt face, his broad shoulders, and erect carriage.

'Bet I know who you are!' merrily cried the girl, recovering from her temporary depression of spirits caused by the failure of her joke.

'Well?' queried the man, rather amused and glad enough to fall in with so novel and pleasant a companion.

'You're the new boss of the Yaller Dorg; and I'm Seph!'

It was a queer introduction in more ways than one. Be it remembered that, although she could read and write to some extent, Seph was an utter stranger to Lindley Murray or any other exponent of 'orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody.' The ungrammatical yet quaint lingo of the miners

was the only spoken language known to Seph, and she was an adept in the use of Western slang.

Long years afterwards, when she was well versed in the three *Rs* as well as many other accomplishments, Seph invariably spoke of the 'Yaller Dorg' from strong force of habit.

'Oh, that's it, is it? I'm the boss of the Yaller Dorg! And, pray, why do you think so?'

'Cause down to Reddy Gallagher's (Reddy runs the post-office, and I tend it for him sometimes when he is busy on his claim) I saw a letter yesterday for Frank Sanborn, Esquire, Yellow Dog Mine, Blue Rocket Gulch, Nevada. Reddy told me that was for the new boss, and I've just seen some letters of yours with the same name.'

'Very well. I'll confess to being Frank Sanborn.—So you are Seph. That's a new name to me, though I don't half dislike it or its owner. Still, Seph is very short, and I am rather eager for explanatory information. Suppose, Miss Seph, that I get my horse? We can then walk towards the camp and talk as we go.'

So Frank Sanborn mounted his horse, as Seph utterly refused to do so, and with the girl tripping at his side, pursued his journey. He plied the maiden with a number of questions, which elicited more or less direct replies.

No; she could not explain the origin of her odd name, except that Reddy Gallagher, the post-master had suggested it might be an abbreviation of Josephine. She could not tell just how old she was, though she guessed about sixteen. No; she did not hanker after women and girls; she was happy enough with the boys. Yes; she liked all the boys first-rate; they were all good to her. Did not know just what a sweet-heart was; but if it was anything like a 'best fellow,' she must admit that she liked Frisco Johnny somewhat better than the rest; at least, she thought she did, and she was quite sure Johnny was a little bit 'gone' on herself. Well, Johnny 'just was' a nice fellow—almost too good for the rough mine-work—and only a boy of twenty.

So she chatted away; and when, in less than an hour, Frank Sanborn and his pretty companion entered the camp, this man, who had travelled heart-whole the world over, who had known fair women of four continents with unconcern, now found himself, for the first time in his life, interested in feminine beauty in the person of a little Western waif.

NATURAL BAROMETERS.

FROM the earliest times, observations have been made on the signs exhibited by members of the animal world indicative of changes in the weather. Rain and storms have been predicted by asses frequently shaking and agitating their ears; by dogs rolling on the ground and scratching up the earth with their forefeet; by oxen lying on their right side; by animals crowding together; by moles throwing up more earth than usual; by bats ascending forth their cries and flying into houses; by seafowl and other aquatic birds retiring to the

shore; by ducks and geese flying backwards and forwards and frequently plunging into the water; by swallows flying low, &c. While fine weather has been foretold by the croaking of crows in the morning; by bats remaining longer than usual abroad and flying about in considerable numbers; by the screech of the owl; and by cranes flying very high, in silence, and ranged in order. (In our issue of October 31, 1885, we gave an account of some observations by a German philosopher on the warning given through bees, by their becoming excited and irritable, of the approach of a thunder-storm, when the meteorological instruments have afforded no indication of it.) Mr White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, when detailing the general manners of the land tortoise in a state of domestication in this country, says: 'No part of its behaviour ever struck me more than the extreme timidity it always expresses with regard to rain: for though it has a shell that would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinklings, and running its head up in a corner. It attended to, it becomes an excellent weather-glass, for as sure as it walks clate, and as it were on tiptoe, feeding with great earnestness, in a morning, so sure will it rain before night.'

A small fish about ten inches long, called the great loche or loach, a native of Germany and other midland parts of Europe, where it inhabits large lakes and marshes, is observed on the approach of stormy weather to be unusually restless, quitting the muddy bottom in which it generally resides, and swimming about near the surface of the water. It has therefore been sometimes kept by way of a living barometer, since, when placed in a vessel of water with some earth at the bottom, it never fails to predict the approach of a storm by rising from the bottom of the vessel and swimming about in an unquiet manner near the surface. When kept for this purpose, it should be provided with fresh water and earth two or three times a week in summer; and once a week, or once in ten days in winter. It must also be kept during frosty weather in a warm room. Another species, the Spiny Loche, Dr Bloch informs us, on being placed in a glass of river-water with a quantity of mud, showed an exactly opposite disposition, since it moved about briskly during calm weather instead of remaining still.

The Tree-Frog (*Rana arborea*), also a native of many European countries, but not of England, during its residence among the trees is observed to be particularly noisy on the approach of rain, more especially the males, which, if kept in glasses and supplied with proper food, will afford an infallible presage of the changes of weather. In the German *Ephemerides Naturæ* (*uriosorum*) is an account of one which was kept in this manner for the space of seven years.

If a leech be kept in a glass phial about three-fourths filled with water it will serve a similar purpose. Thus, so long as the weather continues serene, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the phial, rolled in a spiral form; should it rain,

it is found at the top of its lodging, where it will remain until the weather improve. If we are to have wind, the leech gallops about its limpid habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests until it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder or rain is to succeed, for some days before it lodges almost continually without the water and exhibits great uneasiness, in violent throes and convulsive-like motions. In frost, as in clear summer weather, it lies constantly at the bottom; and in snow, as in rainy weather, it dwells at the very mouth of the vessel, which should be covered at the mouth with a piece of linen rag, and the water should be changed once a week in summer, and once a fortnight in winter.

Those who keep an aquarium can also know when to expect fair or foul weather by noticing if their sea-anemones are open or shut. An ingenious author, commenting on these signs exhibited by animals, once observed, that 'by means of barometers we may regain the knowledge which still resides in brutes, and which we have forfeited by not continuing in the open air as they generally do, and by our intemperance corrupting the crisis of our organs of sense.'

Certain plants undoubtedly display a certain degree of sensitiveness to atmospheric conditions, such as the Margold and Bindweel, which shut up on the approach of rain; and the Pimpernel, known, consequently, as 'the poor man's weather-glass;' not to mention those which by closing at a certain hour of the day enable us to construct those pretty floral clocks, by planting them in a circle according to the well-ascertained times of their waking and going to sleep. At the Jubilee Flower Show, opened at Vienna in May last, was exhibited one of the Mimosa family, reported to be so extremely meteorometric as to fold its leaves forty-eight hours in advance of a change in the weather.

The forecasting of the weather by the bubbles in a cup of coffee, which was ventilated some thirty years ago in the columns of a Paris newspaper, and some fifteen years later in a German novel entitled *Solange*, has again been brought to the front. To explain their action we cannot do better than repeat verbatim the observations of the writer who has revived the subject recently in the *Standard*:

SIR—Your article on the animal characteristics possessed by the vegetable kingdom reminds me of an extraordinary phenomenon that I have witnessed every morning for the last four or five years—a natural barometer, locally far more reliable than any 'weather forecasts,' or the most expensive artificial barometer, and yet so simple that it is within the reach of every family. With my breakfast I drink coffee mixed with milk. When poured into the cup I gently drop in the lumps of loaf sugar, and shortly after the fixed air in the sugar rises to the top in small detached bubbles. Now watch these. I call them my little people, who will tell me if it is going to rain or not; and although the coffee is perfectly still, these little bubbles will be on the move, almost like life. It will be noticed that if it is going to rain very hard they will almost rush over to the side of the cup—as much as to say, I shall get under shelter as quickly as possible.

If the rain is only to be a gentle downfall, then the bubbles all meet together, evidently to deliberate on the matter, and then quietly move over to the side; but if it is not going to rain, every bubble that comes up remains stationary in the middle of the cup. Now, for all these years these little people have not deceived me a dozen times altogether, but have acted somewhat marvellously. On one occasion, a most lovely morning, with every sign of a fine day, I remarked, what can be the matter with the coffee this morning, as it showed signs of wet. Before twelve o'clock came, down poured the rain, to the astonishment of every one; and I could relate many other such instances. I cannot anyhow explain why this should be so, but I have found it not only a source of amusement and wonder but a most valuable guide for the day.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
H. D. C.

WINCHESTER, April 5, 1889.

Among subsequent letters endorsing the foregoing, was one signed 'Doulos,' who has never known the test fail for fifty years. The main condition is, that the observations be made in the morning, when atmospheric influences will have every chance of fair-play, and if the window be open so much the better. If they be made in the evening, in an artificially heated atmosphere, true prophecies cannot be expected.

MY WEAK POINT.

It's a very curious thing. I don't know how to account for the tendency; but nothing ever happens that I don't at once begin drawing inferences from it; and in the same way, when anything that ought to happen does not, I soar immediately into the infinite regions of the Possible, and revel in deductions, always logically arrived at, but invariably wrong. I am not contented about it; but I never met any one so hopelessly given to the practice as I am. It is just as well. I prepare for myself a vast amount of unnecessary disappointment, and this world provides quite enough of that for most of us without self-accorded aid.

I sometimes think my proneness thus to draw inferences must be hereditary; my parents were great at it, so it is possible I got it from them. It was quite wonderful how much they could deduce from a little thing. For instance, when I was a small boy, I developed a mania for consuming bread and butter at odd hours, and reading books beyond my comprehension. I used to combine these occupations, and preferred to indulge in them when I ought to have been at play. For a long time my parents regarded these pursuits with a lack of sympathy; my mother docked my pocket-money as often as I was reported to have 'cut a new loaf;' and my father pointed sternly to the compressed dabs of butter with which I embellished the pages of his best books. I was driven perforce to eat and read in secret.

But one fine day a change came over the spirit of my parents. The change lay in their sudden adoption of a totally different course of treatment. My taste was discovered to be not only harmless but eminently praiseworthy, and I was not only

permitted to read and eat, but warmly encouraged to do both. I puzzled over it a good deal before—in the course of my reading—I traced this happy change to its source. My father had been hearing anecdotes of Lord Macaulay, and had discovered, or been told, that the story of his childhood furnished an exact parallel to mine. The infant Thomas loved to sit in corners eating bread and butter and devouring books whose contents he could by no possibility understand. He avoided his playfellows, and sat all by himself reading under shady trees, precisely as I was wont to do. To my parents, the deduction to be drawn from these striking coincidences was obvious: another Macaulay had been born in me. As soon as they realised this, the doors of the pantry and library were thrown open, and the housemaid received orders to supply me with bread and butter *ad libitum* on demand. I took full advantage of my opportunities, and only wished that my great predecessor had expressed a preference for bread and jam. I ascertained when too late that the youthful Macaulay had a rooted antipathy to going to school, and that compulsory attendance was eventually found to do him no good. It was a lasting regret to me that my father had not made this really valuable discovery when he made the other. I have called Lord Macaulay my predecessor; he was regarded in this light at that time; but, long since, it has been generally acknowledged that his reputation is in no danger of eclipse by mine. It is not my fault that the authors of my being have been disappointed. They drew an inference, and it was wrong.

As it was with my forebears so is it with me now, and has been for as long as I can remember. One particular case stands out like a landmark; it owes its prominence solely to the fact that it was the first of its own especial kind, and that is why I select it from the ten thousand instances of reasoning from insufficient data, to which I am adding every day. It was when I proposed to the first of the only girls I ever loved. I wrote in a strain of devoted humility (which was right and proper, since she was twelve years my senior), laying my hand and fortune—salary of sixty pounds a year—at her feet. How I watched the postman for the next few days! One day passed, but there came no reply; two days dragged by, and three and four, but she answered not.

'She is considering it,' I said to myself. 'Courage! She can't make up her mind, and wants time! Think what a flutter she must be in, and possess your soul in patience. She is wavering; and when a woman wavers she is lost—that is, gained, won, conquered!'

But she wasn't. I saw her on the evening of the sixth day, and she said she had quite forgotten my letter; she *was* so sorry. And then she laughed!

And I—I, unhappy one, sneaked away out of the house, feeling in my pockets for twopence to take the bus to Westminster Bridge. Life was not worth living, of course. I groaned as I passed out of the Terrace, for I had decided upon taking the corner house, that she might be near her mother. It seemed as though the staring 'To Let' over the door had been left there on purpose to remind me of it. I know better than to draw

any inference from a girl's omission to answer a letter now; but for the life of me I can't help doing it sometimes.

Another time I built a whole town in the air on the strength of a letter from the publisher who has helped and guided me on my literary career, and has paid for my maiden efforts with the generosity of a rich uncle. 'Can you spare time to run up and see me to-morrow?' he wrote; 'I should like to speak to you.' I replied by return of post that I would be with him at noon next day, and went to bed speculating. Was he going to commission me to do a three-volume novel? Hardly probable; even to my capacity of belief, that didn't seem likely. Then, as I pondered over the riddle, I suddenly solved it to my own complete satisfaction. Jones, that publisher's sub-editor, had been looking seedy lately: he'd got a nasty cough, and had complained of his eyes. It was as plain as a pike-staff: Jones had been pensioned, and I was to succeed him. Now, what salary should I ask? Jones got six hundred pounds, I knew. I couldn't expect so much as that, but I would ask four hundred, and take three if I were offered it. I could manage very nicely on three hundred pounds a year. Lodgings in Charlotte Square, and—and—then perhaps I might venture to speak to the then 'her.' To acceptance and marriage was a brief stop, and having settled it all I fell asleep. Next morning I went up to my publisher's office, and as I wiped my boots on the door-mat, I resolved to take the sub-editorship at two-fifty.

When I got in, the publisher said: 'I thought I'd ask you to come and see me about that last little thing of yours. There are some excellent points in it, some excellent points; but I'm afraid—I'm afraid!'

I forget how I got outside again.

The habit is chronic, and incurable as consumption. Twenty years ago, an aunt of mine said something to me about her will—something very commonplace and casual; any sensible fellow would have forgotten it ten minutes afterwards. I didn't; I weighed the remark, and turned it about; and having, as I supposed, accurately outlined the train of thought that gave it words, drew the inference that I was to be her heir. I put that inference away in a corner of my mind, and whenever I was hard up or in the blues, I pulled it out and furbished it up, and got consolation and comfort from it. That aunt died the other day; but my name wasn't even mentioned in her will. And yet, a week ago, because another aunt said something of the same kind, I am at it again! Drawing inferences and deductions which range from a fifty-pound legacy to the dear old lady's entire fortune. I know I oughtn't to do it. But I was born with this hopeful nature, and I suppose shall die with it. I trust, however, that I may outgrow the habit, for it has done me little good until now.

And yet I don't know. When the Present treats you hardly, and the Past has not been kind, is it not well to cozen the Future into promising better things, if it gives you courage to press forward? I have been wrong all my life, and that is poor reason for thinking I shall be right at last. But leave me Hope as long as

she will stay. Let me bury 'the might-have-beens' out of Memory's sight and borrow what I can from 'may be.' This habit of inferring is one of Hope's children; a thriftless child at best; but its mother will die one day, so let me nurse the child. It will bring forth only disappointments; but they, when they are many, are shortlived, with little power to pain.

DATE-PACKING AT MUSCAT.

MUSCAT is situated on the south-east coast of Arabia, about ninety miles to the northward of Cape Ras-el-Hafl. It is the chief town of South-eastern Arabia, and the capital of the province of Oman, which is ruled by the Sultan of Muscat. It is most easily reached by the steamers of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which run there fortnightly from Karachi. In former days Muscat was an important trade-centre, being a mercantile depot for the whole of the Persian Gulf; but circumstances have altered with the times, and Muscat is no longer the flourishing port that it was. One industry, however, has certainly not been adversely affected by outside influences, and that is the cultivation of the date. The trade in dates is now by far the most important item of commerce at this out-of-the-way spot. Large quantities of this fruit are exported every year; and a description of the date-packing as carried on at Muscat may, I hope, prove not uninteresting.

There are ways and ways of packing, of course, and the primitive method of stamping the fruit into baskets with the feet is employed for the local trade, which is mostly with India. The bulk of the foreign trade is with America, and the bulk of the American trade is with a certain large Boston firm, for whom the dates are prepared in a far more scientific and satisfactory manner than that alluded to above.

Before the commencement of packing operations, which take place in August, September, and October, large quantities of wooden boxes are shipped to Muscat, together with hoop-iron and wax-paper to match, the use of which will be seen presently. The boxes are made in England, and stamped with the name of the firm and the name of the variety of date which they will afterwards contain. The lids also bear an ideal picture of date-trees. They are made of plain deal, and measure when made up about fifteen inches in length by ten inches in width and a foot in depth, and they hold about twenty-eight pounds of dates. In order to save space on board ship, they are not made up in England, but are sent out in bundles of sides, tops, and bottoms. On arrival at Muscat, numbers of carpenters are engaged to nail up the boxes, the nails being the only articles purchased locally. The hoop-iron is kept till the box is filled and ready for fastening. The scene of operations is at Muttrah, a suburb about three miles from Muscat, and reached most easily by sea. The packing takes place in a huge irregular-shaped shed or 'godown,' divided in the centre lengthways by a thick wall, on which rest the ends of heavy iron girders which have come all the way from England. The roof is flat, and covered by a light structure of date branches, to give shelter from the fierce rays of the autumn sun.

On entering the ground-floor the first thing one notices is a huge mass of black stuff lying in a vast heap from one end of the building to the other. This black-looking stuff proves on examination to be dates; it is like a sea of dates! This portion of the godown is devoted to the produce as it comes from the interior where it is grown. In one corner are seen a number of date-bags not yet opened. They are placed here for inspection, and subsequent weight and purchase if found good. If the quality appear doubtful, the consignment is rejected. After approval and purchase, the baskets are emptied and returned to their owners, the dates being spread out over the floor in a mass two or three feet thick.

The date exported to America is known as the 'Fard.' Of those varieties that will stand export it is by far the best. It is not so delicate or delicious an article by any means as the lovely yellow dates called locally 'Khlilas' or 'Hillal'; but these kinds will not stand packing and export, and have to be eaten fresh, as they will not keep many days, and even a journey to India is too much for them.

The large number of varieties of dates is astonishing. No doubt, it is a provision of Nature that there should be many different kinds, for when one kind suffers from a bad season, another will do well. As a general rule, the smaller dates are the better flavoured, and those that have comparatively small stones are generally of higher quality than those with large ones.

Dotted about upon the sea of dates which I have mentioned one gradually discerns in the dim light of the godown a number of craft, mostly at anchor, but some few passing along the channels which have been carefully marked up and down and across the expanse. These craft are, as they should be, of the feminine gender, and though seemingly at anchor, yet each of them is busily engaged in picking out the best dates and putting them into hand-baskets. When her basket is full, she weighs anchor and makes sail, or, if you prefer, gets up steam, and is off to the roof of the building, where we may as well follow. Here she again comes to anchor in front of one of the beautifully clean white boxes which she is going to fill, and she is generally accompanied in her work by one or two female friends or relatives. One woman selects the dates she has brought up from the basket, and pressing two, three, or four very carefully together with her fingers, places them as carefully into the bottom of the box, which has in the meanwhile been furnished by one of her companions with a lining of wax-paper. Her companions also engage themselves in selecting the dates from the basket, putting all bad or broken ones on one side. Each woman tries to pack into her box only good dates, as, at the subsequent inspection, if bad dates are found, the box is rejected and the results of her labour are lost. The dates are packed in very exactly, so many lengthways and so many crossways. It is quite apparent that some of the women are much neater and quicker than others. I suppose I must have seen two hundred at work together, and I was told that there was ample employment for as many again.

The women engaged are mostly Beloochees, some are pure Arab, and some Seelees or Africans. Many of them are young and fairly

good-looking, and wear a quantity of jewelry. But they vary considerably, and of course age or appearance is no consideration to the employer of their labour.

Each box is packed with two layers of the fruit projecting above the top, and is then ready for pressing. It is placed under a small hand screw-press, and pressure is put on till the projecting portion is level with the top.

The next operation is rather interesting: the box is taken before a young American, who is sitting on an old packing-case, looking extremely hot: it is turned upside down, and the whole of the contents slide neatly out in a solid mass like a huge brick. The young American examines the brick on every side, and satisfies himself that only good dates have been put in. The lady who packed the box is standing by, an interested spectator. If the box is approved, she receives a numbered ticket, which at the end of the day she can exchange for money. One of these tickets is worth about thirteen annas, which are equal to as many pence at the present day. A clever woman can pack more than one box in the course of the day.

The brick of dates having been re-inserted, the box goes down-stairs to the other half of the building, where the lid is nailed on and the hoop-iron fastened. It is then ready for export.

The dates rejected by the women up-stairs are brought below and placed in a heap, where they are again overhauled, good ones again being thrown into the 'sea' in the other half of the building. The final rejections after this third examination go into bags, and are stamped in by dirty men with their feet. These are locally sold as refuse for what they will fetch, and are mostly exported to India in native vessels.

A pleasing feature of the work is its voluntary nature. Payment is made entirely by results. No one need do more work than she likes; each woman can come or go as she pleases. The women, as also the visitors, have to brave the armies of wasps which, attracted by the luscious fruit, swarm on every side.

A SUBMERGED RAILWAY.

A REMARKABLE railway has been designed and constructed by Señor D. M. Alberto de Palacio, a Spanish engineer, at Onton, near Bilbao, Spain, which is certainly a novel and bold undertaking, and reflects great credit upon its constructor. It has been built with a view to facilitate the shipment of iron ore on that part of the Spanish coast, which is high and rocky, and exposed to the full force of the sea, no harbour being in the immediate vicinity. At the foot of the rocks there is an evenly sloping shore, which extends out to a considerable distance. It is upon this incline that a submerged track has been laid. The route of the railway has a length of about six hundred and fifty feet and a width of twenty feet, upon which two sets of tracks, each three feet three inches wide, are placed, constituting a four-rail railway. The slope is five feet in one hundred feet. The car—if it may be so called—which runs upon this railway, and upon which the ore is conveyed from the cliffs to the ships, consists of a high iron tower made in the form of a pyramid, having a wide triangular base, and

mounted on wheels, which run upon the quadruple railway track. The platform of the tower, upon which the load of mineral is placed, rises about seventy feet from the track, a height which is sufficient to raise it above the decks of ordinary vessels when the tower is run alongside. This great rolling tower is operated automatically. It is connected to the shore by means of a strong wire cable, which passes over pulleys secured to the rocks. At the landward end of the cable there are attached some weighted cars, which move up and down an incline. These form a counterbalancing weight for pulling the tower, when empty, in towards the shore.

The iron ore to be loaded upon the vessels is brought from the mines, not far distant, by a rope railway. From the mineral dumps upon the heights the mineral is conveyed part of the way down the cliff through a shoot, the end of which projects beyond the cliff; and when the empty tower is drawn to shore by the weighted cars, it automatically opens an end gate in the shoot, when the mineral drops upon the platform in a continuous stream until a weight of ore (about one hundred tons) sufficient to overcome that of the counterbalancing weighted cars has fallen upon the platform. When this takes place, the tower, by its own gravity, begins to move down the inclined railway, and the gate of the shoot automatically closes. The tower continues to glide down the inclined railway through the water until it reaches the side of the ship, which is anchored fore and aft; and then, by the throw of a lever, the platform of the tower being inclined, the whole load on the platform is almost instantaneously deposited upon the ship, passing down through slides into her hold. As soon as the load is discharged, the counterbalancing cars begin to draw the tower inward again towards the shore, and thus the operation of moving the tower backwards and forwards automatically, and automatically loading and discharging itself, is carried on with the greatest regularity. It is stated that the railway will load five thousand tons of ore per day. The cost of constructing it, including everything, was less than four thousand pounds.

LOST FRIENDSHIP.

If I could know you feel just one regret

For all the joy and love of long ago,

That some dear mem'ly makes the tear-drops wet

Dim your sweet eyes that I have worshipped so—

If I could feel your hand in mine again,

See your most perfect face with crown of sheen,

Then deathless night, which on my life has lain,

Would change to golden morning's smiling mien.

Could I but heal your great heart-pain at last,

Fire your pure soul with some deep love new-born,

Then wipe away the darkness of the past

With shattered hopes and broken vows you mourn,

Sweet! I would give my life to bear the blow,

All my great love to have instead your pain,

And rest content if I could only know

My gift to you had not been made in vain.

FLORENCE TURNER.

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RAILWAY GUARDS.

THE Railway Guard is a survival of the past; he occupies under changed circumstances the same post as did the stagecoach guard of years gone by. Then he had charge of the passengers in the royal mail, or the more wearisome stagecoach; now he has the charge of the passengers who travel in hundreds by the express and slow trains. He was a popular servant in the past, and is far more so now. In those days of the easy-going coach, he could hold conversations by the hour with his passengers, could lunch or dine with them at different places, if they were so generous as to ask him—and this was not unusual—and was looked upon with a great amount of respect by the inhabitants of all the towns and villages through which he passed. He was generally the first to bring important news of all great events; and those people considered themselves favoured who were the first to hear from him such items of news as the birth of a Royal Prince, the death of some celebrity, a declaration of war, or the result of some battle. His budget of news was oftentimes sold in advance, and his questioners then had to go away with their curiosity unsatisfied.

Now, the railway guard has little or no time for conversation. He is respected still, but the respect is shorn of the glamour that surrounded his predecessor of the old coach-days. He is seldom the first now to bring important news, as the telegraph outruns him. Yet, with all these drawbacks, he is more popular to-day, in the general meaning of the word, than ever the stagecoach guard was, and is without doubt the most popular of all railway servants with the travelling public. Besides his human freight, he will have mails, luggage, valuable parcels, horses and dogs under his care. There may be children given into his special charge with a lot of instructions as to their disposal. He has to be always on the lookout for special signals, and is supposed to walk the length of his train at every stopping station, so that he has plenty to

do in his journey of a hundred or, it may be, four hundred miles a day.

The stagecoach was looked upon as lucky if it got from London to York, without accident; but when there was a turn-over or collision, the guard generally escaped from injury. But though such a journey by rail may be performed thousands of times now without any accident, yet, should a collision occur, the guard is almost sure to suffer. When one guard only is attached to a train, he rides in the rear van; but when there are two, one rides in the front, the other in the rear; and it is these parts of a train where the sacrifice of human life is always greatest. Passenger guards are men of experience, and many of them have had to work as brakemen and goods-guards many years before they are appointed to a passenger train. For express trains they are always picked men. The highest post in the rank of guards is Conductor; but as these officials are only appointed to such trains as the through Scotch expresses and Continental trains, there are very few of them, and the post consequently only exists on a few of the lines.

• As a body, railway guards are a fine lot of men, and can be seen to best advantage on the platforms of the London termini of the London and North Western, Midland, Great Western, and Great Northern Railways, when their important trains are due out. As many as a dozen have been seen on the King's Cross platform at ten o'clock in the morning attending to the three or four express trains that are due out in about three-quarters of an hour. Their uniform varies on different lines; but perhaps that worn by the men of the London and North Western Railway is most typical of a guard; at all events in nearly all pictures in which this servant is portrayed, he is in the London and North Western dress. It is quite distinct from any other class, which cannot be said of the uniform of this class of men on all our railways.

Constant travelling has been blamed for many of the ills which the present generation have to bear; yet guards are not a sickly class; and

providing that they have fair constitutions and strong nerves when they start in this capacity, they seem to live a fair average number of years; and there are to-day many men travelling up and down who are over sixty. The complaints they suffer from are not mostly of the nervous order, as one would suppose, but such general complaints as rheumatics, bronchitis, and quinsies; and perhaps consumption might also be added; and this is not to be wondered at, considering the nature of their employment, which compels them to be out all weathers and at all times of the day and night. Although guards of express trains may be paid better than those running slow trains or working on branch lines, the latter are often more lucrative posts. This may be accounted for by the fact that people travelling on these trains live in the district, and are therefore oftener on the road, and become friendly with the guard by constantly seeing him. Christmas is, of course, a good season with most guards, but is specially so to the men running good local trains. Though the guards on some local trains and branches may only rank as second-class men, they are very loth to accept a higher grade where they may have to travel in fields and pastures new, often very barren to them from a financial point of view.

They are as a class a most civil body of men, and are invariably specially attentive to the ladies. It goes without saying that the pretty ones get more than their share of attention; for guards are only mortal, and have the same admiration for a pretty face as the rest of mankind. They do, however, lose their patience sometimes, when a bevy of forty or fifty school-girls bent on mischief ask them the most ridiculous questions, and will get out of the train at every stopping station to see that their luggage is all right, and consequently delaying the train; or when, as a guard told us the other day of an elderly lady who was travelling from London about fifty miles down in a slow train, who would have all her luggage in the carriage with her—some seven or eight packages. She got into the compartment, and the guard placed everything where she wanted it. He then had to buy her some newspapers and a bun, for which she paid the exact sum. She gave him distinct instructions where she was going to, and told him she should want his assistance there. He promised to do all he could for her. At every station down, this lady had something to say to him, generally in the shape of a question, regarding her luggage or destination. He was about tired of it, said nothing, but thought a lot. Arrived at the station where she was going to alight, her head was out of the window, and she called lustily to him. He came, assisted her out, and then brought out her belongings and put them all together by her side. He expected a trifle for all his trouble; yet if she had simply thanked him he would have thought nothing more of it; but the good lady smiled on him and said: 'You are such a civil guard, that I am sorry the rules of the company will not let you accept a gratuity, and I do not think for one minute you would like to break the rule.' He blew his whistle before he could hear the end of her speech, and was thankful to see the last of her. He now

wavers in his attention to elderly ladies. Newly-married and courting couples are his best friends. It is customary for the porters to tell the guard if a newly-married couple are joining his train, and there is not a guard throughout the country who will not do his level best for them. He has gone beyond rules and regulations for this purpose, and has often been fined; but this is one of the unwritten rules of the brotherhood; so, newly-married couples, don't forget your friend 'the guard' when journeying on your honeymoon. Courting-couples are soon detected by his experienced eye; and he will do a good turn for them occasionally; but of course he recognises the difference in the two cases.

If an accident should take place between stations, the whole responsibility of protecting his train and preventing further injury to passengers and railway stock rests with him, and in such cases as this the guard soon shows of what metal he is made. The strong-nerved and cool man will go about his work with some method; but the nervous and excitable man will most probably fly about in such a manner that the passengers will think something more terrible has yet to come; and consequently, he only adds to the confusion. But the man is as he is made, and too much should not be expected of him in such trying times. He is not a general, nor even a captain; yet his duties under these circumstances require as much skill and tact as is expected from those officers when they are transporting troops. When, however, a train enters a station, it is under the control of the station-master or inspector in charge, and the responsibility is then taken from the guard. Serious railway accidents are unpleasant reading, but unfortunately they form a very important item in the life of a railway guard, and one wonders that after they have had practical experience of one, they should ever have the nerve to continue in that calling; but, like all great terrors, they are no sooner over than they are almost forgotten. It is the same with the peasants of Guatemala and the inhabitants around Vesuvius; the earthquakes may shatter their dwellings and destroy their villages, or the molten lava may bury their houses, but as soon as all danger appears to be over, these catastrophes are forgotten, and the people build again; yet it is only a matter of time before they are again razed to the ground by the same awful forces.

The custom of offering drink to guards while they are in charge of trains is one to be very much condemned; but many guards, now, who are not total abstainers, refuse this dangerous kindness. It is not the one glass that will hurt them; but they are offered many, and perhaps they do not like to refuse; and it may happen that just when they have had enough, some gentleman of standing and a good sort to the guards offers them another. They might offend him to refuse, so they accept, and they are fortunate if no harm comes of it. No; if passengers want to be generous to the guard, give him the value of the drink in hard cash. It will do him more good, and he will at all times much prefer it. He cannot choose in what manner a *douceur* shall be given him; but try him, and he will be found to have sense enough to know

what is best for him. If all guards refused these offers of drink on the road, the custom of offering such a doubtful kindness would soon die out.

Guards often rise well in the service, as much through the influence of gentlemen of position as through their own merit. This is not said in a carping or unkind spirit; they may merit the promotion, but the chances are that they would never have obtained it but for such influence; and the moral is, for each guard to so ingratiate himself in the good opinion of his influential passengers that they will assist him all they can when a word from them will insure his promotion. But on no account is he to neglect the ordinary passenger for this purpose. A guard may never know whom he has travelling with him; and in these days of general third-class travelling, large shareholders do not always patronise the luxurious cushions of a first. The guard has chances to improve his position which no other class of railway servant has, and he should make good use of them.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE CREW OF THE BARQUE.

MISS TEMPLE released my arm and sank upon a bench.

‘Can you doubt now that he is mad?’ she exclaimed.

‘Somewhat eccentric, certainly, but perhaps not mad, though. He is treating us very kindly. How intelligently he instructed his man in regard to our cabins!’

‘He may be kind; but I believe we should have been safer on the hull than here.’

‘Oh no, no, no!’

‘But I say yes,’ she exclaimed in her most imperious air, and gazing at me with hot and glowing eyes. ‘It is quite true the wreck was burnt; but if this vessel had not come into sight, you would not have signalled, and then the hull would not have been set on fire. It is maddening to think that perhaps within the next three or four hours the Indiaman or the corvette may sail over the very spot where the wreck blew up.’

‘I heartily hope that one or the other will do so,’ said I; ‘for if she be so close to us as all that, we’re bound to fall in with her.’

She looked at her hands, turning her fingers back and front, as though they were some novel and unexpected sight to her.

‘I wonder, Mr Dugdale,’ said she, ‘you can doubt that the man is in-a-ue. Remember the extraordinary questions he put to you when we first arrived. I believe, had you told him you were ignorant of navigation, he would have sent us back to the wreck. And then how he stares! There is something slobbering in the fixed regard of his dreadfully manimate black eyes. What a very extraordinary face, too! I cannot believe that he is a sailor. He has the appearance of a monk just released from some term of fearful penance and mortification.’

‘On the other hand, Miss Temple, he has received us very kindly. He would not suffer you to speak of paying him. He promptly sat us down to such entertainment as his vessel furnishes. He may be mad half-way round the

compass, but all the rest of the points are sound.’

‘I am astonished,’ she cried with a manner of petulant vivacity, ‘to hear you say that, we are safer in this ship than had we remained in the hull. There we were alone; but who are, the people with whom we must be locked up in this vessel until we sight the Indiaman or some sail that will receive us? A murderer—convicts—mutineers—a crew of men in whose sight a jewel must not be exhibited lest they should be tempted. Tempted to what?’ She violently shuddered. ‘How can you speak of this ship as safer than the wreck?’

‘Because I happen to feel quite certain that she is; and I will not say so, for it vexes you to hear me.’

‘Oh this ridiculous, this horribly ridiculous degrading situation fills me with anger. To think of being reduced to a perfect state of squalor—having to conceal one’s jewelry for fear of—of—something awful, I am sure; and you dare not, though you *could* name it, Mr Dugdale.’ I smiled, and her warmth increased. ‘That I should have been ever tempted,’ she proceeded, ‘to undertake the odious voyage to Bombay, for *this*! To be without a change of dress, to be obliged to sleep in a little dark horrid cabin, and meanwhile not to have the least notion when it is all to end!’

Well, thought I, as I looked at her eyes shining with spirit and temper, and marked the faint hectic of her ill-humour in her cheeks, the expression of mingled pride and fretfulness in her lips, the wrathful rising and falling of her breast, here, to be sure, is a new version of the play of Katharine and Petruchio; only, though she be Kate to the life, it is not I, but old daddy Neptune who is to break her spirit, and unshrew her into somebody’s very humble servant.—But is there any magic, I thought, even in ocean’s rough, brutal, unconscionable usage to render docile such a woman as this? Nay, would any man wish it otherwise with her than as it is when he gazes at her eyes and figure, beholds the dignity and haughtiness of her carriage, the assumption of maiden sovereignty visible in every move of her arm, in every curl of her lip, in every motion of her form!

‘What are you thinking of?’ she asked: ‘you are plunged in thought. I hope you are struggling to do justice to my perception of the truth.’

I started, and then laughed out. ‘I will not tell you what I was thinking of,’ said I; ‘but I will express what was in my mind whilst you were speaking just now. You dwell with horror upon the captain’s account of his crew. Well, I heartily wish for both our sakes that they were an honest straight-headed body of men. But then every ship’s fore-castle is a menagerie. There is ruffianism, and there is respectability. Quite likely that the carpenter Lush may have killed a man; but one must hear the story before deciding to call him a murderer. So of the convicts—so of the mutineers. In many ships at sea there is unspeakable provocation, and crimes are committed of which the blood rests upon the head of any one sooner than those who are held guilty and punished by the law. I am not to be greatly frightened by Captain Braine’s

talk of his crew, particularly since in a few days we may either be on board the Indianman or homeward-bound in another ship.—Let us now go on deck. I wish to take a view of the sailors, and see what sort of a craft this is, for as yet I have seen but little of her.

I could not help remarking that she kept very close to me as we made our way out of the cuddy, and that the glances she directed forwards where some seamen were at work were full of apprehension. The short poop of the *Lady Blanche* was gained by a central ladder falling fair in the face of the little doorway of the cuddy front with its two small windows and row of buckets. A low, handsomely-curved wooden rail was fixed athwart the break of this raised deck, and I stood with Miss Temple at a point of it that provided me with a clear view fore and aft. The captain sat on a grating abaft the wheel reading. Mr Lush was near the mizzen rigging, gazing seawards with a stubborn wooden expression of face. After the spacious decks and wide topgallant-forecastle of the Indianman, this little *Lady Blanche* looked a mere toy. But though a ship shows least admirably from her own deck, I found a deal to please and even delight me in the first comprehensive look I threw around. She was as clean as a yacht; the insides of her bulwarks were painted a delicate green, and they were as spotless as though the brush were just off them; on either side were two little brass guns, mounted on carriages, and they shone as freshly as though the sunlight were upon them; the running gear was everywhere neatly coiled away. The small caboose, with its smoking chimney, abaft the foremast; the length of windlass close in under the overlap of the short space of fore-castle; the white longboat; the white scuttle-butt abreast of it; the little winch abaft the mainmast; the brass-lined circle of the wheel in the grasp of the sober, good-tempered-looking old fellow who had made one of the boat's crew; the two chapely-clinker-built quarter-boats hanging at the davits abreast of the mizzen mast—these and much more seemed details of a miniature delicacy and finish, that entered with surprising effect into the fabric's general character of toy-like grace and elegance. On high, the white canvas soared in symmetrical spaces; but after the towering spires of the Indianman, the main-yard of this little barque seemed within reach of the hand, and the tiny skysail that crowned the summit of the airy, snow-white, faintly-swelling cloth no bigger than a lady's pocket-handkerchief.

'This is really a beautiful little ship, Miss Temple,' said I.

'I might be able to admire her from the deck of the *Countess Ida*,' she answered; 'but there must be happiness to enable me to find beauty, and I am not happy here.'

I searched the sea-line, but it was as bare and flawless as the rim of a brand-new guinea. The dull shadow of the morning still over-spread the heavens; it was the same leaden sky, with here and there a little break of faintness, revealing some edge of apparently motionless cloud, and the ocean lay sallow beneath it, darker than it was for the pencilling of the ripples which wrinkled the wide expanse as they rode the long, light heave of the swell. There were some sailors at work in the waist on jobs, of which

I forget the nature; I examined them attentively—they were within easy eyeshot; but though there was no lack of prejudice in my observation, I protest I could find nothing rascally in their appearance. They were all of them of the then familiar type of merchant seaman, as like to members of the crew of the Indianman as one pea is to another; faces burnt by the sun and decorated with the usual assemblage of warts and moles, all of them of an unmistakably English cut—I am speaking of the five of them then visible—dressed in the rough apparel of the ocean, rude shirts revealing the bare hairy breast, duck breeches with stains of oil and tar in them which there was no virtue in the scrubbing-brush and the lee-scuppers to remedy. Miss Temple, standing at my side, gazed at them.

'They have quite the look of cut-throats, I think,' said she.

'Well, now, to my fancy,' said I, 'they seem as honest a set of lively hearties as one could wish to sail with.'

'You merely say that to encourage me,' she exclaimed with a pout of vexation. 'Observe that man with the black beard—the one that is nearest to us. Could you figure a completer likeness of a pirate? I do not like his way of glancing at us out of the corner of his eyes. An honest sailor would stare boldly.'

I laughed, and then put on a face of apology.

'You will be smiling at these fears in a few days, I hope,' I exclaimed.

'Yes; but it is the meanwhile we have to think of,' she answered. 'Look at that man there'—meaning Mr Lush; 'pray, tell me, Mr Dugdale, that he has a very handsome, manly, good-tempered face.'

'No; I confess I don't like his appearance,' I answered, stealing a peep at the sulky-looking old dog, who continued to stare at the horizon with the immovability of a figure-head; 'yet inside of that hide there may be stowed away a very worthy member of society. A crab-apple is not a fruit to delight the eye; but I believe it is wholesome eating, though a trifle austere.'

At that moment the captain looked up from his book, and after taking a prolonged view of us, came in a slow walk to where we were standing, holding the volume in his hand.

'You have a charming little ship here, captain,' said I; 'I am exceedingly pleased with her.'

'Yes, sir; she's a handy craft. She will do her work,' he answered, sending his unwinking eyes with their sort of slow dead look along the deck.

'Which, of those men down there are the convicts and mutineers?'—began Miss Temple.

He whipped round upon her with a vehemence of manner that seemed a veritable fury of temper to the first seeing and hearing of it.

'Upon your life, not a word! D'y'e want to see me a murdered man?' He twisted round on to me: 'Sir, you are to know nothing, if you please. This lady is to know nothing. I asked ye both in the cabin to be secret. If that man yonder had overheard her!'—He stopped short, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at Lush.

Miss Temple was deadly pale. She had the same cowed air I had observed in her during our first few hours aboard the wreck.

'I am very sorry,' she muttered.

'It's for the sake of our lives, mem!' he exclaimed in a whisper, putting his finger to his lips.

It was time to change the subject. I asked him how long he had occupied in his passage from the Thames to this point, spoke of the light trade-wind and baffling airs we had encountered, told him once again of the privateering brig, asked him what he thought would be the chance of the corvette's cutter in such weather as she went adrift in, and in this way coaxed him out of his temper until I had got him to some posture of affability once more. I do not recollect the number of days he named as contained in his passage from London, but I can remember that it was a very swift run, proving daily totals which must have come very near to steam at times.

'Such a nimble keel as this should make you very easy, Miss Temple,' said I; 'why, here is a craft to sail round and round the *Countess Ida*. Even though we shouldn't pick her up, it is fifty to one that of all her passengers we two shall be the first to arrive in India.'

She fastened her eyes upon the deck with a countenance of incredulity and despair.

'I suppose your port will be St Louis, sir?' said I.

He stared at me for some moments without speaking, and then slowly inclined his head in a single nod.

'I was never in that island,' I continued; 'but I presume we shall not be at a loss for a vessel to carry us to some part of India whence we may easily make our way to Bombay.'

His lack-lustre gaze seemed to grow deader as, after a pause, he exclaimed: 'There'll be some French skipper to make terms with, I don't doubt, for a passage north.'

'You talk, Mr Dugdale,' said Miss Temple, 'as though you were well assured that we should not fall in with the Indianman.'

'I am desirous of creating plenty of chances for ourselves,' said I; then gathering that this might not be a topic profitable to pursue in the presence of so singular a listener as Captain Braine, I again branched off. 'How many,' said I carelessly, 'go to a crew with you, captain?'

He answered leisurely: 'Thirteen as we now are, all told. There was fourteen afore Mr Chicken died.'

'Well, even at that,' said I, 'a single watch should be able to reef down for you. I suppose—here I sunk my voice—'that Mr Lush yonder is now your chief-mate?'

'No,' he replied, speaking stealthily; 'I'm my own chief-mate. He's the ship's carpenter, and stands watch as second officer.—But what are ye to do,' he proceeded, preserving his stealthy delivery, 'with a man whose education don't let him go no further than making a mark for his name?'

'Then, I take it, there is nobody aboard capable of navigating the vessel but yourself?'

'We'll talk about that presently,' said he with a singular look, and pointing with his finger to the deck.

I observed that Miss Temple narrowly watched him.

'Was Mr Chicken a pretty good navigator?' said I.

He appeared to forget himself in thought, then, with a slow emerging air, so to speak, and a steady, quite embarrassing stare, he responded: 'Chicken was acquainted with the use of the sextant. He likewise understood the meaning of Greenwich time. He couldn't take a star; but his reckonings was always close when he got them out of the sun. He'd been bred a collierman, and it took him some time to recover the loss of coasts and lee shores and lights. But he was a good sailor, and a religious man; and his death was a blow, sir.'

'Almost a pity that it wasn't Mr Lush who was beckoned overboard,' said I. (The carpenter had now trudged aft, and was looking into the compass out of hearing.)

'Ah!' exclaimed Captain Braine, heaving a deep sigh and shaking his head: 'Lush's loss would have been my gain. One Chicken was worth all the Lushes that were ever afloat.—But hush, mem, if you please.'

'I shall certainly say nothing more about your crew,' exclaimed Miss Temple quickly and a little haughtily, while she slightly recoiled from the face he turned upon her.

'Have you any books aboard, Captain Braine?' said I, glancing at the volume he held in his hand. 'Any sort of amusement in the shape of chess or cards to help Miss Temple and myself to kill an hour or two from time to time?'

'There are some vollums in Chicken's cabin that belonged to him,' answered Captain Braine. 'I've read two or three of them. His cargo that way was usually elifying. There's *Baxter's Shore*; a good yarn; there's the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and there's the *Whole Duty of Man*—a bit leewardly; I couldn't fetch to windward in it myself. For my part, one book's enough for me; and excepting some vollums on navigation, it is the only work I goes to sea with.'

'The Bible!' I exclaimed, taking it from him. I was astonished and pleased. There seemed little for one to apprehend in the character of a man who could dedicate his leisure to the study of that Book, and I was sensible of an emotion of respect for the strange-looking, staring figure as I returned the little volume to him.

He dropped it into a side-pocket, and then most abruptly walked to the rail, took a long look at the weather and a long look aloft, trudged over to Mr Lush, with whom he exchanged a sentence or two, and immediately afterwards disappeared down the companion.

For some time after this Miss Temple and I paced the deck together. There was much to talk about, and my companion found a deal to say about Captain Braine, whilst, as we walked, I would catch her taking furtive peeps at Mr Lush, who, it was easy to see, had inspired her with aversion and fear, though the man had not offered to address a word to us, nor had he once looked our way, thirstily inquisitive as his stare had been whilst in the boat. I could not help contrasting her behaviour now with what I recollected of it aboard the *Countess Ida*. She

had put her hand into my arm, and the intimacy of our association in this way might well have suggested an affianced pair. She talked eagerly and with all the passion of the many emotions which rose in her with her references to our situation, to her aunt, to the chance of our sighting the Indianman, and the like; and I don't doubt that the men who watched us from the fore-part of the vessel put us down either as husband and wife or a betrothed couple.

And all this in three days! Three days ago she could hardly bring herself to speak or even to look at me; and now fortune had contrived that she should have no other companion, that she should be locked up with me alone in a dismantled hull, and then be brought, always with me at her side, into a vessel where, as she believed, there was much more to fill us with alarm than in the worst of the conditions which entered into our existence aboard the wreck! Again and again she would ask, with her dark and glowing eyes bent with an expression of despair upon my face, when it was to end and how it was to end; and these questions my heart would echo as I gazed at the cold and alarmed beauty of her face, but with a very different meaning from what she attached to the inquiries.

At last she grew weary of walking, and I took her below and sat with her awhile on a cushioned locker. It was now drawing on to four o'clock in the afternoon; the breeze quiet, the sky in shadow, the sea very smooth save for the soft undulation of the swell, which pleasantly and soothingly cradled the little fabric as she slipped through it of a milky white froth. Water-line to truck to the impulse of her wide overhanging pinions. After a bit, I observed a heaviness in the lids of my companion, and urged her to lie down and take some rest. She consented; and I lingered at her side until sleep overcame her, and then I stood for a while surveying with deep admiration the calm sweetness of her face, into which had stolen the tenderness of the unconscious woman, softening down the haughty arching of eyebrow, unbending the imperious set of the mouth. It was as though her spirit clad in her own beauty was revealed to me disrobed of all the trappings of the waking humours. I could have knelt by her side, and in that posture have watched her for an hour. Can it be, thought I, as I crept softly to the cuddy door, that I am in love with her?

I leisurely filled my pipe from the hunk of tobacco I had met with in the wreck, taking, whilst I did so, as I stood on the quarter-deck, a good steady look at such of the sailors as were about, though I contrived an idly curious manner, and directed my eyes as often at the barque's furniture as at the seamen. After I had been on the poop a few minutes, Mr Eush left it to go forward; and with my pipe betwixt my teeth, I lounged over to the binnacle to see how the ship headed. The man who grasped the spokes was the honest-faced fellow I had before noticed by the wheel; he, I mean, of the minute eyes and whiskers joining at his throat, who had addressed me in the boat whilst we lay alongside the hull. I noticed that he seemed to stir a little uneasily as I approached, as though

nervously meditating a speech, and I had scarcely glanced into the compass bowl when he exclaimed: 'I beg your pardon, sir.'

I looked at him.

'The noose,' said he, 'came forrards afore I lay aft for this here wreck that the ship you came out of and lost sight of was the *Countess Ida*.'

'That is so,' I exclaimed.

'Might I make so bold,' he continued, slightly moving the wheel, and bringing his specks of eyes into a squint over my head as he sent a glance at the tiny skysail pulling under the main-track, 'as to inquire if so be that the bo'sun of that ship was a man named Smalbridge?'

'Yes, Smalbridge; that was the boatswain's name,' I replied, warming up to the mere reference to that hearty sailor.

'Well,' said he, 'I heerd that he was agoing bo'sun in that ship, and I was pretty nigh signing for her myself, only that her date of sailing didn't give me quite long enough ashore. - And how is Mr Smalbridge, sir?'

'Very well, indeed,' said I.

'I've got a portabler respect for Mr Smalbridge,' he continued; 'he kep' company with my sister for some time, and would he' marry her, but she talled on to a sojer whilst he was away, prelarng the lobster to the shellback, an' Well, I'm glad to larn that he's hearty, I'm sure. If so be as we should fall in with the *Countess Ida*, and put you aboard without my seeing of Mr Smalbridge, I'd take it wery kind in, if you'd give him Joe Wetherly's respects.'

'I certainly will,' said I with alacrity; 'but I fear there is little chance of our meeting with the Indianman.'

'Well, there's no telling,' he exclaimed; 'but she'll have to be right in this here barque's road, supposing her to be ahead; and if we should pass her in the dark, why, then, good-night! for she's like grease in the water is this here *Lady Blanche*.'

'Smalbridge and I were very good friends. He'd been a sailor in the ship. I was afterwards midshipman in.'

'Oh, indeed,' cried he. 'And so you was at sea, sir?'

I was about to reply, designing to lead him on into answering certain questions I had in my mind concerning the captain and crew of the barque, when Mr Lush came up the poop ladder; so, knowing the etiquette, I hauled off, but with the full intention of sounding Mr Joe Wetherly at large when an opportunity should offer.

A CANADIAN LUMBER-MILL.

THE effect produced upon the minds of the first explorers of Canada, as they gazed from the summit of the hill upon which the citadel of Quebec now stands, at the vast expanse of woodland and forest which stretched far and wide to the distant horizon, is thus graphically described by a modern historian: 'When the white man first stood on the summit of this bold headland, most of the country was fresh from the hand of the Creator. Far as the eye could reach, the dark forest spread; over hill and valley, mountain and plain; up to the craggy peaks, down to the blue water's edge, and even from projecting rocks, and

in fissures of the lofty precipice, the deep green mantle of the summer foliage hung its graceful folds. In the dim distance, north, south, east, and west, where mountain rose above mountain in tumultuous variety of outline, it was still the same; one vast leafy veil concealed the virgin face of Nature from the stranger's sight.

More than three centuries of French and British enterprise have done much to thin these vast forests, and in their place are to be found waving corn-fields and fruitful orchards. The province of Quebec has now to a great extent been denuded of its foliage; but in the neighbouring province of Ontario enough still remains to make the lumber industry of Eastern Canada a staple of Canadian export for many a year to come; while in the Far West, on the Pacific coast, the virgin forest is still almost untouched by the hand of man; and a railway journey through the comparatively settled parts of Quebec and Ontario will speedily convince a visitor of the former extent of these ancient forests. Field after field is passed with almost endless monotony, still exhibiting the charred and naked trunks of the trees which once formed part of the primal forest. A belt of woodland forms the almost invariable background of the scene, while occasionally the railway runs for a considerable distance through the still uncut bush.

Arrived in the towns, the visitor is still reminded of the same fact. The houses are for the most part built of wood; the pavements are constructed of wood; the very roads are in some instances paved with the same material. Fires are consequently of very frequent occurrence, and it is by no means uncommon for an entire town to be destroyed.

The great centre of the lumber-trade in Eastern Canada is at Ottawa, a rising town of thirty-seven thousand inhabitants, situated on the banks of the river, from which it has obtained its name. Till recently nothing more than a small village, it has lately risen to a considerable importance, owing to the fact of its having been selected as the political capital of the Dominion of Canada. Here on an eminence overlooking the river and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, are situated the commodious and elegant Parliament Buildings, one of the finest specimens of modern architecture in the whole of North America. But it is along the course of the river Ottawa and its tributaries that the seat of the lumber-industry is to be found. The principal mills are clustered around the picturesque Chaudière Falls, and work is carried on in them day and night without ceasing; for as soon as the daylight fades away, its place is supplied by a brilliant electric light. At midnight on Saturday all work is suspended, and is not again resumed till the following Monday. The lumbermen are mainly of French-Canadian extraction, partly because the work is difficult, requiring several years' experience before it can be properly mastered, and partly because of the extreme jealousy with which the men engaged regard interlopers of any other nationality.

In its various departments, the lumber-trade is carried on all the year round. "In the winter the trees are felled in the forests which lie around the sources of the Ottawa and its tributaries, stripped of their branches, cut into lengths, and marked with the owner's name or other means of identifi-

cation. Then, when the ice has broken up in the early spring, the logs are floated down the river by the current until they reach the mills situated around the neighbourhood of Ottawa. At various points along the banks of the river, men are stationed to prevent the logs from stranding and accumulating, and so forming an obstruction. On their arrival at the mills the logs are again identified, the property of each owner being recognised by its special mark, and the remainder being sent on to its destination lower down the stream. To prevent fraud, each mill-owner has one or more agents stationed at the mills which lie above his own in the higher reaches of the river. It is the business of these men to stand at some fixed point in mid-stream immediately above the mill, armed with long poles, by means of which they turn over and investigate the private mark of each log as it is carried along by the current. The busy time at the lumber-mills is during the spring and summer, throughout which period of the year the lumber is sawn into planks and stacked in the yards until it is fully seasoned. Then in the autumn the last year's lumber, which has by that time become sufficiently seasoned, is bound together into immense rafts, floated down the lower reaches of the Ottawa and the St Lawrence, and thence conveyed by sea to its destination in Europe or elsewhere.

It was the good fortune of the writer and of the friend with whom he was travelling to be personally conducted over one of the largest of these mills by the manager himself. The works of Mr Eddy are situated on the opposite bank of the river, immediately below the Chaudière Falls, in the small town of Hull, which bears the same relation to Ottawa that London south of the Thames does to the north. Here are situated many of the principal mills and factories rising among the dwellings of the poorer inhabitants. An idea of the extent of the lumber-trade may be gathered from the fact that Messrs Eddy's mills alone extend for more than a mile along the river, and that the entire works are traversed by a small railway, which is used to convey men and material from one end to the other.

Inside the mills the eye is bewildered by the intricate network of machinery, and the ear is deafened by a roar so intense that it is impossible to hear the voice of your nearest neighbour. Picture to yourself the rasping noise made by the action of a single hand-saw, and then in its place substitute some half-dozen immense machines, each worked with eight large circular saws. Wherever you look, everything appears to be in motion; the very air vibrates with the roar of the machinery. The floating pine-logs are first drawn out of the water by an ingenious system of grappling-irons; they are then stripped of their bark, squared and planed, and finally sawn into planks. The eight saws of the machine are driven straight through the fibre of the wood with a sharp splitting noise resembling the tearing of calico; and so fine are their teeth that the severance effected by their biting edge can barely be detected by the naked eye. The whole process is completed from beginning to end in less than two minutes. The severed planks are then carried away and stacked in the usual manner.

But the night effect, when the work is carried on under the glare of the electric light, is even

more weird and striking. The seething waters of the Fall are brilliantly illuminated by the light proceeding from the various mills in the locality, and indeed form one of the principal sights of the town; while, within, the unnatural glare thrown upon the faces of the workmen, added to the incessant din of the machinery, form a picture not easily to be forgotten. The waste material and defective planks are collected together and sold for firewood. The great problem, however, which is now exercising the minds both of the mill-owners and of the townspeople is how to dispose of the sawdust, tons of which are flung bodily into the river during the year. So much is this the case, that it is said that the bed of the river is being rapidly filled up. The course of the stream is discoloured for miles below Ottawa by floating sawdust, and occasionally explosions are caused in the water by the gas generated in the sunken particles. At the present time the municipality are threatening to compel the mill-owners to consume their own sawdust; and it is to be hoped that this obvious precaution will be adopted before the level of the river is seriously affected.

In connection with his lumber-mills Mr Eddy also has a factory for making matches. He has recently patented an ingenious process by which it is possible to make the boxes entirely by machinery. Long strips of cardboard are placed in the machine, which cuts them into the requisite length, glues them firmly together, and stamps them with the name of the maker by an almost simultaneous process. There are two of these machines at work throughout the day, and each machine is capable of turning out one hundred and sixty-five boxes in a minute, which, allowing for a working-day of ten hours, gives the immense sum-total of ninety-nine thousand boxes for each machine, or close upon two hundred thousand a day! The process by which the matches are made is almost equally interesting, but differs little from that which is pursued in our own country.

In another department, wooden buckets are cut, clamped, fitted with bottoms, grained and varnished, almost entirely by machinery, not a single nail being used in the whole construction. But most interesting of all is the process by which fireproof buckets are made out of sawdust. In the first stage of construction the sawdust is reduced to a pulp, in which condition it somewhat resembles the rags at a paper-mill. Then the pulp is forced into shape under strong hydraulic pressure, from which it emerges with the appearance and consistency of potter's clay. The half-completed bucket is next baked at a temperature ranging from one hundred and fifty to two hundred degrees; after which it is soaked for a considerable time in a chemical ingredient, which renders it utterly impervious to the taste of any fluid or even acid. At the end of these different processes the completed bucket has acquired the firmness and durability of concrete or of stone. The sawdust employed has to be imported from a distance, as the pine-logs of which the lumber at Ottawa mainly consists leave behind them a resinous deposit. At the present moment, however, Mr Eddy is elaborating a process by which he eventually hopes to extract the resin from the pine sawdust. When this is accom-

plished, it will serve the double purpose of benefiting himself, by putting an end to the importation of foreign sawdust, and of pleasing the townspeople by saving the river from pollution.

A general survey of the extensive yards in which the lumber is stacked and seasoned completed our very interesting visit to Messrs Eddy's works, and left us filled with admiration of Canadian enterprise and ingenuity, which bids fair to give that important province of the British empire a prominent position and commanding influence among the nations of the future.

THE BOSS OF THE YELLOW DOG.

A WESTERN STORY.

PART III.—CONCLUSION.

It must not be supposed that Frank Sanborn had abandoned his original project of attempting to discover his brother's wife and child. On the other hand, it was more than ever the main factor in all his plans, and in purchasing the Yellow Dog property he placed himself in a position to pursue the strongest clew which had so far crossed his path. It was fortunate for Frank that he possessed the means whereby he could thus so easily gratify his desire to follow up every chance, to make amends in some sort for the fatal result of his hot temper years ago.

When he arrived in California from Australia he was already as wealthy as his father had been when the old gentleman retired from active life in India; and he was glad when the opportunity presented itself for investing his money in the precise spot where the investigation into his brother's affairs just then seemed to call him.

'The boss' soon settled down in his new sphere of action, and was not long in acquiring the respect, good-will, and even admiration of the strange mass of humanity in Blue Rocket Gulch. The boys could see that Frank Sanborn was a man with a mind of his own, and a stiff backbone. Mentally and physically he seemed to them like a man born to command—a man who never spoke a word which he did not mean, and which he did not also mean should be understood and respected. Such men invariably rise to the surface the world over, but especially so in the Far West, where an absence of police and other representatives of organised law and order gives greater opportunity for men possessing a combination of moral and physical strength to come to the front as leaders of their fellows. So Frank Sanborn was boss of the Yellow Dog, not merely by reason of his legal ownership of the mine, but also by virtue of his acknowledged superiority in the community as a man. He won the hearts of many by his practical kindness. He did not try to revolutionise Blue Rocket, and attempt to make an impossible Utopia out of a Nevada mining camp; but taking things as he found them, he did try to improve the place and its denizens. He did not build a church and distribute tracts, nor even insist on the miners signing the pledge; but he

did his best at persuading the boys to build better dwellings, and to apply a few of the simple laws of hygiene to their daily life. And as he was not backward in giving assistance both in United States currency and good advice, he was far from unsuccessful in his efforts.

Frank Sanborn's own residence was a palace when compared with the other habitations in the Gulch. It was only a frame shanty built of pine-boards, but it boasted three rooms—a kitchen, a sitting-room, and a sleeping apartment. The sitting-room also did duty as office and library; for in it were the boss's desk and iron safe, while several tiers of shelves were loaded down with books of all kinds. Two or three of them were old school and college favourites, which had accompanied their owner in all his travels; but most of them were more recent purchases made in San Francisco; while not a few of them had been ordered all the way from New York and Boston.

The owner of these treasures was not the only one who derived benefit from them. All through the winter which followed Frank Sanborn's advent to Blue Rocket he had two constant visitors, who became his pupils—Seph and her 'best fellow.' They were both bright and apt to learn; but they had neither of them ever had the benefit of schooling, so Frank took pleasure in going over some of his boyhood's studies for their benefit. Seph progressed amazingly, for she was able to devote the greater part of each day to her books; while Johnny, of course, could only give his evenings.

Like Seph, 'Frisco Johnny' could tell very little of his early history. He was left, while he was but a 'tad of a boy,' without father or mother, to get a living as best he could on the streets of San Francisco. As he grew older, he came eastward to the mining districts, and finally drifted to Blue Rocket. He did not even know his full name, and as the part of it which he did recollect was rather common, the miners prefixed 'Frisco' in honour of the town from which he hailed—to distinguish him from the hundred-and-one other Johns, Jacks, and Johnnies in the camp.

The boss of the Yellow Dog came to be very fond of both his young friends. He liked them better than he remembered to have cared for any one, except his father—and one of them he loved. Yes, when the snows melted from the mountain tops and the wild spring weather made its appearance to disturb the regularity of studies, Frank Sanborn had to acknowledge to himself that he was in love with Seph.

And Seph? Well, with all his experience and his knowledge of human nature, Frank could not satisfy himself as to Seph's own feelings—he was not by any means sure that the girl knew the real meaning of love. One thing he could see: Frisco Johnny loved Seph with all the intensity of ardent, youthful affection and admiration. The lad worshipped her; and it would be no exaggeration to state that he would doubtless have laid down his life, if Seph had so wished, or if Seph could have been benefited thereby. And still Frank could not determine how much Seph cared for this boyish lover of hers.

One fact seemed evident to the rich man: if

he had not come to Blue Rocket, it would have been fairly straight sailing for Frisco Johnny, so far as Seph was concerned. And now? Well, Frank Sanborn was sufficiently man of the world to know that with his years, his manly appearance, his experience, his educational advantages, and his conversational powers—to say nothing of his vast wealth—it would be a comparatively easy matter for him to go into the race for Seph and win. If she were deeply in love with the boy, or had she so much as passed her word to marry him, matters might have worn a different appearance, and success might not have seemed so attainable. But Sanborn felt convinced that neither of these possibilities was so. 'Then,' he asked himself many times, 'why should I not make the girl love me?'

And there he stopped. For, to himself there seemed many reasons why he should not seek to come between Seph and her 'best fellow,' as she still called Frisco Johnny. As time wore away, and a successful ending to Frank Sanborn's life-long search seemed to be rapidly approaching, his reasons for not wishing to lessen the lad's chances with Seph only increased and strengthened. Yet he knew more than ever that his own love for the girl was daily growing in intensity, and, without undue conceit, he thought he could still win Seph's affections with very slight effort on his part.

But he waited. He would at least give the lad a fair chance, and soon—Frank thought—those chances might be more nearly even with his own. And so honourable was Sanborn in his patience and forbearance, that never for a moment did Frisco Johnny dream of his friend and employer's secret.

As, under Frank Sanborn's tuition and training, Frisco Johnny had become more intelligent, and versed somewhat in a technical knowledge of mining, he had been placed in charge of a section of the mine. In that same part, some distance from the main shaft, was an old disused entrance, which the boss had long contemplated embodying in a grand scheme of ventilation.

It was late one afternoon, just about a year after Frank took possession of the Yellow Dog, that he sat alone in his sitting-room busily engaged in writing. All day long, notwithstanding the heat, he had been at his desk. In the morning he had received a package of papers from San Francisco, as well as a lengthy letter from London. These were spread before him all day, and to them he frequently referred as he continued to write incessantly. Towards five o'clock his work was apparently completed, for he leaned back in his chair with the air of a man who felt relieved of an arduous task.

While sitting thus, the door of the sitting-room was darkened by a young fellow in the working garb of a miner. 'If you are not too busy, Mr Sanborn, I wish you would come down to the old shaft. I think I have struck something rich. Guess we had better work out all the silver before we rig up the old shaft for a ventilator.'

'Ah! is that so, Johnny? So there is more wealth hidden away up there? Does any one else know of it?'

'No, sir. I was poking around there alone,

beginning on the ventilator business. Thought I'd come right up to you.'

'Good. Well, I'm glad you didn't come before I finished my job.—By the way, Johnny, accidents often happen. If anything should befall me, I want you, personally, to take charge of all papers in drawer No. 3 in that safe. The key of the safe I generally carry in my watch-pocket, and the lock combination is on a slip of paper inside my watchcase.—And, Johnny, in case I do not see you again this week, I want you to come up here Sunday morning at ten o'clock, without fail. Don't forget.'

The boss of the mine transferred all his papers from his desk to 'drawer No 3,' and locked the safe. Then he and his young friend (and rival) walked away toward the old shaft.

The shaft was about a hundred and fifty feet in depth, but the hoisting apparatus had long since been removed. Frisco Johnny had that day erected a temporary derrick to let himself down, and near the discovered vein of silver had rigged up a couple of light platforms, each consisting of a short board set across two pieces of scantling.

Frisco Johnny was not considered by the miners the best of climbers; while Sanborn, strong and athletic as he was, fell far behind his companion in gymnastic accomplishments. Still they managed to get down to the first platform, fifty feet from the surface, which was as far as the derrick rope reached, and then 'dropped' to the next board, eight feet lower. They had hammers and chisels in their pockets, and for half an hour or more they pursued their investigations. Sanborn was himself trying to secure a fair sample of the ore, when he missed striking the chisel, and badly smashed the fingers of his left hand by the violent blow from his hammer. He then decided to postpone his efforts until the morrow, and the two prepared to ascend.

Now, the younger man was slightly built, weighing little more than half as much as Sanborn, and as one of them must climb on the other to reach the top platform, they agreed that it would be better for Johnny to go first. It was going to be hard work for Frank, anyhow, on account of his lame hand; but they calculated that Johnny's assistance would be more valuable from above than from below. So Frank bent his broad back while the lad stepped upon it and grasped the scantling of the platform above him with his hands. At that moment, one of the cross-pieces under the board on which Frank stood gave way, and went crashing to the bottom of the mine. Sanborn instinctively and instantaneously with his unhurt hand grabbed one of his companion's legs, as the rest of the lower platform went thundering down the shaft.

It was a terrible situation; the heavier man relying upon one hand which grasped the none too reliable material of a pair of miner's overalls, while both depended upon a slight piece of wood far from securely fastened. Had Sanborn not met with the accident to his hand, or had their relative positions been reversed, they might have stood a fair chance of escape. As it was, their hopes were very fragile. They shouted, but no one heard them. The miners had ceased work nearly an hour before; besides which, few

now came near that deserted quarter of the mine.

One, two—five minutes passed away. The strain of both men was fearful, and neither of them could make any headway. The younger man had to bear on his slender wrists, in addition to his own weight, Sanborn's two hundred pounds; while Sanborn had only his one hand to support himself. Frisco Johnny began to grow faint, and his companion felt that he could not retain his grip on the overalls much longer. In that supreme moment one thought, one impulse, was uppermost in Frank Sanborn's mind and heart. He could yet fulfil the mission of his life; but he must be quick if he would do so.

'Johnny, you could get out all right if you were alone.'

'Don't talk so, boss. You've got a right to live as long as I have. Guess it's all up with us; but we'll drop together.'

'Well, can you hold on a minute or two? I want to tell you something.'

'I'll try, Mr Sanborn.'

'Johnny, your name is Sanborn. You are my brother's boy—my nephew. You understand?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Next Sunday, two lawyers will be here, one from Frisco, and one from London to straighten everything out. You remember all I told you this afternoon about the safe and the papers?'

'Yes, sir.'

'John Sanborn, you love Seph—so do I—you will marry her—take good care of her.—Good-bye, Johnny—good-bye, Seph—my darling!'

For as the brave man relinquished his grasp of his companion, and went crushing down the old shaft, his closing eyes rested once upon the winsome face and shapely form of Seph trying to peer into the darkness.

Two minutes later, young John Sanborn was safe above ground.

The boss of the Yellow Dog had made amends. 'A life for a life'—he could do no more.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE UMBRELLA.

THERE are very many things in daily use the origins of which are extremely curious and interesting when we come to examine them, but which in the present rapid nineteenth-century mode of living are rarely given a thought to. We refer now more especially to umbrellas, the user of which is no longer an object of derision, such as the first Englishman who carried one became. Common as the article now is, it is only since the early part of the present century that we have enjoyed such a defence from the rain. The traveller Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, was the first Englishman to carry an umbrella; but its use did not become general until the early part of the present century. The introduction of it into Scotland was even later than in England. In Creech's *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces* there is a note to the following effect: 'In 1763 no such thing known or used as an umbrella; but an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, who had occasion to walk a good deal, used one about the year 1780.' This surgeon was no other than Mr John Jamieson, who, having been to Paris, and seen

them in use there, brought one home with him, and this was the first seen in Edinburgh. He was a humorous man, and related with much gusto how he was stared at by the people as he and his umbrella went along.

We may wonder how, in the pre-umbrella days, people managed when they were caught in the rain. They seem to have hurried as best they could to where some roof projected over the footpath, or to where some door offered refuge. It will be remarked how much time this must have wasted; but minutes were not guarded so carefully in those days as they are now. The literature of bygone days is full of amusing scenes and otherwise enacted under these rain-shields.

We do not mean to infer from the foregoing that the umbrella was not known of at all until the eighteenth century; on the contrary, it is of very ancient origin, and was used by the Orientals and Greeks and Romans to a large extent, though very differently and under peculiar restrictions. Umbrella now means a portable protector from rain; while the name *parasol* is given to a smaller, more fanciful, and lighter article carried by ladies as a sun shade. Originally, the umbrella, from the Italian diminutive *ombrello*, which strictly means 'a little shade,' was used only as a sun-shade, and its first home was in the hot, brilliant countries of the far East. In those sunny climes such an article was very agreeable; but it was not used for both rain and sun, as the Orientals do not think of leaving their homes in the rainy seasons. Its application as a defence from rain was quite an after-thought. The German word *regenschirm* and the French *parapluie* describe it as a rain-shield, just as the *parasol* signifies a sun-shield. Our vocabulary, however, has no appropriate word equivalent to rain-shield, so we content ourselves with umbrella.

On an ancient sculpture at Persepolis, in Persia, said to have been executed in the reign of Alexander the Great, a sovereign is depicted, attended by two bearers, one of whom holds an umbrella over the head of the royal personage. From the earliest times in the Eastern countries, the umbrella was one of the emblems of royalty and power. On the sculptured remains of ancient Nineveh and Egypt there are also representations of kings and lesser potentates, going in procession with an umbrella over their heads. The term 'satrap,' the old Persian title for a prince or governor of a province, is said to be derived from the Persian word for umbrella; and in India, as well as in Persia, the title 'lord of the umbrella' has been in vogue for ages. Among the titles of the sovereign of Ava is that of 'lord of the twenty-four umbrellas,' which refers, it seems, to the twenty-four states or provinces combined under his sway. The Mah-rattan princes of India had among their titles, 'lord of the umbrella.' The king of Burma, addressing the Governor-general of India in 1855, spoke of himself as 'the monarch who reigns over the great umbrella-wearing chiefs of the Eastern countries.' The umbrella is a distinguishing sign of the king of Morocco, and no one is allowed to use it except the sovereign, his sons, and brothers. It is related, in reference to this, that when one of the rulers of Morocco

was leaving his palace, his umbrella was broken by the violence of the wind; and ever ready with superstitions, it was at once interpreted as an omen that his reign would soon terminate.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the umbrella was used by ladies, whilst for men to carry them it was looked upon as very effeminate. The ballachins placed over ecclesiastical chairs, canopies of thrones, pulpits, altars, and portals, are closely related in their origin to umbrellas, and have, too, the same symbolic significance. There still hang large umbrellas in each of the basilican churches of Rome. It is probable that the custom of using umbrellas in Greece and Italy never became obsolete. Montaigne alludes to its use in Italy as quite common in his day, but only as a sun-shade. Parasols played a very important part among the Greek sacred and funeral ceremonies and in the great holidays of Natura. The Romans used sun-shades not only at theatres but at battles also.

When the Prince of Wales went to India, a golden sun-shade had to be placed over his head, as a symbol of his sovereignty. Many of the natives presented him with umbrellas as parting souvenirs. One, hailing from Indore, is in the form of a mushroom; whilst that given by the queen of Lucknow is in blue satin, stitched with gold, and covered with fine pearls; others are made of gilt paper, others entirely covered with ravishing feathers of rare birds, all having long handles in gold or silver, damascened in carved ivory or in painted wood of wonderful richness and execution.

The amusing story related by Dr Kitto serves as an excellent illustration of the use of the umbrella in Turkey. The great traveller was staying for a time at the village of Orta-Khoi, on the Bosphorus, some six miles from Constantinople. He was accustomed to visit Constantinople pretty often; and one day, when he was going, thinking it might rain, he took an umbrella. When he reached the spot where the boats started from, he found they had all gone; and not wishing to give up his visit, he determined to walk, and started off on the road at the back of the buildings lining the Bosphorus. Shortly after he started, it commenced to rain, and he very naturally put up his umbrella. As he approached the palace of Dolma Baktche, he observed the sentinel was making some extraordinary signs to him; but he failed to comprehend their significance. The soldier finally hastened towards him with his bayonet directed straight for the innocent traveller. An old Turk who happened to have seen all the proceedings, assailed Dr Kitto, as he thought very rudely, by pulling down the umbrella and turning and speaking to the sentinel. He was then allowed to pass on; but the old Turk did not let him put up his umbrella until they were beyond the precincts of the imperial residence, as the umbrella is emblematic of royalty in Turkey. It is, however, used in Constantinople, although the Sultan is supposed not to know it, and for this reason it is not allowed to be displayed in his presence or in passing any of the palaces.

Umbrellas when first used in this country were heavy, ungainly articles, which did not hold well together. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised to bring them to their present compact,

serviceable, and elegant forms. In their early days they usually had long handles, with ribs of whalebone or cane, very rarely of metal, and stretchers of cane; the jointing of the ribs and stretchers to each other and to the handles was very rough. Oiled silk or cotton, both of which are heavy in substance, and liable to stick together in folds, was used as the covering material. Gingham was soon substituted for the oiled cloth; and in 1848 Mr Sangster patented the use of alpaca as a covering material for umbrellas. Mr Samuel Fox in 1852 was the next to improve the umbrella by inventing the 'Paragon' rib, which is formed of a thin strip of steel rolled into a U or trough section. This gives great strength for the weight of metal.

In the seventeenth century in France, the parasol was not in regular use except at court among the great ladies. The silk sun-shade was used for promenades, and in the beautiful alleys of the Versailles Park about the middle of Louis XIV's reign. In Fournier's *Old and New* it is stated that the invention of parasols was drawn from the felt hat of Tabarin. Another likely proof of the use of parasols and umbrellas not being very wide in the seventeenth century, may be inferred from the fact that the celebrated *Précieuses*, who were accustomed to say 'The third element falls' for 'It rains,' seemed to have had no word peculiar to themselves for this much-prized article. Madame de Pompadour had a very curious sun-shade in her possession; it was of blue silk, superbly decorated with wonderful Chinese miniatures in mica, and ornaments in paper very finely cut and affixed to the background.

In conclusion, we cannot do better than recall the amusing episode which took place at Blairgowrie when an umbrella was first sported there. It seems the minister and the laird were the only people who used them, and the people at large looked upon them as some strange phenomena. One day one of the tenants went to pay his rent to the laird, and it began to rain as he was about to leave. He was very kindly offered the loan of an umbrella, which he accepted, and started off gaily with the 'peculiar phenomenon' in his hand. A little time after, the laird was surprised to see his tenant hastening back and to hear him exclaiming: 'This'll never do; there's nae door in a' my house that'll let it in; my very barn-door winna let it in!' The good man had not thought of closing it.

GAMMIDGE'S GHOST.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I WAS twenty-two, and Alicia was nineteen then, and we were devoted to each other; but marriage seemed a long, long way off. My salary was a remarkably small one, and food and clothes and various other indispensable things absorbed every penny of it. I had no money of my own, and Alicia would only have forty pounds a year when she came of age. Though there was not much prospect of our marriage, yet we struggled bravely with fortune, and vowed to each other that love in a cottage would be preferable to single blessedness. I daresay that folks

do talk like that at twenty-two and nineteen; but as ten years have gone by since Alicia and I indulged in such conversation, I have lived to see the folly of it.

At twenty-two I was only a clerk at Leader and Process's, and my 'screw' was a beggarly thirty shillings a week. At thirty-two—this present time of writing—I am senior partner in the firm of Gammidge & Walker, and doing very well indeed. Leader and Process are both dead, and Walker and myself took up the business. Walker's maiden aunt found him the money; I had mine already. That is seven years ago, and I was then twenty-five. We paid two thousand pounds apiece for the good-will of the concern, and it was worth it, for few firms in Chancery Lane had half as much to do as Leader & Process had.

How came I, who had thirty shillings a week at twenty-two, to have two thousand pounds at twenty-five? Somebody died and left it to me? No; I hadn't a relation who was worth a penny, unless it was Uncle Thomas Gammidge, and he never forgave me for choosing the law as a profession. I had expected him to find all the expenses, for one naturally looks to one's friends in matters of that sort; but he wouldn't stump up a penny; and in the end old Process, who was a decent fellow altogether, did it for me. No; nobody ever left me any money except Leader, who bequeathed nineteen guineas to buy a ring with. How, then, did I come by that two thousand pounds? Did I make it on the turf, or the Stock Exchange, or by speculating well and wisely? None of these. As to the turf, I don't know one horse from another; I hate the Stock Exchange; and I don't even care for speculation at cards. No; I got my two thousand, which purchased me a half-share in a great business, enabled me to marry Alicia, and thus to be happy for ever after, from a Ghost!

It was this way. One summer morning I was driving my quill over a horrible piece of draft paper in the dingy room at Leader & Process's, when the bell rang in old Process's office. I had just come in from the court, and I looked at Jones, who was the only other fellow in the room. Jones kept his head down and pretended not to hear.

'There's Process ringing,' I said. 'No in, Jones.'

'Go in yourself; he always wants you.'

So I went in, knocking slightly at the door, as was my wont. I believe I started when I got inside, and then blushed like a girl. You see, I did not know who was with old Process, and it rather took me by surprise to see a tall, slim, exceedingly pretty young lady seated in the armchair which stood by Process's desk. We didn't often see such pleasant-looking people at Leader & Process's as this young lady. She was not so pretty as Alicia, of course; but I think Alicia was the only other girl in the world who was any prettier. She had a pair of as blue eyes as I ever saw—Alicia's eyes are brown—and her hair was really golden, not pale and fluffy, like a wig in a barber's window, but

just the tint of leaves in autumn, you know. A young man was sitting near her, and he was a good-looking fellow too, tall, broad-shouldered, something like a military man, as indeed he was. Those two made a very nice pair, nearly as nice as Alicia and myself.

'Did you ring, sir?' I said to Process, becoming painfully conscious that the young lady was looking at me, and that I had my office coat—a particularly disreputable one—on.

'Yes,' said Process, 'yes.—Sit down, Gammidge. We—Captain Penrose and Miss Stanley,' he went on, nodding in the direction of the two young people, 'and myself want to have a little talk with you.'

'Yes, sir,' I said, bowing as politely as possible to Captain Penrose and Miss Stanley, and seating myself and wondering what was coming.

'You remember Miss Penrose, Gammidge?' said old Process.

Now Miss Penrose was an old party with whom we had a good deal of business in one way or another. I remembered her very well, because she was always so confoundedly snappish when she came to the office.

'Yes, sir.'

'She is dead,' said old Process.

'Oh, indeed, sir?'

'Yes,' he continued, 'and nobody can find her will.'

'Did we draw it up, sir?' I asked.

'No, the old—— Miss Penrose made it herself.'

I knew he was going to say 'the old fool,' and so did the other two, for they both smiled.

'She made it herself,' said Process; 'and she's hidden it somewhere where nobody can find it.'

'Had she much to leave, sir?'

'Much! About half a million, I should think! And the worst of it is this: Miss Penrose always promised to leave her money in equal shares to her two nephews, John and Reginald Penrose. Reginald, however, offended her——'

'I am Reginald,' said the young fellow by the window with a smile.

'And so,' continued Mr Process, 'Miss Penrose made another will, and left all she had to John. Now she's dead, and that will is in existence, and John Penrose's lawyers have it. But Miss Stanley here, who resided with Miss Penrose during the last two years of her life, says that the old lady made a new will a week before her death, leaving the money in equal shares, as in the old will. The new will, however, can't be found.'

'Who made the new will?' I asked, looking at Miss Stanley.

'Miss Penrose wrote it out herself,' she said; 'and I was one witness, and Mrs Johnson, the housekeeper, the other.'

'You were not interested in it, Miss Stanley?' said old Process.

'No,—Miss Penrose said she would leave me nothing because I was engaged to be married to Reginald, and so we should share what she left him.'

'And now you can't get married unless the will's found?' said old Process, who was always very blunt. 'Um—the old lady's repentance

seems to have been somewhat peculiar.—Well, to business. Gammidge—Miss Stanley is certain that the new will is in existence, hidden away in Penrose Abbey somewhere. Captain Penrose heirs the Abbey under the old will'——

'With nothing to keep it up on!' groaned the Captain.

'And so he has free entry there. He wants me to send down somebody who will find the will. Will you go, Gammidge?'

'Certainly, sir. I'll do my best to find it.—But would not your brother,' addressing Captain Penrose, 'consent to give up one half share on hearing Miss Stanley's testimony about the new will?'

'My brother,' said the Captain, 'is not my friend. He is acquainted with the fact that a new will was made; but he laughs at the idea.'

'Then I'll go; and if that will is in Penrose Abbey, I'll find it.'

'I'll be bound you will,' said old Process. 'Yes, if it is there, you may trust Gammidge to discover it, Captain Penrose.'

'I shall be awfully obliged if you will,' said the Captain, looking at me; 'and, by Jove! I trust you'll allow me to—to 'er, offer you some 'er'——'

'Oh yes,' said Process; 'you shall pay him handsomely enough when he's found it, and we've got it proved and made right.'

So, then, Captain Penrose and Miss Stanley shook hands with old Process and went away, while I returned to Jones and Walker and consulted with them as to trains and times. I went away early that day, after old Process had given me some advice and a few five-pound notes; and when I had had my dinner and put on my best coat, I rode down to Clapham Common and called on Alicia, whose mamma conducted a small establishment for young ladies, throwing in deportment and the use of the globes for half a guinea a quarter.

'What's the matter?' said Alicia, running into their best parlour with her face full of surprise and her mouth full of pudding, for it was their dinner-time. 'Have you been made a partner, or has the firm failed, or what is it?'

'Alicia, I am going out of town on important business. I may be away a week; or, I continued gloomily, 'it may be for ever.—No; I mean a month.'

Then I told her all about it; and presently we went to Mrs Lovejoy—Alicia's surname was Lovejoy—and told her all about it. And we all three agreed that Miss Penrose was an old ass, and the Captain and his sweetheart—over whom Alicia was just a little bit jealous—a very ill-used couple.

'And who knows,' said Mrs Lovejoy, when I went away that evening, having previously conducted Alicia through the classic groves of Wadsworth and Lavender Hill, by way of a constitutional—'who knows what may not turn out from it? Samuel may find the will; and the Captain will be so pleased that he may offer to share it with him, or he may get him a baronetcy or a commission in the line or something. But at anyrate it will be a good thing if the will is found, and the poor young people

are put in possession of their very own.' With which fervent wish, and a good many farewell kisses and injunctions to write often from Alicia, I went home to my lodgings in Pentonville Road, resolving to get up early in the morning so as not to miss my train.

When I got to King's Cross Station at nine o'clock the next morning, when should I see strolling up and down the platform but Captain Penrose. He was evidently on the lookout for me, for the instant he recognised me he came across to where I was standing and shook hands. 'Good-morning, Mr Gammidge,' he said pleasantly. 'I called at Mr Process's office yesterday afternoon to give you this, but you had gone away. They told me what time you proposed leaving this morning, so I came to meet you.' He held out a note as he spoke, and I took it and put it in my pocket, thanking him at the same time for his trouble.

'No trouble at all,' he said. 'It is just a note to the housekeeper, Mrs Johnson, telling her to make you comfortable and to give you access to all parts of the Abbey.'

'Is the Abbey an old place?' I asked, more for the sake of saying something than from curiosity, regarding a place which I should be able to examine for myself in an hour or two.

'Very old. Some parts of it must be—let me see, oh, quite ~~eight~~ hundred years of age.'

'Indeed! I suppose they are in ruins?'

'Yes,' he answered; 'for the most part they are in ruins. But the ruins are well kept. My aunt was very fond of them. She used to roam about in them, talking of the old monks, for hours at a time.—And, by-the-by, Gammidge,' he continued, 'you mustn't pay any attention to any old wives' tales you may hear down there.'

I looked at him in surprise. He turned his face away from me, and I thought there was an uneasy look about him.

'How do you mean, sir?'

'You know what old women are. Old Johnson is sixty, if a day, and all the women-servants are old. I thought they might perhaps fill your head full of ghost-tales and that sort of thing, don't you know?'

'Oh, is that all! I'm not afraid of ghosts, Captain Penrose.—Is the Abbey said to be haunted, then?'

'Well,' he began, 'yes, it is, Gammidge. Can't deny myself that there are some funny things happen there now and then, though I don't believe in ghosts at all. My aunt, now, believed in the Penrose Abbey ghost very firmly.'

'Oh, is there a special ghost?'

'Yes; it's a Black Friar who haunts the place—at least so they say. Of course it's all nonsense; but those old women will talk, and I thought I had better warn you, in case you should feel nervous.'

'I'm very much obliged, sir; but I'm not nervous at all; and if I see a ghost of a black friar or a white one, I'll serve him with a notice to quit.'

And then it was time for my train to start; so I shook hands again with Captain Penrose, and having promised to write if I discovered the will or any trace of it, I took my seat, and was whirled away from London and from Alicia.

Penrose Abbey is five miles from Doncaster

in a north-westerly direction. It was half-past twelve o'clock when I reached Doncaster; and I stood holding my bag for a while, undecided as to whether I should hire a cab and go to my destination at once, or have a look round the famous Yorkshire racing-town. My indecision was cut short by a middle-aged man in livery approaching me and inquiring if I was for Penrose Abbey. On my replying in the affirmative, he conducted me to a solemn-looking brougham outside the station, in which I bestowed myself and my traps, and was carried away. In passing along the country roads, which about there are very good and well kept, I noticed that the neighbourhood was somewhat flat and monotonous, and I wondered what I was to do with myself during my hours of recreation; for I knew quite well that if I was to overhaul the Abbey thoroughly, I should have to remain there some time. I was received at the great door of the Abbey by Mrs Johnson, a fat, motherly old person of sixty or so, robed in rustling black silk, and displaying a grand gold chain and eye-glasses on her capacious front. She led me with a good deal of ceremony to a small room in the interior of the building, where a capital cold luncheon was set out. I did justice to this, after I had washed the dust of my journey away, and then I went out into the grounds and lighted my pipe.

It seemed almost sacrilege to smoke amongst such grand old ruins. The Abbey was certainly a very fine and romantic place. Half the house was in good repair, and almost modern, but the rest was in complete dismemberment. Great masses of masonry were piled here and there about the grounds; and these, covered with ivy and other creeping plants, looked exceedingly picturesque. The chancel of the Abbey church was in very good preservation, and you could see easily where the altar and the seats for the choir had been. Altogether, it was about as romantic a place as I had ever seen.

I thoroughly examined the exterior of the place that afternoon, and got into conversation with the bailiff, a sturdy old Yorkshireman, who looked pityingly at me when I told him that I came from London. I drew him on towards the ghost business; but as soon as I put a leading question, he assumed a very solemn expression of countenance and cantered away on his pony. I began to see there were other people than the late Miss Penrose who believed in the Abbey ghost.

I dined that evening in solitude, and wondered what Alicia was doing, and how long it would be before I should see her. Then I contrasted the splendour of my meal with the frugality of my usual tea in Pentonville Road. I sat thinking and sipping my wine for an hour or two, and then I went out for another stroll and a final pipe in the grounds.

It was moonlight that evening. How grand the ruins did look! I wished over and over again that Alicia and her—no, not her mother, though the old lady was a good old soul—that Alicia and her pretty face were there. It would have been very pleasant to stroll round the massive buttresses and through the silent cloisters with Alicia. I went back dolefully to the house.

Standing at the steps was Mrs Johnson. She seemed to be looking out for me, so I advanced to her and observed that it was a very fine evening.

'Yes, sir; a beautiful evening.'

'The ruins look very fine in the moonlight.'

'They do indeed,' she answered with emphasis.

'My late mistress, poor Miss Penrose, was very fond of them, sir. She would walk amongst them for hours in the moonlight.'

'Oh, then, she was not afraid of the ghost?'

The housekeeper gave a little start and looked curiously at me. We were standing in the full glare of the moonlight, and I noticed that a frightened expression came into her face.

'Afraid of the ghost?' she repeated. 'What ghost?'

'Any ghost,' I said, smiling.

'Oh,' she said, looking, I fancied, a good deal relieved, 'I thought you meant— No, sir; she was not afraid of any ghost; oh no!'

I saw well enough that what the Captain had said was true, and that there was a popular superstition down there in favour of a ghost, so I put a leading question: 'Then it isn't true about the Black Friar?'

The woman did start then, and I saw that she was distressed. 'Oh dear me! Whoever has been putting that into your head, sir? The servants have no business to talk about such things.'

'Don't alarm your-self. I'm not frightened at the biggest and best ghost that ever walked. It was Captain Penrose who told me about it.'

'Well, it's a good thing you're not easily afraid.'

'Then you believe in the Black Friar?'

'Why,' she said, 'one must believe when there's good ground. My poor dear mistress believed firmly in the Black Friar, as you call him; though whether he be black or green I don't know, for I never saw him.'

'Did Miss Penrose think she saw him?'

'Many and many a time, sir. I was once with her when she saw him, and it was rather strange, too. I did see something like a monk's black dress, but that was all. My mistress, however, used to persist that she saw him often; and I never contradicted her, poor lady.'

'And is there any legend connected with the ghost, Mrs Johnson?'

'There is a story about it. It is said to be the ghost of Bertrand Penrose, who was Prior or Abbot of the monastery here six hundred years ago. He was a bad man once, and killed some one. And they say that his penance is to haunt the place and make what atonement he can.'

'How does he atone?'

'Well, if there's anything important to the family about to take place, he appears.'

'And gives warning?'

'Something of that sort. My mistress said she saw him the morning of her death; and she said she knew she should die that day. And although Miss Stanley and myself tried to persuade her out of it, she did die, just as she said.'

'Miss Stanley's a nice young lady,' I said, suddenly forgetting the Abbey ghost. 'I suppose she and Captain Penrose will be married some day?'

'They would be married now, if the will could be found. But Master Reginald is very poor, and Miss Eva has very little money.'

'Eva, Eva! That's Miss Stanley's name, is it? It's very pretty; but I like Alicia better.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Mrs Johnson.

'Nothing,' I answered in confusion. I said I'd go to bed, and get up early to begin my search.

'Yes; I'll show you your rooms, sir.'

THINKING ALOUD.

ONE of Addison's happiest phrases is that used by him as synonymous with candid and unfettered expression—'thinking aloud.' It evidently attracted attention at the time when the reappearance of Sir Roger de Coverley was awaited with so much interest; and since then, it has been used by some of our great masters of English prose. Macaulay says of the graceful essayist himself, that to enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection it was necessary to be alone with him and to hear him think aloud. 'There is no such thing,' Addison used to say, 'as real conversation but between two persons.' Coleridge used the phrase in a slightly different sense. Speaking of the House of Commons, the philosopher declared that a certain member 'thought aloud; everything in his mind—good, bad, or indifferent—out it came. He was like the Newgate gutter, flowing with garbage, dead dogs, and mud. He was pre-eminently a man of many thoughts, with no ideas; hence he was always so lengthy, because he must go through everything to see anything.'

It is certain that, using the phrase in one or other of the ways in which it is here employed, everybody may be said to think aloud. When in congenial company we all give utterance to our thoughts pretty much as they arise; and when 'thinking on their legs,' most people have to go through a great deal—in a twofold sense—to bring forth very little. Mrs Poyser, too, might be regarded as a personified example of another kind of thinking aloud, to which very many people are addicted. With them, as with Landor, speech is a safety-valve that works automatically when a certain amount of pressure is developed; and although they often cause pain, this at least must be said in their favour, that nobody ever yet had cause to complain of being deceived in them. Such people think aloud in an unmistakable manner.

But—to waive the obvious reflections on this aspect of the question—the term 'thinking aloud' seems more applicable to the conversation of such men as Rousseau and Goldsmith. When his friend Anet died at Chambery, 'poor Jean Jacques,' as he so often calls himself, spoke of him to Madame de Warrens 'with the most sincere and lively affection; when suddenly, he says, 'in the midst of our conversation the vile, ungrateful thought occurred, that I should inherit his wardrobe, and particularly a handsome black coat, which I thought very becoming. As I thought this, I consequently uttered it; for when with her, to think and to speak was the

same thing.' Elsewhere, he refers to his 'praiseworthy custom' of speaking without thought. That 'praiseworthy custom,' however, placed him in some rather awkward predicaments, as every reader of his *Confessions* will remember.

Yet, after all, they were the veriest trifles in comparison with poor Goldsmith's. 'Noll,' says Davies, could not conceal what was uppermost in his mind; he blurted it out to see what became of it, says Johnson. And this man, according to Forster, was the true author of the saying about speech being given to man to conceal his thoughts! He gave the lie every day to his own epigram. So accustomed was he to give utterance to every idea as it arose in his mind, that anybody familiar with him might with confidence have accused him of having said anything that he had really thought. Burke once saw him standing near a crowd of people who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the hotels in Leicester Square. Afterwards, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Burke charged him with saying: 'What stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezabels, while a man of my talents passes by unnoticed.' Goldsmith protested, but at length answered with great humility: 'I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'

Of quite another class of thinkers-aloud are the mutterers. The father of the present Duke of Cambridge during prayers in church always ejaculated a few remarks of a decidedly secular character *sotto voce*, apparently quite unconscious that anybody could hear him. This example, though well authenticated, is perhaps more apocryphal than that given in the recently published *Life of Reynell Taylor*. Towards the end of 1845, Taylor was wounded, one of the wounds proceeding from a blow that 'split his nose like a pea.' The doctor who attended him said, as if to himself: 'Dear me! this is too handsome a face to be scarred in this way. I must use fine needles instead of plaster.' Some twenty years later, a gentleman got into a railway carriage in England with Taylor, and began muttering: 'Well, I did make a capital job of that, certainly. Yes, I am sure it is the same nose.' It was the same doctor, still given to thinking aloud.

'Thinking with a pen' is very closely allied to thinking aloud. Lamartine was wont to scribble all over the margins of his proof-sheets; and De Quincey, to the great astonishment of the printers, covered some of his with diatribes against his liver, blue pill, and other mundane matters. The thoughts of both these authors—and of many others—seem, in short, to have trickled out of their pens just as they came uppermost. Whether this habit, so far as De Quincey is concerned, was due to his style of writing, or whether the style of writing was due to the habit, is a moot-point. But be this as it may, the great charm of the Opium-eater's writings is their rambling character—their unpremeditatedness. Take any one of his essays, and there will be found in it almost everything but what is suggested to the mind of the ordinary reader by its title. The essay on Shakespeare is a striking case in point. De Quincey seems to have taken a fact, strung on it a row of pearls, and only

returned for another fact when his fancies were exhausted.

Lord Dudley and Ward—to return to the mutterers—was greatly addicted to the habit of favouring all near him with his thoughts. We are told by Theodore Hook's biographer that his lordship considered it a bore to have anybody in the same railway carriage with him. On one occasion, when somebody jumped in alongside him, he muttered quite distinctly: 'What a bore! I ought to say something, I suppose. I had better ask him to dinner. I'll think about it.' Two other stories are told of this eccentric nobleman in Lord Albemarle's amusing work, *Fifty Years of my Life*. Lord Dudley was a frequent guest at the Pavilion. His knowledge of good living led him easily to detect a great falling-off in the royal cuisine since the decease of George IV. Sitting next King William one day, he exclaimed: 'What a change, to be sure—cold pâtés and hot champagne!'—The king and queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, once dined with Lord Dudley, who handed Her Royal Highness in to dinner. Scarcely seated, he began to soliloquise aloud. 'What bores these royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her, as I would with any other woman?' And in the same tone he continued: 'May I have the honour of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?' Towards the end of dinner he asked her again. 'With great pleasure, my lord,' she replied, smiling; 'but I have had one glass with you already.'—'And so she has!' was the muttered rejoinder.

THE STARS.

What are their years? The night's unfathomed deep
Rings back no answer, gives no glimmering key;
And still unknown, and beautiful, they keep
The silent courses of Eternity.

What are their memories of Creation's days,
When startled Chaos, from its kingdom hurled,
First knew its Master, and with glad amaze
They sang the birth-song of our trembling world?

What have they looked on since, with patient eyes,
While million years uncounted rolled away?
Who claims antiquity for man that dies,
Before such records of the Past as they?

Can they to man his mystery explain,
The why, the whence, of his uncertain state?
Unlock the riddle that he reads in vain,
And clear the tangled problem of his fate?

Can they a fashion to the future give,
And tell the whither of man's anxious quest?
Make life a less than weariness to live,
Or stay the hazard of his wild unrest?

Oh Stars! what midnight message do ye bear
To minds grown weary with the years' increase?
The wistful eyes that watch you shining there,
Look out of troubled hearts that know not peace.

LOUIS H. BRINDLEY.

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VALESCURE, THE NEW RIVIERA HEALTH-RESORT.

'Go and see Valescure before you leave the Riviera. My brother was there lately, and raves about the place.' Such was a message conveyed to us by letter when we were basking under the sunny skies and wandering amidst the fragrant lemon groves of that most charming of southern health-resorts, San Remo. The letter went on to say that Valescure was a newly-discovered pine-clad district, a little over two miles from the sea-coast town of St Raphael, in Provence, and that the air was as the very elixir of life to those suffering from diseases of the nervous or digestive systems.

'The very place for me,' I cried triumphantly to my companion. 'Let's start off at once, and bathe ourselves in the invigorating air of the Provençal pines.'

But my friend was not so headstrong, and suggested that my San Remo medical man should first be consulted.

'I think Valescure might suit you very well indeed,' said Dr F——, with his pleasant smile, when I mentioned the subject to him. 'The French doctors think highly of it; and I should be glad of your impressions of the place should you resolve to pay it a visit.'

A day or two later we started by a very early train to the westward so early, indeed, that when we arrived at the frontier station of Ventimiglia we discovered that we were the sole travellers possessed of baggage who were passing into France; but in spite of this coincidence our portmanteaus were treated with much consideration; and after the usual delay, we were soon again creeping along the glorious coast between Mentone and Nice, inhaling delicious draughts of the cool fragrant morning air, which came stealing over the gently-heaving bosom of the azure and classic Mediterranean Sea.

Four hours after having quitted San Remo, we reached St Raphael Station, and ensconced ourselves in the omnibus of the *Grand Hotel de*

Valescure, at which hostelry we had previously engaged rooms. Quitting the sea, we drove inland in the direction of the Estrelle Mountains, and after leaving the town, began to ascend by a gentle gradient amidst dwarf pine, and gnarled fantastic cork-trees, the undergrowth being principally composed of a wealth of giant heaths covered with bloom, which scented the air with a delicate perfume, mingled with which were innumerable cistus plants, their fairy-like white blossoms gleaming in the brilliant sunlight like pale dog-roses.

We arrived at the hotel—the garden of which is planted with eucalyptus trees, yellow flowering mimosas, and aloes—in time for *déjeuner*, and immediately after that important meal was despatched, we sallied out, bent on enthusiastic exploration, and plunged into the pine and cork forest close at hand, through which winding foot-paths lead in every possible direction amongst wild dales and picturesque valleys, around wooded hills, and up romantic gorges filled with the musical sound of brawling mountain streams rushing over timeworn boulders of limestone and porphyry.

To the imaginative and romantic traveller, a lover of poetry and nature, one who can at any rate for a time enjoy solitude and its quiet influences, Valescure is a veritable Paradise. The tourist of a gregarious disposition and without any soul in his composition, and who goes abroad for gaiety, bustle, and dissipation, had better take my advice, and give Valescure a wide berth. The great charm of the place is its invigorating yet balmy air, its romantic situation, and its facilities for the study of natural history, botany, and geology. To the man tired out in body and mind from the strain of overwork in some crowded city, with pale and anxious face, harassed eyes and weakened nerves, a fortnight's stay in the quiet of Valescure, living as much as possible in the clear balmy air, and taking regular exercise, ought to act as the most beneficent of tonics, and send him back to his work with redoubled vigour, thankful to beneficent Dame

Nature for what she has taught him and what she has done for him. It must be understood, however, that Valescure is not a *summer* resort. By the middle or end of May, the hotels and the villas are closed, not to be reopened till October comes round again.

The mountain-ranges visible from Valescure are not strikingly grand, but are interesting from an artistic point of view on account of the curious formation of some of the peaks which bound the view to the eastward, and whose fantastic porphyry rocks are thrown out in distinct serrated outlines against the deep blue of the Provençal sky. These heights form the western spurs of the well-known Estrelle Mountains; but Mont Vinaigre—so called from the acid wine made in the vicinity—the highest peak, only attains an elevation of something over two thousand feet. Then to the westward of Valescure the long range of the Maure Mountains stretches like a natural rampart from the snow-clad Alps right away down to where the creamy surf breaks in a line of white upon the tawny sands of the Mediterranean shore. This range is not jagged or broken in outline, and is consequently tame in comparison with the Estrelles; but it has the great advantage of piercing into the western sky; and at the witching hour of sunset, when the heavens are all aglow with warm tints of rosy and orange light, they assume the most lovely shades of purple like the bloom on a ripe plum; and all the ravines and pine-clad ridges which intersect each other are merged into one glorious whole under the aerial inwoven veil which Nature throws over the scene when the twilight shades begin to fall, when the forest trees stand out in clearly-cut darkened masses, and when the nightingales commence to pour out their rich deep-throated music, to which the Philistine frogs join their quaint and rousing chorus of unmelodious croaks.

Amongst the wild-flowers which are to be found in the Valescure woods may be named the wild thyme and lavender—the former growing to the size of heather—several varieties of cistus, giant heaths, delicately-scented yellow tulips and purple iris, the rare and exquisitely-tinted serapis, the bee-orchis, the lupine, two or three varieties of the everlasting pea, and the Star of Bethlehem. Ferns are rarely to be found. Near the streams we found the oleander, bay, myrtle, and purple lilac flourishing; and we believe the arbutus is not uncommon.

One of the most interesting excursions from Valescure is to the quaint old city of Frejus, two miles distant, which, though a seaport in the time of the Romans, is now situated about a mile from the sea, a fertile alluvial plain lying between, which is carefully tilled by an industrious peasantry. That Frejus was a place of considerable importance in the days when Rome held imperial power is abundantly evidenced by

the ruined aqueducts, walls, and theatres, which constitute the lions of the modern city, and are well worth a visit of some duration, the remains of the principal aqueduct being especially worthy of notice, rising conspicuously on the plain in the direction of the Estrelle Mountains, the massive arches being in some cases quite perfect, and defiant of the levelling and destructive hand of Time.

The quaint old irregular cathedral of Frejus, with its low parti-coloured spire, is also worth inspecting; but there is a charnel-house chilliness in the atmosphere of the interior which soon drives one shivering into the glorious sunshine of the piazza outside. The visitor should beware of the custodian who offers to show him the massively-carved doors at the principal entrance to the cathedral. These are kept religiously shrouded from view by outer doors of plain panelling, the fee for removing which is a franc for each door; but this little fact is not mentioned till one is quitting the edifice, which is merely a lapse of memory, no doubt!

The guardian of the Roman theatre was a retired Zouave of uncertain habits; and the peroration he endeavoured to impose upon us whilst standing in the deserted arena must have been quite unintelligible even to his quaint wizened little mongrel dog Mirabeau, that followed his master like a shadow, and must have listened to the same rambling speech many a time and oft.

'Il est ivre!' exclaimed our driver, eyeing the custodian angrily, as the latter accompanied us with lurching gestures back to our carriage.

'C'est possible,' we answered dryly, as we unwillingly dropped a coin into the old wretch's shaking palm, and desired the driver to take us to see the remains of the old city walls.

There is capital sea-bathing at the unpretentious little town of St Raphael, where the sands are firm and good. Here also good fish is caught, which is not by any means invariably the case at other seaside resorts on the Riviera coast. There are English services held on week-days and Sundays at St Raphael; but there is no English church of course as yet at Valescure. The carriage-road connecting the two places is a good one, but very winding, so as to avoid steep gradients, the distance being about two miles by this route. The pedestrian, however, will find himself much more favoured, and there are several pleasant short-cuts by no means difficult to find.

And while on the subject of pedestrianism, it would be as well to mention that stout boots are a *sine quâ non* for those who meditate taking walking expeditions, for the soil is naturally stony, and many of the paths through the forests are of the rudest description and destructive to shoe-leather. It is only those who walk, however, who can thoroughly appreciate Valescure and all its wonderful natural beauties. The lover of mountain-climbing can with great ease scale Mont Vinaigre, from which a widespread panoramic view of the snow-clad Alps, the beautiful country in the neighbourhood of Cannes, the range of the Maure Mountains, and the great blue stretch of the Mediterranean can be obtained.

Valescure suffers somewhat from wind at times ; but, as a rule, the climate is extremely pleasant, and mildly restorative and invigorating, the air being, as we have mentioned before, fragrant with the breath of aromatic pines, eucalypti, and wild-flowers and herbs. At the same time no one suffering in health should pay the place a visit without medical advice.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXVI.—I KEEP A LOOKOUT.

I SLIPPED half-way down the little companion ladder to take a peep at Miss Temple, and on observing her to be resting quietly, I returned, and after lighting my pipe anew, stepped over to Mr Lush, who was employed in cutting off a piece of tobacco from a black cake to serve him as a quid.

'It is not often hereabouts,' said I, by way of starting a conversation, 'that one has a sky like that all day long overhanging one's mast-heads.'

'No,' said he ; 'but it's better than the roasting sun ;' and he opened his large mouth to receive the cube of tobacco into the hollow of his cheek, whilst he eyed the sky askant, as though in recognition of it as a subject of talk.

'Did you fall in with the smother that ended in the lady and I being stranded aboard the wreck ?' I inquired.

'No ; there's been ne'er a smother with us.'

'The death of Mr Chicken,' said I, 'must have been a blow, seeing that the barque carried but a couple of mates.'

'How many mates do a ship of this size want ?' said he, without looking at me and slowly masticating.

'Well, she has only one now, anyway,' said I.

'No ; she ain't got even one,' he exclaimed, with the manner of an ill-tempered man who only listens for the sake of contradiction and argument.

'Are not *you* second mate ?' I asked.

'Not I,' he replied with a gruff laugh. 'They calls me second mate, and I keeps watch and watch with the cap'n as if I *was* second mate ; but what I'm signed for is carpenter, and carpenter I be, and there's nothen more to be made out of me than that, and I don't care who hears me say it.'

He drew to the rail by a step and expectorated violently over it. I was too anxious for information about this little ship and her crew to suffer my curiosity to be hindered by the man's rough, coarse, ill-natured speech and demeanour.

'I was wondering where you took your meals ?' said I. 'I now understand. You live forward ?' He gave me a surly nod. 'But not in the fore-castle ?'

'Where else ? Ain't the fok'sle good enough for me ?'

'But does not association of that sort weaken your control over the men ?'

'I've got no control, and don't want none. The men 'll run if I sing out. And what more's to be expected of sailors ?'

'It seems queer, though,' said I, 'since you

undertake the work of a second mate, that you shouldn't live aft. It must have been lonely eating for the skipper after Mr Chicken died ?'

'I did live aft afore Mr Chicken died,' he exclaimed, biting his tobacco with temper, whilst his weather-stained face gathered a new shade of dusksiness to the mounting of the blood into his head ; 'and then when the cap'n and me comes to be alone, he turns to and finds out that I ain't choice enough to sit down with—says I ain't got the art of perlite eatin', calls me a hog to my face, and tells me that my snout's for the mess kid and not for knives and forks and crockery. Hum ?' He turned his face to the rail and spat again, and looked at me with an expression of anger, but checked himself with violence, and plunged his hands into his breeches' pockets with an irritable motion of his whole frame.

I considered that enough had been said ; and though I had gained but little information, it was at least made clear to me that there was no love lost between Captain Braine and Mr Lush. But further conversation would have been rendered impossible in any case, for just then a man struck eight bells on the main-deck, and a minute or two later the wheel was relieved, the captain arrived, and the carpenter went forward in a round-backed sulky walk, his legs bowed, his muscular arms hanging up and down without a swing, each bunch of his fingers curled like fish-hooks.

I had talked enough, and was weary of standing and walking ; so, when I spied the skipper, I slipped off the poop and seated myself on a bench abreast of my sleeping companion, where I remained for half an hour, often gazing at her, my mind very busy with a hundred thoughts, foremost amongst which was the shuddering recollection of our late experiences and narrow escape, and deep thankfulness to God for His merciful preservation of us. The entrance of the captain's servant—a young fellow named Wilkins, to be hereafter so called : a memorable figure in this startlingly eventful passage of my life which I am endeavouring to relate : a veal-faced, red-headed, shambling fellow of some two-and-twenty years, with white eyebrows and lashes and a dim blue eye—the entrance, I say, of this man with a tray of tea-things aroused Miss Temple, who, after a brief bewildered stare at me, smiled, and sat upright.

'There is always something new now,' she exclaimed, 'to look at when I open my eyes after sleeping. Yesterday, it was the wreck ; to-day, it is this ship. What will it be to-morrow ? Is there anything in sight, Mr Dugdale ?'

'There was nothing when I left the deck half an hour ago,' said I.

She had awakened with a slight flush of sleep in her face that greatly enriched her eyes ; but the delicate glow quickly faded ; she was speedily colourless as alabaster. She smoothed her hair and put on her hat, that she had removed when she lay down.

'It is strange,' she exclaimed in a low voice, 'I should not seem able to endure feeling that I am not in a condition to instantly leave this vessel. It was so with me in the wreck. Even without my hat, I feel unready ; and then, again, there is the sense of not being exactly as I was when I left the *Countess Ida*.'

The captain called through the skylight : 'Wilkins, bring me some tea and a biscuit up here.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Pray,' said I, 'when and where does the captain dine?'

'I took his dinner to his cabin,' responded the young fellow; 'he mostly eats there. But now you're here, I allow he'll be a-joining of you.'

'This is no meal for you, Miss Temple,' said I, with a glance at the old teapot and the small plate of biscuits which furnished out the repast. 'No milk—brown sugar—no butter, of course!'

'Wilkins grinned whilst he poured out some tea into a cup.—'You've had nothing to eat since we first came aboard.'

'I want nothing,' she answered.

'Well, then, I do,' said I. 'Captain Braine is quite right. Shipwreck doesn't impair the appetite.'

'There'll be supper at seven, sir,' said Wilkins.

'And what do you call supper?' I inquired.

'Why,' answered the fellow, 'there'll be the beef ye had this morning, piccadillis, bottled stout, biscuit after this here pattern, and cold currant dumplings.'

He then went up the companion steps with some biscuit and tea for the captain. I laughed out.

'Not so good as the Indianman's dinner-table, Miss Temple, but better than the hull's entertainment by a long chalk. We must wait till supper's served. Meanwhile, I'll blunt my appetite on a biscuit. Will you give me a cup of tea?'

It was genuine fore-castle liquor, such as might have been boiled in a copper, of the hue of ink, and full of fragments of stalk. However, the mere looking at it was something to do, and we sat toying with our cups, making-pretend, as it were, to be drinking tea and talking.

'I wonder,' I exclaimed in the course of our conversation, 'whether the cutter was picked up by one of the ships? If she lost both of them, will she have lived in the weather that followed? Anyway, the corvette is certain to make a long hunt for her, with the hope also of falling in with the Indianman, for Sir Edward will think it possible that Keeling has his men aboard, and will want to make sure. I fear this business of the cutter may have led to such manœuvring on the part of the two ships as must render our falling-in with one or the other of them very unlikely.'

'Oh, why do you say that?' she cried.

'It is but a surmise,' said I; 'anyhow, I heartily hope the cutter has been picked up, if only for Colledge's sake. The sudden loss of the lieutenant will have dreadfully scared him.'

'I earnestly wish that Mr Colledge may have been saved,' said she with a faint glitter of tender in her gaze; 'but I could wish ten times more earnestly that he had never been born, or that he had sailed in any other ship than the *Countess Ida*; for then I should not be here.'

'Your aunt endeavoured to dissuade you.'

'She did; and I am rightly served for not obeying her.'

'You are very high-spirited, Miss Temple; it is your nature, and you cannot help yourself. You are a young lady to insist upon having your own way, and you always get it.'

'Mr Dugdale, you are too young to lecture me.' 'How old do you think I am?' said I.

'Oh, about six-and-twenty,' she answered with a slight inquiring run of her eyes over me that recalled her manner in the Indianman.

'Well, if I am,' said I, 'it is a good solid age to achieve. There is room for enough experiences in six-and-twenty years to enable a young man to utter several very truthful observations to high-spirited young ladies who insist upon having their way, and then quarrel with everybody because their way is not exactly the road they wish to tread.'

She slightly knitted her fair brows and looked at me fixedly.

'Mr Dugdale,' said she, 'you would not have dared to talk to me like this on board the *Countess Ida*.'

'I was afraid of you there.'

'You respected me there, you mean, and now—because'—— She came to a stop, with a little quivering at the extremities of her mouth.

'I am no longer afraid of you, or, rather, I no longer respect you because you happen to be in this particular situation, which needs no explanation whatever: that is, I believe, what you wish to say. But you misjudge me indeed. I was afraid of you on board the Indianman, but I did not respect you; nay, my aversion was as cordial as could be possibly imagined in a man who thought you then, as he thinks you still, the handsomest woman he has ever seen in his life, or could ever have dreamt of. But that aversion is passing,' I continued, watching with delight her marvellous gaze of astonishment and the warm flush that had overspread her face. 'I am discovering that much of what excited my dislike and regret aboard the Indianman is artificial, an insincerity in your own behaviour. This afternoon, whilst you slept, I sat near you for half an hour, gazing at you. All expression of haughtiness had faded from your mouth: your countenance wore an air of exquisite placidity, of gentle kindness, of tender good nature. In short, Miss Temple, I saw you as you are, as your good angel knows you to be, as you have it in your power to appear.' I sprang to my feet. 'How shall we kill the blessed hours that he before us? Only think, it is barely five o'clock.'

She gazed at me with an amazement that seemed to render her speechless; her face was on fire, and her throat blushed to where the collar of her dress circled it. 'It will not do,' I continued, 'to attempt to murder time by talking, or it will come to your killing me instead of the hours. I'll go and overhaul the late Mr Chicken's bedroom, or rather his effects. There may be something to interest. Even the mouldiest backgammon board would be worth a million;' and I made for the little hatch that conducted to our sleeping berths, leaving her motionless at the table.

Come, thought I, as I dropped into the 'tween-decks, a short spell of loneliness will do you good, my haughty beauty, by making you realise how it would be with you were you actually alone. This is the first of the homely thrusts I have been preparing for you, and I will not spare you less as I grow to love you more, taking my chance of your abhorring me, though it may not come to that either.

I peeped into the berth that had been prepared for her, and found all the odds and ends which had encumbered it gone; there was a clean mattress on the bunk, and on top of it an old but comely rug and a couple of shawls; a small looking-glass dangled near the port-hole. But what an interior for this delicately nurtured, high and mighty young lady of quality to lie in! No carpet, no chest of drawers, nothing beyond the looking-glass and a tin dish for washing in; in short, a mere marine cell, as like as might be to any little whitewashed room with grated window ashore in which a policeman would lock up a pickpocket!

I entered my own berth. The boatswain's and sailmaker's stores were not here, and I found a 'clean hold,' as a sailor might say. In fact, all Chicken's traps being about, caused the berth to present a much more hospitable aspect than the adjacent one offered. I examined the books, but found most of them to consist of religious literature, as the captain had said, and the rest of them works on the nautical life. Though it was hard to reconcile a fancy of cards with the late Mr Chicken's character as portrayed by the skipper, I yet looked into a couple of chests in the hope of meeting with a pack; but neither cards nor any species of object calculated to divert did I come across; and growing weary of hunting, I returned to the cuddy.

I perceived or imagined an air of reproach in Miss Temple; but she had mastered her temper and astonishment.

'There is nothing belonging to the late Mr Chicken to entertain us,' said I.

'It surely does not signify, Mr Dugdale. Do you suppose that I have the heart to play at cards or chess?—Is not there more wind than there was? I will ask you to take me on deck. Something may be in sight, and it will not be dark for some time yet.'

I gave her my hand, and helped her up the little ladder. There was more wind, as she had said; and the skysails had been tumbled and a studding-sail or two hauled down, and the little barque, with her yards almost square, was sweeping swiftly over the smooth waters, slightly heeling from side to side as she went. The foam in yeasty bubbles and soft cream-hued clouds went spinning and writhing from her bows into her wake, that ran like a path of coral sand over the darkling waters, now complexioned into lividness by the gloomy plain of vaporous sky. The crew were on the fore-castle—it was well into the first dog-watch—lounging, sitting, vamping, and smoking. Amidst them I noticed Mr Lash, leaning against the rail with a short sooty pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which was inverted. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he reclined with his arms folded upon his breast, apparently listening, in that dogged posture, to one of the sailors, who was reciting something with outstretched arm and a long forefinger, with which he seemed to be figuring diagrams upon the air. Upon the slope of the starboard cathead, coming into the deck, sat my friend Joe Wetherly, with a pair of thick-rimmed spectacles on his nose; he pored on a book with moving lips, from which he would expel at intervals great clouds of smoke through a pipe betwixt his teeth. So small was the barque, so seemingly close at hand the fore-

castle to the break of the poop, that even such minute details as these were perfectly visible to me.

Captain Braine stood near the wheel. He continuously stared at us, but did not shift his attitude nor offer to address us. I swept the sea-line, but to no purpose.

'How sickeningly wearisome has that bare horizon grown to me!' exclaimed Miss Temple, with a shuddering sigh; 'it has just the sort of monotony that would speedily drive me crazy, I am sure; not the wearisomeness of four walls, nor the tiresomeness of a single eternal glimpse of unchanging country to be had through a window; no! there is a mockery in it which you do not find in the most insipid, colourless scene on land. It is not, and still it always is, the same. It recedes to your pursuit, yet it is unalterable, and how cruelly barren is it of suggestions.'

'Yet a sight of the Indianman,' said I, 'should develop whatever of the picturesque may be hidden in that tiresome griddle.'

'Ah, yes!' she answered; 'but we are now running away from our chances. How swiftly this boat sails! If the Indianman is behind us, we shall see no more of her.'

'Do not let us depress each other with talk of this kind,' said I; 'let me give you my arm, and we will stroll a little.'

We had been on deck about twenty minutes, when the captain, who had continued to steadfastly gaze at us in a most extraordinary ruminating way, crossed the deck.

'Pray, sir,' said he, 'could I trust you to keep a lookout for me if I went below for a short spell?'

'I will do so with pleasure.'

'D'ye know what orders to give, if anything requiring orders should happen?'

'Why,' said I, smiling, 'there are a good many orders going at sea, you know, captain. Figure a situation, and I will see if I can recollect the routine.'

He stared at me musingly with his dead black eyes, and then said: 'Well, suppose the breeze freshens with a dark look to windward, and I'm below and asleep, and have left ye no instructions; what would you do?'

'Call you,' said I.

'And quite right too,' he cried, with a vehement nod of approval, and a glance at Miss Temple, as if he would have her participate in his satisfaction. 'But put me out of the question, and allow that you've got to act for yourself.'

'Why, Captain Braine,' I exclaimed, 'though my time at sea was brief, I am no longshoreman. Such a question as yours means merely the first letter in the marine alphabet.'

'I ain't so sure of that,' said he, with his fixed regard.

'I admit,' continued I, 'that I have never been shipmate with a fore-and-aft rigged mizzennmast; but if it's merely a question of shortening sail, why, what else under the moon is to be done than to take in your studdingsails and clew up your royals and haul down your flying jib, and then let go your foretopgallant halliards, and haul down your light staysails?'—and so I rambled on, winding up with, 'I am leaving your after-canvas untouched, because it is already

in, you see; whilst as to your jibs and staysails, I assume of course that they are set.'

He lifted his hand. 'Thank'ee,' said he; 'I shan't be long;' and down he went.

'You will surely believe now that he is mad!'

Miss Temple with anxiety, but softly, for her fellow at the wheel stood near, and I had seen a grin crumple up his features to the skipper's question.

'He may want me to serve him as a mate,' said I, laughing.

'You will do nothing of the kind, I hope,' she exclaimed as we fell to pacing the deck afresh.

'I will do anything that may help me to see you safe,' said I.

'But cannot you perceive, Mr Dugdale, that if he believes you fit to serve him as a mate, as you call it, he may prevent you from leaving his ship by declining to communicate with passing vessels?'

'That is true,' said I.

'I am certain,' she cried, squeezing my arm in the energy of her emotion, 'that he has some design in his mind to make you serve him. Why should he have teased you when we came, poor miserable creatures! fresh from the wreck, with inquiries about your knowledge of navigation? Oh, beware of him! He may not be quite mad, but he may be as wicked as the worst of his men.'

'We must wait,' said I, for her conjectures were quite reasonable enough to prove disturbing. 'But after all,' I cried, brightening up to the new idea that possessed me, 'if we are to sail to the Mauritius with him'—

'No!' she exclaimed; 'that is not to be dreamt of.'

'Yet listen, I entreat you. If it is our uncomfortable doom to remain in this barque until she reaches her port, I do not know but that the captain would be very honestly in the right in expecting me to work my passage—that is to say, to help him by keeping a lookout, and by serving him in other ways which may be possible to me.'

'Do not dream of sailing to the Mauritius!' she cried impetuously; 'we must either soon meet with the Indianman or return home.'

I could not forbear a smile at her imperious *we*, as though whatever she did I must do.

'Ay, that is what we want,' I exclaimed; 'but then if we don't fall in with the Indianman nor with a vessel homeward bound'—

'Absurd! Dozens of ships are to be met with every day sailing home to England from some part or other of the world. The idea of remaining in this vessel is not to be entertained for an instant. It would be intolerable enough for me even to make the comparatively short passage home, destitute as I am of everything; but to leisurely proceed *all* the way to the Mauritius!—Oh, be very careful, Mr Dugdale! I beg you not to know anything at all about navigation and the duties of a sailor.'

'I can't do that,' I answered; 'I have loaded my gun and must stick to it; but I promise you I will put no more shot in it.'

She eyed me with great impatience and warmth, as though provoked by my answer; but she held her peace, and presently our conversation went to other matters.

Shortly before six o'clock the sky cleared somewhat to windward. The wide pall of lenden cloud lifted there, as though it were some huge carpet a corner of which was being rolled up, and there looked to flow a very lagoon of pure blue ether, moist and rich with the evening shadow, into the space betwixt the rim of the sea and the edge of the cloud. A clearer, more penetrating light broadened out; and going to the companion-hatch, I took the telescope that lay in brackets there and carefully searched the horizon. But the sea washed bare to the sky on all sides.

I did not observe that the men gathered together on the fore-castle seemed to notice the captain's absence, though I expected they would come to stare a bit when the fellow who stood at the wheel should go forward and tell them that I had been acting as mate of the watch. For my part this queer duty coming upon me made the whole experience more wild and improbable to my imagination than had been any other feature of it since we quitted the Indianman. Never was there such a forcing of adventures, as it were, upon a man. It was like dreaming to reflect that a little time ago I was a passenger, an easy-going, smoking, drinking, chess-playing, young fellow, without a care, with plenty of clothes and money enough in my cabin, and that now I was a half-starved, shipwrecked wretch, without the value of a straw in the shape of possessions, outside of what I stood up in and had in my pockets, keeping a lookout as though, faith, I was some poor, struggling, hungry second mate, newly enlarged from an odious term of apprenticeship! like dreaming, I say, to think that a little time ago the young lady by my side was a reserved, disdainful creature, with scarcely a word betwixt her lips to throw at me, and that now she could not speak of her future without making me a sharer in it, that she could not see enough of me, nor have my arm too close for her hand; whilst in point of destitution she, the most richly clad of the Indianman's lady passengers, she, who had seemed to me to appear in a new dress nearly every day, was out and away more beggarly than I; for so far as I was concerned there was always the barque's slop-chest to come upon; or, failing that, there would be jackets and breeches and 'housewives' enough forward to serve my turn if the push grew severe; whereas Miss Temple was as badly off as if she had been cast away upon a desert island!

(To be continued.)

SLAVE-CRUIISING IN THE RED SEA.

IN May 18— there was only one gun-vessel stationed at Aden, and on account of the disturbed condition of our positions on the Somali coast, the Political Resident could not allow her to be absent from Aden for more than a day or two at a time. The captain therefore determined to detach the ship's steam-cutter and a small gig for the purpose of watching for slave dhows. This cutter is twenty-five feet in length, and steams about eight knots an hour in smooth water. Her crew consisted of nine persons besides myself—namely, the coxswain, leading-stoker, stoker, and interpreter, armed with cutlasses and pistols; and five seamen armed with rifles. As may be imagined from the size of the boat, the

accommodation for this number is not very good the engine and boiler taking up one-third of the space, and the coal and provisions occupying quite another third.

As the ship could not be spared, the boats had to do their best, and officers and men to put up with the inevitable discomforts of boat-cruising. We had heard that several caravans of slaves had arrived at the coast in the Gulf of Tajurah, and that dhows were being sent there for the purpose of embarking them; the captain, therefore, determined to watch the entrance of the gulf, and to establish a depôt of coal, water, and provisions at Efat, which is a small uninhabited island about twelve miles north of Zeilah, and about thirty miles south of Ras al Bir, the northern point of the gulf.

The dhows are said to keep close in to the northern shore of the gulf, and generally to time their departure so as to round Ras al Bir about daylight. I was therefore ordered to leave my depôt at night and get past Ras al Bir before daylight, when I was to be close under the land, ready to steam out and cut off any dhows that should attempt to come out of the gulf. The great difficulty that we anticipated was caused by the proximity of the French settlement of Obokh, which is about four miles to the westward of Ras al Bir. The Arabs know well that we are not allowed to search a vessel flying the French flag when in sight of a French settlement, and that they have nothing to fear in Obokh but a nominal fine if they fly it without legal right to do so. Accordingly, on the 29th of May I was sent away in charge of the two boats above mentioned.

As soon as the necessary stores of coal, water, and provisions were landed, the ship left for Aden, and I proceeded in the steam-cutter in chase of two dhows that were in sight to the southward. They proved to be only harmless traders, and we returned to the island to get the provisions, &c., under cover before commencing work. Our first task was to bury our water, the supply of which is one of the most difficult problems to be solved by an officer in charge of boats on detached service, as only thirty-six gallons can be carried in the boat's *barriques*. Ship-biscuit is now supplied by the victualling yards in large square tins, which hold ten gallons of water each, and our ship's steward had been saving all of these tins for some weeks. They were carefully opened; and when emptied of their legitimate contents, the lids were soldered on again and a small bungle cut in one corner; twenty of these buried in the sand made us safe against scarcity of water so long as we could depend upon keeping near our depôt. The provisions were placed on the top of this tank, and a tent was improvised from a spare lower studding-sail.

The weather looked very threatening when we started, with heavy clouds and nitch vivid lightning, and soon after we left, a considerable sea got up with a light northerly wind. The boat steamed very badly, owing partly to the heavy spray and occasional green seas keeping the fire low, and partly to the water washing about in the boat and cooling the bottom of the boiler. Consequently, we were unable to reach Ras al Bir before daylight, and as no dhows were in sight,

we returned to the depôt. No suspicious vessels were sighted until the 3d of June, when the ship, having replenished our store of coal and water at the depôt, picked us up off Ras al Bir shortly after noon. The boats were hoisted, and the ship steamed away in the direction of Aden. When well out of sight of land, they were again lowered; the ship went on her way, and we steamed back to Ras al Bir and anchored close inshore till daylight the next morning. We then observed two dhows coming out of the gulf, and at once gave chase. The nearest one promptly altered course and stood in for Obokh before a light fair breeze; and at eight o'clock we had the mortification of seeing her hoist French colours about two miles from the town and full in sight of the flagstaff on shore. Though convinced that she was full of slaves, we were compelled to leave her and go after the other dhow, which of course proved to be an innocent trader. After boarding her, we returned to the depôt.

At four p.m. I was awakened by the interpreter shouting that a dhow was coming round the point; and, jumping into the gig, I boarded her, and found six small boys stowed away below, none of whom could speak any language known to our interpreter, who speaks all the coast languages in vogue between Suez and Socotra. So I decided to take the dhow to Zeilah, and see if the Resident there would take charge of the dhow while I went up to Perim and telegraphed to the ship.

Never having been to Zeilah before, I made the captain of the dhow navigate her through the reefs; and, either by accident or design, he managed to put her on top of the weather-side of one of these. It was blowing rather stiff by that time, and he either was or pretended to be very much frightened, and he and his crew at once went on their knees and began to pray. I had some difficulty in persuading them of the desirability of postponing their devotions until the dhow was again afloat; but the muzzle of a pistol touching the captain's forehead had the desired effect; and the gig having laid out the dhow's anchor in deeper water, we got her safely afloat after three hours' hard kedging, and anchored for the night about a mile and a half from the town.

At daylight next morning I landed and called on the Resident, who at once sent off for the slaves and the captain and crew of the dhow, and examined them in his court. The captain stated that he was a pearl-fisher, and that these boys had been handed over to him by their parents—who lived at a place called Fursan, on the Arabian coast—to learn the trade. He said that they were all Arabs, and had been born at Fursan. When the boys themselves were examined, I found that I ought to have kept them apart from the crew on the passage down. They were asked several questions, and answered them all in Arabic, though the night before they had not been able to speak a word of it. The answers were of course in most cases merely yes or no, and the questions were put in Arabic, the boys evidently taking their cue from a little fellow who proved to be the son of the captain.

I got this boy removed after asking each of them where they came from, to which they had all answered 'Fursan.' I then made the interpreter ask one of them—a child of about eight—how

married, how old his youngest son was, and other absurd questions, to which he answered 'Fursan.' It was then that the servant who was with him, and who had been in the preceding year, and who had been finished, this time, and then he found that he spoke their own language, and he came back with him into court saying that they had said before was only what they had been told to say; that they had really only been in the dhow for a few days, having been taken on board after a long march in company with many other children of their country, who had been taken from their villages by a lot of men who killed every one who tried to resist them.

The Resident had no power to try the case; but after satisfying himself that there was reasonable cause for detaining the dhow, he agreed to keep her, her crew, and the slaves until I could communicate with the ship at Aden. The dhow was afterwards taken to Aden and condemned in the Prize Court, the slaves all finding situations as domestic servants without any difficulty. Two of them were engaged as servants by the officers of the man-of-war, and very soon became most useful members of society.

On the 3d July we left Perim for Roheita, having news that there was a caravan of slaves there, and that they intended to embark that night. There was a fresh west-north-westerly wind with a heavy confused sea, but I hoped it would go down before morning. The boat steamed very badly, the steam frequently dropping as low as ten pounds. About one A.M. the wind began to freshen, and shortly afterwards a green sea came over us, filling the boat and washing the fire out; so we made sail to return to Perim.

Nothing worthy of record occurred until the 13th, when we again left Perim, and steamed up the Arabian coast, anchoring from ten at night till four next morning off a place called Dubab. At daylight we sighted three dhows at anchor off Kadhar, twelve miles to the northward of Dubab, and at nine o'clock boarded the nearest one, which proved to be empty, though it was evident that she had lately been carrying slaves. They had probably been landed while we were steaming up the coast. As we got near the next dhow, we saw two canoes pulling from her to the shore, full of boys. We fired across their bows, to stop them. There were two vessels anchored together about three hundred yards from the beach, and inside the line of coral reefs which fringes the coast. Our shot across the bows of the canoe was replied to by several shots from the shore, where a large number of people were collecting, and a few seconds after they had fired, we grounded on the reef and swung broadside on to the shore. The Arabs on the beach at once launched four large canoes which commenced pulling toward us under cover of a fire from the shore; the men in the canoes also kept up an irregular fire from muskets as they advanced; but two or three volleys from our five rifles were enough for them, and they returned to the beach.

Meanwhile, we had made lines fast to our coal-bags and thrown them overboard, to lighten the

boat; and by dint of going astern with the engines, and poling with the oars and mast, we got the boat afloat; and having hoisted our coal-bags in again, we proceeded to board the two dhows; our

the dhow was empty-handed. The firing of the natives was very wild, and nothing but our awning was hit by their shots; we heard afterwards that six of them had fallen to our return fire.

On the 31st of August we left at one P.M., hoping to reach Kadhar again before daylight on the following morning. After boarding two dhows in the narrow strait, we proceeded in chase of a third which was beating up the coast to the northward. At four o'clock one of the coupling-bolts of the feed-pump broke, and the boiler began to prime badly, emptying itself in a few minutes, so that we had to draw the fire and make sail to return to Perim. The sea was not very heavy; but the wind was cutting off the heads of the waves and sending them over us in sheets, and it was all that all hands could do with constant baling to keep the water down. It seemed as if there was nothing for it but to run for Aden; and as the distance was one hundred and twenty miles, and there were some very dangerous shoals right in our course, the prospect was not a pleasant one. We happened to have some steel wire in the boat, and with it the leading stoker most skillfully managed to lash together the parts of the feed-pump, and at eight P.M. we were again able to commence steaming. The nearest point of land was just two miles distant, and we shaped course for it. The wire-lashing held on in a wonderful way; but part after part of it sheered, and it seemed impossible that we could reach anchorage before we again broke down; happily, the leading stoker bethought him of his small hand-vice, and with it he actually held the parts of the pump together for at least half an hour, till we were able to drop our anchor in six fathoms of water, and ride out the rest of the gale.

By daylight the wind had gone down, and by dint of more wire, the engines were made good enough to take us back to Perim, from which we were only six miles distant.

Since our headquarters have been at Perim, we have frequently noticed a line of small canoes between Roheita and Perim. They seem to be always there when the weather is at all fine, and stretch right across, with intervals of about a mile between each. As soon as the steam-cutter goes outside, the nearest one invariably moves to the westward, and I have no doubt that they have a system of signalling by winking.

In Roheita an hour after the way. As we know that there is a caravan of slaves in Roheita for some weeks, we have been trying all we know to get out and up the coast without being seen by these canoes, but so far without success.

On the 2d of August the screw-steamer *Pembroke* came in for coal, and I asked Captain Williams (the commander) if he would tow the boat a few miles up the coast. He offered to

hoist the boat at his davits, an offer which of course I eagerly accepted; and he dropped us off Mocha, having kept the boat covered meanwhile, so that if we passed any canoes they would not be able to see what she was. After that I saw no more of her. The night before in the dhow we had met, I saw her again. She was in distress, and out of food and water. We had given her some biscuit and a few gallons of water, and they now repaid us by pointing out two dhows standing for the shore, which they said were full of slaves. Their captain told me that he had himself been engaged in carrying slaves the year before, and that his dhow had been captured by a man-of-war and broken up and his slaves liberated. He had tried hard to escape, and had not lowered his sail till his son and several of his crew were shot, and was quite tired of all wish to run similar cargoes in future, and willing to give any information which might lead to the capture of other slave dhows. All this he had told me on the first occasion we had met; and after quickly satisfying myself that there were no slaves in his own dhow on this occasion, we proceeded to cut off the other two.

There was a light north-westerly wind blowing, and they were closing the shore pretty rapidly, so there was no time to be lost. As soon as we got within range of the nearest dhow, we began firing rifles across her bows, but with no effect; and we were compelled to fire at the dhow herself, keeping the fire high, however, for fear of injuring any of the slaves. By nine o'clock we were near enough to haul her and to show that we had them well covered with our rifles. They lowered their sail, and the crew at once jumped overboard with some of the slaves. As they were too far from the shore for the latter to get there, we had to pick them up, and so lost time, which enabled the other dhow to get well in-shore. As soon, however, as they were all in safety, I left a petty officer and three men to look after the captured dhow, and gave chase to the other, now some three miles ahead and close to the shore. She was run on the beach, and I had the mortification of seeing the slaves landed and taken up inland before I could reach the dhow. The slaves—apparently about forty in number—were left in charge of two or three of the dhow's crew, and the remainder of the crew came back and took shelter behind some bushes about three hundred yards from the beach, whence they commenced firing at us as soon as we came within range, our two remaining seamen returning their fire as best they could. We found her nearly high and dry, with her anchors laid out well up the beach; but our little cutter soon had her adrift again, the stokers and interpreter securing the tow-rope, while the two seamen returned the fire of the natives.

Half an hour's towing brought us alongside our first prize, which was found to contain thirty slaves, all children, and eleven of them girls. I divided her crew between the two dhows, and putting four of our men on board each of them, we proceeded in company for Perim. On the way down, a small boy was

discovered on board the second dhow, stowed himself away, and taken on shore by him. We were then from him we learnt that the cutter—had broken down, and was unable to go out. There were forty-five children in the dhow with him, and thirty in the other one. They had been put on board dhows at Roheita several times before, but had each time heard that the 'steam-devil' was out, and had put back. The captain of the dhow he was in had told the other dhow to make the slaves jump overboard, so as to delay us and give him time to run on shore.

All the children were in a shocking condition; but we made them as comfortable as we could for the night, and separated them from the crew of the dhow, and the next day the ship arrived and took them on board, when all their troubles were over, except in the case of one poor little girl, who was reduced to such a condition that she died shortly after arriving at the hospital. Good fare and kind treatment soon made the rest fat and happy as children ought to be, and they were easily provided with situations as *punkah wallahs* to some of the European residents in Aden. The dhows were towed to Aden and condemned to be broken up as usual; but the captain prevailed upon the Court to allow one of them to be lent to the ship for a time, to be used for the further prosecution of our crusade against the trade she had been engaged in.

Armed with a Gatling gun and manned by a crew of English blue-jackets, while her rig and appearance remained unchanged, we had great hopes that she would add considerably to our list of prizes. But whether it was that the Arabs recognised her, or that our men were inexperienced at handling a vessel with a rig they were unaccustomed to, or that she was betrayed by the fact that she was always hanging about in places where she could not have been engaged in fishing, she never succeeded in taking a single slaver; and at the end of the pilgrim season she was recalled to Aden and handed over to the Prize Court to be broken up.

GAMMIDGE'S GHOST.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

THE housekeeper led the way up a long flight of stairs, down two or three great corridors, all sounding empty and hollow, to a door which, being opened, disclosed a bright fire in a pretty room. A bedroom opened off through another door.

'Does any one sleep near this room?' I asked as Mrs Johnson turned to go. I was somehow struck with a sudden sense of loneliness.

'Well, not very near,' she began.

'Oh, it doesn't matter at all. It looks very comfortable, and I'm not nervous, so I shall be all right.'

'These are Captain Penrose's rooms. I put you in them, thinking you would be comfortable.'

'Very good of you, Mrs Johnson. Oh, I shall be all right.'

'I don't know whether you smoke, sir,' she said; 'but if you do, there are some cigars of the Captain's in that little cupboard by the fire which I am sure will be good. And so I'll say good-night; and if you should happen to want anything, you'll please to ring.'

'Yes; thank you. I shall not want anything — Good-night, Mrs Johnson.'

As soon as I heard her last heavy foot-step die away at the end of the long corridor, I locked the door; then I took one of the candles and went into the bedroom, which, as I have said, opened into the sitting-room. I now found that it also had a door opening into the corridor, so I locked that, and then had a look round. The bedroom, like the sitting-room, was old-fashioned as regards furniture and appearance. The walls were hung with some sort of tapestry stuff of peculiar pattern. I swung this aside here and there, and found the walls to be panelled in very black oak, the panelling reaching up to the ceiling. The bed, a huge four-poster affair, was also tapestried, and looked solemn enough to lay a king out in. I went back to the sitting-room and examined that. It was hardly so funereal as the bedroom: there was no tapestry; but it, too, was panelled in dark oak. There were no pictures, two or three books of somewhat heavy material, no newspapers; nothing to while an hour away before retiring.

'The Captain doesn't have very lively quarters down here,' I said to myself. 'However, I'll see if I can't find his cigars.'

I looked for the cupboard which Mrs Johnson had spoken of, and found it at last in the oak panelling by the side of the fireplace. Inside reposed two or three boxes of cigars, which smelt particularly fine; and above the boxes lay a couple of novels, which I seized on eagerly. I looked at all three boxes before choosing a cigar. You see, I didn't often smoke cigars in those days, and one gains a lot of pleasure in dallying with rare delights. I looked at them all, and smelt them with the air of a judge, and finally I lighted one, and made myself comfortable in an easy-chair with one of the novels in my hand. You may guess I felt quite luxurious, and blessed the chance which had brought me to such grand quarters. If only Alicia had been nearer, I should have been perfectly happy.

So an hour passed away. The cigar was splendid, the novel was but so so. I have not read many novels in my life, and when I do read, then I like them strong, that is to say, sensational. This novel was not very sensational, and at the end of an hour it ceased to chain my attention; so I lighted another cigar and began to think of Alicia. What was she doing? Asleep, probably. Then, was she dreaming of me? Was she dreaming of that little house which we were to take at Clapham when I had saved some money and she was twenty-one, and where we were to be as happy as the day is long? Dear Alicia! What an angel she was, and how — When I had got as far

as that, a great clock somewhere about the Abbey began to strike the hour of twelve.

Now, I have said already that I am not nervous. I was not nervous then, but that clock made me jump. It had a deep sepulchral sound which reminded you of hobgoblins and ghosts and all manner of unpleasant things. I confess that at its first stroke I dropped my cigar and started up from my chair in — well, in something like a fright. When it died away, the silence was really awful.

'I'll go to bed,' I said. 'There is something decidedly queer about the place.'

I went into the bedroom and locked the door. In five minutes I was between the sheets, with the candles out and the moonbeam struggling in at the diamond-paned windows. I suppose I must have been tired, for I was soon sound asleep and oblivious of anything in the material world. How long I slept I don't know; but what I do know is that in the course of the night I found myself sitting up in bed, looking at something which stood at the bed-foot looking at me! I felt a cold perspiration steal over me, and perhaps my hair grew erect. The moon was hid behind a cloud when I woke, and I could only see the outline of the thing that was in my room. Suddenly the moonlight flashed in again with redoubled radiance, and I saw standing at the foot of my bed a tall figure clad in sable robes, whose eyes shone brightly from under a heavy cowl. It was the Black Friar!

What happened next I don't quite remember; but I know that I got out of bed and went after the Friar, who receded towards the tapestried wall, beckoning me to follow. There was no doubt about his being there. I rubbed my eyes, and saw him more clearly. He had on long sable robes and sandals; a large cowl hid his face; but I could catch glimpses now and then of his bright eyes. He went with a strange gliding motion towards the wall and brushed the hangings aside; then he placed his hand on the panelling, and, to my astonishment and surprise, I saw a door open and disclose a flight of stairs which led down into darkness. The Friar turned, beckoned, and began slowly to descend the staircase. Somehow, though I struggled against giving way, I had to follow him. I was in scanty attire, and the nights were chilly, and I remember how I shivered as my bare foot touched the first of the worn stone steps. They were so worn that they dipped in the middle. The Friar went down, down, and I followed. Very soon the moonlight from the window above ceased to give any light, and we were in darkness. Yet even then I could see the dark figure before me in a sort of luminous haze. Every now and then he turned and beckoned with a white hand that looked just as transparent as a ghost's hand should be.

Well, we reached the bottom of the staircase. It was a very long one; there must have been nearly a hundred steps in it. We went along a paved passage, the walls and roof of which I touched with my hands as we traversed it, the Friar still going before, and I, attracted by some strange magnetism, following dutifully behind. Suddenly a door opened in front and a half light, half mist, broke upon us. The Friar

passed through, and I followed and looked about me. We were in a vast church, lighted by I know not what strange means, but with neither windows nor sunlights that I could see. The great pillars supporting the roof were lost in the mighty blackness overhead; great aisles stretched away into darkness on every side. But in the chancel there glimmered in the misty light a few tapers, and right in the middle a blood-red lamp swung to and fro, as though with eddying gusts of wind. I leaned against a pillar and gazed. As I became accustomed to the strange light, I saw that here and there were placed enormous tombs—tombs of crusaders in their armour, knights kneeling in prayer, fine ladies with enormous ruffs, and children in curious formal-looking dresses. While I gazed, I saw another Friar, habited like the one who had conducted me, enter from the door we had opened. As he came in he threw back his hood from his face and head and bowed profoundly towards the chancel. Others followed in rapid succession, till at length the chancel was full of dark-robed Friars. Presently they began to sing. One of them had a magnificent tenor voice, and as it went vibrating into the vaulted roof above, with the voices of the others answering it, the effect was really delightful. The singing was a somewhat lengthy performance. One psalm succeeded another, till, despite the charm of the voices, I got tired. I looked round me for a seat. A stone bench was placed a little distance away, and towards this I moved. I sat down, and—

Well, I was conscious of falling down, down, down through apparently limitless space. I yelled out something in my horror, and suddenly awoke. The Friar, after all, was only a dream—or rather a nightmare! But the strange thing was that I felt cold, as if I had been out of bed.

I got up, lighted my candle, and looked round. I confess that the dream had left such an impression on my mind that I examined the wainscoting rather narrowly for traces of the staircase. I found none; so I turned in once more, and was soon again asleep.

When I woke it was morning, and the sun was shining brightly through the window. I sprang out of bed and began to dress, at the same time thinking about my nightmare or vision of the previous midnight. 'Hillo,' I said to myself, 'where's my slipper?' For of the slippers that I had left standing by my bedside the night before, there was only one left. I hunted round the room for the other with no result; and then I suddenly remembered that I had slipped them on, with admirable foresight, when I had followed the Friar. I laughed to think of it; but, laugh or not, that slipper was nowhere in the room!

'Mrs Johnson,' I said, three-quarters of an hour later, 'that ghost of yours is no imaginary personage.'

Mrs Johnson stared at me, and a faint flush rose to her already rosy cheek.

'Indeed!' she answered. 'You don't mean that—that'—

'That I've seen him?—Yes; I do. I saw him last night.'

'The Black Friar?'

'Not only one, but two, three, ten, perhaps

twenty Black Friars—a whole monastery of them. Fine voices they had, too, all of them.'

Mrs Johnson looked at me suspiciously. 'Now, you're joking,' she began with something of a reproach in her voice. 'You say you saw him?'

'Yes, I can't come to any other conclusion.'

I didn't believe in ghosts; but Alicia's mamma did, and I had heard so many spirit-stories from her in intervals when Alicia was making herself tidy or putting on her hat and shawl, that I had come to look upon them as being something familiar.

'You see,' I continued, 'the Friar not only appeared to me, but he proved himself a burglar into the bargain; he pugged one of my slippers.'

'Now,' said the housekeeper indignantly, 'you are making fun! Who ever heard of a ghost stealing slippers?'

'Stop, stop!' I cried. 'Let me tell you all about it, Mrs Johnson. You mustn't condemn me unheard.'

So I told her all I could remember—and there was precious little that I couldn't—of my nocturnal visitor. I never saw a woman so completely flabbergasted in my life as when I came to the slipper business.

'Now, ma'am,' I said in conclusion, 'I'm a plain sensible young man; I'm engaged to as nice a girl as ever you saw, and if I can find that will, it will probably be a long step towards our marriage. I don't believe in ghosts, whatever you do. But I'll tell you what; I do believe I got sleep-walking last night, and left my slipper behind in some cold passage. The question is: do you know of any secret passage leading from that room where I slept?'

Mrs Johnson considered. 'Well,' she said at length, 'I can't deny that there are secret passages in the place. There are in all these old houses. At Lord Plantagenet's place in Devonshire there were several. I had my first situation there, you know, sir, and'—

'Yes, yes,' I said; 'I know. But this one?'

'My late mistress knew them all,' she replied, 'and I know that she used to wander about them now and then.'

'Ten to one, she's hidden that confounded will in some of them!' I said. 'We may hunt for a month or a year and never find it.'

'Miss Penrose used to spend a deal of time in the Captain's rooms when he was absent,' remarked the housekeeper, after a pause.

'Did she? Then perhaps she hid the will somewhere there.'

'You see,' said Mrs Johnson confidentially, 'when my poor mistress was dying, she tried hard to tell us where she had put the will that you speak of. At least so we thought—Miss Stanley and myself. It was mentioned afterwards, and we were laughed at—by the other side.'

'The long and short of it is, ma'am,' I said, rising from the breakfast table, 'I'm going to look for my slipper and Miss Penrose's will.'

'I hope you may find them,' said the housekeeper.

I hoped so myself; and it was because I was so very much in earnest that I determined to make the search a thorough one. I put my line of attack on a good basis. To begin with,

I had gone to sleep on the previous night in a bedchamber supposed, in common with the rest of the house, to be haunted. I was not in a very particularly nervous state of mind, nor had I drunk too much wine or smoked too many of the Captain's cigars. I had dreamed dreams, or seen visions, or had a nightmare. I had wandered in my dreams through underground passages; and when I dressed in the morning, one of my slippers was gone. Ergo, somewhere in my dream the bounds of the unseen world had been broken in upon by the rude foot of reality, eased in a scarlet slipper.

'There is a secret passage in this room,' I said to Mrs Johnson, as we stood in my bedchamber, 'and we must find it.'

I began to walk round the room, tapping the wainscoting as I went along. It sounded firm enough all round. I began again, tapping the wood in various places, now high, now low. Suddenly the wall, just in a line with the door communicating with the Captain's sitting-room, gave forth a hollow sound in response to the demands of my knuckles.

'Hurray!' I said; 'there's something here, ma'am. Come and see.'

Mrs Johnson came to my side and tapped the panelling. 'It certainly does sound hollow,' she said. 'But you see there's no knob, or any indication of a latch or anything, so I don't see how we can get in.'

'There's no indication of a door at all, for the matter of that. But as long as this is hollow, I'm going to see what lies behind, even if I have to fetch a carpenter.'

'It would be a pity to spoil the panelling,' she said. 'If there is a passage, there is sure to be a door and a spring to open it.'

'Then we must find it,' I said, beginning to feel amongst the curious knobs and projections of the carving for anything which would prove an open sesame.

We worked on for quite an hour, examining every little angel's wing, every little demon's body, screwing, or trying to screw them about to see if they concealed springs or door handles; but all with no success. At last, tired with the unwonted labour, I leaned against the panelling and fairly groaned. 'It's no good, I'm afraid. We'll have to try somewhere else, ma'am. This— Hillo!' There was a faint click behind me, and the wall seemed yielding to the weight of my back. I uttered a cry of joy as I saw a goodly portion of the wainscot turn slowly inwards, revealing a dark cavernous recess. Mrs Johnson uttered a little scream.

'Here's something, at anyrate,' I said triumphantly. 'Quick, ma'am—those candles! Hold a light.'

She held the light up, and I went boldly in. I soon found that the place was a sort of closet, a few yards square, and evidently intended as a hiding-place in the old times. My feet slipped over something; I stooped, and picked the object up. It was my red slipper!

Well, to cut a long story short, I may as well say that in that little box of a place we found a small chest, in which the ancient Miss Penrose had deposited papers of immense value, not to speak of the missing will. The Captain

got his rights, and he and Miss Stanley were soon afterwards married. I think it was on the morning of their wedding-day that I received an envelope containing a cheque for two thousand pounds. There was another wedding soon after, at which Alicia and I assisted, doing the principal parts. And Alicia's mamma insists to this day that the Black Friar influenced my search for Miss Penrose's will.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ALTHOUGH Edison's Phonograph has now emerged from the region of toyland and is likely to become an almost indispensable adjunct to many businesses, its principle is employed by its inventor in the manufacture of a toy, which is having a marvellous sale in the United States. This is Edison's Talking Doll, which, on being wound up, will deliver itself of such well-known poetic effusions as 'Mary had a Little Lamb,' 'Jack and Jill,' &c. The doll's body is made of tin, and the phonographic cylinder is contained within it, the sound coming from a perforated opening in the breast, which is hidden by the clothing. These dolls are now being made at a large factory near Edison's laboratory at the rate of five hundred daily, and a wonderful amount of ingenuity has been exercised in their structure. The wax records for dolly's interior are prepared at the factory by being placed on an instrument very like an ordinary phonograph. These instruments are talked into by girls, so that the wax cylinder may be speech-impressed. A correspondent of *The Scientific American*, who describes a visit to this factory, says that the jangle produced by a number of these girls simultaneously repeating into the machines before them different nursery rhymes is beyond description. 'These sounds united with the sounds of the phonographs themselves when reproducing the stories make a veritable pandemonium.'

The Stopped Platform Railway is the title of a system for city transit, which, originally devised some years ago by an American inventor, has just been brought forward as a new thing by a German firm. The original inventor failed in inducing any one to take up the idea, and the patent in due time lapsed. The idea of this novel form of railway is to provide a platform above the level of the street supported upon pillars. Upon this platform move at different speeds three super platforms, the lowest one moving at a speed of three miles an hour, the next six miles an hour, and the last, which is furnished with seats, nine miles an hour. These platforms would all be driven by belting from a powerful steam engine at a fixed station. It would be easy for a person wishing to travel by the railway—which, like tide and time, will stop for no man—to step from terra firma on to the slowest of the moving series; after which he would step in turn from the six-mile to the nine-mile platform. The idea is certainly ingenious, but we cannot believe that it would be free from danger. We already have plenty of experience of terrible accidents caused by persons stepping on and off railway carriages in slow motion; and to make this conduct one of the conditions of

travelling seems at once to justify the action of those who refused to lend support to the original inventor's scheme.

A *war balloon*, so called because it was made doubly strong, of a specially-manufactured mixture of silk and cotton, recently rose from the grounds of the Military Exhibition at Chelsea. The balloon was of unusual size, being one of the largest made for many years past, and it was furnished with a plough grapnel, consisting of a stern with three pairs of spikes by which an anchorage can be assured. This grapnel is of great importance, for it is well known that the dangers of ballooning are mostly incurred in effecting the descent, through failure of the grapnel to catch the ground. The value of balloons under certain circumstances was found out during the memorable siege of Paris, when they formed the only possible means of communication between the invested city and the rest of France.

The practice of throwing stones is one which seems so deeply ingrained in human nature, that it is impossible to eradicate it. Even the most law-abiding individuals will, when at the seaside, give way to the charm of sitting on the beach and will idly throw stones into the water. But in the case of those who have little respect for laws or regulation, the stone-throwing habit becomes both mischievous and dangerous. If there be no unlucky cat, dog, or bird to aim at, a window or some other thing which can be broken, especially if it be the property of somebody else, is the next article in request by the delinquent; and it is a common thing in the byways of our large towns to see premises to let which bear evidence of his industry. In Belgium it is found that the white porcelain insulators on the telegraph poles offer an irresistible attraction to the peasants as a satisfactory mark for them to throw at; and such a large number of them have been broken in this way, that the annual expense of replacement has become serious. Curiously enough, it is found that when the porcelain is coloured a grayish brown, and does not therefore appear so aggressive an object, the destruction is reduced by one-half, and the broken white insulators are now invariably replaced by those of darker hue.

At the Stanley Exhibition in London there are shown many objects which are of great interest, now that 'the Dark Continent' is so much in men's thoughts. At first sight the rooms appear to be stocked with the familiar native weapons and trappings which are common to all ethnographical collections, and which are wearisome by reason of their sameness. But careful examination soon reveals much that is new and curious. Here, for instance, is a hollow tin cone the exact size and shape of a sugar-loaf, which is a specimen of many hundreds smuggled into the country by the slave-traders as sugar, but in reality being cases filled with gunpowder. We noticed also a modern metal cartridge the butt of which was furnished with a small spike at its apex. This was an arrangement contrived by Emin Pasha's soldiers, who believed that the bodies of the Mahdists, to whom they were opposed, were so far invulnerable that the bullets would flatten against them unless this provision were made to puncture the skin. The costume of one tribe is pictured as presumably having given rise to the

oft-repeated legend that there were people living in the heart of Africa who were adorned by nature with caudal appendages. This dress, if it can be dignified by the name of a garment, consists of a waistband, with a long horse-tail attached to it behind.

The great interest which has been taken by the general public in matters astronomical, more especially since the aid of photography has been invoked to picture the heavenly bodies, has led to the establishment of new observatories which have been equipped by the generosity of private donors. The late Mr Newall presented his twenty-six inch refracting telescope to the University of Cambridge; but unfortunately the gift carried with it a difficulty—there were no available funds for the initial expenses of mounting this splendid instrument and to maintain it in going order. But the son of the donor, Mr H. F. Newall, of Trinity College, has solved the problem by offering his own services gratuitously as observer; and by providing a handsome sum for initial expenses, besides an annual donation for maintenance expenses for five years to come. Cambridge is a rich university, and there should be no difficulty in making permanent provision for the care and working of an instrument which has been presented to it under conditions so generous.

It has been recently stated that one hundred and seventy thousand wolves are roaming at large in Russia, although they are slaughtered in large numbers by the inhabitants of many districts. In the Canadian north-west, wolves are also abundant; but they are of a less bloodthirsty and dangerous type than the Russian wolf. The coyotes can, however, make themselves very troublesome to the sheep-farmers, and steps have long ago been taken to reduce their numbers. Wolfhounds and deerhounds have been imported to hunt down the animals; but it has recently been found that these dogs are not sufficiently swift of foot to cope with the enemy. To remedy this defect, a couple of prize greyhounds have just been imported from England, and it is hoped by the infusion of this new blood that a race of fleet hounds may be reared which will be able to give a good account of the Canadian wolves.

Mr A. F. Chapple, whose son last year lost his life through using a bath-heating apparatus in a room without ventilation, recently read a paper on the Dangers of Gas and Geyser Baths before the Balloon Society of Great Britain. The reader referred in his remarks to apparatus employing Bunsen burners for heating purposes, and detailed experiments which he had made, showing that in using such burners without adequate ventilation irrespirable fumes were given off. Besides his own sad loss, he made allusion to several others of a similar character, and urged that the legislature should compel makers of such apparatus to send out with them a printed caution as to the danger of using it in a closely shut room. The experiments referred to were as follows: The gas was lighted, and a lighted candle was placed at the same level at which the head of an adult would be when sitting in the bath. The door of the bathroom was shut, and reopened in twenty minutes, when the candle was out, and had apparently been out for several minutes. The same experiment repeated with the window

opened one inch wide showed the candle at the expiration of the same time to be brightly burning. Mr Chapple's paper is valuable in calling attention to a danger which is not generally known.

A mixed fuel consisting of coal and petroleum mingled together has been tried for firing the boilers of an Italian man-of-war, with the result that her normal speed of fifteen knots was increased to seventeen knots. It will thus be seen that this new method of firing may prove very useful in war-time, when a ship may have to run away from a superior force. The increased heat is said to affect the boiler-plates injuriously, but this mishap could of course be foreseen and guarded against.

The prophecy is put forward by an American paper, *The Electrical Review*, that owing to the increased use of electricity on tramways, in a very few years not a single horse-car will be found in any of the cities of the United States, and that about fifty thousand horses now in use will be thrown upon the market. We trust that this anticipation will prove to be correct not only in the United States but in other countries as well, for tram-car work is for horses terribly severe labour, and soon wears out the willing beasts.

There has always been some uncertainty as to whether the delicious little fish called whitebait is the young or fry of other fish, or whether it represents a distinct species. The older naturalists were inclined to place it in the latter category, and assigned it to the genus *Clupea*; and Yarrell called it *Clupea alba*, a name which has since been very generally adopted. But doubts long ago arose as to the correctness of this view, and many authorities held that the whitebait was the young of such well-known fish as the shad, the bleak, or the herring. It is now believed that whitebait consists of the fry of both herring and sprats, the proportion of the latter being greater in winter, while the herrings predominate in summer. A writer in *Notes and Queries* has lately called attention to the matter, and gives references to recent publications bearing upon the subject.

The comparative dangers of lighting by electricity and by gas has recently formed the subject of many an article in various journals, and the conclusion come to for or against one or the other system of illumination varies according to the particular views of the writers, who are too often interested parties. A chemist attached to the New York Board of Health has given some startling figures with regard to waste from leakage of gas-mains, and he considers that this waste, which amounts to ten per cent. of the entire quantity made in New York, constitutes a far graver danger than any that can be credited to electricity. One thousand million cubic feet of gas is the amount which is allowed annually to poison the atmosphere or to find its way by means of the sewers into the basements of houses and subways. From this source there arises the constant danger of explosion; and if the figures be correct, it seems strange that explosions are not of frequent occurrence. We may point out that leakage of gas-mains is common enough, and the gas-saturated soil in our roads whenever an opening is made furnishes distinct evidence of

the fact. But when the pipes are buried in a non-porous earth, such as clay, it is reduced to a minimum.

We have already alluded to the proposal to build a Tower in the neighbourhood of London which is to rival that of Eiffel in Paris. The proposal is now taking practical shape, and in answer to the advertisement of the company concerned in the undertaking, about seventy drawings have been sent in by competitors, and have recently been exhibited to the public. We have had an opportunity of inspecting these drawings, and were much interested in the various designs for the New Tower of London, as the structure is called. The majority of the designs are certainly founded upon that of the Eiffel Tower, and consist of a main shaft of open ironwork, with a base formed by four spreading legs. But beyond these we have curious erections consisting of girders tortured and twisted into every conceivable shape, and recalling images of the homely toasting-fork and gridiron. There are also towers exhibited which are very like a common wood screw standing up on its head. The Tower-of-Babel model which has by common consent been adopted in children's Scripture histories, is also here reproduced as a suggested design for the New Tower.

A curious instance of an unlooked-for effect springing from a little cause is exemplified by an action which has been brought against the Edison Electric Company of New York by the Ganz Electric Company of Buda-Pesth, damages being laid at an enormous sum. The cause of the dispute is this: The Ganz Company is working an electric-lighting system which depends upon a machine having what is known as an alternating current, which means that the current, instead of being in one constant direction, as in a voltaic battery, changes its direction perhaps a hundred times a second. Now, Edison has shown that such a current is the most suitable one to employ for the execution of criminals, it being immediately fatal to animal life when used under certain conditions, and the legislature of New York have adopted it for the purpose indicated. Now, the Ganz Company point out that this recommendation of Mr Edison has attached a bad name to the alternating system of electric lighting, and that people will fancy that its introduction into their homes will lead to many private executions not authorised by the law; hence they claim damages for the prejudice and alarm which has been excited against their property.

We were recently shown the photograph of the interior of a church which possessed a remarkable peculiarity. The church had at its further end a knucet window, leaded in diamond-shaped panes in the usual manner. This window was correctly reproduced in the picture; but in another dark part of the photograph, a ghostly image of the window was repeated. We were assured that the ghost was on the negative, and it was a puzzle to all who saw the picture by what accident the spectral window had appeared where it did. Mr Dalmeier has recently shown in a paper read before the Photographic Society of Great Britain how such images are produced. The brilliant image of the window focused upon the white surface of the photographic plate while

the camera is in action, is reflected therefrom upon the convex surface of the lens, and is then reflected back from the lens to another portion of the plate. There are so many amateur photographers among our readers that we think this explanation of a phenomenon which may occur under certain conditions to any one of them may prove to be acceptable.

A German naval officer has, it is said, invented an electrical steering apparatus which will allow the captain of a ship to control the rudder from various parts of the vessel—an obvious advantage in cases of storm, or when an impending collision calls for unusually prompt action. The invention has been tried on one of the German war-vessels with satisfactory results. No details of the construction of the apparatus are given; but we presume that the ordinary steam steering gear is controlled by electro-magnets which are put in or out of action by the pressure of a button. It seems curious, considering to what a great extent electricity is now used on board our ships, that some such system as this has not long ago been devised.

One of the leading physicians of Philadelphia has been talking to one of the irrepressible race of interviewers about recent progress of medical science, and has referred more particularly to the daily increasing use of explosives in medicine. Gun-cotton, for instance, in its dissolved form, collodion, is used as an artificial skin for all kinds of injuries, including scalds and burns. Mixed with tannin, it stops the flow of blood from wounds; and mingled with cantharides, it forms the best blistering medium. Nitroglycerine is another still more powerful explosive which is much used in modern medicine. It is diluted with one hundred parts of alcohol, and one drop of the diluted mixture is a dose. It is found valuable as a remedy for neuralgia of the heart, in nervous asthma, and in many other diseases, including that distressing malady known as seasickness. We have here an exemplification of the saying so often quoted in connection with homeopathy, 'Like cures like.' The gun-cotton or nitroglycerine (dynamite is a preparation of the latter) which by its explosion causes the most frightful wounds, may in its diluted state prove to be the best remedy to assuage the agony of the sufferer.

CROWN LANDS.

THE income derived from Crown Lands is so small an item in the revenue of the United Kingdom that it is apt to be overlooked amid the imposing array of figures showing how the public purse is recruited. The returns from such lucrative sources as the Post-office, Customs, and Inland Revenue attract the eye, and it is their fluctuations alone which receive a measure of attention. A sum of £430,000, representing the payment into Exchequer on account of Crown Lands for the year ending March 31, 1889, is a comparatively insignificant factor in the estimates of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, scarcely calling for mention in a Budget speech; and the taxpayer in whose interest the Crown Lands are administered has little or no opportunity of learning the varied

nature of the Crown's hereditary estates and the singular manner in which they have accumulated.

It is not within the limits of this article to trace in detail the history of the Crown Lands to their origin in the Felo or public lands of the Saxon period, which, as the influence of the sovereign extended under the Norman dynasty, became known as the *Terra Regia*. The growth of the feudal system tended further to increase the power of the monarch to deal with these lands—originally public, and granted away only with the consent of the Witenagemot—as his private property and at his sole discretion. Accordingly, we find that, although from time to time augmented by escheats, forfeitures, and confiscations, the Crown patrimony was steadily diminished in extent and value by lavish grants to royal favourites, and by sales and mortgages to meet either the wants or extravagances of the sovereign, until parliament, after an experience of the grants by William III., passed an Act on the accession of Queen Anne restricting the monarch's power to alienate Crown Lands. These restrictions, coupled with the forfeitures to the Crown by noblemen and others implicated in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, served to recruit to some extent the exhausted Crown estates, the revenues of which were in the reign of George III. surrendered by that monarch for a fixed sum per annum, and were for the first time collected on the public account. This arrangement, with certain modifications, has since subsisted; and in 1837 the annual allowance or Civil List of Her Majesty, in exchange for the Crown Land revenue, was fixed at £385,000.

The management of the Crown's hereditary estates is vested in two Commissioners, entitled Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues, their powers being defined by numerous Acts of Parliament, in accordance with which their policy has to be regulated. The annual Blue-books recording their proceedings, and the voluminous evidence given in the session of 1889 before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the administration of the Crown Land revenues, supply a vast amount of information as to the miscellaneous property under the control of these Commissioners, the varied interests they have to study, and the difficulties with which the Crown, as a landlord, has to contend. On the one hand it is the Commissioners' duty to preserve the patrimony of the Crown; and on the other, in the interests of the public, to administer it with economy and to increase its productiveness. But the question of profit cannot of necessity be the primary object in dealing with many of the properties under their control. Take, for instance, the New Forest, the guiding principle in the management of which is the 'preservation of its ornamental beauty, and conserving it as a public park,' with an additional task in the conciliation of commoners possessing rights and privileges over practically the whole Forest. Then, again, with the Great Park at Windsor, the first consideration is the protection of the

amenities of Windsor Castle as a royal residence. In Dean Forest there exist, beside commoners, the free miners, whose claims, based on tradition, it has been found impossible to compromise in a manner profitable to the Crown. For these reasons, coupled with the cost of planting timber and the unprofitable nature of the soil, the Royal Forests are by far the most costly of the Crown's estates, the expenditure being greatly in excess of the income.

The agricultural property of the Crown in England extends to about 69,000 acres, situated in as many as twenty-three counties. The scattered nature of this class of property is in the main responsible for a somewhat high cost of supervision; but it speaks well for the management that of this immense estate only eleven hundred acres were unlet last year, these being kept in cultivation at the Crown's expense. Like private landowners, the Crown has suffered severely from the agricultural depression, the rent-roll having fallen £36,000 in the last ten years, with no appreciable difference in the extent of the property.

Upwards of £250,000 per annum is derived from house property and ground rents situated chiefly in London, where the Crown is an important landlord. In addition to the London estates forming part of the ancient land revenue, property has been acquired as the result of street improvements carried out by the Crown, and by purchase and exchange. From Regent Street to Regent's Park the Crown has an almost unbroken stretch of property; while from Kensington in the west to Victoria Park in the east are found estates belonging to the Crown, among which may be enumerated those in Piccadilly and the Haymarket, in Whitehall, the Strand, New Oxford Street, and the City, the latter including practically the whole of the Holborn Viaduct from Hatton Garden to St Sepulchre's Church.

Another source of revenue is the mineral property, a large portion of which is in Wales, where the recent discoveries of gold resulted in some five hundred different projected mines. Besides other minerals, there are in the Principality valuable slate and stone quarries, and under-sea collieries belonging to the Crown, who also owns lead mines and stone quarries in the Isle of Man, iron and coal in the Forest of Dean, stone quarries at Portland, salt and ironstone in Yorkshire, and important collieries in the north of England and in Scotland.

The revenue in Scotland consists mainly of rents derived from about eight thousand acres of agricultural and moor land, from feu duties, teinds, and salmon-fishings. The feu duties are ancient charges imposed upon lands granted by the Crown, and correspond to what in England are called fee-farm rents, with the difference that in Scotland they are frequently fixed otherwise than in money—that is, in grain, poultry, or similar articles. The Crown acquired the teinds or tithes at the time of the Reformation, when the property of the religious bodies generally was forfeited to the Crown. The salmon-fishing rights are now in course of investigation by a Commission specially appointed for that purpose, the general feeling in Scotland being, it is understood, averse to the Crown divesting

itself of these rights by sales to the proprietors of adjacent lands.

We have specified the leading sources from which the Crown Land revenue is obtained; but the catalogue is by no means exhausted. In addition to the rents of Crown property, a large sum is derived annually in the shape of fee-farm and quit rents from the property of private individuals in England, Wales, Ireland, and the Isle of Man and Alderney. The latter also contributes harbour dues. Foreshore of the United Kingdom yields a considerable rental; whilst the produce of Crown estates and receipts from farms in hand help to swell an income which has risen from £280,000 in 1859 to £430,000 in 1889.

The annual payment into Exchequer is net profit after payment of the charges for collection and the outlay on improvements. Taking the figures of the last ten years, a decade marked by disastrous depreciation in the value of agricultural property, we find the Crown Land revenue for the period has exceeded the payments to Her Majesty by £20,000. This comparatively trifling balance in favour of the public must not, however, be taken as a guide to the future, for there is every reason to believe, on the authority of the Chief Commissioner of Woods, that the annual net income will be not less than £430,000 for some years to come, the Crown Lands thus relieving the tax-paying community to the extent of £45,000 per annum.

SECRETS.

JULY roses wet with rain
Tap against the window-pane;
There is something they would seek,
Had they voices and could speak
Silence seals their crimson lips,
And the dull rain drops and drips.

T'other side the streaming glass
Stands a little sad-eyed lass;
There is something she would seek,
But a maiden may not speak—
Silence seals her longing lips,
And the dull rain drops and drips.

And a shower of salt tears stain
Her side of the window pane;
And the crimson roses grow
Pale as dreams dreamt long ago
(Hearts may break behind sealed lips),
And the dull rain drops and drips.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWN.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE EVE OF HARVEST.

FARMING is one of the callings for which there is no entrance examination; the farmer may have undergone a long or short training before he takes the responsibility of a farm, and very often he has never tested his work to see what his capabilities are. It may be his fathers have farmed for generations, and when his time has come, he follows in their footsteps. In another case, he may have undertaken bullock work, and has gained his experience with other people's money—wise man! In another, he may have been a farm-pupil, during which period he has had rather a good time of it, and not exerted himself particularly to gain more than a smattering of knowledge of his business, though he may have gained such an insight into the mysteries of farming that no professional ratcatcher can beat him. Or he may have made up his mind to farm because of his love of animals and everything pertaining to the not very paying business he has selected, and has gone at it with a will, and left no stone unturned to fit himself for it. But no special examination has to be passed to qualify him to enter the ranks as a farmer. When once, however, he begins to farm, he finds he has entered a business wherein the results of his work for the year are concentrated, and for some time before harvest he finds himself looking at his crops with all the anxiety of a student before examination, to note whether he thinks he will come out satisfactorily, or whether he has failed to conduct his business with skill; for if not, his year's work is wasted, and he feels sorry he had not qualified himself better before he undertook it.

The harvest is the farmer's examination time—and like all other examinations, is harder to pass than in years gone by; therefore, whatever his energies at other seasons, he does all he can to get things in the best order, so that when the examiners or thrashing-machines have tested his work, he may find he is marked on the right side of his cheque-book. Harvest-time is to him

the most important part of the year, though the spurt at the finish cannot make amends for neglect or want of skill at other seasons; but good management during harvest is essential for complete success, and every one works with a will to insure it.

Since the introduction of reaping-machines, there has been less cause for anxiety than when the whole of the cutting was done by the scythe, faggot-hook, or sickle. We remember when gangs of Irishmen came over yearly to take advantage of the special wages to be obtained during the hay and corn harvests. Many of these had a fixed route, and rarely worked for fresh masters, but started in the grass country near London, and worked their way northward in the hay into Derbyshire, where the season is later; and then went south again to Herts and Beds for the corn-harvest, working to Derby again; then home with ten or twelve pounds in their pockets, to dig their own potatoes, kill their pig, and spend the winter in a leisurely manner. But this is all over, for the reaping-machine did away with the necessity of much extra labour, and they themselves never liked the innovation, for, as they said, when a friend took his Wood's Manual Delivery into the field nearly a quarter of a century ago, 'No Irishman can work in the same field as a machine;' and they packed up their traps never to return. The reaping-machine, and the consequent reduction in the money taken to Ireland, is in no small way accountable for the increase in poverty and discontent in some parts of that country. Artisans and loafers from towns gave welcome assistance, and their services were eagerly taken advantage of if harvest set in hot and corn came on quickly. We remember looking out anxiously for gangs on those occasions, as they were liable to be snatched up before they got to the farm; and more than once we have ridden out to meet them on the road, to make sure of them. It was not the custom, to the same extent it now is, to begin cutting before the corn was perfectly ripe; therefore, if sufficient hands could not be got together, the crop stood

until it was over-ripe, and if a strong wind arose, the kernels were 'whipped' out, and a heavy loss resulted.

A farmer rarely starts with this cause of anxiety now, for his machines soon cut down the corn, and it is very rare to hear of corn being whipped out. Instead of looking out for special gangs of men, he looks out to see that his reaping-machine, or perhaps binder, is in fit condition to be put into the corn when it is ready; the elevator is overhauled, so that the heavy work of lifting bulky sheaves or large forkfuls of loose corn on to the stack, which used to be one of the most trying jobs connected with harvesting, may be avoided. The heavy work of harvesting has been to a very great extent shifted from the men to machinery; but the quantity done by a good gang working by the piece for a month, sixteen hours to the day, compares very favourably with the self-imposed tasks of the long-distance athletes; but there is a tendency to decrease the hours of work in the harvest-field, as in most other places.

Before the introduction of machinery, the horses had a light time during harvest, and they received very little corn after the fallows were worked; but now they require getting up in condition, to be prepared for long days of much faster walking than they usually get in the plough. Foals are weaned so that their mothers may take their places in the teams, as they cannot be longer spared, and the pleasant holiday they have enjoyed for a few months must give way to the weekly round of toil, which is the unenviable lot of the farmhorse.

No one looks forward to harvest with greater pleasure than the labourers' wives in those districts where women do not take part in the work of the farm; to them, harvest is to a great extent a picnic, and 'carrying' dinners is their greatest treat. The bread-winner is working long hours, and has to be well fed during that time, and each wife vies with the other in preparing the dinners in the most tempting manner. Every day the cooking is got through in good time, and they start off together to make a merry gathering at the mid-day meal—and a merry gathering it is. A considerable amount of chaff, a real good gossip, and a fair amount of scandal, go towards making quite as enjoyable a meal as their more favoured sisters can provide round the five-o'clock tea-table; and if the language is less choice, it is quite as hearty, and often more sincere. Some of them go back to look after their domestic duties; while others continue the picnic by spending the afternoon in gleaning, which in many cases is not much than a further excuse for gossip; so that what is the labourer's hardest season is generally his wife's most pleasant.

The harvest-time is not looked forward to by the wives with the anxiety with which it was before the days of early closing; for when the public-houses were opened until any hour, the weary workman would often go there for one more drink before going home, and could not rouse himself to go away, but would stay far into the morning hours. His only sleep would be a maudlin one on the bench, and then to work, utterly unfitted for the task; and so he kept himself up by more drink throughout the day, and, like most people in a half-drunken state,

would find himself back at the inn at night; in which manner his extra wages were muddled away, and the extra money his wife had looked forward to, to clear off the score at the village shop, was not forthcoming. In no way has the early closing done so much good in country districts as during harvest.

Even the schoolboys look forward to harvest with pleasure, for it is then they generally first feel the satisfaction of earning wages; their services being gladly taken advantage of, as they are wanted for driving carts and leading the loads to the stack.

The farmer and his family look on the time more seriously; and almost all of them, big or little, stay at home to be of use, and rarely entertain their friends during the busiest part of the harvest-month. The hiring-supper, which was given at the eve of harvest just after the master and men had agreed on the terms for which the work should be done, has almost entirely died out; but it used to be an important evening, and the wife prided herself on putting a good meal before the men. This, like the harvest-home supper, which was a still more important function, is a thing of the past.

The rattle of the reaping-machine has taken the place of the more musical ring of the scythe and whetstone, and fewer hands are dotted about the fields. Future generations will hardly understand the old pictures of harvest scenes where the sickle was always represented; still, the ripening corn, and stacks of that already cut, are scenes enjoyed equally by dwellers in towns or in the country; and as there is so much that affects the well-being of those in any way engaged in the fields, harvest must always be looked forward to with interest and pleasure; and the only tinge of regret we feel in looking at the results of the farmer's labours is that he should find so little profit in what is otherwise so pleasant a calling.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—I AM QUESTIONED.

THE captain did not again return on deck. At six o'clock Mr Lush's white jacket was forked up to him through the fore-castle-hatch: he slipped it on and came aft to relieve the watch; but though he looked about a little for the skipper, I could not find in his wooden face that he made anything of not perceiving him. By seven o'clock the sky had cleared; the wide stretch of vapour which had all day long obscured the sky had settled away down beyond the southern rim, and the soft violet of the tropic evening heaven was made beautiful by spaces at wide intervals of a delicate filigree-work of white cloud, dainty and fine to the eye as frost on a meadow. The setting sun glowed in the west like a golden target, rayless, palpitating, and a cone-shaped wake of flame hung under him. There was a pleasant whipping of wind over the sea, a merry air that whitened the heads of the ripples, and it blew sweet and warm.

On looking through the skylight, I perceived

Wilkins placing supper on the table. This was an unusual meal at sea, at least aboard of a homely trader of the pattern of the *Lady Blanche*, and was a distinct illustration in its way, to my recollections of seafaring life, of the odd character of the man who commanded the barque. He came out of his cabin as we seated ourselves, giving Miss Temple a grotesque bow before taking his place.

'Sorry, men,' said he, casting his slow eye over the table, 'that there's nothing choicer in the way of victuals to offer you. I find that the wine brought aboard from the wreck is a middling good quality of liquor, and it is to be saved for you, men.—Wilkins, open a bottle, and give it to the lady.—Pity that shore-going folks who take interest in the nautical calling don't turn to and invent something better for the likes of me than salt pork and beef and biscuit, and peas which are only fit to load a blunderbuss with. There have been times when a singular longing's come upon me for a cut of prime sirloin and a floury potato, as Jack says. But the sea-life's a hard calling, look at it from which end of a ship ye may.—How did you get on in your watch on deck, Mr Dugdale?' he added with a gaunt smile, in which I could not distinguish the least complexion of mirth.

'There was nothing to be done,' said I, working away at a piece of salt beef, for I was exceedingly hungry.

'But ye'd have known what to do if there had been?' said he.

Miss Temple's glance admonished me to be wary.

'Oh, I am no sailor,' said I, 'in the sense that you and Mr Lush are sailors.'

'Not Mr Lush!' he cried, elevating his forefinger and staring hard at me past it. 'Mr Lush, as you term him, is a hog on two legs. Let him go on all-fours, and there's ne'er an old sow under a longboat that wouldn't take him to her heart as one of her long-lost children.—Such manners, men!' he continued, addressing Miss Temple, whilst with upturned eyes and raised hands he counterfeited an air of disgust; 'when he ate, you could hear the smack of his lips fore and aft. He'd make nothing of laying hold of a bit of cold beef and gnawing upon it as a dawg might, head first on one side, then on t'other; and you'd find yourself listening to hear him growl, if you looked at him. And then his language! I've been eating by myself pretty high since Chicken died, but it's entertainment for me to have company;' and he bestowed another bow upon each of us.

'You will not find the manners of a nobleman in a plain ship's carpenter,' said I, thankful to believe that he had forgotten the subject of my sea-going qualifications. But I was mistaken. He gazed at me with a steadfastness that was absolutely confusing, whilst he seemed lost in deep thought, then said:

'I'm not going to regard you, Mr Dugdale, as a tip-top sailor, of course. Ye've knocked off too long; but it'll all come back very soon.'

'Mr Dugdale was at sea for only two years,' said Miss Temple. 'It would be unreasonable to expect any one to know much of a calling in that time.'

'Don't you believe that, mem,' he exclaimed.

'After twelve months of it, there was but little left for me to learn—proper, I mean, to fit me to serve as able seaman aboard anything afloat, from a hoy to a line-of-battle ship.—What don't ye know now, Mr Dugdale?'

He somewhat softened his voice as he said this, and a queer sort of yearning expression entered his unwinning stare.

'Oh, much, captain, much,' I answered, smiling, yet feeling somewhat bothered betwixt these questions and Miss Temple's glances.

'You could put a ship about, I suppose?'

'Well, I might do that,' I replied; 'but there would be a chance of my getting her into irons, though.'

'You'd be able to know when to shorten sail anyway, and what orders to give. You told me ye could take a star?'

'Did I?' I exclaimed.

'Certainly you did, sir,' he cried.

'I do not recollect,' said Miss Temple.

'Ha!' he exclaimed, with another of his mirthless grins, 'the lady's afraid of your knowing too much, sir.—I don't mean no offence, but there's a fore-castle saying that all the male monkeys 'ud talk if it wasn't for their sweethearts, who advise them to hold their jaw lest they should be put upon.'

Miss Temple's face changed into stone, after one withering glance at the man, whose countenance remained distorted with a smile.

'Some of Jack's sayings are first class,' he went on.—'Yes, ye told me you could take a star.—Can you find the latitude by double altitudes?'

'A few trials would recall the trick, I daresay,' I answered.

'And of course you know how to find the longitude by lunar observations?'

'Pray excuse me, Captain Braine,' said I; 'but what, may I inquire, is your motive in asking these questions?'

He eyed me fixedly for some moments, and then silently nodded his head three or four times. Miss Temple seemed to shrink slightly as she watched him.

'Mr Dugdale,' said he very slowly, 'on your giving me to understand that you had served aboard an Indianman, I was willing to receive you and the lady aboard my ship. When you came aboard, you told me that you understood navigation. Didn't ye?'

I felt the blood in my cheek as I answered: 'I have some recollection of speaking to that effect.'

'Then why d'ye want to go and try to make out now that ye knows nothing about it?'

'I am trying to do nothing of the kind,' said I, assuming an air of dignity and resentment, though I feared it was good for very little.

'You have questioned me, sir, and now I ask you a question. I have a right to an answer, seeing how you expect that I should rapidly and fluently reply to you.'

'I'll be talking to you afore long,' he said, bestowing another succession of dark mysterious nods upon me.

'Captain Braine,' cried Miss Temple, breaking with an air of consternation out of the cold, contemptuous resentment that had made marble of her face, 'you have rescued us from a condition of dreadful distress, and I have your promise

that you will not lose an opportunity to transfer us to the first ship you meet that is homeward bound, providing we do not shortly fall in with the *Countess Ida*."

'I ha'n't broke my promise yet, have I?' he replied, rounding slowly upon her and staring.

'I can only repeat,' she continued, preserving her expression of dismay, 'that any sum of money you may choose to ask'—

'I know all about that, mem,' he interrupted, but not offensively, and with a gesture that was almost bland. He then leisurely turned to me.

'You gave me to believe this morning, sir, that you was acquainted with navigation?'

'And what then?' I exclaimed impatiently.

'I hope that you didn't deceive me,' he said with a dark look.

'You shall have the full truth when I know your motive in examining me in this fashion,' said I hotly, 'and not before.'

But immediately after I had spoken I was sensible of my folly in losing my temper. Talk as we might, vapour as we would, we were in this man's power: in the power of a man who was absolutely unintelligible as a character whether sane or mad, and the girl's and my own safety might wholly depend upon our judgment and tact. He gazed at me with eyes whose expression seemed to grow more and more malignant, though, God knows, this might have been my fancy, since I was in the humour at that moment to figure all things very blackly.

'Understand me,' I exclaimed, wholly changing my manner, and speaking in a softened tone; 'if I can be of service to you in any direction, you have but to command me. I owe you my own and this lady's life; and though it is an obligation beyond my power of discharging in full, yet it must be my duty and happiness to diminish it in any direction I am equal to.'

'We will before long talk together, sir,' said he, and then fell silent, nor did he again open his lips during the seven or eight minutes in which we continued sitting together at that table.

I was exceedingly puzzled and troubled by what had passed. What did this captain mean by his dark mysterious nods, by his saying that he would talk to me presently, by his insistence in ascertaining the extent of my nautical knowledge? It was possible, indeed, that being the only navigator aboard his vessel, he might consider himself in serious need of some one to take his place if he should fall sick. But his behaviour was scarcely reconcilable with this plain clear want, and it seemed certain that there was more going to his speech and manner than the desire that I should fill the part of mate to him.

It was a fair, warm, delightful night, rich with stars, and soothing with the dew-sweetened wind that blew with steady freshness over the quarter, running the pale shape of the barque over the dark waters, as though she were some wreath of mist that must presently dissolve. Miss Temple and I, sometimes walking, sometimes sitting on the skylight, held to the deck till a late hour. She abhorred the thought of withdrawing to the cabin allotted to her; and short as my sleep had been since the hour of my quitting the Indian man's side, I was as little willing as she to quit

the silence and coolness and beauty of the open night for the confinement of a small hot berth.

The captain had charge of the deck from eight to twelve; but he only once approached us to say that a little lantern containing an end of candle had been placed in each of our berths; 'and I will ask you both,' he added, 'to mind your fire, for we're full up with dry light goods in the steerage.' He then returned to the side of the deck he had crossed from, and did not again offer to approach us.

You will suppose that the girl and I could talk of nothing but the captain's intentions, the probable condition of his intellect, and the like.

'He may refuse to part with me,' said I, 'and yet be perfectly willing to send you on board of the first homeward-bound ship we sight. What then, Miss Temple?'

'I could not travel alone. It is not endurable that such a man as Captain Braine should compel you, against your wishes, to remain with him! How could he do so? How could he compel you to take a star, as he calls it, whatever that may mean; and to keep watch?' She sighed deeply. 'Alas! my language is fast becoming that of the common sailor. To think of me talking to you about taking a star and keeping watch.'

'And why not? Jack's is a noble tongue. Omit the oaths, and there is no dialect more swelling and poetic than that of the sea.'

'I detest it because it is forced upon me. An odious and dreadful experience obliges me to think and speak in it. Otherwise, I might rather like it.—But tell me now, Mr Dugdale, surely this captain could not compel you to remain with him?'

This led to a deal of talk. I did my utmost to reassure her; I exhorted her to bear in mind that whilst we were on board the barque, we were literally at the mercy of the skipper, who, down to the present moment, had certainly treated us with great humanity, though his behaviour and conversation in the main were undeniably of a lunatic sort. I bitterly condemned myself for losing my temper, and I entreated her to be patient, to control all resentment that the man might excite by purposed or involuntary insult, not to doubt that he would put her on board a ship proceeding home, and to leave me to play a part of my own that should keep us together.

'For,' said I, 'since fate, cruel to you, but not to me, Miss Temple, has placed you so far in my keeping, I must be jealous of all interference down to the very termination of our adventure.'

'I wish for no other companion,' she exclaimed in a low voice; 'my mother will thank you, Mr Dugdale.'

'And, please God, your mother shall,' said I, 'trifling as may be my claims upon her gratitude. But however my merits may turn out before we again sight Old England, I shall be abundantly satisfied if I believe that you think of me with more kindness than you did on board the *Countess Ida*.'

'Mr Dugdale, I thought of no one on board the *Countess Ida*.—But let us avoid that subject—you have already been very plain-spoken.'

She ceased. I made no answer, and for some

time we paced the deck in silence, harking then back again to the old topic of the captain's intentions, the whereabouts of the Indianman, and so on, and so on. By-and-by I looked at my watch: the dial-plate showed clearly by the starlight. It was eleven o'clock; and as I looked, the ship's bell rang out six chimes, which came floating down again in echoes out of the tremorless pallid concavities on high. Miss Temple was still most reluctant to leave the deck.

'I am thinking of Mr Chicken,' she exclaimed.

'Chicken's ghost, like a hen's egg, is laid,' said I. 'Besides, what remains of him will be all about my bunk.'

'Oh for the Indianman's saloon,' she cried, 'for my dear aunt, for old Captain Keeling! How welcome would be a sight of even the most intolerable of the passengers, say Mr Johnson; even that horrid little creature with the eyeglass, Miss Hudson's admirer.'

'I fear I am tolerated for the same reason that would render Mr Johnson endurable to you.'

'No!' she answered quickly and warmly; 'you are incessantly personal. I do not like it.'

'Suffer me to escort you to your cabin?'

She lingered yet, turning her face to the skies.

'How rich are those stars! Such lovely jewels are never to be seen in the English heavens. Mark how the meteors score the dark spaces between the lights with scars and paths of diamond dust! Oh that some gigantic shadowy finger would shape itself up there pointing downwards, to let us know where the *'countess Ida* is!'

She rose from the skylight with a long tremulous sigh, and passed her hand through my arm that I might conduct her below. For an instant I hung in the wind.

'Why do you wait; I am now ready?' said she.

'I am debating within myself whether I should offer to stand watch to-night—the captain might expect me to do so.'

'I do believe you desire that I should think you as mad as he is,' she exclaimed, exerting pressure enough on my arm to start me towards the poop-ladder; 'you shall do nothing of the sort with my consent. If you wish to resume your old vocation, Mr Dugdale, pray wait until this adventure is ended.'

'Anyway, we must bid him good-night,' said I; and with that I called out to him. He answered: 'Good-night, Mr Dugdale; good-night to you, mem. If there's anything a-missing which the *Lady Blanche* can supply, let me know, and you shall have it.'

'You're extremely good, and we're very much obliged to you,' said I.

'Good-night, Captain Braine,' called Miss Temple in her rich voice; and down we went.

The cabin lamp showed a small light. Miss Temple waited here whilst I went below for one of the two lanterns which the captain had told me I should find in our berths. I was obliged to kindle a sulphur match, and I remember cursing the tardy operation of obtaining a light whilst I stood hammering away with flint

and steel, injuring my knuckles, and wishing the tinder-box at the deuce. I found the lanterns, and left one alight in Miss Temple's cabin, and carried my own, also alight, into the cuddy. Miss Temple's eyes sparkled to the glare as I approached her, and her face might have been a spirit's for its whiteness in that faint illumination vexed with shadows as the lantern swayed to the light rolling of the barque.

'I wish I could sleep here,' said she.

'You will be equally comfortable below' said I; 'and what is better, quite private.'

'Did you see any rats?'

'None.'

She took my arm with a firm clasp, and hardly seemed willing to release me at the hatch, though the aperture was too narrow to admit of our descending together. When we had gained the lower deck, she again seized my arm, and stood staring and hearkening.

'Oh Mr Dugdale,' she cried, 'it is very lonely down here!'

'Yes; but you are not alone. You must have courage. I would rather you should be next me, than overhead next the captain.'

Yet, as I spoke, my heart was full of pity for her. It was indeed lonely, as she had said, with a sense of imprisonment besides all that way down, thinking of where we stood, I mean; with reference to the poop. The stowed cases in the forepart seemed to stir as though to some internal throes to the weak light that swung in my hand; the atmosphere was charged with an unpleasant smell of cargo and the mingled fumes of a ship's hold; and there was something of the heat of an oven also in the air that felt to rest with a sort of weight upon the head, due perhaps to the fancy begotten by the nearness of the upper deck or ceiling as you may term it. Small straining noises stole upon the ear from round about in stealthy notes, as though there were giants below moving warily. I say I was full of concern for the poor girl. Somewhat, the misery of her condition had not before affected me as it now did.

'It will not last long. It will be a thing of the past very shortly: meanwhile, keep up your heart, and trust me as your protector whilst God leaves me a hand to lift,' I exclaimed, with a tenderness of which I was sensible until a little later on, when the tones of my voice recurred to me in memory.

She looked at me as though she were about to speak, yet said nothing; and releasing my arm, she stepped to her cabin door, and peeped in.

'Is there anything I can do?' said I, keeping at a respectful distance.

She peered awhile, and then answered: 'I think not. But that candle will not last long, and I shall be in darkness. Or if I should extinguish it, how am I to light it again?'

'If you want a light,' said I, 'knock on the bulkhead. I shall hear you, and will answer by knocking. But it already draws on for twelve o'clock. The dawn will be breaking at five or thereabouts.—I trust you will sleep. You greatly need rest.'

I removed my cap to kiss her hand, and met her gaze, that was fixed full of wistful-

ness upon me. 'Good-night, Miss Temple,' said I. She entered her cabin looking as though her heart was too full for speech, and closed the door.

I was now feeling mighty weary; yet, as I feared that she might need me, or, in some nervous fit, knock if it were but to know that I was awake, I filled my pipe, got into Mr Chicken's bunk, and sat smoking. I cannot express the peculiar character of the stillness down here. It was very extraordinarily accentuated by the sounds which at intervals penetrated it: such as the muffled jar of the rudder working upon its post, the dim wash of water, startlingly close at hand, along with the faint seething noise of the barque's wake hissing within arm's reach, as it seemed, and coming and going upon the hearing fitfully. The suit of oilskins against the bulkhead swayed to the heave of the fabric, and they resembled the body of a man who had hanged himself by the nail from which they dangled. There was a pair of sea-boots up in a corner with a dropsical bulging out about the foot of them in the part where a man's bunions would come, and they showed so very much as if they had just been drawn off the legs of Mr Chicken, that they grew ghastly presently, and to relieve my imagination, I directed my eyes at other objects.

I sat smoking and full of thought. My eyelids were as of lead, yet my mind continued impertinently active. The horrors we had escaped from lay like the shadow of a thunder-cloud upon my spirits; the oppression was too violent to suffer the continuance of any emotion of exultation over our deliverance. Dark and dismal fancies possessed me. I thought of Captain Braine as a man whose reason was unsound, and who was capable of playing me some devilish trick; I thought of the coarse and surly carpenter, and of the charge of murder hinted against him by the skipper. I thought of the convicts and of the mutineer in the fore-castle, and then, my raven-like imagination going to Miss Temple, I reflected that I was unarmed, that I had no weapon about me but a knife, that could prove of very little use should it come to my having to make a fight for it for hers and my own life. Surely, I mused, old Chicken, will not have come to sea without some instrument of self-defence, be it blunderbuss, pistol, or cutlass.

I took an earnest view of the interior. There was a locker against the bulkhead that divided Miss Temple's cabin from mine; I had incuriously opened and looked into it when searching for something to divert ourselves with, being by the time I had come to that locker too tired to continue overhauling the dead man's effects. Besides this receptacle there were two chests of clothes and other matters along with a bagful of things, and a shelf over the bunk filled with odds and ends. There was still above an hour of candle-light in the lantern. I raised the lid of the locker, and found within a truly miscellaneous 'raffie' of objects, as a sailor would term it: charts, slippers, sextant in a case, a number of tobacco pipes, bundles of papers, and I know not what besides. At the bottom, in the left-hand corner, was a small canvas bag very light for its size. I drew it out, and found

about forty pounds in gold inside it, with three Australian one-pound notes, dark with thumbing and pocketing, and a five-pound note scarcely distinguishable for dirt and creases. I replaced the bag; and coming to the other end of the locker, working my way to it through a very rag-and-bottle shop of queer gatherings, I met with the object that I was longing for: to wit, a heavy, long, double-barreled pistol, with a couple of nipples and a ramrod, and a butt massive enough to bring an ox to earth with. There were a parcel of bullets and a small brown powder-flask full in the piece of canvas in which the pistol was wrapped; but for some time I could not find any caps. Without them, the pistol would not be of the least use, and my satisfaction yielded to mortification as I continued to probe into the locker without result. I was about to abandon the quest in despair, when my fingers touched a circular metal box like to those which used to contain paste for the polishing of boots: I fished it up, and was mighty glad to find it filled with caps. Come, thought I, if difficulties are to happen, I am better off now than I was half an hour ago, anyhow.

All this time there had been no noise next door, and I could but hope that Miss Temple was sleeping. I carefully put the pistol and its little furniture into the foot of my bunk, and pulling off my coat and waistcoat, and removing my shoes, I vaulted on to Mr Chicken's mattress, blew out the candle in the lantern, and stretched my length. It was hard upon two o'clock, however, before I fell asleep. The scuttle or port-hole was abreast of the bunk, and the black disc of it framed the low-lying stars of the horizon as they slid up and down to the lift and fall of the hull. Perhaps by this time to-morrow we may be aboard a ship homeward-bound, I remember thinking: and that was the last of my thoughts that night, for I immediately afterwards sank into a sound sleep.

RAILWAY COMMISSION JOTTINGS.

To the general public the Board of Trade Inquiry into railway rates presents but few attractive features, yet there are interesting items of information to be found among the mass of evidence, which arrest the attention, and stand out in welcome relief from the dry technicalities of which it mainly consists.

One can hardly fail to be struck, for instance, with the magnitude of some of the items of expenditure. It transpired in evidence that it is proposed to incur an expense of a million pounds in enlarging Liverpool Street Station, which cost the Great Eastern shareholders considerably more than that sum to erect; while another London station—the South-Western Goods Depot at Nine Elms—is to have one hundred thousand pounds spent upon it in improvements. The manager of the latter line alluded to the additional expense caused by fogs, stating that a week of fog in London would double the cost of terminal services at Nine Elms. Serious delays are also due to this cause, particularly to goods-traffic. Passenger trains must, of course, be run as near to time as

safety will permit; but any one unacquainted with railway working would be astonished at the confusion thereby caused to goods-traffic. Sidings will be blocked up by train behind train, which, when they are allowed to move on, only crawl along a few miles at a time. Long-journey trains to and from the north—when consisting of empty wagons or comparatively unimportant traffic—sometimes reach their destination nearly a day late! It is easy to see how largely the 'overtime' returns are affected by the same cause. The drivers and guards in charge of these unfortunate trains cannot leave them, for, although they may stand in a siding for hours together unable to proceed, they are all the time uncertain how long the detention may last. The fog-signalmen constitute quite an army when the fog extends over a large area, and many thousands of the well-known detonating signals are used. The former are drawn from the ranks of the platelayers, &c., and are often called out for a night's 'fogging' just as they have finished a hard day's work. The chairman of the London and North-Western Railway—Sir Richard Moon—once stated at a half-yearly meeting of that company that they had no fewer than 3700 men acting as special fog-signalmen during a five days' fog, which had occurred a few weeks previously.

Another surprisingly large item of expenditure was mentioned in the evidence relating to coal wagons. The Midland Company have for the last few years been buying up the trucks of private owners. The well-known 'M. R.' may now be seen upon a very large number of coal wagons, and it seems that the Midland Company have spent no less than a million and a half in acquiring them. As this sum is equal to the cost of about three thousand eight hundred first-class carriages, it must represent an enormous number of coal wagons. The wisdom of this step, like others ventured upon by this enterprising company, was much questioned by its competitors; but it is asserted that it has been found very advantageous both to the company and their customers.

When speaking of 'perishable' traffic, the Great Northern manager gave a description of the vehicles used for the conveyance of fish. It appears that these are each capable of containing two tons, and are divided into four water-tight compartments lined with lead. On the arrival of the train in London, each tank is lifted bodily by a crane out of the wagon, put on a street trolley, and taken direct to market without the fish having been handled at all. Everything—except express passenger trains—has to give way to fish-traffic; and as it is uncertain and inconsistent, special trains frequently have to be made up at short notice. Fresh-meat traffic, too, is rapidly pushed through, and is also conveyed in specially constructed, well-ventilated covered wagons. The trains of competing companies fairly race each other with traffic of this description, and in the event of delay, heavy claims for compensation have sometimes to be met, to avoid the risk of losing it.

Cattle are another 'uncertain quantity,' also frequently requiring special trains and quick transit. It is often purposely arranged for cattle to be ready for conveyance on Sunday. Indeed,

Mr Shaw, of the Lancashire and Yorkshire line, said that in the course of a year thirty thousand trucks of cattle were sent from Liverpool to the Manchester cattle station at Windsor Bridge; and 'he was ashamed to say it was nearly all brought on Sundays.'

The peculiar nature of some of the consignments tendered for conveyance may be noticed. Sometimes it is impossible to convey them at all except by using the whole breadth of the railway. This, we believe, was originally arranged in the case of the great bell of St Paul's, which, however, eventually journeyed from Loughborough to London by road. Boilers and machinery are sometimes of huge bulk and unwieldy proportions; while other consignments are exceptionally fragile and valuable. The companies seek to be empowered to make special charges for such exceptional traffic; and in course of examination on this point, the London and South-Western manager (Mr Scotter) mentioned that his company had recently conveyed five hundred and thirty-two packages of specie weighing twenty-two tons, two cases of precious stones (two hundredweight), fifty bottles of quicksilver, a case of zinc statues, two boxes containing busts valued at three hundred pounds, and an elephant!

So far we have dealt solely with points brought forward by the witnesses representing the railway interest, but equally interesting items are to be found in the evidence given by the traders, which form the second stage of the proceedings. These may be described as a tug-of-war between the two interests, the former seeking to provide for contingencies by establishing higher maximum rates, while the traders have naturally endeavoured to get them pulled down.

Fruit-growers have for many years complained of the railway rates, in the south of England especially. In the Kent district, fruit has frequently been allowed to rot upon the trees on account of the expense which would have to be incurred in getting it to the London market. The most powerful lever with which to induce railway companies to lower their rates is water competition; and in 1887 the Kent fruit-growers chartered a small steamboat for the conveyance of their produce to London. This had often been threatened without producing any effect; but the steamer had only made one or two trips before the railway rates were considerably reduced.

Many of the arguments used by the traders turned upon the danger of native industries being destroyed by foreign competition if the home-growers or manufacturers were handicapped by unduly heavy railway expenses. Mr Maconochie, the well-known fish-merchant of London, Lowestoft, and Wick, stated that a few years ago the fish-trade amounted to £14,000,000, but had now decreased by some £6,000,000, mainly owing to this cause. The Vice-president of the Birmingham Fish and Game Dealers' Association in his evidence on this point gave some interesting details in support of Mr Maconochie's statement. He said that they received three hundred and twenty-five packages of fish from Stornoway *via* Strone Ferry which realised £275, 16s.; while the railway charges came to £103, 3s., with £12, 9s. 10d. additional for returned empties. In another case, a train-load of fish was sent

from Wick to Birmingham (five hundred and eighty-seven miles). This produced £162, 10s., and the carriage amounted to £116. Similar evidence was given by Sheffield witnesses, who also gave cases showing that the railway company received upwards of fifty per cent. of the total proceeds.

This must leave a poor pittance for the toiling fishermen; but the writer was once shown a salesman's account for some apples sent to Birmingham from a town in a neighbouring county, which was actually several shillings *against* the grower, the salesman asking him for a remittance of the balance! The proceeds had been more than swallowed up by railway charges and commission, and the latter item was certainly not at all exorbitant. Potatoes are also frequently sent up to London with results almost as discouraging; although, it must be said, the fault is not all with the railway companies.

The railway managers seemed to consider that too much was being made of the 'foreign-competition' plea, and when it was brought forward by the representative of the British Dairy Farmers' Association with regard to milk, it was spoken of as absurd and visionary. The witness, however, promptly rejoined that he had himself been asked to become English Manager for a Dutch Milk Company. In fact, milk can be and has been brought over in a frozen state from both Holland and Denmark, though not at present in large quantities; and it would surely be almost humiliating if we should be driven to the importation of milk as well as of eggs and butter. A Cheshire farmer, who stated that he sent away sixty-eight thousand gallons of milk last year, complained very strongly of lack of convenience and assistance at the stations. He said that on one occasion his milk-cans were left behind, and although they did not reach their destination until the afternoon—four and a half hours late—he could get no compensation. The milk was at the railway gate, but he could get no one to assist the carter to lift the cans up on to the platform.

As to the reality of foreign competition in the cattle and meat trade, there could be no question. A large live-stock trade is kept up with America in spite of the heavy losses which so frequently occur. Out of a total of four hundred and seventy-five head of cattle which left New York on board the *Lake Superior* a short time ago, only one hundred and forty were landed at Liverpool, three hundred and thirty-five having perished on the voyage. The same week the *Manitoba* arrived in Glasgow and reported a loss of over two hundred head of cattle during the trip. As regards dead-meat, Australia and New Zealand are in the lists as well as America; indeed, the former country appears desirous of supplying us with potatoes too, an experimental cargo having been sent to England from Melbourne last January.

A grievance of the cattle-dealers turned upon the date at which lambs arrive at the dignity of sheep, the latter animal being subject to higher railway charges than the former, in the same way as adults pay higher fares than children. It appears that while on Scotch lines the 31st of October is the recognised date, in England it is the 31st of August; and the 30th of September was suggested by the English dealers as a compromise.

A witness from Yorkshire gave the following instance which recently occurred to himself where the railway charge for a comparatively short journey prevented a sale of sheep. A farmer at York wished to dispose of two hundred sheep suitable for Peterborough market. The witness could have bought them for fifty shillings each, and disposed of them at Peterborough for fifty-two shillings. The railway rate, however, came to one shilling and eightpence-halfpenny per head, and the cost of driving and feeding for two nights would have absorbed the rest of the two shillings, and they were consequently left on the farmer's hands.

According to a Wiltshire witness, however, the railway charges for sheep are very favourable compared with those for pigs. This gentleman, as may be guessed, represented the bacon industry, and he stated that the proposed rates would prejudicially affect that industry, as the average increase in the rates would be 36·62 per cent. The result of the changes proposed by the London and South-Western Railway were spoken of as most startling, increasing the charge for pigs in some cases two hundred and eighty-eight per cent. As a matter of fact, the company proposed to charge for the conveyance of a pig seventy miles a little more than was now charged for a third-class passenger!

FORGET-ME-NOT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'SUNNY April' of the poet's fancy had faded into May, and at length had succumbed to the warmth of early summer. Though the season had been a late one, hedges and sloping woodlands glowed with a tender mass of greenery against a snowy background of pear-blossom and pink flushed apple-bloom. The fortunate 'ten thousand,' dragged captive behind the gilded chariot of Fashion, turned their faces from the fresh-born beauty, now at its best and brightest, to slave and toil, to triumph and be triumphed over; for the first Drawing-room was 'ancient history,' and the lilacs in the Park were fragrant with pink flowers. Town was very full—that is to say, the four millions and odd thousands of suffering, struggling humanity were augmented by the handful of fellow-creatures who aspire to lead the world and make the most of life. The Academy had opened its door for nearly a month, and the *dilettanti*, inspired by the critics, had stamped with the hall-marks of success the masterpieces of Orchardson and Solomon, had dwelt upon the vivid classicality of Alma Tadema, and listened in languid rapture on opera nights to Patti and Marie Roze. Already those who began to feel the heat and clamour of 'the sweet shady side of Pall Mall' sighed in secret for the freshness of green fields, and were counting the days which intervened between them and 'royal Ascot.'

It is a fine thing, doubtless, to be one of Fortunatus's favourites, to rise upon gilded pinions, and to soar whither 'one listeth; to be

in a position to transport the glorious freshness of the country into the stifled atmosphere of towns. Down the sacred streets, sun-blinds of fancy hues and artistic arrangement repelled the ardent heat, filtered the light through silken draperies of pink and mauve on to pyramids and banks of fragrant flowers, gardenias and orchids, and the deep-blue violets, fresh and dewy from the balmy Riviera itself.

A glorious day had been succeeded by a perfect night. Gradually the light deepened till the golden outlines of the mansions in Arlington Street gave promise of the coming moon, rising gradually, a glowing saffron crescent, into the blue vault overhead. From every house there seemed to float the sound of revelry; a constant line of carriages filtered down the street; and many outcasts, drifting Heaven alone knows where, caught a passing glimpse of fairyland behind the ferns and gleaming statuary, behind doors flung, with mocking hospitality, open.

There was one loiterer there who took slight heed of those things. His shabby raiment might at one time have been well made, but now it was no longer presentable in such an aristocratic quarter; his boots, trodden down at heel, a scant protection against the heat of the fiery pavement. The face was that of a man who had seen better days, a young face, not more than thirty at the outside, a handsome countenance withal; but saddened by care and thought, and the hard lines of cultivated cynicism, peculiar to the individual who is out of suits with fortune. For a moment he stood idly watching an open door, before which stood a neatly-appointed brougham; and within the brilliantly-lighted vestibule, half in shadow and half in the gloom, a tall graceful figure loitered, a haughty-looking woman, with a black lace mantilla twisted round her uplifted head. It was a striking picture—the dainty aristocrat within, the neglected wanderer without; he half shrinking in the shadows, she clear cut as cameo against the blazing light, a background of flowers and ferns to show off her regal beauty.

As she swept down the steps at length towards the carriage, something bright and shining fell from her throat, and lay gleaming on the marble tiles at her feet. Apparently the loss was unnoticed, for the brougham door was closed behind her before the stranger stepped forward and raised the trinket from its perilous position.

'I think you have dropped this,' he said quietly, with a tone and ease of manner in startling contrast to his appearance. 'May I be allowed to restore it to you?'

The haughty beauty, disturbed in some pleasant reverie, looked up almost without catching the meaning of the words. She saw nothing more than a humble individual of a class as distinct from her own as the poles are apart, who, perhaps in the hope of a small reward, had hastened to restore the lost property to its rightful owner.

'Oh, thank you,' she replied, half turning in his direction, at the same time taking the brooch and placing a piece of money in the stranger's hand. 'I should have been greatly distressed to have lost this.'

'The miniature must be valuable,' returned the stranger, mechanically regarding the coin in his hand. 'But you will pardon me in calling

attention to another mistake.—You have given me a sovereign.'

'You scarcely deem it enough,' said the girl, with a half-smile, as this strange anomaly of her position flashed across her mind. 'If'—

'On the contrary, madam, I am more than rewarded.'

'No,' as she once more opened the little ivory purse.

Again the palpable absurdity of her situation struck the listener. That she was speaking to a man of education there was no longer reason to doubt. And yet the fact of his accepting the sovereign severely militated against the fact of his being what his language implied.

'You surely are a man of education, are you not?' she asked.

'Really, I can hardly tell you,' he answered with some confusion. Then suddenly pulling himself together he said: 'But I am presuming. It is so long since a lady spoke to me, that for a moment I have forgotten that I am—what I am.'

He had lost himself for a moment, thinking himself back in the world again, till his eyes fell upon the silver harness glittering in the moonlight, and the marble statuary gleaming in the vestibule behind. But the listener drew herself up none the higher, and regarded him with a look of interest in her dark dreamy eyes.

'I do not think so,' she said; 'and I—I am sorry for you if you need my pity. If I can do anything'—

Some sudden thought seemed to strike her, for she turned half away, as if ashamed of her interest in the stranger, and motioned the servant to close the carriage door behind her. The loiterer watched the brougham till it mingled with the stream of vehicles, and then, with a sigh, turned away.

'281 Arlington Street,' he murmured to himself. 'I must remember that. And they say there is no such thing as fate! Vere, Vere, if you had only known who the recipient of your charity was.'

He laid the glittering coin on his palm, so that the light streamed upon it, and gazed upon the little yellow disc as if it had been some priceless treasure. In his deep abstraction, he failed to notice that standing by his side was another wayfarer, regarding the sovereign with hungry eyes.

'Mate, exclaimed the mendicant eagerly, 'that was very nigh being mine.'

The owner of the coin turned abruptly to the speaker. He beheld a short powerful-looking individual, dressed in rough cloth garments, his closely-cropped bullet-shaped head adorned by a greasy fur cap, shiny from long wear and exposure to all kinds of weather.

'It might have been mine,' he continued; 'only you were too quick for me. With a sick wife and three children starvin' at home, it's hard.'

'Where do you live?' asked the fortunate one abruptly.

'Mitre Court, Marchant Street, over Westminster Bridge. It's true what I'm tellin' you. And if you could spare a shillin'—'

The questioner took five shillings from his pocket and laid them on his open palm. As he

replied, he eyed his meaner brother in misfortune with a shady glance, in which sternness was not altogether innocent of humour. 'I have seen you before,' he observed, 'and so, if I am not mistaken, have the police. You can have the five shillings, and welcome, which just leaves me this one sovereign. I am all the more sorry for you because I have the honour of residing in that desirable locality myself.' So saying, and dropping the coins one by one into the mendicant's outstretched hand, and altogether ignoring his fervid thanks, John Winchester, to give the wanderer his proper name, walked on, every trace of cynicism passed from his face, leaving it soft and handsome. His head was drawn up proudly, for he was back with the past again, and but for his sorry dress, might have passed for one to the manner born.

Gradually the streets became shabbier and more squalid as he walked along; the fine shops gave place to small retailers' places of business; even the types of humanity began to change. Westminster Bridge with its long lane of lights was passed, till at length the pedestrian turned down one of the dark unwholesome lanes leading out of the main road, a street with low evil-looking houses, the inhabitants of which enjoyed a reputation by no means to be envied by those who aspired to be regarded as observers of the law. But adversity, which makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, had inured the once fastidious Winchester to a company at once contemptible and uncongenial. He pursued his way quietly along till at length he turned into one of the darkest houses, and walking cautiously up the rickety uneven stairs, entered a room at the top of the house, a room devoted to both living and sleeping purposes, and illuminated by a solitary oil-lamp.

Lying on a bed was a man half asleep, who, as Winchester entered, looked round with sleepy eyes; fine gray eyes they might have been, but for their red hue and blood-shot tinge, which spoke only too plainly of a life of laxity and dissipation. In appearance he was little more than a youth, a handsome youth but for the fretful expression of features, and the extreme weakness of the mouth, not wholly disguised by a fair moustache.

'What a time you have been!' he cried petulantly. 'I almost go mad lying here contemplating these bare walls and listening to those screaming children. The mystery to me is where they all come from.'

Winchester glanced round the empty room, all the more naked and ghastly by reason of certain faint attempts to adorn its native hideousness, and smiled in contemptuous self-pity. The plaster was peeling from the walls, hidden here and there by unframed water-colours, grim in contrast; while in one corner an easel had been set up, on which a half-finished picture had been carelessly thrust. Through the open windows a faint fetid air percolated from the court below in unwholesome currents, ringing with the screams of children, or the sound of muffled curses in a deeper key.

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming, and grow brighter when we come.' Poverty calls for companionship, my dear Chris.

Why not have come out with me and seen the great world enjoying itself? I have been up west doing Peri at the gates of Paradise.'

'How can I venture out?' exclaimed the younger man with irritation. 'How can a man show himself in such miserable rags as these? It isn't every one who is blessed with your cosmopolitan instincts.—But enough of this frivolity. The first great question is, have you had any luck? The second, and of no less importance, how much?'

'In plain English, have I any money?—Voilà!'

Winchester drew the precious coin from his pocket and flung it playfully across to his companion. His eyes glittered, his face flushed till it grew almost handsome again; then he turned to the speaker with a look nearly approaching gratitude, or as near that emotion as a weak selfish nature can approach. Winchester laughed, not altogether pleasantly, as he noticed Ashton's rapidly-changing expression of feature.

'Pon my word, Jack, you are a wonderful fellow; and what I should do without you I dare not contemplate. Have you found any deserving picture-dealer who had sufficient discrimination to?'

'Picture-dealer!' Winchester echoed scornfully. 'Mark you, I have been doing what I never did before—something, I trust, I shall never be called to do again. I told you I had been up west, and so I have, hanging about the great houses in expectation of picking up a stray shilling; I, John Winchester, Artist and Gentleman. And yet, somehow, I don't feel that I have quite forfeited my claim to the title.'

'You are a good fellow, Jack, the best friend I ever had,' said Chris Ashton after a long eloquent pause. 'I should have starved, I should have found a shelter in jail, or a grave in the river long ago, had it not been for you. And if it had not been for me, you would be a useful member of society still. And yet, I do not think I am naturally bad; there must be some taint in my blood, I fancy. What a fool I have been, and how happy I was till I met Wingate.'

The melancholy dreariness of retrospection, the contemplation of the 'might have been,' dimmed the gray eyes for a moment; while Winchester, his thoughts far away, pulled his beard in silent rumination.

'When you left the army three years ago?'

'When I was cashiered three years ago,' Ashton corrected. 'Don't mince matters.'

'Very well. When you were cashiered for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, you came to me, and I saved you from serious consequences. You were pretty nearly at the end of your tether then, and Wingate was quite at the end of his; you had spent all your share of your grandfather's money, and your sister had helped you also. When Wingate stole that forged bill of yours, that I had redeemed, from my studio, you thought it was merely to have a hold upon you, in which you are partly mistaken. He kept it because he imagined that, by making a judicious use of the document, your sister might be induced to marry him to shield you.'

'At anyrate, he profited little by that scheme. There was a time, Jack, when I thought you were in love with Vere.'

Winchester bent forward till his face rested on his hands. 'I always was; I suppose I always shall. If it had not been for your grandfather's money——' But there is nothing to be gained by this idle talk. That is the only thing I have to regret in my past, that and my own thriftless idleness. Carelessly enough, I sacrificed all my happiness. Little Vere, poor child! What would she say if I were to remind her of a certain promise now?'

'Marry you,' Ashton replied with conviction 'Ay, in spite of everything.'

Winchester laughed, joylessly, bitterly, as he listened. He, a social outcast, beyond the pale of civilisation almost; she, with beauty and fortune, and if rumour spoke correctly, with the strawberry leaves at her feet, if she only cared to stoop and raise them to her brows. A sweet vision of a fair pleading face, lighted by a pair of dark brown eyes, looking trustingly into his own, rose up with faint comfort out of the dead mist of five years ago.

'Some day I fancy you will come together again, you and she, Jack, when I am no longer a burden to you. If I could rid myself of my Frankenstein, my old man of the sea, I would have one more try. But I cannot; my nerve is gone, and I am, after all, a poor pitiful coward. —I must tell you, I must: Wingate has been here again.'

There is something very terrible in the spectacle of a strong man crushed by the weight of an overwhelming despair. Winchester crossed over and laid his hand in all kindness on his friend's shoulder, though his face was black and stern. For a moment it seemed that he would give way to the passion burning in every vein; but by a great effort he controlled himself.

'And what is the latest piece of scoundrelism, may I ask?'

Ashton's face was still turned away from the speaker. His reply came painfully, as it the words cost him an effort. 'At first I refused, till he held that bill over my head and frightened me. It is bad this time, very bad; for, disguise it how he will, it is nothing but burglary. They want me to help them; they say I can if I will. And if not?'

'Ah, so it has come to that at last. You know something of the plans, of course. Where is the place they propose to honour with a visit?'

'Somewhere in the West End—Arlington Street, I fancy; anyway, it is some great house, the residence of a well-known heiress. Wingate did not say whose, but the number is 280 or 281.'

Winchester's face was very grave now, and almost solemn in its intensity. A dim glimmering of the villainess of the plot began to permeate his understanding. That Wingate, the before-mentioned scoundrel, knew full well who the heiress was, he saw no reason to doubt.

'Chris,' said he, with quiet earnestness, 'turn over and look me in the face; which the unhappy youth did with a strange feeling of coming relief.'

'I told you I had been loitering in the streets to-night, and one of the streets I happened to choose was Arlington Street—by chance, as some

people would say. By the same chance, as I was waiting there, a beautiful girl came down the steps to her brougham, arrayed for some gaiety or another. In so doing, she dropped a valuable ornament, and passed into her carriage without noticing her loss. I hastened to restore it to her; my back was to the light, so she could not recognise me. But I did recognise her. She gave me the sovereign lying there, and what was better, she gave me her sweet womanly sympathy. It was not out of any idle curiosity that I made a note of the number of the house. —I hope you are listening to me, Chris?'

'Yes, dear old fellow, I am listening.'

'It was 281, and she was the heiress Wingate mentioned. You think the coincidence ends here, but not quite. I said that I recognised her; I also said she could not recognise me. Can you guess who it was?'

'Not—not Vere?' Ashton exclaimed brokenly—'my sister?'

'It was Vere, changed, more beautiful, but the same Vere.—Now, cannot you see the whole fiendishness of Wingate's plot? Cannot you see that if anything is discovered, he will get off scot free, when you are implicated? My boy, I am going to play a bold stroke for your freedom. I am going to break the vow I made five years ago, in the hope that good may come of it. Treat Wingate for the present as if you are still his tool, and trust me, for beyond the darkness I see light at last.'

A CHAT ABOUT JERSEY.

THE change from England to Jersey is amusing and interesting. St Heliers, the town and chief port of the island, has an odd touch of the small British colony mingled with the air of a French town; you notice French names over the shops, hear that language spoken in the streets and markets, and come upon French people everywhere; while the peasantry retain well-marked traces in language and habits of their old Norman origin. The colonial features present themselves in a legislative assembly, called 'the States,' a Government House, a distinct native population, and a mode of life without bustle and rush, but with plenty of ease and leisure.

The scenery has great charms, and is, like the isle itself, in miniature; but it fascinates all lovers of Nature's beauties. The limited extent of the isle may be readily comprehended when you find you cannot proceed straight on in any direction for ten miles without getting into the sea. The climate is more genial, the winter milder, shorter, with more sunshine and less frost and fog than that of England. Life here may be pleasantly easy or delightfully indolent, as you prefer. No one is ever in haste about anything, unless, perchance, to catch the morning steampacket for England, which starts before eight A.M. This calls on us for some little effort, as our custom is to rise late, even though few of us squander the midnight oil.

Society is gay and fond of pleasure, less formal and stiff, and with more attractions than in most English provincial towns. It is formed of the principal Jersey families, of residents who have

migrated from England or elsewhere, and of officers of the small garrison. Most of the residents are retired officers and their families, many of whom have passed years under tropical suns, and find in this island advantages of climate and moderate expenses. They bring with them many daughters, and send their sons away; so young and pretty girls are numerous, whereas men are scarce. During winter, frequent balls and concerts, amateur theatricals and card-parties, make time pass in lively fashion.

May and June are the season for perfect enjoyment of the exquisite scenery, which is a rare combination of lovely landscapes and picturesque coast; grass slopes with trees and shrubs, wild-flowers, heath and yellow gorse, run down to the bright sea-beach; strangely weird and gloomy caverns lie hid beneath precipitous cliffs, on whose summit sheep browse plentifully, while the restless blue sea glitters in the sunshine away to the dim outline of the coast of Brittany. Then you wander inland, on horseback or on foot, through winding lanes shaded by overarching elms, and beech and ilex; down lovely glens, where the young growth of foliage, flowers, and ferns is in full luxuriance, and the air seems so fresh though faintly perfumed.

We amuse ourselves in summer with picnics and dances, lawn-tennis and croquet, and occasional race-meetings, athletic sports, and cricket matches. The Lawn-tennis Club ground at St Heliers is a favourite resort, especially when a military band plays; there you will meet numbers of pretty and smartly-dressed girls, some keen for the game; others inclined rather to saunter and show off the last new frock or dainty hat, and enjoy tea and talk under the trees. Jersey must surely be the only place in the world where ladies have been ordered by law to hold their tongues; history records that this actually occurred in the year 1614, when Sir George Carteret, then Lieutenant-governor, compelled ladies to give substantial security that they would not chatter! The effect of this ordinance does not appear to have been lasting.

Although the sea is all around and so close at hand, there does not exist any fine bathing resort. Havre-des-Pas, a mile from St Heliers, is the most frequented bathing-place, but, like the harbour, it is without water as often as not; the tide recedes far, and leaves bare for hours a dreary expanse of rocks, sand, and seaweed. There are several good houses; but ugly rows of inferior dwellings destroy the appearance of the sea-frontage. It is remarkable that no attempt has been made to establish a bathing resort along the charming stretch of coast between Mont Orgueil Castle and Anne Port, where Nature offers beautiful sites for villas, sheltered inlets, and a fine bay of shingle, with ample depth of water at all states of the tide. Near Anne Port is a Druidical monument well worth inspection.

The old castle of Mont Orgueil stands imposingly on a projecting rocky crest high above the sea. Its ancient Norman chapel is at times used as a ballroom, and the queer old chambers, which used to be inhabited by stern warriors and prisoners of state, often echo now with cheery laughter. This fortress has experienced strange vicissitudes; captured by surprise by a French force in the fifteenth century, it was twice be-

sieged within a few years, and the French were expelled. Two centuries later, Lady de Carteret held the castle for King Charles I. against the Parliamentarians; and in the time of the Commonwealth, Dean Bandinell and his son, prisoners there, attempted a daring escape, but died of injuries received through falling on the rocks from a rope that broke as they descended. The view from the summit embraces the white coast of Normandy and the spire of Coutances Cathedral; it repays fully the exertion of ascent.

Below the castle, Gorey Common stretches along the shore, where excellent golf-links, a race-course, and rifle-ranges are well frequented at different seasons. The game of golf flourishes, and is the chief sport of many men with plenty of leisure and little occupation, who have pitched their tent in the island.

The town of St Heliers becomes thronged with tourists during the months of August and September, and they drive on four-horsed *chairs-à-banc*, with guides as escort, who blow horns and give the usual historical sketches, over the chief roads to well-known points, where scenery is fine and hostelries tolerable. They visit Grève-de-Lecq and Plémont, renowned for steep cliffs, deep caverns, and fine lobsters; Rozel, with its tropical gardens and oyster-beds; the pretty village of St Aubins; and the wild Corbières, with its lighthouse and dreadful rocks, besides dozens of other curious and picturesque spots. The cars rattle back towards evening through the town; the excursionists are in a buoyant and songful mood, and popular choruses of 'Hail, Columbia,' 'Britons never, never shall be Slaves,' and such-like, resound in the narrow streets. After dinner, the favourite resort is the Pavilion, where a music-hall entertainment and a military band performing in prettily illuminated grounds enliven the evening.

A couple of thousand militiamen, who serve without pay under a system of obligatory universal service, which is not fully appreciated by all of them, form the local defensive force of the island. There exists in addition a large reserve of trained men, who could be called out in case of emergency. A French force managed to effect a landing in 1781, but met with a warm reception, and was thoroughly routed at the battle of Jersey, when the gallant Major Pierson fell at the moment of victory. There is much warlike pomp on Her Majesty's birthday, when the Royal Jersey Militia and the regular troops turn out in review order and march past, usually on the St Aubins sands. Cocked-hats and plumes career round on horse-back, carriages filled with gaily-dressed ladies roll along, and the populace presses forward on foot; a *fou de joie* rattles down the thin red line, and a royal salute booms from the guns of Elizabeth Castle. All the world looks pleased—and dusty.

Elizabeth Castle is an odd pile of buildings on a low rocky islet near the entrance of St Heliers harbour, and is still occupied as a fortress. Its founding was peculiar. In the time of Edward VI. the Reformation struck deep root in Jersey, and it was deemed fit to sell the bells of the churches and appropriate the funds thus obtained towards improving the defences, and specially for the erection of a castle on the islet.

A quaint ceremony, a relic of feudal times, is

the opening of the Cour d'Héritage, which takes place twice a year. The Bailiff (chief magistrate) and the Lieutenant-governor occupy two central raised seats in the Royal Court, with the *jurats* on either side, all being arrayed in red robes. Below and facing them sit the Crown officers, an official known as the *dénonciateur*, who bears a silver-gilt mace, presented to the Court by King Charles II.; and officers of the staff in uniform; whilst feudal seigneurs, *prévôts*, and *chefs sergens*, advocates, and a crowd of ladies, fill up the body of the chamber, the approaches to which are lined by soldiers bearing halberds. In the course of the proceedings, which are conducted in the French language, the seigneurs have to respond when their names are called, the *prévôts* and *chefs sergens* produce statements of revenue for their respective parishes, and the advocates are required to renew their oaths. The Queen's proclamation for the encouragement of virtue and punishment of vice is read finally.

Amongst the ancient laws of Jersey is a peculiar form of appeal, which, it is believed, had its origin in the time of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, and remains in force to this day. When a man finds a neighbour encroaching on his property, he goes down on his knees, in the presence of witnesses, and calls for Rollo's assistance in these terms. 'Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! à l'aide mon Prince, on me fait tort.' Hereupon, all encroachment or trespass must be suspended until the Royal Court has deliberated and given judgment in the matter. The Prince held the scales of justice; no subject was to suffer a wrong; an appeal to him was not to be in vain.

A SILVER ROUBLE.

I.

It was in November 1874 that I succeeded in gaining an appointment that took me far out of the beaten track of the general traveller. Owing to the influence of an old friend in St Petersburg, I was appointed to the post of superintending engineer to one of the steamboat companies trading on the Amoor River, in Eastern Siberia; and the same letter which reached me in London notifying my promotion, also contained instructions for my immediate departure to take up my duties at Bladivostock, the company's headquarters on the Pacific coast. I had been expecting this journey for some days, and consequently the preparations I had to make before starting were soon completed. Within a week from the receipt of that letter I was in St Petersburg; thence I travelled to Moscow and Nijni, and at this latter place commenced the long sleigh-journey down the Volga river to Perm; then on by a single line of rail to Ekaterinburg, finding myself at last within Siberia and at the beginning of the strange journey across the thousands of miles of snow and ice dividing me from my destination.

After waiting at Ekaterinburg for a few days, spent in purchasing a suitable sleigh and laying in a stock of comforts to be used on the road, I eventually started. This was on the 19th December 1874. The first few days were a great

hardship to me, as I was unaccustomed to the cramped position necessitated by the size of my sleigh, and the bumping and swinging motion, as we trotted at a good pace over the frozen snow road, kept the sleep I so badly needed from my eyes. On Christmas Eve we had left the last posting-house at which we had changed horses some miles behind us, and I was settling myself into the fur rugs preparatory for a long night's journey, in fact I was just dropping off into a restless sleep, when—crash! went something under me, and in a moment I found myself half buried, head downwards, in the snow. With some difficulty I succeeded in extricating myself, and on rising to my feet, surveyed the scene with anything but pleasurable feelings. There, a few yards off, sat my drosky-man ruefully rubbing himself, apparently with a view of finding out if and where he was hurt. Close beside him lay the sleigh, bottom up; with my clothing, rugs, and paraphernalia strewn around. The two horses stood quietly looking on, only too glad, I suspect, of any excuse for a rest. I could hardly help laughing, although our position was anything but enviable. Here we were some miles from the nearest posthouse, the night coming on rapidly, and the thermometer any number of degrees below zero.

Knowing it was useless standing there thinking, I soon had my driver on his legs again, and found, greatly to my relief, that he was none the worse for his shaking. We then set about righting the sleigh, and I was able to see the cause of our mishap. The iron tire of one of the runners had become unfastened at the front end, and falling to the ground, had ploughed its way along, until, meeting a harder frozen part of the track, it had stopped us altogether, with the result I have described. Having found the cause, it did not take us long to put matters to rights; but considering it unwise to push on with the runner unprotected, I decided to retrace the road to our last stopping station, get things put right, and start fairly again in the morning.

After two hours' walking, we reached the small wooden house, and with some trouble succeeded in waking the owner; and we soon had the horses comfortably stabled in the outhouse, and ourselves supplied with beds for the night. In the morning, after breakfasting early, the horses were harnessed, and I proceeded to settle our bill of one rouble. Amongst the change for the note I had given him, the landlord gave me a silver rouble piece, which I noticed had apparently been roughly engraved; and on examining it closer, I found that not only was it pierced near the rim for a cord to pass through, but that on the reverse, some former owner had cut as if with a knife, a rough outline of a Greek cross. I did not pay much attention to this at the time; but thinking it curious, I placed it apart from the rest of my money, intending to keep it as a memento of our over-night adventure.

When, after many weeks and sundry adventures and hardships, I reached Bladivostock, I came upon this rouble in emptying the pockets of my clothes, and being again struck by its peculiar appearance, I decided to keep it as a curiosity; and often would I look at it, and

wonder what manner of man it was, and the reasons he could have had for treating a rouble in that manner.

11.

Again it was Christmas Eve; but time had gone by, and the Christmas of 1877 found me with the army of Suleiman Pasha, then fighting in the Schipka Pass against the Russians.

I had spent two long weary years in Siberia, and had succeeded in putting the affairs of my employers into better order; but finding the dishonesty of the under officials too much to contend against, I, with some degree of satisfaction, turned my back on things Russian and returned to London. I had been well paid for my work, and determined to enjoy myself in town, as one can after such prolonged absence in a country like Siberia. But the old longing for adventure and change soon took hold of me again, and when the Russian-Turkish war broke out, I was one of the first to offer myself as correspondent at the seat of war for a leading daily paper. My knowledge of the language and country procured me the post without difficulty, and I was soon on my way to Constantinople, fully bent on pushing to the front as quickly as possible. Once there, I had some difficulty in getting my papers signed; but at last all was in order, and on that Christmas Eve 1877 I was snugly ensconced in a wooden hut, with my feet to a blazing fire of pine-logs, smoking, and wondering what the good folks were doing in England. I was not alone, for amongst other Englishmen then with the army were Dr W—— and Mr S——, both volunteers in the Stafford House employ, and both were doing their best to establish a service for the transport of the wounded to the rear. They were with me that night; and as we sat smoking round the fire we did not forget to pledge a health to friends and relatives at home.

That night we had scarcely settled ourselves to sleep, when we were awake by the roar of artillery, and we knew that once more the Russians were endeavouring to force the passage of the Schipka Pass. We were soon outside, and the sharp whistle of bullets through the air told us only too plainly that severe business was meant. On either side of where we stood were the Turkish fortifications; and high up in the centre, right under the Russian lines, were the Turkish rifle-pits, which they had constructed with a view to advancing to the attack. Never shall I forget that Christmas Day. The fighting at the front was fierce, and each yard of ground was stubbornly contested. The wounded were coming back down the valley in a continuous stream, and a more ghastly sight than some of them presented may I never see. Their transport from the upper end of the defile, where the fighting was taking place, was very bad, owing to want of appliances; and it was a sad and dreadful sight to see the poor fellows coming down sorely wounded, leaning on their rifles or anything they could pick up, many dropping by the way to die, some owing to want of attention, others perhaps for a drink of water. Wherever one looked, the dead were lying thickly in every imaginable position, many with their poor white

faces turned to the sky, their hands crossed in a last prayer for release from their sufferings.

Towards evening the fighting died down, and at last, as the sun was sinking blood-red behind the snow-covered horizon, it ceased altogether, and I knew that for another night, at least we might expect quiet. I returned to the little village of Shekirly, in a belt of forest within half a mile of the battlefield, and my thoughts rested sadly enough on the events of the day, and the hosts of dead and dying who only that morning were strong men, but were now lying uncared for, and half-buried in the fast and silently falling snow.

It was whilst plodding slowly on my way to the village where I hoped to find shelter for the night that I heard steps overtaking me, and turning round, saw two soldiers half carrying, half dragging between them the senseless body of a wounded Russian. They had made a rude stretcher with their rifles, upon which he was lying. One glance at the pale face lying there at my feet was enough to tell me the man was slowly bleeding to death, and on opening his coat I found him badly wounded by a bullet in the left forearm. It had evidently struck him just below the elbow, and tearing its way downwards, had passed out an inch or so above the wrist. The main artery of the arm was completely severed, and he was even then bleeding profusely. I saw not a moment was to be lost if his life was to be saved, and tearing the woollen scarf from my neck, I proceeded to tie it tightly around his arm above the wound; but this failed to stop the flow of blood, and I was beginning to despair of being able to save his life, when I remembered, that by placing some hard substance on the artery and afterwards tightly binding over it I could probably succeed in closing the passage. In a second my hand went to my pocket in search of some article that could be made to serve this purpose, and, strange to say, I brought out the silver rouble I had kept so long as a curiosity. There was no time to lose if I would save him, so in a few moments I had it bound securely over the artery, and had the satisfaction of seeing the bleeding decrease, and soon afterwards cease altogether. I then poured a few drops into his lips from my spirit flask, and telling the men to lift him carefully, I preceded them into the village, luckily close at hand. Without much difficulty we found a suitable lodging, and I left him to the tender mercies of the ambulance doctor, whom I met in the street, and who promised me to do his best for the poor fellow. On leaving, I promised to return in the morning to see how he was going on. That night passed quietly, and in the morning I went round to see my patient. I was met at the door by Dr R——, who told me that the Russian was still unconscious, but that he had great hopes of pulling him round, and, added, that he had no doubt my promptness in tying up his arm had actually saved his life, and that, had I not fortunately met them, he would have died before they could have reached the village.

For some days I was not allowed to see the invalid; but at last Dr R—— called and told me that he was conscious, and had asked to see me; and, added the doctor, the strangest thing of all

is that on regaining his senses the first thing he noticed was your silver rouble lying on the shelf by his bedside. He asked to have it shown to him; and on seeing it, appeared very overcome with emotion; and not until I had told him the manner in which it had come there did he seem satisfied, and only then, on my promising to bring you to him as soon as possible. Greatly wondering at this desire on the part of an utter stranger to me, I went to the house, and without knocking, entered the room in which he was lying. As I walked to the side of the bed, his eyes followed me, and with an effort, speaking in Russian, he asked me if I was the gentleman who had saved his life. I said I was, and then asked him to tell me the reason he had been so moved at the sight of the coin. The following is his story in his own words as nearly as I can recollect them.

III.

'I was born in the outskirts of Moscow, and early in life worked in one of the many print-works in that town. I had completed my eighteenth year when I became imbued with the revolutionary doctrines held by so many of my fellow-workmen. About this time, too, I made the acquaintance of Toukanka Fedorovitch, a girl of about my own age, living with her parents at a small village close to Moscow. I cannot convey to you, a stranger, all the passionate love this girl awoke in me; suffice it to say that for two years we remained lovers, and I worked hard during that time to provide a home where I could take her to when we married. At last my hopes were crowned with success. The foreman of the department in which I worked was one afternoon passing through the engine-room, when carelessly passing too close to the moving machinery, his clothes were caught in the revolving wheels, and in a moment he was flung down a crushed and lifeless mass. This accident procured me my long-hoped-for promotion, and I took his place as foreman. Within a week of that time I was married, and the world held no happier mortal than I.

'I think I told you I had become a revolutionary—in other words, I had been for some time a member of a secret body of Nihilists; and it was only when I had been married a few months and had learned how much happiness and joy life held for me, that I began to regret my vows of allegiance to them. But as you are no doubt aware, there is no recall from those vows once taken; and had I dared openly to show that the views of the Brotherhood were no longer mine, my life I knew would pay forfeit for my apostasy.

'I had been married nearly two years, when, owing to various causes in the country, Nihilism became a stronger force amongst the people, and it was then that were first whispered those plots against high officials, and even against our "little father" the Czar himself. I had been working late at the mill one evening, and on leaving, proceeded cautiously to the rendezvous of the revolutionary lodge to which I belonged. I had, after much hesitation, determined to announce to them my altered views; and whilst promising strict secrecy as to anything I had learnt or heard, beg-

them to release me from a position which had become harder than I could longer bear. I found the Council assembled when I arrived; and after stating my case, they unanimously decided that my vows must be held binding; and did I shirk any duty they might see fit to allot to me, I knew the consequence—death! I had half expected this reply to my entreaty; and I was endeavouring to shake their decision, when we were startled by hurried knocking at the outer door; and before we had time to plan any means of escape from the coming danger, the door of the meeting-room was flung open, and in rushed a body of police with an officer of the secret service at their head. Resistance was useless; and in less time than it takes to tell, we were all securely handcuffed and marched out as prisoners to the police barracks; and in a damp dirty cell of that building I had time to survey my position. I knew no compromising papers would be found upon us, as it was our rule to do everything by word of mouth and place nothing in writing; but at the same time I knew the police were in great terror of a general revolution, and would probably take the first opportunity of showing that they meant to crush it out with a heavy and cruel hand. Bitterly did I now repent my youthful folly in binding myself to such men, and the thought of my dear wife at home waiting my coming only added to my misery. At last, after a most wretched and sleepless night, the morning broke, and I was taken before the chief of police. I saw none of my fellow-prisoners, and without waiting to hear any defence from me, the officer read out my sentence in slow monotonous tones: 'Ivan Dolgatcheff, being suspected of being a Nihilist, and found attending a secret meeting of that body in Moscow, you are sentenced to five years' transportation to Siberia as a convict of the second class.'

'I heard no more! I was stunned by the suddenness of this end of all my hopes, and unconsciousness mercifully ended my sufferings. I awoke to find myself again in the cell; and after a few hours, I was hurried off with many others to the railway station to begin my long exile. One idea was ever uppermost in my mind, to let my wife know what had happened to me. I had noticed that one of the police who was present at the breaking-up of our meeting glanced sometimes at me, and I was emboldened to try to gain his help. With some difficulty I approached nearer to him, and telling him where I lived, begged him to acquaint my wife with my fate. This he promised to do; and with that small amount of comfort I left Moscow for Nijni-Novgorod. Arrived there, we were packed on board a large barge covered with strong iron netting, effectually cutting off all means of escape, and for days we were towed down the Volga river. But why describe the anguish and misery of that journey? At last we reached Ekaterinburg, and here we were separated into different parties, and prepared for the long tramp of months to our several destinations in Siberia; some to the quicksilver mines; others, myself amongst the number, to the salt mines of Irkutsk.

'And now the hardest trial of all was to happen to me. Whilst standing waiting for orders at the Siberian gate, on the outskirts of the town,

I heard my name called by the guard; and on going to him, was taken to the guardhouse, and there, travel-stained and worn by grief and fatigue, I found my dear wife. She had received my message; and after selling everything in our home to get sufficient money, had set out to follow me across Russia. After hardships innumerable, she had at last found me, and owing to the kindness of the Chief Inspector at Ekaterinburg, received permission from him to say good-bye to me. Afterwards, we should be lost to each other for five long years. Need I dwell on the touching scene of our final adieux? After kissing me for the last time, she took from around her neck the charm that every Russian wears, and placed it around mine, calling down God's blessing on me, and assured me that her daily prayer would be that it might preserve me from every danger to my life. That charm consisted of a silver rouble, given to her when a child by her father, and roughly engraved by him with the image of a Greek cross. I have never seen her since! We were hurried off that afternoon.

'I lived for two years in the salt mines, doing work that killed those around me in hundreds. Day and night in semi-darkness we laboured, our only rest being two hours in every twelve. For two years, I say, I suffered; but the wild longing for freedom grew in me stronger and stronger, until one day, with six others, I escaped, and found shelter in the neighbouring woods. What became of my companions I never knew. For days, weeks, months, I wandered westwards, living on the charity of the people in the occasional villages through which I passed, sometimes getting rough work to do, but more often suffering the pangs of hunger. Fortunately for me, my escape took place in the early spring, and the warmth of the summer months enabled me to live and sleep in the open air without hardship. One day, almost famished, I had begged for food at a wayside posthouse, but without avail, and driven at last to desperation, I remembered my silver charm. The temptation was too great to withstand; and I enjoyed the first food I had tasted for two days at the expense of my wife's parting gift. Can you blame me? It saved my life then, and I little thought, when I handed it to the fellow, that I should ever set eyes on it again.

'The summer of 1874 slowly passed. After many adventures I reached Tomsk, and found work. But my thoughts were ever on Moscow; and as I regained strength, I determined to save all I could to enable me eventually to reach my home. I had written to my wife; but no answer came to me, and it was two years before I had saved enough and started again on my journey. At Perm I learned that the war in Serbia had broken out. Every one passing through the country was closely questioned, and being unable to satisfy one particularly troublesome police-sergeant, I was marched off to the nearest station for inquiries to be made. Afraid to give them my real name or destination, my evasive answers made them suspect all was not right, and I was drafted off to the barracks to find myself enrolled a soldier of His Majesty the Czar.

'The Servian war ended, the troubles with Turkey commenced, and my regiment was ordered to the front, to take its place in the army then forming on the south-east frontier.

'You now know my history. After being in many hard-fought engagements and being twice slightly wounded, our conquering hosts crossed the Balkans, and you know the rest. You also know now why your silver rouble has such an interest for me.'

At this stage, exhaustion overcame him, and when I left, he had sunk into a heavy slumber. The following day I heard from the doctor that he had had a relapse; and feeling that perhaps my long interview the preceding day had something to do with causing this, I determined to find better nursing for him than he could possibly get at the hands of the one overworked doctor in the place.

Events favoured me. The Turks, beaten back at all points, were even then falling back from the Pass; and during that day our numbers were increased by the arrival of some hundred and fifty wounded, in charge of a Red Cross ambulance. No sooner had they found quarters in the village than I went to request that a nurse might be sent to the wounded Russian. This they promised me should be done.

That evening, after my frugal dinner was finished, I walked up the street with the intention of seeing how he was going on. All was quiet in the house, and entering softly, I pushed open the door of his room. There, on the floor, her arms around his neck, with her white cheek pressed to his, I saw the hospital nurse; and at that moment I understood what it did not require words to tell me—Ivan Dolgatcheff had found his wife!

Within three months from then I was again in London, with the memory of their waving farewell to me as the steamer in which I sailed glided out from the granite quays of Croustadt harbour.

I often hear from them. Little children have come to them to bless their lives; but they tell me that, amongst all the gifts which Providence has given them, they still cherish most the Silver Rouble.

HE LOVED ME ONCE.

He loved me once!

Ah, then the earth was fair,
The sun shone brightly, and the balmy air
Was filled with fragrance of a thousand flowers,
Which blossomed sweetly in the sunny bowers.

He loved me once!

The very birds seemed gay,
And sang their sweetest songs that summer day;
How blithe was I—not pain nor care could take
The sunshine from that hour, for his dear sake.

He loved me once!

But that was long ago;
And summer sun is changed to frost and snow,
The flowers are dead, the birds are gone, and I
Am dull and dreary as the winter sky.

CHRISTIE.

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UNCHARTED ROCKS.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem at first sight, the stable thing in the world is the fluid sea, and the shifting thing is the solid land. Scientific research and geological investigation have alike proved that the land is not stationary, but is either rising or falling, and that this change of level as compared with that of the sea has been going on through all recorded time. This alteration of elevation, either sudden or gradual, affects not only the land-masses elevated above the sea-level, but also influences the sea-floor; and it is of the latter phase of the subject that we propose to treat in the present paper.

Along our own littoral, the ever-shifting bars and sandbanks of our river estuaries necessitate frequent soundings and rebuoyage. The silting up of river-mouths, while it is a gradual, is neither a regular nor constant process. The deflections of the river-currents, and the consequent changes they make in the bands of silt which line the floors of our river-mouths, are frequently produced by very simple causes. It is often found that after a heavy and prolonged rain-storm, during which an abnormal quantity of water has passed along the tidal ways, new river-channels have been formed; old ones, before perfectly navigable, have been rendered some two or three feet shallower; while the increased momentum of the current has been such as to scour out considerable quantities of silt from its upper reaches and deposit it much farther seawards. So perfect, however, is the system of regular and systematic sounding which at present obtains in the British Islands, that but few, if any, maritime disasters are traceable to uncharted rocks or shoals.

According to the latest Report of the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, some eleven vessels were engaged in making nautical surveys during the year 1888. Of these ships, seven were steamers, and one a sailing schooner belonging to Her Majesty's navy; two were hired steamships, and one was a colonial gunboat lent by

the Queensland Government. H.M.S. *Triton* was engaged for seven weeks in the Thames estuary. Some very important discoveries were made relative to the position and depth of the deep-water approaches to London. In the Duke of Edinburgh Channel, a small patch in the centre with a least depth of thirty feet in 1882, was found to have become a mile in length and three cables' length in breadth, with the shoalest part twenty-two feet deep at lowest spring-tide. The Alexandra Channel, which is, next to the Duke of Edinburgh Channel, the safest approach to London, had decreased to nearly half the width it had in 1876. An examination of the estuary of the Dee revealed an additional silting-up of the sinuous river-channels by which vessels are enabled to reach the once important port of Chester.

In the river Mersey much trouble has been occasioned of late years by the advent of the Pluckington Bank. Owing to some unaccountable deflection of the currents in the tidal portion of the river, a spit of sand has been deposited which renders useless, at certain states of spring-tides, the famous Liverpool Landing Stage. This magnificent structure, half a mile in length, is sometimes grounded at low-water at its southern extremity. When this occurs, the congestion of the ferry, coast, and channel traffic is incredible; and the confusion is often increased by passenger steamers taking the ground while endeavouring to approach their berths; while such is the crowding at the north end of the stage, which still floats in deep water at all states of the tide, that collisions are frequent among the vessels arriving and departing, from a curtailed berthing accommodation. Partial relief has, however, been afforded by an elaborate system of sluicing, by means of which the stored-up water from some adjacent docks is made to flow under the stage at low-water, thus scouring out a considerable portion of the silt accumulated there.

These hindrances to navigation, however, so long as they are regularly noted and charted,

afford but a trivial source of danger to the mariner. Any natural force, however, which produces sudden alterations in the conformation of the sea-bed may raise up a danger to the navigator which the most cautious and efficient seamanship cannot guard against. Foremost among these disturbing powers are earthquakes and volcanoes. Earthquake and volcanic forces do not confine their action to that portion of the land-masses elevated above the sea-level. The fact that volcanoes are found near or on the sea-coast lends colour to the hypothesis that submarine volcanic activity is infinitely greater than volcanic action on the land.

In the July of 1831 a mass of dust, sand, and scorie thrown out of a submarine volcano in the Mediterranean formed an island with a circumference of a mile and a quarter. The elevation of the highest point was estimated to be one hundred and seventy feet above the sea-level, and the diameter of the crater was about four hundred yards. This island made its appearance about thirty miles from the coast of Sicily. As soon as the eruption ceased, the action of the waves began to reduce the island; and before the close of the year, Graham's or Hotham's Island, as it is now styled, was disseminated as a stratum of volcanic detritus along that portion of the Mediterranean sea-bed.

Volcanic and seismic action usually go hand in hand, and the earthquake is just as important a factor in the alteration of the land-contour as the volcano is. In 1822 the whole South American coast for a distance of twelve hundred miles was elevated some three or four feet in a single night. An earthquake shock in North-west India in 1819 resulted in a large area of marsh and swamp known as the Runn of Cutch disappearing beneath the sea, while a district some fifty miles to the north of this was permanently raised. The effect of volcanic and earthquake action is not always, however, so patent. The volcanic products thrown up by a submarine volcano may not reach above the sea-level, or the depression or elevation of the seabed consequent upon seismic force may not be discovered until a maritime disaster makes the existence of the sunken danger a recognised fact. Further, earthquake action is constantly producing changes in the reefs of volcanic rocks surrounding the coasts of Iceland, Java, and the Sandwich Islands, a consensus of opinion being prevalent among those accustomed to navigate those localities that a chart of those seas, showing positions of rocks and depths of water adjacent, holds good only until the next volcanic outburst or earthquake shock. The stranding of H.M.S. *Sultan* in the much used waterway that washes the shores of Comino was caused by her striking on a rock or patch of rocks unmarked in the Admiralty chart, and where deep water was shown. The channel was surveyed in 1867, and the spot where the *Sultan* struck should, according to the chart, have been ten fathoms deep. Whether this rock was uncharted through an inefficient survey, or whether it is the product of volcanic or seismic action subsequent to 1867, will no doubt ever remain matter of speculation.

The discovery of the 'Avocet' rock in the frequented sea-route of the Red Sea affords

another striking example of a veritable danger to navigation remaining undiscovered in a crowded seaway, and of the extreme difficulty of proving the tangible existence of an alleged sunken rock even when every modern appliance is placed at the searcher's disposal. The *Avocet* struck upon an uncharted rock, and became a total wreck. At the Board of Trade inquiry, doubt was thrown upon the captain's statement as to the position of his vessel when striking, and he was believed to have lost his ship through negligent navigation. The captain of H.M.S. *Flying Fish*, however, to make quite sure that the alleged rock was purely hypothetical, was ordered to survey that part of the Red Sea where the *Avocet* struck. He found a hundred and four fathoms of water, but no trace of rock or wrecked vessel. The Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the *Avocet* was then reopened, and adjourned *sine die*.

Shortly after this, however, the ship *Teddington* struck upon the same submerged rock. H.M.S. *Griffon* proceeded to the venue of the disaster, but failed to discover the rock. H.M.S. *Sylvia* then searched for six weeks without localising this hidden danger. Then H.M.S. *Stork* was directed to make a final quest. She found the rock to be about three hundred yards from the spot where the *Sylvia* had lain at anchor during the greater period of her search. The position of this coral patch is defined as latitude 14° 22' 8" north, and longitude 42° 41' 32" east. This rock has but fifteen feet of water on it at low-water.

The loss of the royal mail-steamer *Cotopaxi* in the Strait of Magellan has been the means of locating a hitherto unknown danger to vessels using that interoceanic passage. To carry out a complete survey of the channels between the Atlantic and Pacific would be a labour that would take many years to perform; and as all maritime nations are interested in the removal of the barriers that make commercial intercourse by sea alike difficult and dangerous, it is but fair that each of the leading maritime States should contribute its quota towards the thorough examination of the network of seaways that constitute the Magellan Strait. The *Cotopaxi* disaster, though happily unattended by loss of life, shows what awful risks the navigators of the Strait are subject to.

Another rock constituting a serious danger to navigators on the high seas has just been discovered off the coast of Newfoundland, happily without any such disaster as marked the discovery of the *Avocet*, *Sultan*, and *Cotopaxi* rocks. Two years ago, a report reached the Admiralty from the harbour-master of St John's that two fishermen had found a shallow spot on a bank which lies some twenty-two miles south of Cape St. Marzo, and which is covered with thirty fathoms of water. One of Her Majesty's ships was therefore directed to make inquiries. No sign of a sunken rock, however, could be found, and the submerged danger was thereupon declared to be non-existent. After a while, however, the existence of the rock was again affirmed, and the surveying vessel *Gulnare* was directed to proceed to the locality and make further investigations. A fisherman named Patrick Lamb, who was found fishing near, consented to show the exact situation of the rock, which he alone knew of,

having discovered it accidentally. He at once guided the *Gulnare* to the spot, where a small pinnacle rock was found with but thirty-three feet of water over it. Ever since Lamb had discovered it, he had kept its whereabouts a secret, such an excellent fishing-ground the rock proved itself. The importance of this discovery cannot be too highly estimated; for the 'Lamb Rock'—as it is now called—lies right in the track of vessels making the Gulf of St Lawrence. In ordinary weather a vessel would pass over this danger in safety; but in rough weather, the heavy wave-disturbance of the Atlantic would inevitably result in her striking. She would then in all probability slip off into deep water and immediately founder. How many of the ocean mysteries and awful maritime disasters occur off the 'Banks,' and which leave no human survivor to tell the tale of the calamity, are traceable to the presence of the Lamb Rock will never be known; but it is matter for deep gratulation that such a danger to the navigator should at last have been discovered.

The United States Hydrographer has recently given notice that a sunken rock with eighteen feet of water over it has been discovered in Stephen's Passage, off the coast of Alaska. The circumjacent sea showed a uniform depth of from twenty to thirty fathoms.

Errors of omission, however, are not the only detractions from the merits of modern charts, either Admiralty or other. Many charted dangers have no tangible existence, and have been placed upon the charts either through the blunders of those entrusted with a survey, or from the declared evidence of merchant-service navigators, who, with no desire to be misleading, often make erroneous statements as to the discovery of 'new' rocks. Trunks of trees and baulks of timber have frequently been responsible for the addition of rocks to our charts. Nor is this to be wondered at, for sailors naturally shun anything that has the appearance of a rock, and a tree-trunk, barnacle-covered, with the sea breaking over it and fish sporting about it, must present such a similitude to a real rock, that nothing but the closest observation would serve to dispel the illusion. H.M.S. *Dart* has, after the most careful search, failed to discover any trace of the Rurick Rock, which, since 1822, has been assigned a position some thirty miles seaward from Hobart, the capital of Tasmania. The Minnie Carmichael Rock, said to be twelve miles from the east coast of Flinders Island, is also proved to be non-existent. The *Dart* also made soundings in two localities with the view of determining the exact locality of the Constance Reef, originally reported by a navigator of that name in 1804. As four of Her Majesty's vessels had previously endeavoured to find this reef before the *Dart* made her futile attempts, its existence is regarded as disproved; and, with the other rocks enumerated above, it has been expunged from the Admiralty charts, upon which it should never have been placed.

The frightful loss of life resulting from the foundering of the *Quetta*, consequent upon her striking upon an alleged uncharted rock in the Torres Strait, emphasises in a most painful manner the necessity of a thorough survey of the seaways by which Queensland is reached.

The Great Barrier Reef with its countless ramifications of coralline patches calls for the utmost skill and watchfulness on the part of navigators. In October of last year the *Taroba*, bound from London to Brisbane, struck on a rock, the previous existence of which was unknown. Fortunately, she got clear again almost immediately, and her commander managed to keep the water below the fires until he beached her on the soft mud of Keppel Bay. Here temporary repairs were effected, and she proceeded to Brisbane, where it was found that her keel and keel-plates were bent out of line for a distance of one hundred and thirty feet. A detached reef, on which the least depth is about fifteen feet, has since been discovered in the position where the vessel struck and where a depth of seven fathoms is marked on the chart.

It is gratifying to learn that shortly after the *Taroba* case the Admiralty despatched H.M.S. *Penguin* on an extended surveying expedition to these waters. The result will no doubt greatly add to the stock of knowledge already attained relative to the rocks, shoals, banks, and currents circumjacent to our antipodean littoral.

The safe conduct of the maritime industry of Great Britain is dependent to a very large extent upon the thorough reliability of the charts to which the navigators trust to apprise them of visible and sunken dangers. Examination of the sea-bed, where silting or volcanic and earthquake disturbance is rife, should be regular and systematic. Nautical surveying is one of the distinctive functions of the British navy in time of peace; and in this field of geographical research honours may be won as beneficial to the truest interests of a mercantile community as are those gained by the sterner glories of naval warfare.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE BRIG'S LONGBOAT.

I WAS awakened by a knocking at the door. The little cabin was bright with sunshine, that was flashing off sea and sky upon the thick glass of the scuttle. 'Hallo!' I cried, 'who is that?' The voice of the young fellow Wilkins responded:

'Capt'n Braine's compliments, sir, and he'd be glad to know if there's anything you or the lady wants which it's in his power to supply ye with?'

I got out of the bunk and opened the door.

'Captain Braine is very kind,' said I to the veal-faced youth, who stood staring at me with faint eyes under his white lashes and brows.—'What time is it, Wilkins?'

'Half-past eight, sir,' he answered.

I knocked upon the bulkhead. 'Are you awake, Miss Temple?'

'Oh yes,' she answered, her voice sounding weak through the partition.

'Captain Braine wishes to know if you are in want of anything it is in his power to let you have?'

'There are many things I want,' she exclaimed; 'but they are not to be had, I fear.'

I am afraid I shall have to use that comb.—I can do nothing with my hair, Mr Dugdale.

'All right, Wilkins,' said I; 'we shall be on deck in a few minutes.' He went away.

I found the comb that had belonged to Mr Chicken on a shelf, and knocked on Miss Temple's door. She opened it, and an arm of snow, of faultless shape, was projected to receive the comb. 'Thank you,' said she, whipping the door to, and I entered my cabin, calling out that I would wait for her there till she was ready.

Happily, in respect of toilet conveniences we were not wholly destitute. The water in my can was indeed salt, but I contrived to get some show of lather out of the fragment of marine soap which I found inside of the tin dish that served me as a wash-basin. I was without Miss Temple's scrupulosity, and found old Chicken's hairbrush good enough to flourish. There was a little parcel of razors, too, on the shelf where the comb had been, and with one of them I made shift to scrape my cheeks into some sort of smoothness, wholly by dint of feeling, for Miss Temple had Chicken's glass, and there was nothing in my cabin to reflect my countenance. By the time this little business was ended, and I had carefully concealed the pistol and powder-flask, Miss Temple was ready. She knocked on my door, and I stepped out.

I could see her but very imperfectly in the dim light of that steerage, yet it seemed to me that there was more vivacity in her eyes, more life in her carriage and air than I had witnessed in her on the yesterday. She told me that she had slept soundly, and that her mattress was as comfortable as her bed aboard the *Countess Ida*.

'I am heartily glad to hear that,' said I. 'You found the marine soap tough, I fear?'

'It cannot be good for the complexion, I should think,' said she with a slight smile.

'How shocking,' I exclaimed, as we moved to the hatch, 'would such a situation as yours be to a young lady who is dependent for her beauty on cosmetics and powder! How would Miss Hudson manage if she were here, I wonder?'

'Is there anything in sight, do you know, Mr Dugdale? That is a more important subject to me than complexions.'

'I did not ask; but we will find out.'

It was a brilliant morning, a wide blue, blinding flash of day, as it seemed to my eyes after the gloom below. The sea was all on fire under the sun, and the wind held it trembling gloriously. A hot and sparkling breeze in the same old quarter gushed freshly into the wide expanded wings of the *Lady Blanche*, whose swift pace over the smooth plain of ocean seemed a sort of miracle of sailing to me when I contrasted it with the rate of going of the *Countess Ida*. The flying-fish in scores sparked out from the barque's white sides. The foam came along her sheathing like a roll of cotton-wool to her wake. The ocean line ran round in a firm edge with an opalescent clarification of the extreme rim that gave the far-off confines a look of crystal.

But I had not stood longer than a minute gazing around me when I spied a gleam of canvas about a point on our weather-bow. I saw it under the curve of the forecourse that lay plain in sight under the lifted clew of the mainsail.

'A sail, Miss Temple.'

'Where?' she cried, with her manner full of fever on the instant. I pointed. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, bringing her hands together, 'if it should be the Indianman!'

But the captain was walking aft, and it was time to salute him.

'Good-morning, sir,' I said as I 'approached him with Miss Temple at my side. 'We have paused a moment to admire this very beautiful morning.—I perceive a sail right ahead, captain.'

It was a part of his destiny, I suppose, that he should stare hard at those who accosted him before answering. He carried his unwinking, dead black eye from my companion to me, and then stepped out of the shell of his mood of meditation as a bird might be hatched.

'Hope you sleep pretty comfortably?'

'Yes; I passed a good night; and I am happy to know that Miss Temple rested well.'

'Which way is that ship going?' cried the girl, whose cheeks were flushed with impatience.

'She is not a ship, mem,' he answered; 'she is seemingly a big boat that's blowing along the same road as ourselves under a lug.'

The telescope lay on the skylight, and I pointed it. Sure enough, the sail was no ship, as I had first imagined, though the white square hovering upon the horizon exactly resembled the canvas of a large craft slowly climbing up the sea. I could readily distinguish a boat, apparently a ship's longboat, running before the wind under a lugsail; but she was as yet too distant to enable me to make out the figures of people aboard, considerable as were the magnifying powers of the glass I levelled at her.

'Only a boat?' cried Miss Temple, in accents of keen disappointment.

'What will a craft of that sort be doing in the middle of this wide sea?' said I.

'She may have gone adrift, as you did,' answered Captain Braine.

'Is it imaginable that she should be the corvette's cutter?' cried Miss Temple, straining her fine eyes, alight with conflicting emotion, at the object ahead.

'Oh, no,' said I. 'First of all, the cutter had no sail; next, yonder boat is three or four times bigger than she was; and then, even if she had a sail, I question if she could have run all this distance in the time from the spot she started from.'

I noticed whilst I spoke that Captain Braine watched me with a singular expression, and that his face slightly changed as to an emotion of relief when I had concluded my answer.

'The lady,' said he, 'is speaking of the man-of-war cutter that rowed ye aboard the wreck, and lost ye there?'

'Yea,' said I.

'How many of a crew?' he asked.

'Six men and a lieutenant; but the officer was drowned.'

He took the telescope from me, and brought it to bear upon the little sail over the bow, and kept it levelled for some moments. He then put the glass down, and said: 'Have you had any breakfast?'

'Not yet,' I answered.

He called through the skylight to Wilkins, and told him to put some biscuit and tea and cold meat upon the table.—'I have made my meal,'

said he, contriving one of his extraordinary bows as he addressed Miss Temple; 'and so, I hope, men, you'll excuse my presence below. Eat hearty, both of ye, I beg. There's no call to stint yourselves, and I'm sorry I can't put anything more tempting afore ye, as Jack says.'

We at once descended, both of us being anxious to get the meal, such as it might be, over.

'Why is he repeatedly saying, "as Jack says?"' asked Miss Temple.

'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'and why does he stare so? Yet, on my word, he seems an exceedingly good-natured fellow. I assure you, we might have fallen into worse hands. No man could make a homeward-bound ship to rise up out of the sea or signal our whereabouts to the *Countess Ida* when she is leagues and leagues out of sight; but another captain might not have shown half the friendly concern this poor eccentric creature exhibits in our comfort.'

She agreed with me, but quickly dropped the subject as something distasteful, and spoke of her disappointment, and of the strangeness of meeting a small boat in the middle of such an ocean as we were sailing through. By some trick above my comprehension, she had contrived to smooth out her dress, inasmuch that a deal of its castaway aspect had left it. She had also manoeuvred in some fashion with the feather in her hat; and I told her, as she sat opposite me, that she looked as fresh as though she had just left her cabin in the *Indiaman*.

'Youth must always triumph,' I said, 'if it be but fairly treated. Sleep has made your former self dominant again; but I will reserve all my compliments until I am able to pull my hat off to you ashore and say good-bye.'

She shot a glance at me under her long fringes, but held her peace.

The tea was so vile that I called to Wilkins, who stood on the quarter-deck, to procure us some coffee if there were any aboard; and in a few minutes he returned with a sailor's hook-pot full of it from the galley. This Miss Temple seemed able to sip without a face of aversion. It vexed me to see her imperilling her delicate white teeth with the hard fare that was sheer fore-castle stuff, and bad at that; but it was not for me to give orders, nor was I willing to protract our sitting by inquiring if there was other food aboard. Besides, every hour in such weather as this might provide us with the opportunity we hungered for, to escape into some homeward-bound ship with a cabin capable of affording endurable entertainment.

We rose from the table, and regained the deck. The moment my head showed above the companion-way, the captain called to me hastily. There was a look of disorder in his countenance that immediately excited my wonder; there was the alacrity of fear in his manner; he could address me now without a prolonged stare and his usual tardy emergence of mind.

'Please, take this glass,' said he, thrusting the telescope into my hand; 'and look at that there boat, and tell me what you think.'

The smooth, swift sliding of the *Lady Blanche* over the level surface of sea that was running in fire and foam lines to the brushing of the merry breeze and the sparkling of the soaring sun, had closed us rapidly with the boat ahead since

Miss Temple and I left the deck to breakfast. The little fabric was now scarcely more than a mile on the bow, and the captain's glass, when I put it to my eye, brought her as close to me as if she were no farther off than our fore-castle. She was a large, carvel-built longboat; one of those round-bowed, broad-beamed structures which in the olden days used to stand in chocks betwixt a ship's foremast and galley, with often another boat stored inside of her, unless she was used to keep sheep or other live-stock in. She was deep in the water, and as much of her hull as was visible was of a dingy sawallow white. She showed a broad square of dark old lug, before which she was running with some show of nimbleness. She seemed to be crowded with men, and even whilst I stood looking at her through the glass, I counted no less than twenty-seven persons. They were all looking our way, and though it was scarcely possible to define individual faces amid such a yellow huddle of countenances, I could yet manage to determine a prevailing piratic expression of the true sort, suggested not so much by the vagueness of swarthy cheek and shaggy brow as by the singularity of the fellows' apparel—the flapping sombrero, the red sash, the blue shirt, with other details—which but very faintly corresponded indeed with one's notion of the coarse homely attire of the merchant sailor.

Captain Braine's eyes were fixed upon me as I turned to him. 'What do you think of her, sir?' said he.

'I don't like the look of those fellows at all,' I answered. 'I would not mind making a bet that they are a portion of the crew of the privateering brig from whose hull you rescued us yesterday morning.'

'Just the idea that occurred to me,' he cried. He levelled the glass again. 'A boatful of rascals, sir. Armed to the teeth, I daresay, and on the lookout for some such a vessel as mine to seize and get away back to their own waters in. And yet, it is awful, too, to think that the creatures may be in want of water. What's to be done? I can't allow them to board; and I'm not going to heave to, to give 'em a chance of doing so.'

'We're overhauling them fast,' said I. 'Best plan perhaps, captain, will be to hail them as we slide past and ascertain their wants, if we can understand their lingo; and if they need water, there's nothing to be done but to send some adrift for them to pick up.—But for God's sake, sir, don't let them come aboard. They look as evil a lot of cut-throats as ever I saw; and besides the safety of our lives and of the ship, we have this lady to consider.'

Captain Braine listened to me with his eyes fixed upon the boat.

'She can't hook on at this,' said he, as if thinking aloud; 'we should tow her under water at such a pace.—Yes!' he shouted, with a wild look coming into his face, 'if she attempts to sheer alongside, I'll give her the stem!' and springing with the agility of a monkey upon the rail, he grasped a backstay, and stood in a posture for hailing the boat as we swept past.

Forward, the seamen had quitted the jobs they were upon, and were staring open-mouthed from the fore-castle rail. I picked up the glass again to look at the crowd, and every face in the lens was

now as distinct as Miss Temple's who stood beside me. An uglier, more ferocious-looking set of men never stepped the deck of a picaroon. I had not the least doubt whatever that they were a portion of the crew of the brig. Indeed, I seemed to have some recollection of the boat, for I remembered, whilst examining the brig from the poop of the Indianman, that I had been struck by the unusual size of her longboat, and that the colour of her was the sallow pea-soup tint of the fabric yonder. There were several chocolate-coloured faces amongst the little crowd; here and there, a coal-black countenance with a frequent glitter of earrings and gleam of greasy ringlets. Many of them eyed us over the low gunwale under the sharp of their hands; one stood erect on the thwart through which the mast was stepped, clasping the spar with his arm, and apparently waiting to hail us. The steersman watched us continuously, and now and again the boat's head would slightly fall off to a sneaking movement of the helm, as though to some notion of edging down upon us without attracting our observation. But the barque's keen stem was ripping through the water as the jaws of a pair of shears drive through a length of sailcloth. I had no fear of the boat hooking on; she would have to manoeuvre under our bows to do that, and it needed but a little twirl of the spokes of our wheel to drive her into staves and to send her people bobbing and drowning into our wake.

'Boat ahoy!' shouted the captain with such delivery of voice as I should have thought impossible in so narrow-shouldered a man.

'Yash! yash!' vociferated the fellow who clasped the mast, frantically brandishing his arms. 'Ve are sheepwreck—you veel take us—ve starve!'

The captain looked and hardly seemed to know what to say.

'How long have you been adrift?' he bawled.

The fellow, who wore a red nightcap, shook it till the tassel danced to the violent gestures of his head. He evidently did not understand the question. 'Take us!' he shrieked—'ve starve!'

The boat was now on the bow, within pistol-shot from the fore-castle rail.

'Mind your helm, Captain Braine,' I suddenly shouted, 'or she'll be aboard you!' for my young and, in those days, keen eyes had marked the action of the fellow who steered the boat, and even as I bawled out, the head of the little fabric swept round with a fellow in the bows flourishing a boathook, and others standing by ready to help him when he should have hooked on.

'Steady as she goes!' cried Captain Braine.

'Oh Mr Dugdale,' shrieked Miss Temple, 'they will get on board of us!'

The boat's head drove sheering alongside into our bow just forward of the fore-chain plates. I saw the fellow erect in her head fork out his boathook to catch hold.

'Let go!' roared a voice forward. The figure of Joe Wetherly overhung the rail, poising either an iron marline-spike or a belaying-pin, or some short bar of metal; this I saw. Then he hurled it at the moment that the boathook had caught a plate. The missile struck the man full on the head; he fell like a statue in the bottom of the boat, leaving the boathook swinging at the plate, and the boat herself grinding

past us as the barque, to the impulse of her great overhanging squares of studdingsail, swept onwards at some seven or eight knots in the hour.

It was their only boathook, and they were so crowded besides as to be in one another's road. I saw a dozen grimy paws extended to catch hold of the main-chain plates as the boat came bruising and groaning and washing past; but the iron bars were swept like smoke out of the wretches' frantic grip. Never shall I forget the picture the little fabric offered in the swift glimpse I caught of her as she glided past. The crowd in her, in their desperate efforts to catch hold of the sweeping projections in the barque's side, squirmed and surged and rose and fell like rags of meat stirred up in a boiling stewpot. Their cries, their yells, their Spanish oaths, the brandishings of their arms, the fury expressed in their malignant faces, the sudden uprootal and crash of their one mast and sail by the fouling of it with our main-brace, all combine into a memory which is not to be expressed in words. I caught sight of a number of breakers in the bottom of the boat along with some bags, and was instinctively assured that they were lacking in neither food nor water. As the boat sped under the rail on which Captain Braine was standing, the fellow who had been at her helm, a brawny mulatto in a wide straw-hat, loose red shirt, and naked feet, suddenly whipped a pistol out of his breast, took aim at the skipper, and fired; and then, in a breath or two, the craft was astern, tumbling in the seething white of our wake, lessening into a toy even as you looked with half of her people getting the wreck of mast and rail inboard, and the rest of them furiously gesticulating at us.

Captain Braine stood on the rail watching them with an air of musing that was incredibly odd in the face of the wild excitement of the moment.

'Are you hurt?' I cried.

He turned slowly to survey me, then very leisurely dismounted from his perch, meanwhile continuing to gaze at me.

'No,' said he, after an interval during which I ran my eyes over him with anxiety, thinking to see blood or to behold him suddenly fall; 'it's all right. This is the fourth time I've been shot at in my life; and be my end what it will, it is certain I am not to perish by another man's bullet.—Rogues all, ha!' he continued, directing his dead black vision at the boat astern; 'they would have carried the little *Blanche*, and slit our throats. Just the sort of ship, sir, for the likes of their trade: the heels of a racehorse and the sober look of the honest merchantman.'

'They never could have held on with that boathook,' said I, struck more by the man's manner than his speech, strange as it was. 'I suppose they hoped to cling long enough to cluck a few of their beauties aboard us.—Well, Miss Temple, let us trust that we have now seen the very last of that confounded privateer brig and the gallant, good-looking claps who stocked her.'

'When is all this going to end?' said she.

'Every man of them,' exclaimed the captain, 'will have had a firearm in his breast.'

'No doubt,' I answered; 'the vessel must have been handsomely furnished in that way to judge

by what we found remaining in the cabin of the wreck.'

'Were they starving, d'ye think?' he exclaimed with a sudden troubled manner, as he looked at the speck in our wake.

'I should say not,' said I; 'there were breakers in the bottom of the boat, and parcels resembling bread bags afloat.'

'Thirst is a fearful thing at sea, sir,' said he, slowly; 'it's worse than hunger. Hunger, whilst it remains appetite, is agreeable; but the first sensation of thirst is a torture. I have known 'em both—I have known 'em both,' he added, with a melancholy shake of his head and a profound sigh; then bringing his unwinking stare to bear upon me, he exclaimed: 'Supposing that shot had taken effect, the *Lady Blanche* would now be without a master; and if you wasn't on board, she'd be without a navigator. Less than two sea-going heads to every ship *won't* do. I felt that truth when Chicken went, and I'm feeling of it every time I catch sight of that there man Lush.—Miss Temple and I exchanged glances.—'Well,' said he, with one of his mirthless grins, 'I don't expect those privateersmen 'll trouble us any more;' and in his abrupt way he walked to the compass, and stood there looking alternately from it to the canvas.

A CORNER OF BRITTANY.

WHEN we put ourselves into the steamer at Southampton at eleven p.m. that fine night in August, we had fair hopes of a placid arrival at St Malo twelve hours later, and thoughts of a little French luncheon before our final destination was reached; but, *ehen!* one o'clock, two o'clock, next day found us wobbling, sick and sorry, in front of St Malo, gazing with unappreciative eyes on the bay, bristling with rocks and studded with islands. Nothing but inward miseries appealed to us; not the beautiful and picturesque old town; not the Hen and Chickens group of islets; not the lonely tomb of Chateaubriand on its desolate rock, iron-railed and cross-guarded. Neither the loveliness nor the dirtiness of St Malo moved us on that day, for when at last the tide allowed us to land, the fierce battle of the *douane* began; yelled at by porters, assailed by cab-drivers, shouldered aside by officials, for a long hour we waited before our luggage was allowed to wear the mystic white chalk-mark which freed it from further inspection.

The kind landlady of the house, or rather *appartement*, which we have taken here, ten miles from St Malo, had written to say that her farmer, with his *cher-à-bour*, would await our arrival; so for him and his conveyance we looked, for by this time all thoughts of the little *déjeuner* had been abandoned, as it would put the shelter and rest for which we longed at a greater distance; and who can eat when *mal de mer* still reigns? Too low for pride, too abject for despair, too stupefied for surprise, we beheld our chariot, a common, roughly-painted haycart, provided with movable, sometimes too movable, benches; the grilled

back let down so as to be almost level with the floor of the wagon, and our luggage was piled up in it, and then we ourselves got in, and the two hours' drive began. Our coachman wore a blue blouse, full at the throat, loose below the waist. His whip was of string, so also was the harness. Did it break? Yes, frequently; but then the farmer got down and tied it together again. We drove past *Parramée*, with its gay casino and beautiful sands, through St Coulomb, whose church clock has not gone for twenty years. And why should it go? What need of a clock have they? ask its inhabitants. They get up when they wake, eat when they are hungry, and go to sleep when they have done their work. This good, wholesome, Stock Exchange sort of rule gives the key to much that passes in this breezy, healthy, unhurried country of the bright blue sky. Man dominates, not Time.

We passed through a little wood where, in the Great Revolution, many hundreds of poor refugees were concealed. The rich earth is richer for their graves; for dead and living were in close proximity, and the last soon became the first.

When the farmer urged the slow horse, the 'Camille'—with whom we became so intimately acquainted later on—to an attempt at speed, we felt that our voyaging for the time being was over; and when the *Grand Chateau* was pointed out, we rejoiced greatly, and uttered no disclaimer as to its title, but got down gratefully before the bleached, flat-faced house, whose long white shutters were tightly pinioned back at the side of each door and window. It was not exactly pretty, this hundred-and-sixty years' old French farmhouse; but the door, which opened outwards, showed a very large square central room, in which we were received with utmost courtesy and kindness by Madame our landlady, and every available relation of hers. The prettiest possible little repast awaited us; but no cheery teapot gratified the eyes of the ladies of our party; that had to be added by them later on. The whole room was decorated with flowers and ribbons. The furniture was covered with dainty frilled white; and the freshness and cleanliness of everything was delightful. Then kind Monsieur L— signified his being at our disposal if we wished to see our other rooms, and we went with him into the kitchen, where our *cuisinière* Marie, of the smiling face and bolster figure, waited to welcome us. At one end of the kitchen was a large square cupboard. Monsieur L— opened it, and a rope thick as an arm and knotted at intervals swung out. Monsieur L— prayed us to ascend. Too weary to discern, in the semi-darkness, that the cupboard concealed a spiral staircase as well as the knotted rope, it was with many a wild inward tremor, with many a memory of 'Curfew shall not ring to-night' that we grasped the rope. But though 'the way up to my chamber was up a winding stair,' still, staircase there was. Not hand over hand was the ascent accomplished. It was a bad 'getting up stairs;' whilst for the descent, *facilis est*, &c.

The four large airy bedrooms were uncarpeted, save for occasional rugs, but sweet and clean, and contained a very comfortable bed, with pretty draperies, sweet semi-bleached linen sheets, and square monogram-embroidered pillows, reposing outside, and bashfully covered with lace-trimmed squares. These are the principal rooms, and were ours to have and to hold as long as we liked. The inferior rooms, with a separate entrance, were tenanted by the farmer and his family. The small courtyard in front, the earth of which was white with shells, contained a poultry-run, &c.; the pretty tufted black and white Houdan cocks and hens were quite ornamental. Fields and orchards were all about us. We looked out on a mass of *blé noir* (rye), growing under apple and pear trees. With this we made subsequent acquaintance in the form of the delicious *galettes* which Marie sent to table. She told us piles of the tempting-looking pancakes thus made were served out to the farm-labourers at harvest-time. Truly, we were pleased with our surroundings; and if bright brisk air, a country beautiful and wind-swept by ocean breezes, and a gashed and serrated coast, be charming, then indeed is Cancale full of charms.

In our unceiled rooms, big beams, twelve inches square, ran from back to front, crossed by smaller ones from side to side. In our kitchen, various fires cooked our modest repasts. There was a tiny stove, supplemented by a wood-fire on the hearth; also by a bucket of charcoal, set in the middle of the floor; and also by a little closed-in portable oven, standing only fourteen inches high. In this last reposed one of the pair of fowls in which we now and then indulged; whilst the stove roasted the other, no one receptacle being large enough to cook the two together. These fowls were stuffed with prunes and raisins; and very good they were. The food-supply was sufficient; ample, indeed, but did not admit of great variety. Meat was cheap, but a trifle coarse. We gradually drifted down to excellent *bistecs*, veal and lamb, both very good; but the lamb of Brittany is larger than Southdown mutton. Fish is plentiful; but the audacity of the demands of the fishwomen 'who had come all this long way in the hope of pleasing Madame,' was so great, that our refusal to entertain exorbitant prices was firm, and led to our being obliged to do without any for a few days, as we were not energetic enough to attend the seven A.M. fish-market. Fruit and vegetables were abundant and delicious; the apricots looked the incarnation of sunlight.

Cancale is famous for its oysters; square fenced-in beds of them may be seen at low tide in the bay 'La Houle.' Unlovely they appear in their muddy parks; but they are excellent, albeit 'trailing no clouds of glory do they come.' Hideous are the low flat wood-fenced beds in which they are brought up, and which you are invited to inspect by women, who, dabbling in the mud, hire out clumsy overshoes to render your walk to them less offensive. The baby oysters live far from shore—those ready for consumption close to it; between these two grades all stages of growth may be found. It is emphatically a fishing village. The coming in or going out of the boats is a sight to be remembered; those boats in that bay, lying at peace

under the light of the moon, a sight never to be forgotten.

Women seemed to do most of the work; men were scarce, for fifteen hundred of them were in far-off 'Terre Neuf' (Newfoundland). When it was rumoured about that we had arrived, we, the only English in the place, we had eager inquiries as to whether St Pierre (in Newfoundland) was not quite close to England! so far off do both countries equally appear to this somewhat stationary population. In February the male inhabitants go to St Pierre, only returning to wives and sweethearts in October; for this reason marriages are greatly more numerous in winter than at any other time. 'The men are here then, and there is not so much work to be done.' The marriages generally take place early in the day; and the wedding party, two and two, promenade the town, headed by the bride and bridegroom. The pretty girl whom we saw, leaning on the arm of her newly-acquired husband, was in black silk—black is the gala dress here—with a mass of white in front, a white veil with a wreath of orange blossoms, and an immense bouquet—all the gift of the jaunty bridegroom, who smilingly smoked a gay cigarette. It was pleasant to hear that this was a love-match; the girl had no dot; but her fiancé would not let that stand in the way, and himself provided wedding-feast and wedding-clothes.

Cancale boasts a fine church, marvellous as to size and solidity for so small a place; but it is not yet mellowed by age. A ship or two hangs from the roof, gaily decked out with flags—a votive offering from some sailor on the eve of a voyage, or of some sailor's wife in hope of her husband's speedy and favourable return. On Sundays the church is filled to overflowing, and never once, on other days, did we enter it without finding reverent peasant worshippers. At *le Veiger*, a sandy beach about two miles off, is another small, very pretty 'Church of the Virgin Mary.' It is built right on the sands, and is supposed to commemorate a shipwreck which took place there a thousand years ago. This, par excellence, the mariners' church, and hither, barefoot, walk the sailors on their return from Terre Neuf, in winter, to testify gratitude if a favourable voyage has been granted. Hither, too, on the 15th of August, the day of the 'Fête de Marie,' came all Cancale. A long procession was formed of priests and Sisters, and 'Filles de Marie' and 'Enfants de Marie,' and boys as choristers and as miniature seamen. The whole road was gay with fluttering surplices, and the air melodious with 'Ave, Ave, Maria.'

The neat appearance of the peasants was striking; all are well shod, and walk well; pretty faces abound; the universal black dress is always fresh; and the black shawl, be it new or old, is put on with the utmost care. This universal and simple costume must surely save time and money, as well as prevent those outrages of colour universal in a country where 'motley's the only wear.' The thrifty wardrobe can be replenished with ease when fashions continue the same year after year, and no 'favourite colour this season' has to be aspired to and obtained in some sorry material. Every peasant at her wedding has a large mahogany or rosewood *armoire* or wardrobe in which to keep her

clothes, and these shining presses reflect the loving labour spent on them. A tall old-fashioned clock, too, often stands by the *armoire*; the brass-work of some is beautiful.

Peaceful harvesting operations went on all round us: we saw the old-fashioned flail, wielded by women as well as men. In many places we saw a horse going round and round, forming, as it were, the outer circle of a huge wheel, on the centre of which stood a blue-bloused man, urging on his steed with 'Hui done!' 'Va-t-on,' &c., &c. They were thrashing out the corn. But not so pleasant was it to see that unfortunate horse who, to achieve the same end, mounted a terrible treadmill, tied up to the summit by a short rope; stoppage in that weary task would lead to the breaking of his neck. Evidently, no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty obtains in Brittany; the cats and dogs are a wretched half-starved race, flying from the voice or touch of man.

We alone in Cancale were English; we alone spoke our language; echoes from the great home-country reached us deadened by a day's distance; but we were satisfied, 'wishing for nothing, quite content with sunshine and sweet air.' These we had in abundance. Fresh sea-breezes swept the land, and carried away the odours of the un-drained streets; and we boiled and filtered our drinking-water, lay down to rest in peace, and rose to remember with gratitude that there was but one post a day, and very late in the day too.

During our seven weeks' stay we saw but one case of drunkenness. Bunches of mistletoe over the doorways of the caf  s denoted that cider was there sold. It is the great drink of the country, and not a ferocious tipple.

We took many a drive in the farmer's cart, passing the irregular picturesque fields, and watched the broad-leaved tobacco plant come to perfection. It was at last gathered, and hung up in long straight strips under extempore sheds, or beneath trees, gradually turning a genial brown. Great care has to be exercised in the drying, which must be neither too quick nor too slow; so it is carefully sheltered from heat or damp. Acres of this plant grow all about. It is never allowed to go to seed, lest a free supply of it should get into the hands of the people, to whom Government sells the seed, paying the grower twopence-halfpenny for every pound delivered. During the time of its growth, strictest watch over it is kept by Government inspectors, who count every plant and every leaf. Any deficiency in the producible quantity is taxed with a fine of sixteen francs a pound.

The flora of this corner of Brittany is exquisite: honeysuckle, white, pink, lemon-coloured, hangs from the hedges; the ground is yellow with toad-flax and bedstraw; purple loosestrife abounds, rare ladies' tresses, orchids are beneath your feet, whilst ferns spring up everywhere. The country walks all round are practically inexhaustible, whilst the sea-border leaves nothing to be desired. At every turn of the rugged coast you come upon some new little bay—'ports,' as they are called—each differing in character, and each full of charm, from Port Briac—where we take daily baths, untroubled by bathing-machines, and finding excellent dressing-rooms in the rocks—to Port Guimorais, with its small cave and its passionate

waves. Port Mer abounds with shells, and with the lovely blue sea-thistle or 'chardon'; Port Verger has shifting sands, and its chapel; Port Guesclin is fortified, and has a beautiful double bay.

Everywhere one comes across wayside stone crosses, worn and rounded by age. Here and there, notably in Port La Houle, a crucifix may be seen, gigantic in size—a story of infinite love and sorrow, carved in wood.

For excursions, St Malo and St Servan, with their cathedrals and tempting shops, are near; so also Parmor  , Dinard, Dinan, with its picturesque approach up the Rance. We drove, too, to Dol, taking care to go there on Saturday, market-day, when a variety of costumes may be seen amongst the peasants. The quaint cathedral is of itself worth a day's march, and is, we are told, unique. Then there is world-famous Mont St Michel, built, so the legend runs, by angelic direction. It was used first as a monastery, then as a state prison; a marvellous erection. How were those huge slabs of stone, those wonderful pillars, those great arches, brought and built up here, miles and miles from civilisation, on a little island—now connected with the mainland by a causeway—which rears itself straight up from the sea? It claims kindred with our Cornish St Michael's Mount, to which it bears a strong resemblance, owning the same godfather. To see this marvellous place, it is well to sleep there for a night; it deserves two days for exploration. Its chapel is beautiful, its *aubettes* horrible. Here you are shown the arch which formed the back of the iron cage in which perished the unfortunate Dubourg, a political prisoner. French gaiety and ferocity seem to meet when a pretty woman smilingly offers you a photograph of his rat-eaten body and other similar horrors. Amongst them, you may be struck by the calm refined *personnel* of the 'Man with the Iron Mask' with his half-veiled face. As to the authenticity of these portraits, who can vouch for, who deny it?

FORGET-ME-NOT.

CHAPTER II.

THERE are some of us born and reared far enough beyond the contaminating influences of evil, who, nevertheless, take so naturally to rascality, that one is prone to ask a question as to whether it is not the outcome of some hereditary taint or mental disease. To this aberrant class, Anthony Wingate, late of the Queen's Own Scarlets, naturally belonged.

Commencing a promising career with every advantage conferred by birth, training, and education, to say nothing of the possession of a considerable fortune, he had quickly qualified himself for a prominent position amongst those cavaliers of fortune who hover on the debatable land between acknowledged vice and apparent respectability. In the language of certain contemporaries, he had once been a pigeon before his callow plumage had been stripped, and it became necessary to lay out his dearly-bought experience in the character of a hawk. Five years of army

life had sufficed to dissipate a handsome patrimony; five years of racing and gambling, with their concomitant vices, at the end of which he awoke to find himself with an empty purse, and a large and varied assortment of worldly knowledge. Up to this point, he had merely been regarded as a companion to be avoided; as yet, nothing absolutely dishonourable had been laid to his charge, only that common report stated that Anthony Wingate was in difficulties; and unless he and his bosom friend Chris Ashton made a radical change, the Scarlets would speedily have cause to mourn their irreparable defection.

But, unfortunately, neither of them contemplated so desirable a consummation. In every regiment there are always one or two fast young 'subs' with a passion for *écarté* and unlimited loo, and who have no objection to paying for that enviable knowledge. For a time this pleasant condition of affairs lasted, till at length the crash came. One young officer, more astute than the rest, detected the cheats, and promptly laid the matter before his brothers-in-arms. There was no very grave scandal, nothing nearly so bad as Ashton had suggested to Winchester, only that Captains Wingate and Ashton resigned their commissions, and their place knew them no more. There was a whisper of a forged bill, some hint of a prosecution, known only to the astute sub and his elder brother and adviser-in-chief, Lord Bearhaven, and to Vere Dene, Ashton's sister, who is reported to have gone down on her knees to his lordship and implored him to stay the proceedings. How far this was true, and how Vere Dene came to change her name, we shall learn presently. But that there was a forged bill there can be no doubt, for Wingate had stolen it from Winchester's studio while visiting Ashton, after the crash came; and, moreover, he was using it now in a manner calculated to impress upon Ashton the absolute necessity of becoming the greater scoundrel's tool and accomplice. Since that fatal day when he had flown to careless bohemian Jack Winchester with the story of his shame, and a fervid petition to the latter to beg, borrow, or steal the money necessary to redeem the fictitious acceptance bearing Bearhaven's name, he had not seen his sister, though she would cheerfully have laid down all her fortune to save him. But all the manhood within him was not quite dead, and he shrank, as weak natures will, from a painful interview. Winchester had redeemed the bill, and Wingate had purloined it.

Winchester had been brought up under the same roof as Vere Ashton, by the same prim puritanical relative, who would hold up her hands in horror at his boyish escapades, and predict future evil to arise from the lad's artistic passion. It was the old story of the flint and steel, fire and water; so, chafed at length by Miss Winchester's cold frigidity, he had shaken the

dust from his feet, and vowed he would never return until he could bring fame and fortune in his train. There was a tender parting between the future Raphael and his girlish admirer under the shadow of the beeches, a solemn interchange of sentiments, and Jack, Winchester started off to conquer the world with a heart as light and unburdened as his pocket.

But man proposes. Vere's mother had been the only daughter of a wealthy *virtuoso*, who had literally turned his only daughter out of doors when she had dared to consult her own wishes in the choice of a husband; and for years, long years after Vere and Chris had lost both parents, he made no sign. Then the world read that Vavasour Dene was dead, and had left the whole of his immense fortune to his grandchildren; three-fourths to Vere on condition that she assumed the name of Dene, and the remainder to Chris, because, so the will ran, he was the son of his mother. Presently, Winchester, leading a jolly bohemian existence in Rome, heard the news, and decided, in the cynical fashion of the hour, that Vere would speedily forget him now. And so they drifted gradually apart. Winchester had been thoughtless, careless, and extravagant; living from hand to mouth, in affluence one day, in poverty another; but he was not without self-respect, and he had never been guilty of a dishonourable action. He hated Wingate with all the rancour a naturally generous nature was capable of feeling, and set his teeth close as he listened.

'Of course it was only a matter of time to come to this,' he said. 'Well, of all the abandoned scoundrels! And that man once had the audacity to make love to Vere, you say? I wish I had known before.'

'That was a long time ago,' Ashton replied; 'before—before we left the army, when you were in Rome. Remember, Wingate was a very different man, in a very different position then. Do you suppose that he knows whose place it is that he contemplates?'—

'Knows! of course he knows.—Now listen to me, Chris, my boy, and answer me truthfully. I believe, yes, I do, that if you had a chance you would end this miserable life. You say you are in Wingate's power. What I want to know is whether he carries that precious paper about with him?'—

'Always, always, Jack. With that he can compel me to anything; the only wonder is that I have never forced it from him before now. Still, I do not see what that has to do with the matter.'

Winchester smoked in profound silence for a time, ruminating deeply over a scheme which had commenced to shape itself in his ready brain. 'I don't suppose you do understand,' he said dogmatically. 'Do you think if I were to see Vere she would acknowledge me, knowing who I am?'—

For answer Ashton laughed almost gaily. 'Your modesty is refreshing. Do you think she has forgotten you, and the old days at Rose Bank? Never! There are better men than you; handsomer, cleverer by far; she meets

daily good men and true, who would love her for her sweet self alone. She is waiting for you, she will wait for you till the end of time. Whatever her faults may be, Vere does not forget.'

A dull red flush mounted to the listener's cheeks, a passionate warmth flooded his heart almost to overflowing; but even the quick sanguineness of his mercurial disposition could not grasp the roscate vision in its entirety. Its very contemplation was too dangerous for ordinary peace of mind.

'One more thing I wish to know,' said he, reverting doggedly to the original topic. 'Of course the dainty Wingate does not intend to soil his fingers by such an act as vulgar burglary. Who is the meaner rascal?'

'So far as I can gather, a neighbour of ours, a very superior workman, I am told, who is suffering from an eclipse of fortune at present. The gentleman's name is Chivers—Benjamin Chivers. Is the name familiar?'

'Why, yes,' Winchester answered dryly, 'which is merely what, for a better word, we must term another coincidence. The fellow has a most respectable wife and three children, who are distinguished from the other waifs in the street by a conspicuous absence of dirt. I thought I recognised the fellow's face.'

'Recognised his face? Have you seen him, then?'

Winchester gave a brief outline of his interview with the individual he had chanced to encounter in Arlington Street. A little circumstance in which one day he had been instrumental in saving a diminutive Chivers from condign chastisement had recalled the ex-convict's face to his recollection. Perhaps—but the hope was a wild one—a little judicious kindness, and a delicate hint at the late charitable demonstration, might sufficiently soften the thief's heart and cause him to betray Wingate's plans. That they would not be confided entirely to Ashton he was perfectly aware, and that the meaner confederate had been kept in want of funds by his chief the fact of his begging from a stranger amply testified.

'Which only shows you that truth is stranger than fiction,' said he, as he rose to his feet and donned his hat. 'If I only dared to see her; and even then she might—but I am dreaming. However, we will make a bold bid for freedom. And now you can amuse yourself by setting out the Queen Anne silver and the priceless Dresden for supper,' saying which, he felt his way down the creaky stairs into the street below.

The ten days succeeding the night upon which this important conversation was held were so hot that even Ashton, much as he shrank from showing himself out of doors in the daytime, could bear the oppressive warmth no longer, and had rambled away through Kennington Park Road, even as far as Clapham Common, in his desire to breathe a little clear fresh air. Winchester, tied to his easel by a commission which, if not much, meant at least board and lodging, looked at the blazing sky and shook his head longingly.

Despite the oppressive overpowering heat, the artist worked steadily on for the next three hours. There was less noise than usual in the street below, a temporary quiet in which Winchester

inwardly rejoiced. At the end of this time he rose and stretched himself, with the comfortable feeling of a man who has earned a temporary rest. In the easy abandon of shirt sleeves he leant out of the window, contemplating the limited horizon of life presented to his view. There were the usual complement of children indulging in some juvenile amusement, in which some broken pieces of platter and oyster shells formed an important item, and in this recreation Winchester, who had, like most warm-hearted men, a tender feeling towards children, became deeply engrossed. One or two street hawkers passed on crying their wares, and presently round the corner there came the unmistakable figure of a lady, followed by a servant in undress livery, bearing a hamper in his arms, a burden which, from the expression of his face, he by no means cared for or enjoyed.

'Some fashionable doing the Lady Bountiful,' Winchester murmured. 'Anyway, she has plenty of pluck to venture here. If she was a relation of mine'—

He stopped abruptly and stared in blank amazement, for there was no mistaking the tall figure and graceful carriage of Vere Dene. She passed directly under him, and entered a house a little lower down the street with the air of one who was no stranger to the locality. In passing the group of children, she paused for a moment, and selecting one or two of the cleanest, divided between them the contents of a paper parcel she carried.

Directly she had disappeared, a free fight for the spoils ensued. The interested spectator waited a moment to see which way the battle was going, and then hurried down the stairs and out into the street towards the combatants. The presence of the new ally was sorely needed. The three representatives of the house of Chivers were faring sorely in the hands of the common foe. In that commonwealth all signs of favour were sternly discountenanced.

'What do you mean by that?' Winchester demanded, just in time to save the whole of the precious sweetmeats. 'Don't you know it is stealing, you great girls, to rob those poor little children?'

'They don't mean it, bless you,' said a voice at the mediator's elbow; 'and they don't know any better. It's part of their nature, that's wot it is.'

Winchester turned round, and encountered the thicket form and sullen features of his Arlington Street acquaintance. As their eyes met, those of Chivers fell, and he muttered some incoherent form of thanks and acknowledgment for the past service. Presently he went on to explain.

'You see, my wife is better brought up than most of them about here, and she do try to keep the childer neat and tidy; and that makes the others jealous. They ain't been so smart lately,' he continued, with a glance half kindly, half shameful, at his now smiling offspring, 'cause mother has been poorly lately, and I've been out o' luck too.'

In spite of his shamefaced manner and the furtive look common to every criminal, there was something in the man's blunt candour that appealed to Winchester's better feelings. Besides, knowing something of the ex-convict and his

doubtful connection with Wingate, it was to his interest to conciliate his companion with a view to possible future advantage.

'It must be a miserable life, yours,' he said not unkindly. 'Better, far better, try something honest. You will not regret it by-and-by.'

'Honest, sir! Would to heaven I could get the chance! You are a gentleman; I can see that, though you do live here; and know what misfortune is. If I could only speak with you and get your advice. You have been kind to me, and good to my poor little ones, and I'm—I'm not ungrateful. If I could help you'—

Winchester laid his hand upon his companion's shoulder with his most winning manner. He began to feel hopeful. 'You can help me a great deal,' said he; 'come up to my room and talk the matter over.'

It was a very ordinary tale to which he had to listen.

'I was a carpenter and joiner, with a fair knowledge of locksmith's work, before I came to London. I was married just before then, and came up here thinking to better myself. It wasn't long before I wished myself back at home. I did get some work at last, such as it was, a day here and a day there; till I became sick and tired of it, and ready for anything almost. I needn't tell you how I got with a set of loose companions, and how I was persuaded to join them. . . . I got twelve months, and only came out ten weeks ago. I have tried to be honest. But it's no use, what with one temptation and another.'

'And so you have determined to try your hand again. You run all the risk, and your gentlemanly friend gets all the plunder.'

It was a bold stroke on Winchester's part; but the success was never for a moment in doubt. Chivers's coarse features relaxed into a perfect apathy of terror. He looked at the speaker in speechless terror and emotion.

'We will waive that for the present,' Winchester continued. 'What I wish to know is how you have contrived to live for the past ten weeks?'

'I was coming to that, sir, when you stopped me. You see, when the trouble came, my poor wife didn't care to let her friends know of the disgrace, and tried hard to keep herself for a time. But illness came too, and she and the little ones were well-nigh starving. Mary, my wife, sir, remembered once that she was in service with an old lady whose niece came into a large fortune. Well, she just wrote to her and told her everything. And what do you think that blessed young creature does? Why, comes straight down here into this den of a place and brings a whole lot of dainty things along. And that's the very lady as is up in my bit of a room at this very minute.'

'I am quite aware of that,' said Winchester quietly. 'Miss Dene, as she is called now, and myself are old friends. I remember everything now. Your wife was once a housemaid at Rose Bank; and you are the son of old David Chivers, who kept the blacksmith's shop at Weston village. —Ben, do you ever remember being caught bird-nesting in Squire Leckmere's preserves with a never-do-well fellow called Jack Winchester?'

For answer, Chivers burst into tears. Pres-

ently, after wiping his eyes with the tattered fur cap, he ventured to raise his eyes to his host. 'You don't mean to say it's Mr Winchester?' he asked brokenly.

'Indeed, I am ashamed to say it is. This world of ours is a very small place, Ben, and this is a very strange situation for you and me to meet. But before we begin to say anything touching old times, there is something serious to be discussed between us. Remember, you are altogether in my hands. I might have waited my opportunity and caught you red-handed. Don't ask me for a moment what is my authority, but tell me'—and here the speaker bent forward, dropping his voice to an impressive whisper—'everything about the Arlington Street robbery you have planned with that scoundrel Wingate.'

Once more the old look of frightened terror passed like a spasm across the convict's heavy features. But taking heart of grace from Winchester's benign expression, he, after a long pause, proceeded.

'I don't know how he found me out, or why he came to tempt me—not that I required much of that either. It seemed all simple enough, and I was very short of money just then, and desperate-like, though I won't make any excuse. I don't know all the plans; I don't know yet whose house'—

'Whose house you are going to rob,' Winchester interrupted with a thrill of exultation at his heart. 'Then I will tell you as an additional reason why you should make a clean breast of it. Perhaps you may not know that Miss Dene lives in Arlington Street; and that Miss Dene, whose name, I see, puzzles you, is Miss Ashton, once of Rose Bank?'

'I didn't know,' Chivers exclaimed with sudden interest. 'If it is the same'—

'It is the same. She changed her name when she inherited her grandfather's fortune. Come! you know enough of Wingate's plans to be able to tell me if No. 281 Arlington Street is the house?'

'As sure as I am a living man, it is,' said Chivers solemnly.—'Mr Winchester, I have been bad; I was on the road to be worse; but if I did this, I should be the most miserable scoundrel alive. If you want to know everything, if you want me to give it up this minute'—

'I want to know everything, and I certainly do not want you to give it up this minute. You must continue with Wingate as if you are still his confederate. And of this interview not a word. I think, I really think that this will prove to be the best day's work you have ever done.'

Chivers answered nothing, but drew from a pocket a greasy scrap of paper cut from a cheap society paper, and placed it in Winchester's hand. As far as he could discern, the paragraph ran as follows:

'The delicate and refined fancy of a "jewel ball" designed by the Marchioness of Hurlingham, will be the means of displaying to an admiring world the finest gems of which our aristocracy can boast. Starr and Fortiter, *et hoc genus omne*, are busy setting and polishing for the important event, not the least valuable *parure* of brilliants in their hands being those of Miss Dene, the lovely Arlington Street heiress, who,

rumour says, intends to personify diamonds. Half a century ago the Vere diamonds had become quite a household word. Certainly they never had a more lovely mistress to display their matchless beauty.'

'That,' explained the penitent criminal in a hoarse whisper, 'is about all I know at present. But if I made a guess, I should say it would be the night after the ball.'

FORTUNES IN OLD FURNITURE.

ACCIDENT has from time to time revealed many treasures hidden away in various countries during the troubles of war. It would be a lucky find, could one unearth the treasure-chests of the Imperial army, said to have been buried in Spain during the Peninsular War, or those along Napoleon's line of retreat from the Beresina.

But even the more prosaic details of ordinary life are occasionally enlivened by some little romance of accidental discovery of wealth in old pieces of furniture picked up, perhaps, at an auction. The fortunate finders under consideration have all had reasons to rejoice over the possession of oak-chests and ancient cabinets. One does not usually associate anything very valuable or curious with charitable institutions, yet in the almshouses at Wells an interesting discovery of more than a thousand original documents was made in an old oak-chest. Some of these documents dated back to the thirteenth century, and many of their seals were in a wonderful state of preservation.

A few years ago a gentleman bought a cabinet at a saleroom for five shillings. This piece of furniture was put on one side, unexamined for some time. After the lapse of about two years, the owner agreed to sell it to a purchaser— anxious to buy a cabinet of the kind—for just double the sum he had paid for it. With this intention he took it out of the corner where it had been standing, in order to dust it. He pulled out a drawer, and discovered that it was shorter than the hole into which it fitted, and there was a bundle of what at first looked like five-pound notes inside. On taking them out, he found there were two bundles, one containing fourteen one-hundred-pound notes, and the other twenty-six notes, also of one hundred pounds apiece. They proved to have been lost twenty years ago by a gentleman in London, to whose representative the money was restored, and the finder rewarded.

It is not so satisfactory to the discoverer of hidden wealth when he has to refund his suddenly-acquired treasure to the rightful owner, as happened also in the next case. A carpenter not long since in Vienna received from the wife of a tailor an old chest of drawers to be repaired. On examining the back, he discovered a secret drawer in which were several rolls of paper. These proved to be various bonds and shares, all with their coupons attached. The finder at once

honestly deposited these valuable papers with the Commissary of Police. It appeared that the former owner had died suddenly, and as he was a parsimonious man, his relatives were not a little surprised to find that he had only left a small amount of property. He kept his savings in a secret drawer, which he had not mentioned to any one. As he died without making a will, nothing was known of this hidden treasure, the value of which amounted to over ten thousand florins. The chest of drawers passed to the next of kin.

Another interesting discovery is said to have been made by the executors of the late hereditary Princess Caroline of Denmark. An old chest, which, like the oaken one in the mournful ballad, 'had long been hid,' was found amongst the miscellaneous curiosities of a lumber-room. Not even the oldest servant remembered ever having seen it opened; and as no keys were found which fitted the lock, the lid was forced, when, to the surprise of every one, the box was found to contain a collection of rich furs, loose brilliants, pearl and diamond necklaces, velvets, pieces of richly-embroidered satin, canes and riding-whips with handles of beautifully-chiselled gold or silver inlaid with precious stones, gold cups—in short, a quantity of valuables worth many thousands of pounds. Apparently the existence of this treasure had been entirely forgotten by the late Princess. Doubtless the secrets revealed by such bureaux would be considered of much greater importance by most finders than any divulged by political cabinets.

An old oak-chest which was bought for four shillings in Derbyshire turned out to be worth a great deal more money even from its appearance, for it was very old, clumsy, and nicely carved. The purchaser was still better pleased with his bargain when he found a secret drawer in the bottom of the chest and forty spade guineas in the secret drawer. With the gold was a memorandum written in faded ink; it was to this effect:—'When my uncle Brown gave me fifty guineas at Christmas, as a present for waiting on him during his illness.—ANNE L.—, 1798.' Of this reward for the lady's attention to her kinsman she had spent but ten guineas. The rest lay for sixty-five years untouched in her desk, while the world so strangely altered from the slow old days to the bustle and hurry of modern times. On the old lady's death, the husband of her niece became the possessor of her goods, and it appears that he sold the chest. As the chest had been out of the original owner's keeping for nine years, it was legally decided that the guineas belonged to the gentleman who bought them and the chest for four shillings.

To collectors of bric-à-brac there is a charm of old associations with people now forgotten—a sentimental motive—which will not be denied by collectors who do not merely follow a fashion, but love to fill their houses with curious wails of time and mementoes of different ages.

But though sentiment is powerful, the influence of mammon is greater, and often makes buyers of bureaux, cabinets, chests, and such-like, examine them carefully in hopes of finding fortunes in secret drawers. But whatever motive may actuate the buyers of old oak or mahogany, we fear that little of the furniture of this Victorian

age will ever be purchased in the future for similar reasons, because it would crumble into fragments long before time had stamped it as an antique.

HUMOUR AT SCHOOL.

BY H. J. BARKER.

THE fund of ingenuousness and humour locked up within the four walls of an ordinary day-school is practically inexhaustible. The school-room walls, indeed, remain the same; but the generations of children—like a stream speeding betwixt its banks—are ever shifting and changing and disappearing, and each juvenile generation affords its sure quota of amusement.

Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly thy' approach of morn.

Thus, it is no great task for me to cull a number of interesting specimens—both oral and script—from my examinational notebook.

Questions in geography, based upon 'boring a hole through the middle of the earth,' are very favourite ones with examiners in testing the earth-knowledge of the lower classes of a school. Such questions are put with the special object of eliciting whether the children have exact and abiding notions of the size and shape of the earth. A certain examiner put the favourite question in this form: 'If I made a hole right through the centre of the earth where should I come out?' And one little lad, whose wit was readier than his geographical knowledge, and who was quite above such commonplace answers as 'Australia' or 'the Antipodes,' promptly replied, 'Out at the *hole*, mester!'

I may mention that when I related this anecdote in my lecture on 'Very Original English' in the theatre of the Birkbeck Institution, London, it caused such a spontaneous outburst of applause that I felt regret that the inspector and the juvenile prodigy were not both present to hear it.

The following literary selection is from a scholar's exercise on 'Governments.' With the exception of the introductory paragraph, which is of an ordinary character, I give the lad's complete effusion:

'It is not proper to think that the Governments of all countries are alike. It may surprise your fathers and mothers to learn that we read in our books that there are many kinds of Governments. Five or Six I can count. In Persia the people call the Shah a Despot. And your fathers and mothers will say that he deserves it. Why, if a man does anything wrong as not to please him, the Despot has only to say, "Cut his head off." And the police does it. Or if the Despot asks a woman to be one of his wives, and she says, "I will not marry you," he only says, "Cut her head off." And the police does it. But when this man who thinks as he is a king, comes to England, he cant do it. My mother remembers him once coming, and she says as he had to behave hisself, whether he liked it or not.

'In France, they have not now a king. Only a man as they choose for a Government, called a President. In our reading-books it tells you a lot about this country, only I can never think of it. Wives plough in the fields, it says, and the poor boys and girls have not got no English home. The men are too fond of Governments, and they have had more of them than any other country nearly. Napolien was one, but there was lots of others. The city of Paris looks the finest place you ever see. There is a river runs straight up the middle, and lots of bridges drawed right acrost, and places sticking up, and bits of people walking by the side of the water. The Government this year is President. These Prezidents have got queer names, but they are not kings nor Desspots.

'Our country has a Queen who cant do anything but what she ought to. She has been at the Government for nearly fifty years, and still she looks nice. Also Georges I, II., III., and IV., but there was VIII. Henrys. There is also houses called the Houses of Parliament. One of these is full of Lords, called the House of Lords, but the other is only built for them gentlemen as perhaps you have seen some of them, and it is called the House of Commons. No gentleman can get in there unless they know as he can make laws. But the Queen has to look them over, and see as they are made right. These Commons are called Conservatives and Liberals, and they try and hinder one another as much as they can. They sometimes have sides, and then you see it on the placards, and you can hear men and your fathers a talking and quarrelling about it. Our country is governed a lot better than France, and Germany comes about next. Then theres a lot of others, and then comes Persia. Our country allways comes first, whoever you like to ask.'

On one occasion, during the examination of an 'object' lesson on the 'Cow,' I received a most original answer from a scholar. I had asked a series of questions having reference to the practical uses to which the various parts of the cow's carcase are put. And although I was quite satisfied to hear that cups and combs were made of the beast's horns, knife-handles of its bones, leather of its skin, &c., I certainly was somewhat startled and rendered incredulous by hearing one lad inform me, with the most confident and complacent air in the world, that 'wash-leather was made of its stomach!'

The next essay has for its title 'The Irish.' The writer is a lad attending a school situated in one of the poorest districts of Lambeth.

'The Irish are so called because they live in the island of Ireland. It is a beautiful country, which is chiefly noted for three principal classes of things, which is namely, its great greenness, its big bogness, and its little shamrocks. It says in our lessons as green is the favourite colour with all the Irish great and small classes. Shamrock is nothing; but a little bit of green clover. But the Irish love it.

'They cant manufacture things in Ireland same as we can, from a traction ingine to a sowing needle. But still the Irish manufacture the following classes of things very exeedingly, namely, Linin, bacon, shop eggs, and whisky. The Irish are nearly as fond of bacon as they are

of potatoes; and as for that there whisky, the Irish love it. The hearts of the Irish, the book says, are all very warm. If you was walking out in the country and you met a poor man, you could easy tell whether he was an Irishman; for if he was an Irishman he would perhaps be in a passion and have a pig with him.

'There is one Irishman as nearly everybody nose on, which is Mr Parnell. I have seen his picture in a many different papers, and it is always the same. He has a nice minister's face, and his eyes look straight out at you. I do like to see his face. Mr Parnell does not dress same as the other Irish, and his eyes seem to draw you to him. He doesn't look as fat as he would like. Them Irish as is poor and lives about here have a queer way of speaking, like as if they had a side-tooth out, and the wind was blowing through it. They seem to have a lot of wind inside of them. These poor men's faces have a lot of wrinkles on them, and they look funny at you like what Gypsies do. The Irish women have even got warmer hearts than the men, for they will actually sometimes pull their husbands' cheeks in the street; and when there's no men about, they begin dragging one another's hair off.'

'But the Irish are one of the two finest classes of men in the world. The English are a bit fatter, but the Irish can run about and fight the best. The Irish have produced nearly all our great soldiers, because father told a man in our house that when he once took mother to the Music Hall, there was an Irishman a-kicking up his heels all by himself on the stage, and singing a song which said, What was Wellington? why, an Irishman; what was General More? an Irishman; what was Sir Garnet Woolsey? an Irishman. And father said that he showed the people that everybody as had ever done anything worth mensioning was Irishmen. Father said he left out Nelson, because he knew the people wouldn't stand it. Then I said to father that if the man had have said as Nelson was an Irishman, that the people ought to have called out as Mr Parnell was an Englishman. Then my father laughed, and told the man he was telling, as I was a fair coshen.'

I was once giving a lesson in physiology, with special reference to the nature and composition of the various 'food-stuffs.' I had compared the human constitution to the mechanism of an ordinary steam-engine, showing the pupils that just as the mechanical force of the latter is due to the burning of the fuel in the furnace, so the power and vigour of the former, or human engine, is dependent upon a very similar internal combustion. I had divided the food-stuffs into the 'flesh-forming' and 'heat-giving' classes, and had clearly explained to the lads—so, at least, I thought—why certain proportions of each class of food were necessary for a thoroughly nourished and vigorous condition of the human machine. Hence the reason, I continued to illustrate, why—as by an intuition—we ate 'ham and eggs' together, 'bread and butter,' &c.; and hence, also, the reason why such articles as milk and whole-meal bread were even in themselves almost 'perfect' foods. Towards the close of the lesson, I asked—by way of recapitulation—why it was advisable that we should always eat a fair

proportion of fat meat with our lean. I was somewhat surprised to observe one lad thrust out his hand very precipitately, since I knew that he was by no means endowed with a specially scientific turn of mind. However, I called upon him for an answer.

'Because, sir, the fat makes the lean slip down better!' he cried, rolling his eyes with satisfaction and smacking his lips with lively relish.

I looked at him as who should say, 'What is the use of endeavouring to entice the feet of such urchins into the mystic groves of the occult sciences?' and he, on his part, gaped back upon me as who should say, 'Well, sir, you are makin' them easy this morning. Why, that was almost as nice and straightforward as a taste of the genuine article. Keep the pot a-boiling, sir!'

The following essay on 'Winter' is an effort by a boy who was eleven years of age at the time of examination. He came from a miserably poor home; for his father was dead, and the mother had to support a little family of three by the labour of her own hands:

'Winter is the 4th season of the year, and therefore it is the coldest. It is so cold that we have fine red fires in the schoolrooms, big enough to boil a sheep on them. You never see such fires anywheres else, not even in the church. They are fires, them are, and no mistake. Whenever I see the schoolkeeper come in with that big skuttle of his, and tippie the coals on, I always think how pleased my mother would be only to have one of them lumps. Why, theres more coals in that one skuttle than there even is in all our coal bin at home. I do wish that my mother was the School Board, so as she could make good fires for her and me and my two little sisters. I never cry with the cold, not me, but our little Hannah does. But then I get so regular warm at school, that it seems to stick to me for ever so long.

'In the winter you have to pick up the bits of coal from the middle of the road after the carts have gone by. This is not stealing, because the coal man would never pick them up himself. When there is snow upon the ground, the carts bump a good deal and jog more coals out, and besides you see the pieces plainer lying on the ground. Our Hannah has been very ill this winter. Whenever she coughs extry loud, I see the tears come to my mother's eyes. I see her look at Hannah, and then she always wipes her eyes and nose with her apron. I wish as my mother was the School Board.

'You seem to get thinner in winter, and your boots seem to get thinner, and you always feel a lot hungrier. Dont I like that toast and drippin which I have with mother when she gets home from her washing. She toasts 3 or 4 slices at the landry fire where she works, and so shes only got to warm it a bit afore we eat it. But I shouldnt mind winter very much if it wernt for the chillblanes. Sometimes your toes feel as if theyre tickling one another, and sometimes as if theyre a skorching one another. I feel regular mad with them sometimes. When shall I have some nice thick hard boots again same as what that gentleman give me at school a long time since. He has been to school once or twice since, looking

at our feet under the desks, but every time he came my boots happened not to have no holes in, so he past me by. Perhaps he will come again afore long.'

A NOVEL VESSEL.

Cross-river communication has always held a foremost place in the duties of the engineer, and the various methods by which it is effected have never failed to produce one of the most interesting problems of his calling. The earliest method of crossing streams too deep for wading or stepping-stones doubtless originated in a falling tree spanning the opening and affording to the primeval savage a means of passage—a device now expanded into the scientific steel girder, with strains on every point calculated with the utmost exactitude, and duly proportioned throughout in accordance with both strength of material and manner of loading. Where bridges are unsuitable owing to obstruction of headway or other causes, tunnels are substituted to effect the desired means of communication.

Yet another means of cross-river communication and one possessing undoubted advantages claims our attention—namely, ferry-boats. Bridges and tunnels are undeniably fixtures, and in this respect compare unfavourably with ferry-boats, which can be readily transferred from point to point to suit the exigencies of fluctuating traffic.

Bridges, if built at a sufficient elevation to admit navigation, may require long approaches, an item, in crowded localities and cities where land is valuable, of no small cost; whilst a similar necessity imperatively swells the estimates for tunnels, unless shafts at either end be employed, worked as a rule by hydraulic hoists; an alternative, however, not only involving delay in passage, but requiring considerable outlay in plant, with attendant permanent working expenses. Hence ferries still hold their own, though the inconvenience of using them in tidal waters constitutes a serious drawback. To obviate such difficulty, much ingenuity has been expended in designing landing-stages to rise and fall with the tide, enabling vehicular traffic at all times by traversing an inclined plane, or by means of hoists to proceed on board the ferry. The latest method of dealing with this problem is well worthy of passing note, and will by its novelty hardly fail to merit the attention of our readers.

The vessel recently launched for service on the Clyde, and known under the name of the Patent Elevating Steam-ferry, has as its distinctive feature a platform or deck so constructed that it can be raised and lowered at will, and therefore always maintained at the same level as the quay or landing-place, whatever the state of the tide may be. Passengers and vehicles are therefore able to pass direct on board, and similarly to disembark, without any difficulty. The platform is not lowered for the passage, the vessel having ample stability to carry the heaviest load in safety even with the platform at its maximum height.

The vessel is constructed almost entirely of steel, with a length of eighty feet, breadth forty-

three feet, and depth amidships twelve feet, and has thirteen water-tight compartments.

Six columns carry the platform, which is raised and lowered by a screw working inside each column, a range of fifteen feet being given. Three hundred passengers and eight loaded carts and horses can be accommodated at the same time; or if passengers alone be carried, as many as six to seven hundred can be taken at once. Rails are placed on the platform, and all provision made for conveying across railway carriages and trucks. Two sets of engines are provided, either of which is capable of driving the vessel, in the event of the disablement of the other. The engines are triple expansion, and the vessel is provided throughout with all the latest and most approved appliances. The platform is worked by special separate engines actuating the vertical screws in the columns, already described.

The wear and tear to both horses and vehicles in traversing inclines will be entirely obviated, and the career of this ingenious vessel will be watched with the keenest interest, not merely by engineers and shipbuilders, but by the public generally.

Before closing our account of this novel ship, we may mention that at the same place where it is shortly destined to ply, a tunnel is in course of construction; so that ere long the interesting spectacle of direct competition between the vessel under consideration and a tunnel may be witnessed, and without doubt many problems of great professional interest will be in a fair way to admit of direct solution by the stern test of practical working.

V I L A N E L L E.

These half-blown roses, yesternight,
My lady gathered laughingly—
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

She smothered them with fern-leaves quite,
Till through the green you scarce could see
These half-blown roses, yesternight.

Her face was flushed with rosy light;
On each fair cheek shone charmingly
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

I cannot surely tell aught
With what sweet grace she gave to me
These half-blown roses, yesternight;

Gave me, in pledge of all delight
That in the coming days shall be
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

Lady, my days are golden-bright,
Because you plucked, half-playfully,
These half-blown roses, yesternight,
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

H. D. LOWRY.

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MISAPPLIED TALENT.

THE land which has given us the electric light, the phonograph, tramways, Pullman trains, tinned fruit, Mark Twain, syndicates, dress paper-shapes, petroleum, patent rockers, washing-machines, ginsling, and other actual or doubtful boons, has also sent us many curious specimens of misapplied ingenuity. Perhaps in a cargo of American 'notions' of the present day one might not find wooden nutmegs, ligneous hams, and eyeless needles; but these were once actual articles of commerce. The writer has seen, in the days before 'brands' attained a commercial value which compelled honest dealing, barrels of American butter which contained only a layer at top and bottom of the yellow substance, while the interior was filled up with coarse salt carefully adjusted to the usual weight of a barrel of butter. It is consolatory to know, however, that American swindlers do not manufacture for export so exclusively as they used to do, and that they have devoted themselves to cultivating the domestic markets.

In the State of New Jersey a public inquiry was recently held into alleged adulterations of food, and the Report presented by the Committee is remarkable. They had caused six hundred and twenty-three separate articles of food offered for sale to be analysed, and of these they found only three hundred and twenty to be pure. Among the pure commodities were those peculiarly American products 'canned goods,' and only one specimen of these was found to be other than it professed to be. But when the 'canned goods' were deducted from the list, the result was even less favourable to transatlantic honesty, for of the remaining articles only 46·83 per cent. were found to be pure, while 53·17 per cent. were adulterated.

Some of the disclosures were very curious. Thus, it seems that the active legislation of some years ago has prevented oleomargarine from being sold as butter, and oleomargarine has come to be a regular and presumably wholesome article

of domestic consumption under its own proper name. The analysts found that which professed to be butter, really butter; but when they came to examine what was offered as oleomargarine, they found a great deal of it was not good oleomargarine, but only bad butter. This is a sufficiently curious turning of the tables.

Lard, again, has become a very indefinite article. What used to be 'Leaf Lard' is declared to be now almost non-existent. What is now offered as 'Western Lard,' say the reporters, is composed of the fat of all portions of the hog mixed indiscriminately; while 'Refined Lard' they found to be a compound of beef-fat, cotton-seed oil, and a small proportion only of hog-fat.

Coffee is largely used in America, but of twenty-four samples analysed, only eight passed the inspection. The others were found to be more or less mixed with roasted and ground peas, beans, rye, wheat, and chicory. One sample of reputed 'E-ssence of Coffee' contained no trace of coffee whatever, being a compound of burnt treacle and roasted ground corn.

The perfection of fraud, however, was revealed in the various samples of so-called 'Ground Spices' examined. The greatest ingenuity is exercised in the manufacture of pepper, ground ginger, mustard, ground cinnamon, ground cloves, and allspice. The way to make 'Pure Pepper' in America is to mix thoroughly buckwheat hulls and cocoa-nut shells well charred, and then to add a little cayenne for flavouring. To make 'Pure Ginger' you only need Indian corn-meal, turmeric, and a pinch of cayenne. For 'Mustard' all you want is corn-meal, a little real ginger, turmeric, and cayenne. Any kind of spice known to Ceylon or the Eastern Archipelago can be produced in New Jersey on the shortest notice from ground cocoa-nut shells, walnut shells, corn-meal, buckwheat hulls, mustard chaff, ground charcoal, cayenne, turmeric, charred grains of any kind, and burnt bread. Truly, there is no limit to American inventiveness and to human gullibility.

It is not, however, to such more or less manufactured articles of food that the spirit of fraud confines itself, for even in the market for fresh fruit it finds scope. Thus it is alleged by a Chicago paper that all the lemons grown in Florida are artificially and fraudulently coloured for market. 'All' is rather a large word; but let us assume 'some,' and then examine how it is done.

When lemons are picked prematurely—over-green—they never ripen, and therefore will not turn yellow. But lemon-growers in Florida in haste to catch the market before the European crops begin to arrive, cannot afford to wait for the yellowing of the sun. They pick their lemons as green as grass, and then pile them in a sulphur-chamber to be properly and expeditiously coloured.

A rich golden yellow is the result of the sulphur bath; but that is not so bad if the juice is really inside, for we buy lemons for their flavouring essence, not for their yellow skins. Unfortunately, however, as the fruit is pulled when quite green, the pulp is almost dry.

In much the same way are the orange-growers moved to assist, or to usurp, the operations of Nature. 'Blood-oranges' are supposed to be superior in flavour to the ordinary orange, and at anyrate they command an extra price in certain markets—principally, perhaps, because the supply is limited. How to get the benefit of the extra price without increasing the actual supply is the problem which some Florida orange-growers addressed themselves to solve. And this is how they solve it: They take a syringe with a very delicate point, which they gently force through the rind, and by this means inject a small quantity of aniline dye. The dye quickly permeates the whole pulp of the orange and colours it up to the standard of a first-class 'Blood-orange.' The cost is trifling, and the extra return handsome. The effect upon the consumer? Ah! that is a detail which troubles neither the grower nor the dealer, however much it may the patient himself. Aniline dye *may* not be hurtful, but it certainly cannot be wholesome as an article of diet.

It is but right to say that this process for manufacturing 'Blood-oranges' is not an American invention. It was the discovery of an Italian, who practised it long and successfully in his own country, until he was found out. He suffered for his inventive genius in a State prison for a long term, and when he was released, carried his invention and enterprise to the Land of the Setting Sun, where 'smartness' and the almighty dollar are still objects of worship. It is said that 'Blood-oranges' manipulated by this Italian genius will fetch even a higher price from inexperienced purchasers than the genuine article.

Perhaps it was this Italian who served up a toothsome banquet in which some of the most notable dishes were a spider fricassée, a purée of mealworms, a salmi of beetles, and deviled spiders.

But although the Old World may have been the monitor of Uncle Sam in the case of the oranges, he is generally well able to set his European relatives an example in 'smartness' and fraudulent ingenuity.

Take, for instance, the latest system of horse-stealing in Texas. Two men work in concert; they watch the columns of the newspapers for advertisements of strayed horses; and as soon as they read that a ranchman has picked up a strange animal for which he wants the owner, they begin work. One of the pair calls at the ranche, examines the horse, and declares that it isn't his. But he takes note of all its points, and on rejoining his companion, 'posts' the latter thoroughly. Then No. 2 goes to the ranche and describes his lost animal so thoroughly and minutely that there can be no deception. The description tallies exactly with the strayed horse on the ranche, which is therefore handed over to the stranger without further proof. But the stranger is a long way from home, and talks about the distance and the trouble of leading a spare horse, and so on, until he winds up with an offer to sell the wanderer to the ranchman at something considerably under its value. The ranchman jumps at the bargain; the stranger goes away with the money in his pocket; and a few days later, the real owner of the horse turns up to claim and remove his property.

These are but a few examples of the manner in which genius is prostituted by civilised men who presumably call themselves Christians. It is doubtful, however, if even an American swindler can equal in cleverness the Asiatic. The smile, which is childlike and bland, of the accomplished Chinaman, often masks a profundity of cunning and a dexterity in fraud that the Caucasian cannot rival.

Even the mild Hindu has a faculty for fraud that is not always suspected. In the bazaars of Calcutta and Bombay the vilest poison is sold to the English sailors in bottles branded and captioned as Martell's or Hennessy's Brandy, Dunville's Whisky, and the like. Jack pays the full price of the genuine article, but is supplied with a villainous compound of native concoction. The dealer knows the value of brands. He lays in a stock of the genuine bottles, and never disturbs labels or capsules. By the skilful application of the blowpipe, he drills a small hole in the bottom of the bottle, draws off all the genuine liquid, replaces it with his poisonous stuff, closes up the hole so that no trace remains, and palms off the bottle on unsuspecting Jack as real 'Martell' or 'fine old Irish.' The abstracted liquor will, of course, always sell on its own merits elsewhere.

Another ingenious device of the mild Hindu is to drill a hole in the thickness of a rupee, and then, with infinite labour and skill, to scrape out the silver from the *inside*, leaving only a sort of shell, without damaging the impression or the rim. Lead is then poured gently in, mixed with some alloy which gives the requisite ring, and the hole is carefully closed. Only a very keen and experienced eye can detect the imposture. The silver which is thus abstracted will be worth less than a shilling, and the manipulator has still his rupee to spend. But the operation may occupy him the greater portion of a week, during which time he might have earned two rupees by honest work!

In fact, it may be said that if all the ingenuity and talent which are applied to swindles were directed to legitimate ends, the rewards would be

both greater and more continuous than in the precarious and hazardous harvests of fraud. Leaving out of sight the moral question, it is indisputably the fact that honest labour *pays* best.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXIX.—I QUESTION WETHERLY.

It had now become so much one thing on top of another with us, and everything happening in a moment, so to speak, too: first our being left on the wreck all in a breath as it were: then our being picked up by this barque without the dimmest prospect, as my instincts advised me, of our falling in with the *Countess Ida* this side of Bombay: then our destitute condition aboard a craft whose skipper's sanity I was now honestly beginning to distrust, and whose people, if he did not lie, were for the most part a gang of scoundrels: then this sudden narrow shave of being boarded by above a score of miscreants whose undoubted hope was to seize the *Lady Blanche* and to use her in the room of their own extinguished brig: I say it was so much one thing on top of another—a catalogue of adventures scarcely conceivable in these safe-going days of the ocean mailboat, though real enough and in one way or another frequent enough in my time, I mean in the time of this narrative—that I protest something of the dismay which possessed Miss Temple visited me, though I struggled hard in the direction of a composed face, as we talked over the incident of the morning, and took a view of the singular staring figure who had charge of the barque, and directed our eyes at the crew, all hands of whom hung about forward, briskly yarning, as I might suppose, about the Spanish longboat's attempt (and with God knows what sympathy, I would think, as I peered at the groups), or as we sent our eager gaze into the blue and brilliant ocean distance in search of any little leaning flake of white that might flatter us with promise of escape from our disagreeable situation.

'I have fully and immovably formed my opinion on two points,' said Miss Temple to me as we continued to pace the deck together for some half-hour after the boat had disappeared astern: 'one is, that Captain Braine is mad; and the other that he is firmly bent on making you serve him as his mate.'

'I own that I now believe he is madder than I first suspected,' I answered. 'His manner and language to you just now were extraordinary. But as to his employing me as mate—I think this: if the man is crazy, he may easily go wrong in his navigation; if we sight nothing that will carry us home, we must obviously stick to the barque, and her safety, therefore, is ours; consequently, it is desirable I think that I should know what her skipper is doing with her from day to day; and this I can contrive by consenting to oblige him with taking sights.'

'I see what you mean,' she exclaimed thoughtfully. 'I had not taken that view; but it is a cruel one to entertain; it implies our remaining on board until—until—— Oh Mr Dugdale, this sort of imprisonment for the next two or three months is not to be borne.'

'Anyway,' said I, 'you now understand that our very safety demands we should know where that fellow is carrying his ship. If, then, he should request me to shoot the sun, as we call it, you will not be vexed by my compliance?'

'Who am I, Mr Dugdale, that you should trouble yourself about my opinion?'

'You can make yourself felt,' said I, smiling; 'I should consider your eyes matchless in their power to subdue. There is a little passage in Shakespeare that very exquisitely fits my theory of you.'

'I would rather not hear it,' she answered, with a slight curl of her lip and a faint tinge of rose in her cheeks. 'You once applied to me a very unflattering Shakespearean metaphor.'

'What was it?'

'You compared my complexion to the white death that one of Shakespeare's girls talks about.'

'I remember. I am astonished that your aunt should have repeated to you what she overheard by stealth.'

'I do not understand,' she exclaimed, firing up.

'She was behind me when I made that quotation, and I was unconscious of her presence. She should have respected my ignorance. I meant no wrong,' I went on, pretending to get into a passion. 'Your complexion is pale, and I sought to illustrate it to my little friend Saunders by an expression of striking nobility and beautiful dignity. If ever I have the fortune to find myself in your aunt's company, I shall give her my mind on this business. How am I to know but that her repeating what she had heard me let fall excited in you the disgust I found in your treatment of me?'

She cooled down as I grew hot.

'The extravagance of your language shocks me,' she exclaimed, but with very little temper in her voice. 'Disgust! You have no right to use that word. You were always very courteous to me on board the *Countess Ida*.'

'Am I less so here?' said I, still preserving an air of indignation.

'Do not let us quarrel,' she said gently, with such a look of sweetness in her eyes as I should have thought their dark and glowing depths incapable of.

'If we quarrel, it will not be my fault,' said I, disguising myself with my voice, whilst I looked seawards that my face might not betray me.

At that moment the captain called out my name: 'Can I have a word with you, sir?' he cried along the short length of poop, standing as he was at the wheel, whilst we were conversing at the fore-end of the raised deck.

'With pleasure,' I answered.

'I shall go into the cabin,' said Miss Temple; 'it is too hot here. You will come and tell me what he wants.'

I waited until she had descended the ladder, and then strolled over to the captain, determined

to let him know by my careless air that whatever I did for him he must regard as an obligation, or as an expression of my gratitude; but that I was not to be commanded. I believed I could witness an expression of embarrassment in his fixed regard that I had not before noticed in him. He eyed me, as though lost in thought, and I waited.

'Would you object,' said he, 'to ascertain our latitude at noon to-day?'

'Not in the least.'

He seemed to grow a little brighter. 'And I should feel obliged,' he continued, 'if you'd work out the longitude.'

'With pleasure,' I said. I looked at my watch. 'Where shall I find a sextant?' I demanded, not choosing he should know I was aware that there was one in Mr Chicken's locker.

'I have a couple,' he exclaimed; 'I will lend you one;' and down he went for it with a fluttered demeanour of eagerness.

I lingered till I supposed he had entered his cabin, then put my head into the skylight and called softly to Miss Temple, who was seated almost directly beneath for the air there. 'He wishes me to take an observation with him.'

'What is that?' she answered, also speaking softly and turning up her face.

'I am to shoot the sun—you know, Miss Temple.'

'Oh, pray, contrive to make some error—commit some blunder to make him suppose'—She checked herself, and I heard the captain say that it was very hot as he came to the companion steps.

In a few moments he arrived on deck, hugging a brace of sextant cases to his heart. He told me to choose; I took the one nearest to me, perceived that the instrument was almost new, and as it was now hard upon the hour of noon, applied it to my eye, the captain standing alongside of me ogling the sun likewise. I could see the men forward, waiting for the skipper to make eight bells, staring their hardest at the now unusual spectacle to them of two sextants at work. For my part, I should have been shocked by the weakness of my memory if I had not known what to do. During the two years I had spent at sea I was thoroughly grounded in navigation; such as it was in those days; and as I stood screwing the sun down to the horizon, the whole practice of the art, so far as my education in it went, came back to me as freshly as though I had been taking sights ever since.

He made eight bells. Mr Lush came aft to relieve the deck, and I went below with Captain Braine to work out the barque's position.

I smiled at Miss Temple as I entered the cuddy; she watched me eagerly, and the movement of her lips seemed to say, 'Don't be long.' In fact, her face had that meaning; and I gave her a reassuring nod ere turning to follow the captain into his berth. The apartment was small and cheerful, plainly stocked with the customary details of a humble skipper's sea-bedroom: a cot, a small table, a cushioned locker, a few mathematical instruments, a little hanging shelf of strictly nautical books, and so on. His chronometer was a good one, handsome for those days, of a quality one would hardly expect to find in a little trading-barque of the pattern of this *Lady Blanche*. There was a bag of charts in a corner,

and a small chart of the world lay half unrolled upon the table, with a bit of the Atlantic Ocean visible exhibiting the skipper's 'pricking' or tracing of his course down to the preceding day.

'Here's ink and paper, sir,' said he; 'sit ye down, and let's see if we can tally.'

I was always a tolerably quick hand at figures, and had soon completed my calculations, feeling as though I was at sea again in sober professional earnest. The captain worked with extraordinary gravity; his singular eyes overhung the paper without a wink, and his yellow countenance, with his blue chops and chin, wore the melancholy of a mute's face, mixed with an indefinable quality of distress, as though his mental efforts were putting him to physical pain. We agreed to a second in our latitude, but differed in our longitude by something over seven miles.

'You'll be in the right, sir—you'll be in the right!' he cried, sniting the table with his fist. 'It is clear you know the ropes, Mr Dugdale. I'll abide by your reckonings.—And now I want ye to do me a further service.'

'What is that, captain?' said I.

'Well, ye may reckon, of course, that I can write,' he answered; 'but I never was topweight with my pen, as Jack says, nor, for the matter of that, was Chicken much of a hand. There was some words which he was always making a foul hawse of. Now, what I want ye to do, Mr Dugdale, is to keep my log for me.'

'All this,' said I carelessly, yet watching him with attention, 'is practically making a chief officer of me.' He did not answer. 'Of course, I don't object,' I continued, stimulated more perhaps by Miss Temple's than by my own views, 'to oblige in any possible manner a gentleman'—

'I am no gentleman,' said he, with a wave of the hand.

'—to whom Miss Temple and myself owe our lives. But I may take it that it is thoroughly understood the young lady and myself are to quit your hospitable little ship at the first opportunity that may offer.'

He regarded me in silence for I should say at least a minute; I was positively beginning to believe that he had fallen dumb. At last he seemed to come to life. He nodded slowly three times and said very deliberately: 'Mr Dugdale, you and me will be having a talk later on.'

'But, good God, captain,' cried I, startled out of my assumed manner of indifference or ease, 'you will at least assure me that you'll make no difficulty of transhipping us when the chance to do so occurs?'

He was again silent, all the while staring at me; and presently, in a deep voice, said, 'Later on, sir;' and with that stood up.

'How much later on?' I inquired.

He tapped his brow with his forefinger and answered: 'It needs reflection, and I must see my way clearly. So far it's all right. I'm much obliged to ye, I'm sure; and he went to the door and held it open, closing it upon himself after I had stepped out.

At the instant I resolved to tell Miss Temple of what had passed; then swiftly thought no! it will only frighten the poor girl, and she can-

not advise me; I must wait a little; and with a smiling face I seated myself by her side. But secretly, I was a good deal worried. I chatted lightly, told her that there was nothing whatever significant in the captain's request that I should check his calculations by independent observations, and did my utmost, by a variety of cheerful small-talk referring wholly to our situation, to keep her heart up. Nevertheless, secretly, I was much bothered. The man had something on his mind of a dark, mysterious nature, it seemed to me; and I could not question that it formed the motive of his interrogatories as to my seamanship, and of his testing my qualities as a navigator by putting a sextant into my hand. Whatever his secret might prove, was it likely to stand between us and our quitting this barque for something homeward bound? It was most intolerably certain that if Captain Braine chose to keep me aboard, I must remain with him. For how should I be able to get away? Suppose I took it upon myself to signal a vessel when he was below: the hailing, the noise of backing the yards, the clamour of the necessary manœuvring, would hardly fail to bring him on deck; and if he chose to order the men to keep all fast with the boat, there could be no help for it; he was captain, and the seamen would obey him.

These thoughts, however, I kept to myself. The day passed quietly. Again and again Miss Temple and I would search the waters for any sign of a ship; but I took notice that the barrenness of the ocean did not produce the same air of profound misery and dejection which I had witnessed in her yesterday. In fact, she had grown weary of complaining; she was beginning to understand the idleness of it. From time to time, though at long intervals, something fretful would escape her, some reference to the wretched discomfort of being without change of apparel; to the misfortune of having fallen in with the ship, whose fore-castle people, if her captain was to be believed, were for the most part no better than the company of brigands whom we had scraped clear of that morning. But it seemed to me that she was slowly schooling herself to resignation, that she had formed a resolution to look with some spirit into the face of our difficulties, a posture of mind I was not a little thankful to behold in her, for, God knows, my own anxiety was heavy enough, and I did not want to add to it the sympathetic trouble her grief and despair caused me.

All day long the weather continued very glorious. The captain ordered a short awning to be spread over the poop, and Miss Temple and I sat in the shadow of it during the greater part of the afternoon. There was nothing to read; there was no sort of amusement to enable us to kill the time. Nevertheless, the hours drifted fleetly past in talk. Miss Temple was more communicative than she had ever before been; talked freely of her family, of her friends and acquaintances, of her visits abroad, and the like. She told me that she was never weary of riding, that her chief delight in life was to follow the hounds; and indeed she chatted so fluently on one thing and another that she appeared to forget our situation: a note almost of gaiety entered her voice; her dark eyes sparkled, and the cold,

marble-like beauty of her face warmed to the memories which rose in her. I gathered from her conversation that she was the only living child of her mother, and that there was nothing between her and a very tolerable little fortune, as I might infer from her description of the home Lady Temple had kept up in her husband's life, and that she still, though in a diminished degree, supported for the sake of her daughter, though she herself lay paralysed and helpless, looked after in Miss Temple's absence by a maiden sister.

I recollect wondering whilst I listened to her that so fine a woman as she and a fortune to boot had not long ago married. Was she waiting for some man with whom she could fall in love? or was it some large dream of title and estate that hindered her? or was it that she was without a heart? No, thought I; her heart will have had nothing to do with it. Your heartless girls get married as fast as the rest of them; and was she heartless? It was not easy to let one's gaze plumb the glowing liquid depths of her eyes, which seemed to my fancy to be charged with the fires of sensibility and passion, and believe her heartless.

There was something wild in the contrast betwixt the imaginations she raised in me by her talk of her home and her pleasures with her own beauty at hand to richly colour every fancy she inspired—betwixt my imagination, I say, and the realities about us, as I would most poignantly feel whenever I sent a glance at old Lush. He was a mule of a man, and stood doggedly at a distance, never addressed nor offered, indeed, to approach us, though sometimes I would catch him taking me in from head to toe out of the corner of his surly eyes. Possibly, my showing that I had a trick of navigation above his knowledge excited his spleen; or maybe his hatred of the captain led him to dislike me because of the apparent intimacy between the skipper and me. Anyway, I would catch myself looking at him now with a feeling of misgiving for which I could find no reason outside of the mere movement of my instincts.

It was in the second-day watch that evening; Miss Temple was resting in the little cuddy, and I stepped on to the main-deck to smoke a pipe. The topmost canvas of the barque delicately swayed under a cloudless heaven that was darkly, deeply, beautifully blue with the shadow of the coming night. A large star trembled above the ocean verge in the east; but the glow of sunset still lingered in the west over a sea of wonderful smoothness rippling in frosty lines to the breeze that gushed from between the sunset and the north.

The carpenter had charge of the deck; the captain was in his cabin. Whilst I lighted my pipe, I caught sight of the man Joe Wetherly seated on the toaming of the fore-hatch past the little galley. He was puffing at an inch of dusky clay with his arms folded upon his breast, and his countenance composed into an air of sailorly meditation. This seemed an opportunity for me to learn what he had to tell or might be willing to impart about the inner life of the *Lady Blanche*, and I went along the deck in an easy saunter, as though it was my notion to measure the planks for an evening stroll. I

started when abreast of him with a manner of pleased surprise.

'Oh! it is you, Wetherly? My old acquaintance, Smallridge's friend! No sign of the Indian-man, though. I fear we have outrun her by leagues. And always when you are on the lookout for a sail at sea, nothing heaves into sight.'

He rose to my accost, and saluted me with a respectful sea-bow, that is, by scraping his forehead with his knuckle with a little kick back of his left leg.

'That's right enough, sir,' he answered. 'I've been sailing myself in a ship for six weeks in middling busy waters, too, with ne'er a sight of anything—not so much as the tail of a gull.'

'Pray sit,' said I; 'I'll keep you company. This is the right spot for a smoke and a yarn; quiet and cool and out of the road of the poop.'

He grinned, and we seated ourselves side by side. I talked to him first about the *Countess Ida*, explained the circumstance of my being in company with Miss Temple, told him who she was, and spoke of her shipwrecked condition so far as her wardrobe went, and how eager she was to return to England; but the old sailor made very little of her being in want of a change of dress.

'There is no need, sir,' said he, 'for the lady to distress her mind with con-siderations of a shift o' vestments. I allow she can use a needle for herself; there's needles and thread at her service forrads; and how much linen do she want? Why, one of the skipper's table-cloths 'ud fit her out, I should say.' He turned his figure-head of a face upon me as he added: 'Tain't the loss of clothes, sir, as should occupy her thoughts, but the feeling that she's been took off that there wreck and is safe.'

I fully agreed with him, with some inward laughter, wondering what Miss Temple would think if she had overheard his speech. One thing led to another; at last I said:—

'Wetherly, I am going to ask you a plain question; it is one sailor making inquiry of another, and you'll accept me as a shipmate, I know.'—He nodded.—'Is not your captain wanting?' and I touched my head.

'Well,' he answered after a pause, 'I think so, and I've been a-thinking so pretty nigh ever since I've been along with him.'

'What caused his mate's death?'

'He died in a swoond,' he answered—'fell dead alongside the wheel as he was looking into the compass.'

'Have the sailors noticed anything queer in their captain?'

'They're such a party of ignorant scowbankers,' said he, with a slow look round, to make sure that the coast was clear, 'that I don't believe they're capable of noticing anything if it ain't a pannikin of rum shoved under their noses.'

'I don't mind whispering to you,' said I, 'that the captain hinted to me they were not a very reputable body of men—talked vaguely of mutineers and convicts, with one fellow amongst them.' I went on, bating my voice to a mere whisper, 'who had committed a murder.'

He stared at me a moment, and then tilted his cap over his nose to scratch the back of his head.

'He'll know more about 'em, then, than I do,' he responded; 'they're ignorant enough to do wrong without troubling themselves much to think of the job when it was over. Mutineering I don't doubt some of 'em have practised. As to others of 'em being convicts, why, who's to tell? Likely as not, says I. But when it comes to murder—a middling serious charge, ain't it, sir? Of course I dunno—who might the party be, sir?'

'Oh,' I exclaimed, 'it was a vague sort of talk, as I told you. But if Miss Temple and I are to stick to this ship till we get to the Mauritius, it would comfort her, and me, too, for the matter of that, to learn that her crew are not the band of ruffians we have been led to imagine them.'

'Well, sir,' he exclaimed thoughtfully—'I'm sure you'll forgive me, but I don't rightly recollect your name.'

'Dugdale.'

'Well, Mr Dugdale, as you asks for my opinion, I'll give it ye. Of course, it'll go no funder, as between man and man.'

'Certainly not. I am myself trusting you up to the hilt, as what I have said must assure you. You may speak in perfect confidence.'

He took a cautious look round: 'There's but one man to be regularly altered of, and that's Mr Lush. I believe he'd knite the capt'n right off if so be as he could be sure we men wouldn't round upon him. I don't mean to say he han't got cause to hate the capt'n. He's a working man without knowledge of perlite customs, and I believe the capt'n's said more to him than he ought to have said, more than any gentleman would have dreamt of saying, and all because this here carpenter han't got the art o' eating in a way to please the eye. But this here Mr Lush feels it too much: he's allowed it to eat into his mind; and if so be there should come a difficulty, the capt'n wouldn't find a friend in him, and so I tells ye, sir. I don't want to say more'n necessary and proper to this here occasion of your questions; but though the crew's a desperate ignorant one, ne'er a man among 'em capable of writing or spelling any more'n the carpenter hussell, there's only *him* to be afeared of, so far as I'm capable of disarming; though, of course, it he should turn to and try and work up their feelings, there's naturally no telling how the sailors 'ud show.'

'They seem a pretty smart set of fellows,' said I, finding but little comfort to be got out of this long-winded delivery; 'the ship is beautifully clean, and everything looks to be going straight aboard of you.'

'Oh, every man can do his bit,' he answered; 'but if I was you, sir, being in charge, as you are, of a beautiful young lady, for the likes of which, this here little barque, with nothen but men aboard, and such shabby food as goes aft, is no proper place—if I was you, I says, says I, I'd get away as soon as ever I could.'

I mentally bestowed a few sea-blessings on the head of this marine Job's comforter, but contrived, nevertheless, to look as though I was much obliged to him for his information and advice; and after we had continued discoursing on a variety of nautical topics for some ten minutes

or quarter of an hour longer, I proceeded aft, and spent the rest of the evening in conversing with Miss Temple in the cabin or in walking the deck with her.

PUNISHMENT OF NAVAL OFFICERS.

AFTER reading your late article upon the Punishment of Seamen in Her Majesty's Navy, I thought it would not be altogether inappropriate to offer your readers a short account of the manner in which punishment is meted out to the officers of that service for the various offences to which human nature is subject, and especially that part of human nature which 'goes down to the sea in ships.'

And first with regard to junior officers, and by junior I mean what is known in the service as 'subordinate,' not having yet received a 'commission' from Her Majesty. These young officers vary in age from fourteen to nineteen, and mess, together with a few of the very junior commissioned officers, in the gunroom. By far the larger number of subordinate officers are, of course, midshipmen.

Every reader of Marryat's novels must be well acquainted with the many scrapes into which the midshipman of that day was constantly falling, and with the various forms of punishment which seem to have formed the routine of a junior officer's life.

His day was made up very easily; the whole time he had to spare from punishment, for offences already committed, was spent in devising new schemes, in breaking more laws. Apparently, to vary the monotony of this kind of life, he would occasionally 'keep a clear sheet' for a short time, pay strict attention to duty, and be a pattern to his messmates; but these fits never lasted long, the temptation to again break through the routine of the ship or to act in disobedience to the laws of the service, always proving too strong to be resisted.

The usual punishment for all minor offences in the old days was 'mast-heading.' This consisted, as every one knows, in the culprit being 'perched' aloft upon the cross-trees for a certain or uncertain number of hours, the time depending upon the gravity of the offence committed and the temper or mood of the officer ordering the ascent. To receive instructions to remain at the mast-head 'until further orders,' must have been the most galling, the item of uncertainty being added to the other inconveniences; and then, may be, forgetfulness was a well-known failing of the officer of the watch, and the uncertainty was almost reduced to a certainty that the fact of there being a midshipman at the mast-head would be altogether forgotten, and the said midshipman's stay there prolonged even more indefinitely than seemed likely when he at first ascended. One can imagine the anxious glances directed to the deck, the occasional spark of hope when the officer's eagle glance happened to be directed skywards.

The principal factor in mast-heading as a punishment seems to have been the enforced solitude, the separation from congenial companionship and pursuits, which it entailed; yet Captain Marryat recalls some of the hours he

thus spent aloft as among the happiest in his existence, passed in quiet, restful contemplation, and somewhere tells a story about a young frequently-punished messmate of his who, wise by experience, always, when mast-headed, carried up some interesting book with which to pass away the otherwise, to him, tedious hours, and who, carrying out this practice one day, found that his sole companion during his stay aloft was a Prayer-book which had been given him by his mother, and which he had unintentionally secreted in his haste, instead of the more worldly volume he had sought; his consequent reflections, and the study of the contents of his mother's gift, which he now opened for the first time, produced so good a result that he became a reformed lad, and, formerly idle and careless, a good and trustworthy officer.

Mast-heading undoubtedly gave the junior officer ample time for reflection upon the misdeeds of which his punishment was the consequence. To sit 'up aloft' for hours undisturbed, except for an occasional hail from the officer of the watch of 'Mast-head there! do you see anything of the gig?' or, 'Let me know when the Admiral leaves the pier;' or, again, if at sea, of some shouted request to know what you make of 'that barque on the lee bow,' ought undoubtedly in the long run to tend to one's reformation; solitary confinement without the deadening effect of the four walls.

In these days of mastless ships, of stump masts with military tops, mast-heading is almost out of the question; even in those very few ships still left with tall, fully-rigged masts, their cross-trees are seldom used as seats of penance. Mast-heading as a punishment is out of date; no longer does the refractory junior officer calm his feelings by the enforced survey of a boundless sea from a dizzy height above the snow-white deck. 'Snow-white decks' themselves are rapidly becoming scarce in Her Majesty's navy; their places are being occupied by turrets, conning towers, 'turtle-backs,' and unsightly steel structures of every description.

And now to come to what is really the subject of this article, the present-day punishments.

Stoppage of leave ranks first, being in most general use, and is applied in a more or less severe degree for all those offences against discipline which are not of so highly serious a nature as to merit 'reporting to Admiral' or 'Admiralty.' If the gravity of the offence committed demands communication with the Lords Commissioners, removal of the officer's name from the Navy List usually follows. Stoppage of leave is a much more irksome punishment now that so much time is spent in harbour, so many 'shore-going' acquaintances made, than in the times of long ago, when remaining on board was often preferable to a long trip in a bumbout and a solitary ramble on terra-firma. Then, again, before the introduction of steam, voyages were very long, and a midshipman would often, on arrival of his ship in harbour, find that his one suit of muffs was sadly deteriorated owing to the combined action of cockroaches and damp.

'Breaking leave,' which very seldom occurs, is always very severely punished. Keeping 'watch and watch' and an extra allowance of night-watches are both useful methods of

correcting the young officer, and are chiefly applied when the crime consists of some neglect of duty, late relief of the deck, &c.

A midshipman's wine-bill is limited by the Admiralty Instructions; but the captain has the power of still further limiting, or, if necessary, stopping it altogether for offences in that direction.

Inattention to the teaching of the instructors, backwardness in studies or duty, is met by 'extra school' or 'extra drill,' as the case may be.

In the words of Mr Gilbert, the punishment is made to fit the crime; for instance, the case of the midshipman of a sailing cutter failing to bring his boat alongside in a proper seaman-like manner would possibly entail that officer 'standing off and on' the gangway during an hour, when otherwise he would be enjoying the comforts of his berth and the companionship of his messmates. Not keeping a proper lookout when on watch might meet with an order to keep the remainder of the four hours in one spot, well in sight, instead of being free to roam fore and aft as before. Inattendant at 'reelers,' or failing to 'heave the log' accurately, would possibly carry with it the objection of having to 'report' every quarter of an hour, when on watch, until further orders.

First offences are always dealt with very lightly, and are usually met by a caution or a reprimand.

Disobedience or neglect of 'gunroom' law is often punished by the senior officers of the mess—who are responsible for internal order and discipline—and is usually administered by means of a 'dirk' scabbard. This kind of punishment is, of course, not recognised, but is admittedly of good effect, and materially aids in the right training of those born to command in the future, and upon whom the results of England's future battles—may they be few—will greatly depend.

Infringement of the Articles of War, or Queen's Regulations, and Admiralty Instructions, by a senior officer is followed by a trial by court-martial, the sentence varying from a 'reprimand' to that of 'death,' or the 'prisoner' may, of course, be 'acquitted.' The more usual punishments are 'Dismissal from ship,' 'Loss of more or less seniority,' 'Dismissal from Her Majesty's service,' and the more lenient one of 'a severe reprimand,' but in every case the fact of having been 'court-martialled' carries with it a black mark to the end of the officer's career.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

CHAPTER III.

IN point of artistic beauty and delicacy of floral arrangement throughout Arlington Street, No. 281 certainly bore away the palm; for Miss Dene, like most country girls, had a positive passion for flowers—a graceful fancy she was fortunately in a position to gratify. Many an envious eye fell upon that cool façade with its wealth of glorious bloom; many a darling of fashion paused as he passed on his listless way, and forgot his betting-book and other mundane speculations, to wonder lazily who might some day be the fortunate man

to call that perfectly-appointed mansion and its beautiful mistress his own. For Vere Dene could have picked and chosen from the best of them, and graced their ancestral homes; but now she was five-and-twenty; so they came at last to think it was hopeless, and that a heart of marble pulsed languidly in that beautiful bosom.

The hall-door stood invitingly open; more, perhaps, in reality to catch the faint summer breeze, for the afternoon was hot, and inside, the place looked cool, dim, and deliciously inviting. On a table there lay a pair of long slim gauntlets, thrown carelessly upon a gold-mounted riding-whip; and coming down the shallow stairs, against a background of feathery fern and pale gleaming statuary, was Miss Dene herself. A stray gleam of sunshine, streaming through a painted window, lighted up her face and dusky hair; a beautiful face, with creamy pallor, overlaid by a roscate flush of health. The dark-brown eyes were somewhat large; a trifle hard, too, a stern critic of beauty might have been justified in saying; the tall graceful figure drawn up perhaps too proudly. Vere Dene was, however, no blushing debutante, but a woman who knew her alphabet of life from alpha to omega; who was fully conscious of her power, and the value of her position well enough to discern between honest admiration and studied flattery, and to gather up the scanty grains of truth without mistaking chaff for golden corn. There was no reflection of wistful memory on the heiress's face as she rode slowly down the street some time later, the cynosure of admiring eyes. There was a rush and glitter of carriages hurrying parkwards, as she rode on her way alone, bowing to one acquaintance or another, and dividing her favours impartially.

'A beautiful face,' murmured a bronzed soldierly-looking man to his companion as they lounged listlessly against the rails of the Row, watching the light tide of fashion sweeping by. 'A perfect face, wanting only soul to make it peerless.—Who is she, Leslie?'

'Who is she?' laughed the other. 'Is it possible you do not know Miss Dene?—But I forgot you had been so long in India. You remember old Vavasour Dene, of course, and his son, the poetical genius, who married some demure little country maiden, unknown to Debrett or Burke, and who was cut off with the traditional shilling accordingly. You can imagine the rest of the story; a life-long feud between father and son, ending, as it usually does, in the parent's dying and cheating condemnation by an act of tardy justice. That handsome girl is old Dene's heiress, a woman with all London at her feet, a quarter of a million in her own right, and never a heart in the whole of her perfect anatomy.'

Wholly unconscious of this storiette, and apparently of the admiration she naturally excited, Miss Dene rode on down the Mile, with many a

shake of her shapely head as one gloved hand after another beckoned her to range alongside barouche or mail Phaeton; till at length a slight crush brought her to a standstill. Almost in front of her was an open stanhope, wherein was seated a delicate fragile-looking lady, exquisitely dressed, and apparently serenely indifferent to the glances and smiles in her direction. By her side sat a child of six or seven, a diminutive counterpart of herself, to her fair golden hair and melting pansy-blue eyes. Vere would fain have pushed her way through the crowd and passed on; but the child had seen her, and uttered her name with a cry of innocent delight; and Vere, like many another who is credited with want of heart, had a tender love for children.

'Really, I owe Violet my grateful thanks,' murmured the owner of the stanhope as Vere ranged alongside. 'Positively, I began to fear that you meant to cut me. I should never have forgiven my brother, if you had. My dear child, I warned him it was useless; I did indeed. And now he says that his heart is broken, and that he shall never believe a woman any more.'

Vere looked down into the Marchioness of Hurlingham's fair demure face with a little smile.

'So Lord Bearhaven has been abusing me?' she said. 'I am disappointed. I did not think he would have carried his woes into the boudoir.'

'My dear Diana, he has done nothing of the kind. Surely a man might be allowed to bewail his hard lot with his only sister.—Violet, my darling child, do be careful how you cross the road.'

This warning, addressed to the diminutive little lady, who had succeeded unseen in opening the carriage door, came too late; for by this time the volatile child had recognised some beloved acquaintance over the way, and indeed was already beyond the reach of warning. Vere watched the somewhat hazardous passage breathlessly, then, satisfied that her small favourite had made the dangerous journey in safety, turned to her companion again.

'I have a genuine regard for Lord Bearhaven,' said she, speaking with an effort, 'too great a regard to take advantage of his friendship under false pretences. I shall never forget the kindness he once did me in the hour of my great trouble. Will you tell him so, please? and say that perhaps for the present it will be well for us not to meet.'

'Now, that is so like both of you,' Lady Hurlingham cried, fanning herself in some little heat. 'Why will you both persist in making so serious a business of life? at anyrate, you might have some consideration for us more frivolous-minded mortals. Vere, if you do not come to my Jewel Ball on Thursday, I—I—well, I will never speak to you again.'

'So I am to be coerced, then. I am morally bound to be present since the Society papers have promised the world a sight of the Vere diamonds; besides which, I simply dare not incur your ladyship's displeasure.'

'I wonder if you have a heart at all,' said the other musingly. 'Sometimes I almost doubt it;

and the times I generally doubt it most are immediately after those moments when I have flattered myself that I really have begun to detect symptoms of that organ. The romantic ones have been libelling again. Would you like to hear the latest story?'

'You stopped me for this, I presume. Positively, you will not know a moment's peace till you have told me. I am all attention.'

'They are saying you have no heart, because it was given away long ago: they say there is a rustic lover somewhere in hobnails and gaiters who won your affections, and is afraid to speak since you became a great lady.'

Vere did not reply or glance for a moment into her friend's sparkling mischievous face. A deeper tinge of colour flushed the creamy whiteness of neck and brow, like the pink hue upon a snowy rose.

'They do me too much honour,' she replied. 'Such a model of constancy in this world of ours would indeed be a pearl amongst women. Pray, do they give a name to this bashful Corydon of mine?'

'Naturally, nothing but the traditional second-cousin, *ma chère*. Really, it is quite a pretty romance—the struggling artistic genius who is too proud to speak, now you are in another sphere. Surely you are not offended?'

In spite of her babyish affections and infantine innocence, mere mannerisms overlying a tender kindly heart, Helena, Marchioness of Hurlingham, was not entirely without an underlying vein of natural shrewdness. She was clever enough to see now that the innocently-directed shaft of a bow drawn at a venture had penetrated between the joints of Vere's armour, in spite of her reputation for being perhaps the most invulnerable woman in London.

'I am not offended,' Vere answered, recovering her chill composure at length; 'only such frivolity annoys one at times. What a lot of idle scandal poor woman-kind has to endure!—What is that?'

Gradually above the roll of carriages, the clatter of hoofs, the subdued murmur of voices, and light laughter, a louder, sterner hum arose. Borne down on the breeze came distant sounds of strife, and now and then a shriek in a woman's shrill notes; it seemed to swell as if some panic had stricken the heedless crowd farther down the drive. Every face restless and uneasy with the sudden consciousness of some coming danger, was turned in the direction whence the evidence of trouble arose, as a carriage and pair of horses, coming along at lightning speed, scattered pedestrians and riders right and left, like a flock of helpless sheep, in a wild medley of confusion.

As if by magic, a lane seemed to have opened, and coming along the open space tore a pair of fiery chestnuts, dragging after them in their fear and fright a mail phaeton as if it had been matchwood. With a feeling of relief, the helpless spectators noticed that the vehicle was empty, save for its driver, who, with bare head and face white as death, essayed manfully to steer the maddened animals straight down the roadway, a task rendered doubly dangerous and difficult from the crowded state of the Row, and the inability of certain tyros to keep the path sufficiently clear.

It was on the afternoon of the second day of those two about which I have spoken, and it was drawing on to six o'clock, four bells of the first dog-watch. The captain had been on deck since four, and for the last twenty minutes he had been standing a little to the right of the fellow who was steering, eyeing me with an intentness that had a long time before become embarrassing, and I may say distressing. Whenever I turned my head towards him, I found his gaze fixed upon me. Miss Temple and I were seated too near him to admit of our commenting upon the singular regard that he was bestowing upon me. She contrived to whisper, however, that she was certain his secret, whatever it was, was slowly rising from the depths of his soul to the surface of his mind.

'I seem to find a change in the man's face,' she said under her breath. 'Let us walk, Mr Dugdale. Such scrutiny as that is unbearable.'

As she spoke, four bells were struck forward. Mr Lush, who was leaning against the windlass end, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and slowly came aft to relieve the deck. I rose to walk with Miss Temple as she had proposed. Captain Braine called my name. He met me as I approached him, and said: 'I want to have a talk with you in my cabin.'

There was something in his manner that alarmed me. How shall I express it? An air of uneasy exultation, as of a mind proud of the achievement of a resolution at which the secret instincts tremble. For a moment I hung in the wind, strongly reluctant to box myself up alone, unarmed as I was, with a man whose insanity, to call it so, seemed stronger in him at this moment than I had ever before observed it. But the carpenter had now gained the poop; and the captain, on seeing him, instantly walked to the companion, down which he went to midway the ladder, and there stood waiting for me to follow him.

Tut, thought I, surely I am more than his match in strength, and I am on my guard! As I put my foot on the ladder—the captain descending on seeing me coming—I paused to lean over the cover and say to Miss Temple:

'If you will remain on deck, I shall be able to get away from him if he should prove tedious, by telling him that I have you to look after.'

'What do you imagine he wishes to say?' she exclaimed with a face of alarm that came very near to consternation.

I could only answer with a helpless shrug of the shoulders, and the next minute I had entered Captain Braine's cabin.

'Pray sit you down,' said he. He pulled off his straw hat and sent it wheeling through the air into a corner, as though it were a boomerang, and fell to drying his perspiring face upon a large pocket-handkerchief; then folding his arms tightly across his breast, and crooking his right knee whilst he dropped his chin somewhat, he stood gazing at me under the shadow of his very heavy eyebrows with a steadfastness I could only compare to the stare of a cat's eye.

'Well, Captain Braine,' said I in an off-hand way, though I watched him with the narrowness of a man who goes in fear, 'what now is it that I am to hear from you? Do you pro-

pose to ask me more questions on navigation and seamanship?'

'Mr Dugdale,' he exclaimed, speaking very slowly, though the excitement that worked in him rendered his voice deep and unusually clear and loud, 'I have come to the conclusion that you are a gentleman very well able to serve me, and by serving me to serve yourself. I've been a-turning of it over in all hours of the day and a good many hours in the night, too, since the moment when ye first stepped over the side, and I've resolved to take ye into my confidence.'

He nodded, and stood looking at me without speech for a few moments; then seated himself near me and leaned forwards with a forefinger upon his thumb in a posture of computing.

'It was in the year 1831,' he began, 'that I was third-mate aboard of a ship called the *Ocean Monarch*. We sailed from London with a cargo of mixed goods, bound to the port of Callao. Nothing happened till we was well round to the westwards of Cape Horn, when the ship was set afire by the live cinders of the cabin stove burning through the deck. The cargo was of an inflammable kind. In less than two hours the vessel was in a blaze from stem to stern, by which time we had got the boats over, and lay at a distance waiting for her to disappear. There was two boats, the longboat and a jolly-boat. The longboat was a middling big consarn, and most of the men went in her along with the captain, a man named Matthews, and the second mate, a foreign chap named Falck. In our boat was the chief-mate, Mr Ruddiman, myself, two sailors, and a couple of young apprentices. We was badly stocked with water and food; and after the *Ocean Monarch* had foundered, Captain Matthews sings out to Mr Ruddiman to keep company. But it wasn't to be done. The longboat ran away from us, and then she heve-to and took us in tow; but there came on a bit of a sea, and the line parted, and next morning we was alone.'

He paused.

'I am closely following you,' said I, fancying I perceived a suspicion of inattention in me in his face, and wondering what on earth his story was going to lead to. He stood up, and folding his arms in the first attitude he had adopted, proceeded, his voice deep and clear.

'It came on to blow hard from the south'ard and east'ard, and we had to up hellum and run before the seas for our lives. This went on for three or four days, till Mr Ruddiman reckoned that we was blowed pretty nigh half-way across to the Marquesas. It then fell a stark calm, and we lay roasting under a broiling sun with no fresh water in the boat, nor nothing to eat but a handful of mouldy fragments of biscuit in the bottom of a bag that had been soaked with spray o'er and o'er again. One of the apprentices went mad, and jumped overboard, and was drowned. We was too weak to help him; besides, ne'er a one of us but thought him well off in that cool water, leaving thirst and hunger behind him, and sinking into a deep sleep, as it might be. Then the other apprentice was took bad, and died in a fit of retching, and we put him over the side. When daylight broke on the morning following that

job, we saw one of the sailors dead in the bottom of the boat. The other was the sicklier man of the two, yet he hung out, sir, and lived for three days. We kept his body.'

His deep tones censed, and he stared at me. Just a story of a bad shipwreck, thought I, so far.

'There came a light breeze from the eastward,' he continued after a little pause; 'but neither Mr Ruddiman nor me had the strength of a kitten in our arms, and we let the boat drive, waiting for death. I thought it had come that same afternoon, and on top of the sensation followed a fit, I allow, for I recollect no more, till on opening my eyes I found myself in a hammock in the 'tween-decks of a little ship. The craft was a small Spanish vessel, called the *Rosario*. She had floated into sight of our boat, and there was just enough strength left in Mr Ruddiman to enable him to flourish his handkerchief so as they might see the boat had something alive in her. Ne'er a soul aboard spoke a syllable of English, and neither Mr Ruddiman nor me understood a word of Spanish. We couldn't even get to learn where the brigantine was bound to or where she hailed from. We conversed with the crew in signs all the same as though we had been cast away among savages. We was both hearty men in those days, and it wasn't long afore we had picked up what we had let fall during our ramble in the boat. Well, the course the vessel made was something to the southward o' west, and I took it we were heading for an Australian port; but though I'd make motions, and draw with a piece of chalk on the deck, and sing out the name of Sydney, Melbourne, Otago, and such places, I'd never get more'n a stare, and a shake of the head and a grin, and a slung of the shoulders, for an answer. In fact, it was like being sent adrift along with a company of monkeys.'

He dried his face again, took his seat as before, and leaned towards me in his former computing posture with his eyes glued to my face. The singularity of their habitual expression was now greatly heightened by a look of wildness, which I attributed in a measure to the emotions kindled in him by this recital of past and dreadful sufferings. I sat as though engrossed by his story; but I had an eye for every movement in him as well as for his face.

'It came on to blow a gale of wind one night after we had been aboard the brigantine about a fortnight. They were a poor lot of sailors in the vessel, and so many as to be in one another's road. They got the little ship in the trough, somehow, under more sail than she could stand up to; the main-topmast went; it brought down the fore-topmast, which wrecked the bowsprit and jib-boom. The Spaniards ran about like madmen, some of them crossing themselves, and praying about the decks; others bawling in a manner to terrify all hands, though I can't tell ye what was said; the ship was in a horrible mess with wreckage, which nobody attempted to clear away. It blew very hard, and the seas were bursting in smoke over the brigantine, that lay unmanageable. At last the boatswain of her, holding a sounding-rod in his hand, yelled out something, and there was a rush for the boats stowed amidships. They were so crazy with fear

they hardly knew how to swing 'em over the side. Ruddiman says to me: "I shall stick to the ship. If those boats are not swamped, they'll blow away, and her people'll starve, and our late job in that line is quite enough for me." I said I would stick by the ship, too, and we stood watching whilst the Spaniards got their boats over. It was luck, and not management, that set the little craft afloat. The captain roaring out, made signs to us to come; but we, pointing to the sea, made motions to signify that they would be capsized, and shook our heads. They were mad with fright, and weren't going to stay to argue, and in twos and threes at a time they sprang into the boats like rats; and whether they took food and water with them I can't tell ye; but this I know, that within twenty minutes of the Spanish bo'sun's singing out, the two boats had disappeared, and Mr Ruddiman and me were alone.'

He rose as he said this, and fell to pacing the cabin floor in silence, with his head drooped, and his arms hanging up and down like pump handles.

'A very interesting story, captain, so far as it goes,' said I, shifting a bit on my seat, as though I supposed that the end was not far off now. 'Of course you were taken off by some passing vessel?'

He made no reply to this, nor, indeed, seemed to heed me. After several turns, he stopped, and looked me in the face, and continued to stare with a knitted brow, as though he were returning to his first resolution to communicate his secret with an effort that fell little short of mental anguish. He came slowly to his chair, and started afresh.

'We sounded the well, and presently discovered that the water she was taking in drained through the decks, and that she was tight enough in her bottom; and we reckoned that if we could get her out of the trough, she'd live buoyant; so we searched for the carpenter's chest, and found it, and let fly at the ruffle with a chopper apiece, and after a bit, cleared the vessel of the wrecked spars and muddle, and got her to look up to it, and she made middling good weather, breasting it prettily under a tarpaulin seized in the weather main rigging. The gale blew itself out after twenty-four hours, and the wind shifted into the eastwards. We let drop the foresail; there was no more canvas on her to set, with the head of the mast gone, and with it the peak halliards and the sail in rags. Our notion was to head for the Sandwich Islands, for we stood by so doing to fall in with a whaler, and failing help of that sort there was civilisation over at Hawaii; but t' others of the Polynesian rocks were mostly cannibal islands, we believed, and we were for giving them a wide berth. Yet we could do nothing but blow before it. That you'll understand, Mr Dugdale?'

'Quite,' said I.

'It came on thick,' he continued, speaking with intensity and in an utterance deep, clear, and loud, 'with a bit of a swell from the eastwards and a fresh wind singing over it. I was at the helm in the afternoon, and Ruddiman lay asleep close against the companion hatch. I was drowsy for want of rest, and there was sleep enough in my eyes to make me see very ill. Suddenly

looking ahead, I caught sight of a sort of whitish shadow, and even whilst I was staring at it, wondering whether it was vapour or white water, it took shape as a low coral island, with clumps of trees here and there and a small rise of greenish land amidships of it. I put the helm hard over, and called to Ruddiman, who jumps up and takes a look. "A dead lee-shore, Braine," says he; "what's to be done? There's no clawing off under this canvas." What was to be done? The land lay in a stretch of reef right along our beam, with the brigantine's head falling off again to the drag of the foresail, spite of the helm being hard down. In less than twenty minutes she struck, was took by the swell, and drove hard aground, and lay fixed on her bilge with her deck aslope to the beach that was within an easy jump from the rail.

He broke off, and went in a restless, feverish way to the table and unlocked and drew out a drawer, took a look at something within, then shut the drawer with a convulsive movement of the arm and turned the key. I was now heartily wishing he would make an end. Down to this, the tale was just a commonplace narrative of marine suffering, scarcely reclaimed from insipidity by the singularity of the figure that recited it. But that was not quite it. I was under a constant fear of the next piece of behaviour he might exhibit, and my alarm was considerably increased by the air of mystery with which he had examined the drawer and hurriedly closed it, as though to satisfy himself that the weapon he had lodged there was still in its place. Having locked the drawer, he stood thinking a little, then taking up his Bible from the table, he approached me with it.

'Mr Dugdale,' he exclaimed, 'before I can go on, I must have ye kiss this here book to an oath.—Take it!' he cried with a sudden fierceness; 'hold it, and now follow me.'

'Stop a minute,' I said; 'you are telling me a story that I have really no particular desire to hear. You have no right to exact an oath from me upon a matter that I cannot possibly be in the smallest degree interested in.'

'It's to come,' said he in a raven note; 'ye shall be interested afore long.—Take the oath, sir,' he added with a dark look.

'But what oath, man, what oath is it that I am to take?'

'That as the Lord is now a-listening to ye, you will never divulge to mortal creature the secret I'm agoing to tell ye, So help ye God: and if you break your oath, may ye be struck dead at the moment of it. So help ye God, again!'

I looked at him with astonishment and fear. No pen could express his manner as he pronounced these words—the dull fire that entered his eyes and seemed to enlarge them yet, the solemn note his deep and trembling yet distinctly clear voice took—his mien of command that had the force of a menace in it as he stood unprepared before me, his nostrils wide, his face a dingy sallow, one arm thrusting the little volume at me, the other hanging at his side with the fingers clenched.

'I dare not take that oath,' said I, after a little spell of thinking, with every nerve in me tightening, so to speak, in readiness to defend myself should he attack me. 'Miss Temple will cer-

tainly inquire what our talk has been about; I will not undertake to be silent to her, sir. Keep your secret. It is not too late. Your narrative is one of shipwreck, and so far there is nothing in it to betray.'

With that I rose.

'Stop!' he exclaimed; 'you may tell the lady. There need be no objection. I see how it lies betwixt you and her, and I'm not so onreasonable as to reckon she'll never be able to coax it out of ye. No. Your interests'll be hers, and of course she goes along with us. 'Tis my crew I'm thinking of.'

I was horribly puzzled. At the same time curiosity was growing in me; and with the swiftness of thought I reflected that whether I had his secret or not it would be all the same; he was most assuredly a madman in this direction, anyhow, if not in others; and it could be nothing more than some insane fancy which he had it in his head to impart, and which might be worth hearing if only for the sake of recalling it as an incident of this adventure when Miss Temple and I should have got away from the barque.

'Mr Dugdale, you will swear, sir,' he exclaimed. 'Very well,' said I; 'but put it a little more mildly, please.—Or see! suffer me to swear in my own way. Give me that book.'

I observed that his hand was trembling violently as I took the volume from him.

'I swear,' I said, 'to keep secret from all mortal persons in this world saving Miss Temple whatever it is your intention now to tell me, So help me God,' and I put the book to my lips. 'That oath excludes your crew,' I added, 'and I hope you're satisfied?'

His face took a little complexion of life, and he almost smiled.

'It'll do—oh yes, it'll do,' he exclaimed. 'I knew I could count upon you. Now then for it.'

He resumed his seat, and leaning towards me with his unwinching eyes fixed upon my face as usual, he proceeded thus.

(To be continued.)

HYACINTH CULTURE IN HOLLAND.

THE Hyacinth, which beautifies our homes and gardens with its graceful bright-coloured spikes, even before Spring has come o'er the mountains with light and song, is the source of much wealth to our friends the Dutch. At the present time there is in Holland a tract of land equal to about one thousand English acres used for the cultivation of Hyacinth bulbs, and it is estimated that nearly forty thousand Dutch folks are directly dependent on the trade for their livelihood. Many millions of the bulbs are annually exported, Great Britain and the United States of America being their best customers; and Dutch Hyacinths are now household flowers in all parts of the civilised world.

The mother-species of most of the cultivated Hyacinth race is *Hyacinthus orientalis*, a native, as its specific name implies, of the East. It is found wild in abundance on the shores of the Levant, in Cilicia, where it grows seven thousand

feet up the mountains, and eastward to Mesopotamia. The year of its introduction into Holland cannot now be determined. It is very probable that, like *Ranunculus Asiaticus*, it was carried into Italy by some returning Crusaders, and thence introduced into Western Europe, where, towards the end of the sixteenth century, it found a congenial home on the moist, sandy flats of Holland. Some authorities fix the date as 1585, others 1596. We know, however, that Hyacinths were grown in the Botanical Gardens of the city of Leyden in the year 1600, as they are mentioned in a Catalogue still extant of plants cultivated in these gardens in that year.

In another plant Catalogue dated 1602, several varieties of *Hyacinthus orientalis* are specified, which shows that some progress was being made in Hyacinth culture even in these early days. The colour of the first cultivated specimen is doubtful. It may have been white, blue, purple, or pink. All the wild specimens of it in the Herbarium of the British Botanical Gardens at Kew have blue flowers.

The Tulip mania early in the eighteenth century seems to have withdrawn the attention of the Dutch from the Hyacinth, as the historical facts recorded regarding it during the continuance of that unreasoning craze are very meagre. Yet it cannot have been entirely neglected, for St Simon, in an interesting book on the Hyacinth published in 1768, enumerates as many as two thousand distinct varieties which were then grown in Holland.

Like many other plants, after being under cultivation for some years, the Hyacinth showed a tendency to produce semi-double and double flowers. These in the early days of its culture were regarded as monstrosities, and treated accordingly. Whenever one revealed itself among the seedlings, it was destroyed. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, double flowers which had escaped detection, and were thus allowed to come into full bloom, were seen to possess a distinctive beauty, and soon attained great popularity. A famous double variety named 'King of Great Britain,' with elegant rose-coloured flowers, was sold for one hundred and twenty pounds sterling soon after double varieties became popular. In 1734, when the Tulip mania had somewhat abated, the stock of a new double blue variety named 'Non Plus Ultra,' which consisted of one large and eight small bulbs, was sold by public auction for £133, 8s. 6d. One single bulb of a new double red variety brought eighty-three pounds to its fortunate raiser in 1815. Such extraordinary prices show that the Dutch of those days had faith in the Hyacinth. Its value now to their descendants fully justifies their faith.

The Bulb-farms are nearly all situated on the sandy flats between the cities of Haarlem and Leyden. The former city is the centre of the trade. There the dealers and larger growers have offices and stores. The soil in which the Hyacinths are grown is a light, fine sand, which is generally dry on the surface, but immediately below moist and cool. It matters not how dry and hot the weather may be, there is always plenty of moisture a few inches beneath the surface, which keeps the bulbs sweet and healthy. Should a period of wet weather set in, the super-

fluous water easily percolates through the fine sandy soil, and the land soon regains its normal healthy moistness.

The ground is very heavily manured every two or three years with cow manure, which is brought from all parts of the country, and is a valuable source of profit to the Dutch dairymen. This manure is kept in heaps until it has become thoroughly decomposed before being put on the ground. The farms are all similar in appearance. Tidiness and order in the manner of culture are almost invariable. The fields vary from five to twenty or twenty-five acres in extent, and are cut up into patches by canals and ditches, which intersect the whole farm, and cross each other at right angles. The canals are wide enough to admit of the passage of a good-sized boat, and consequently require to be bridged wherever communication between the plots is necessary. The ditches are narrow enough to be stepped over. Water being always present in these cuttings, the irrigation is perfect. The surface of the fields is usually about two feet above the level of the water. All the farms are connected with the extensive canal system of Holland by means of these private canals, this arrangement enabling the farmers to draw their supplies of manure and the other necessities of their trade from all parts of the country, and to send off the ripened bulbs to the shipping ports. The canals running through the farms are quite green in summer with the little aquatic plant, the Lesser Duckweed (*Lemna minor*); and when a boat passes along, all the water the visitor sees is a small triangular bit at the stern, which is soon green again as the little plant floats back into place.

The custom, in the early days of bulb-growing, was to plant the same ground only once in three years. Now, however, the Dutch find that Hyacinths and most other bulbs do very well if planted on the same ground each second year. The land is divided into two portions, one of which is planted with the bulbs, while the other is dug and heavily manured. The latter portion is allowed to lie fallow, or is planted with a crop, such as potatoes, suited to prepare the soil for the bulbs.

Every bulb, even the smallest, is lifted and planted once a year. September and October are the planting months. The bulbs are placed in rows in large beds, each variety being kept separate, and carefully labelled with a wooden label containing its name or number stuck in the ground at the beginning. The large bulbs are put in first, then the smaller ones. This arrangement mars somewhat the effect of the beds at flowering-time, as strong growing bulbs are seen blooming side by side with much weaker ones. However, utility, not ornament, makes the rule, and after all, it does not matter much, as the flowers are only permitted to open far enough to allow of their being proved true to colour or name, and then cut off. This cutting off of the flower-spoke lets the leaves develop to their fullest extent, and helps to strengthen and enlarge the bulbs.

As soon as the planting is finished, which is always by the end of October, the ground is covered to the depth of four inches by reed-grass or straw, to keep off the frost, which is there much more severe than in this country. In

the milder days of spring, when the growth begins to appear, this covering is gradually taken off.

The flowering season is generally about the end of April; sometimes not till well on in May if the season is late. When the flowers have been proved, the spikes are cut off, and the plants left in this condition to mature.

Towards the end of June the leaves are well withered; the bulbs are then lifted, the foliage cut off down to the neck of the bulbs, and the roots carefully trimmed off. They are then carried into sheds and placed on dry shelves, where they remain from four to six weeks. Packing and exporting then begin, which duties engage the attention of all the workers on the farm till September arrives, when the planting-time has again come round.

For the export trade, the Hyacinths are generally made up in four sizes or qualities. First: the largest, soundest, and best-shaped named bulbs. Second: second-size named bulbs. Third: bulbs suitable for bedding-out purposes. These are usually made up in colours, and are unnamed. Fourth: the smallest size, and badly-shaped bulbs.

The methods employed to increase the number of bulbs are various and interesting. The oldest and most natural way is to leave the bulb in the ground after it has reached its full development, when a number of offsets are formed round the parent bulb, which then decays. Another method is to hollow out good-sized bulbs so that the lower part and a portion of the inside are taken away. After being planted, a number of bulbils are formed inside this shell between its several remaining layers. Still another way in which propagation is effected is by making several deep cuts across the bottom part of the bulb, the cuts crossing each other near the centre. Soon after planting, young bulbs are formed in these incisions.

The second and third methods are usually adopted. Some varieties are found to produce better results when hollowed, others, when cut. When hollowing is the process used, the young bulbs take six years to reach maturity; when cutting is employed, they mature, as a rule, in four years. However, by hollowing, a larger number of bulbils is produced, which result compensates for the longer time required to grow them to marketable size.

The farmers have many enemies to contend against. The worst of these is a disease called 'the Rot,' which is caused by a fungus. Sometimes the whole stock of a variety is destroyed by it in one season. To protect themselves from its ravages, they divide the most valuable varieties into two or more lots and plant them in separate fields. In this way, should one portion be attacked by the fungus, the other may be safe. In the larger farms, during the growing season, workers are detailed whose duty is to go round the beds and watch for any appearance of the 'rot.' As soon as a bulb is seen to be attacked, it is pulled out and burned. Rats and mice are also very destructive. These vermin find shelter among the dry grass protecting the bulbs during winter, and sometimes exterminate whole beds of fine bulbs.

Many efforts have been made in this and other

countries to obtain a share of the Hyacinth-producing trade, but hitherto these attempts have been almost fruitless. Whether the means employed were at fault, or the climatic conditions unsuitable, it is difficult to say. When spoken to on the subject, the bulb-farmers of Haarlem say that they have no fear of competition from any direction, as the natural advantages they possess in soil and climate place them beyond its reach.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

THE hour was a little after two in the morning; a perfect silence, broken at intervals by the roll of some passing carriage, or faint echo of distant music, reigned in the streets of Vanity Fair. Vere Dene swept down the marble steps, with their coating of crimson cloth, which lay before the Marchioness of Hurlingham's residence in Park Lane, her head drawn up, the Vere diamonds flashing in the lamplight under her thin gossamer wrap. There had been some faint surprise, a little well-bred expostulation at her early departure; and Lord Bearhaven, standing at the carriage door bare-headed and regretful, murmured against the fates. 'Your presence is absolutely necessary?' he asked.

'Absolutely. You understand everything, and besides, I should be so miserably anxious all the time.—Good-night.'

'Good-night, Miss Dene; or, rather, let us say *au revoir*.'

The carriage rolled away into the darkness, carrying with it no delicious whirl of thought, no sweet consciousness of a night of triumph. Lord Bearhaven threw a coat over his evening dress and hailed an empty cab crawling down the street. A moment later, he, too, was hurrying Arlington Street way.

There was a fitful gleam of light in some of the windows at No. 281 as the carriage drew up and the door opened. A few feet farther on was a hackney coach with the outline of a policeman on the box with the cabman, the conveyance from Starr and Fortiter's, in which their confidential agent had arrived to convey the Vere diamonds to safe custody.

Under the subdued light of the shaded lamps, Vere waited, but for what she scarcely knew. The ancient butler, a faithful old servant of Vavasour Dene's, came forward with a poor attempt to conceal his agitation. 'Some one has been inquiring for you, Miss,' he said. 'I did not know what to do. I had to hide him in the library. But'—

'Who is up, Semmes? Are all the servants in bed?'

'Every one except myself and Miss Ashton, Miss. Your maid said you left orders for her not to wait for you. Mr Winchester has been here some time; but where he is now I know no more than'—

'And the agent from Starr's, where is he?'

'In the breakfast-room. He has been here half an hour.'

Vere's heart was beating fast enough now; a curious choking in her throat checked her ready flow of speech for a moment. Then all the dominant courage of her nature seemed to come

again, strengthening every nerve and limb, till she felt almost exulting in her audacity of purpose. She swept up the stairs leading to her dressing-room, her face calm and placid, as if she had no consciousness of danger, a profusion of soft wax-lights flashing upon the living fire of jewels gleaming on her dusky hair and round the full white throat. For a moment she stood contemplating her own perfect loveliness, then she removed the glittering jewels from her wrists and throat and bosom and placed them one by one in their leathern cases. Taking the cases from the table, she walked down the stairs again. At the foot of the stairs stood Ashton, a smile of uneasy meaning upon his neat handsome face, a smile of uncertainty as to his welcome. They made a strange picture as they stood thus, this brother and sister, after a parting nearly five years old, as different now as light from darkness, as wide asunder as the poles.

'Come with me,' Vere whispered, conscious of the danger of being overheard, at the same time leading the way into a small room half-concealed behind a bank of gardenias and tuberoses, and where one dim light was burning. 'You have chosen a strange time for your visit, Chris. You might have selected a more appropriate hour.' Her eyes wandered over him from head to foot, over all the signs of pitiless poverty he bore, till her heart melted, and all the pure sisterly love came to the surface.

'Chris, Chris, what have I done that you should treat me like this? Why do you keep away from me as you have done, when all mine is yours, and I would have sacrificed it all to help you.'

Ashton turned away his face as if the words had been the lashes of a whip; even the thickening folds of self-pity which the years of trouble and misfortune had wrapped around him were penetrable to one touch of Nature.

'Do not grudge me the last embers of my manhood,' said he with an imploring gesture. 'Don't make it any harder, Vere.'

'I hate to hear you talk like this,' Vere answered, her voice trembling. 'You, a young man, with all the years before you; time enough to wipe out the stain and regain your honourable name.'

'An honourable name for me, with the recollection of the cowardly part I am playing at this moment! But cost what it will, I play the hypocrite no longer.—Do you guess what brings me here to-night?'

'Yes, Chris; I know only too well what brings you here to-night.'

So utterly surprised was Ashton by the unexpected reply, that he could only cling to the back of the chair against which he was standing and regard the speaker with starting eyes. That Vere had been taken into Winchester's confidence he had not had the smallest conception.

'Is it possible you can really know? And if you have discovered everything, why do you not ring the bell and order your servants to thrust me out into the street? What can you gain by keeping me here?'

'Much that I want—much that you need also. Chris, it is folly for you and me to stand here wasting bitter words. You came here because there was no help for it; you imagine yourself

to be deserted. Even now, we are all doing our best to save you.'

Ashton laughed mirthlessly. 'To save me,' he cried. 'And how?'

'How, another hour will prove. For the present, I am merely an instrument in cleverer hands than my own. Only wait and see.'

'Your patience will be tried no longer.—Vere, are you ready?'

The suddenness of the interruption caused brother and sister to turn uneasily. In the dim light, Winchester's tall figure was faintly visible, though the lamp shining on his face showed it illuminated by a smile of hope and pleasurable expectation. His very presence seemed to give them a fresh need of comfort. Vere would have spoken, only that he laid a finger on her lip and pointed silently to the door. For a moment Vere hesitated, as if half afraid; but gathering up her courage, somewhat shaken by the unexpected interview, without another word took up the jewel cases and left the room.

A bright light was burning in the breakfast room as she entered. There was still the consciousness of unseen danger, till beyond, in the darkness of an inner apartment, she discerned the outline of Winchester's figure as he came in noiselessly by another door. There was only one other person present, a tall, slim individual with a small black moustache, and gleaming eyes, but little dimmed by the *pinces-nez* he wore. He bowed, and brightened visibly as Vere laid the leathern cases upon the table.

'You come from Starr and Fortiter's, I presume?' she asked.

'I have the honour to be their confidential clerk, madam,' replied the agent smoothly. 'If you will be good enough to read this letter, you will see that I am what I represent. In such matters we usually take every precaution.'

Vere glanced through the letter carelessly; after which, at the clerk's direction, she initialled it. With almost suspicious alacrity he took up the cases, and with another profound bow, walked towards the door. As he did so, Winchester came out of the inner apartment and stopped him with a gesture.

'I hardly think this is quite formal,' he said. 'Perhaps Miss Dene has no objection to my asking a few questions?—And you, sir, pray, be seated. If Miss Dene will do me the favour to retire for a moment'—

Vere wanted no second bidding. Already her courage, high as it was, began to fail. It had been a trying night, and the sense of danger overpowering. Moreover, the evil had not been seen, but rather implied. Without waiting to hear more, she left the apartment, and stepped across to the little room opposite, fearful lest Ashton might in a moment of rashness betray himself.

Directly the last sound of her footsteps had died away, the patent politeness of Winchester's manner underwent a change. 'Now, you scoundrel,' he said grimly, 'give me those jewels.'

'My good sir, I am quite at a loss to know who you are; but, representing as I do one of the first houses in town'—

'You are at no loss to know who I am,' Winchester returned, approaching the agent, and with a dexterous movement, removing wig, mous-

tache, and glasses from the other's face. 'My name is Winchester, and yours is Wingate. There is not the least occasion to deny the fact.'

Wingate, for he it was, dropped the cases and staggered into a seat. For a moment he measured his antagonist with his eye, and despairingly gave up the wild idea of a struggle as at once hopeless and perilous. An instant of wild baffled rage was followed by a cold trembling of the limbs. There remained only a last effort for freedom to be made, and as the detected thief remembered the forged acceptance in his pocket, his spirits rose to the encounter. 'Perhaps you will be good enough to prove what my name is,' he answered doggedly.

'Prove it!' Winchester echoed contemptuously; 'yes, before a jury, if you like. Do Starr and Fortiter's agents generally do their business in disguise, with a cap waiting for them outside with a pantomime policeman alongside the driver? The scheme was a very neat one; but, unfortunately for you, I happen to know everything.'

'*En après,*' said Wingate, with all the cool insolence at his command. 'Upon my word, you carry matters with a high hand. Perhaps you forget that I hold an "open sesame" that will allow me to depart whether you like it or not.'

'Pon my word, I am greatly obliged to you for mentioning it,' Winchester returned. 'You are naturally alluding to the acceptance you stole from my studio.'

'Bearing the forged name of Lord Bearhaven.'

'Bearing the forged name of Lord Bearhaven. Exactly. For that reminder also allow me to tender you my sincere thanks. You are an audacious rascal, Mr Wingate, a truism we both appreciate. If that bill was in my pocket, you would not feel so easy as you do.'

'Certainly. That, as you are perfectly aware, is my sheet-anchor. Come what may, you dare not prosecute me; and so far as I am concerned, I shall walk out of this room as freely as I came in.'

'That is very likely,' Winchester returned dryly. 'But if I may venture to prophesy, not without paying something for your freedom. You may rest assured of one thing, that unless that bill is in my possession, your exit will be accompanied by an official not altogether unconnected with Scotland Yard.'

'You would force it from me,' Wingate cried, the first real feeling of alarm getting the better of his matchless audacity. 'You would never dare.'

'I would dare anything. Can't you see that you are completely in my power? However, I do not desire to use force; it would be bad for me, and a great deal worse for you. You are counting upon Lord Bearhaven's character for severity, and also how you can be revenged upon Ashton for betraying you. Upon my word, when I think of everything, the cool villainy of this plot, now I have you in arm's length, I can scarcely refrain from thrashing you within an inch of your life; and I should do so with the liveliest satisfaction.'

'You will treat me as a gentleman,' Wingate murmured, shrinking back with blanched lips and chattering teeth. He was completely cowed;

but the malignant cunning of his nature did not fail him quite yet. 'I—I could do a lot of harm. If I sent to Lord Bearhaven and said to him'—

'Should you like to see him?' Winchester asked abruptly.

Wingate's dark eyes blazed with the intensity of impotent malice. 'Like to see him!' he cried. 'I would give anything, five years of my life, if I could, for the opportunity of ten minutes' conversation at this moment.'

Winchester touched the little silver bell on the table. 'I am delighted to be in a position to accommodate you,' he replied cheerfully, as Semmes entered. 'Will you be kind enough to ask Lord Bearhaven to step this way?'

A moment later, Bearhaven entered, calm, cool, and slightly contemptuous, in his immaculate evening dress, and looking down from his superior height upon the thoroughly bewildered Wingate; while Winchester, content to leave the matter in such competent hands, discreetly vanished.

'You wished to speak to me,' said the newcomer after a long pause. 'I would advise you to be brief in your confidences, Mr Wingate.'

'Captain Wingate, if you have no objection,' responded the discomfited rascal, with a fair assumption of ease. 'Let us preserve the ordinary courtesies.'

'Pooh, my good fellow, a jury will not recognise so fine a distinction. I am sorry to disappoint you of your promised treat, but everything is known to me. Your confederate Chivers—Benjamin Chivers, to be correct—has disclosed everything. We know how you ingratiated yourself into the good graces of Starr and Fortiter's agent, how you stole his credentials from him, and where he lies drugged at this moment. What you are most desirous of mentioning is that forged bill bearing my signature. Will you be surprised to hear that I knew all about that three years ago?'

'But if I liked to disclose the facts, my lord,' broke in Wingate, now thoroughly alarmed, 'if I am pressed to do so'—

'You dare not,' Lord Bearhaven sternly replied. 'I am not going to argue with you one way or another. Let me bring myself down to your level. Try it; and I will be prepared to acknowledge the signature, and Mr Winchester will be prepared to swear you stole the bill from his studio.—And I think,' concluded the speaker, with stinging contempt—'I think that you will be a long while in persuading a jury to give credence to your story. Lord Bearhaven's testimony, I presume, will go further than that of a well-known sharper and blackleg.'

Wingate's head fell lower and lower, till his face rested on his hands. The struggle, long and severe, had been too much for even his temerity. 'I am quite in your power,' he said. 'I think, I hope you will not be hard upon me. Tell me what I must do, and it shall be done.'

'The acceptance you have at this moment in your possession—nay, do not prevaricate; it is your last chance; so you may expect little mercy from me. Place it in my hands and trust to my discretion.'

'And supposing I agree—what then? I will make terms'—

'You will do nothing of the kind; it is I who will make terms. Hand it over without another word and you leave here a free man. I say no more.'

Slowly, grudgingly, Wingate drew from his breast-pocket a worn leather case, and taking therefrom a narrow slip of paper, handed it to Lord Bearhaven, as if it had been some precious treasure at which his soul recoiled from parting with. After a hasty glance at its contents, Lord Bearhaven held it over the flame of a lamp till nothing but a few blackened ashes remained in his fingers.

'Now you may go,' he said, with a motion towards the door. 'Allow me to see you safely off the premises. Your cab is still at the door, I think. You must make your own peace with the cabman and the artificial policeman.'

Winchester was standing in the hall somewhat impatiently waiting for the termination of the interview. One glance at the detected scoundrel's face was sufficient evidence of the successful issue. As Wingate disappeared in the darkness, Bearhaven turned to the artist and held out his hand.

'I think we can congratulate ourselves,' he said. 'The paper we spoke of no longer exists.—And now I will retire, if you have no objection. Miss Dene will not care to see me again to-night, especially as—you understand?'

Winchester nodded; it would have been impossible to express his feelings in words. Once alone, he ran lightly up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Chris and Vere together with Miss Ashton were awaiting him. As he entered, the light was falling full upon Vere's face, from which all the pride and haughtiness had gone, leaving it soft and tearful. There was a tremor of her limbs, her lips worked unsteadily as she tried to smile in return for his bright face. For a moment all were silent, Ashton watching them without daring to speak.

'It is done,' he said gently, noting the dumb piteous appeal in Chris's eyes. 'Thank Heaven, you are free at last.'

There was another silence, at the end of which he told them all. Miss Ashton, weeping quietly, hung on every word with breathless admiration. To Winchester she firmly believed there was nothing impossible; this favourite erring nephew had always been the delight and terror of her simple life. Now the tale was told, the play was ended. With a passionate sigh, Winchester turned to go.

'This is no longer any place for us,' he said.—'Chris, are you coming with me?'

'You will do nothing of the kind,' cried Miss Ashton, firm for the only time in her amiable existence. 'I will give Semmes orders to lock every door and bring me the keys.—Jack, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

Winchester sighed again wistfully as Aunt Lucy bustled out of the room. He held out his hand to Vere, but she could not, or would not, see. At the door he lingered for a moment with a backward glance; and Vere, looking up at length, their eyes met, each telling their own tale in the same mute language.

He was at her side in a moment. 'What dare I say?' he asked.

'What dare you say? Rather, what dare you

not say? What did you promise years ago, and how have you fulfilled that promise? Do you think that I forget so easily—that because riches and prosperity have come to me— Oh! can't you see? Can't you say something I may not?'

'Is it that you care for me, darling—that you still love me?'

'I am weak and foolish; but I cannot help it, Jack,' Vere cried with her face aflame. 'Oh, how blind you have been, and how unhappy I! Of course it is.—What will people say? What do I care what people say, when I am the happiest girl in England!—But, Jack, there is one thing I would not have them say, that I had actually to ask a man to— to marry me.'

There was a great glow of happiness upon Winchester's face, reflected in a measure on Ashton's pallid cheek. For a few moments he dared not trust himself to utter the words trembling on his lips.

'You always had my love,' he said presently. 'Fate has been very good to me in spite of myself. My darling, if you are willing to brave the world, you shall never regret it so long as God gives me health and strength to shield you.—Chris, have you nothing to say?'

'Only, that you may be as happy as you deserve to be. And what you have done for me to-night, with God's help, you shall be repaid for, all the days of your life.—And now, Vere may perhaps be persuaded to let us go.'

'I will,' she whispered, 'for I know you will come again to-morrow. To-morrow—rather to-day; for, see, the sun has risen, and daylight has come at last!'

FRED. M. WHITE.

THE ABUSE OF ATHLETICS.

It is the glory and the pride of the English-speaking race that they are the outdoor-game people of the world. There is much solid truth in the saying that Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. Englishmen owe their unrivalled physique, health, mental and bodily vigour, pluck, endurance, and good-nature largely to their fondness of outdoor exercise, without which it would be vain to look for such a result even in so happy a fusion of the Briton, the Saxon, the Norman, and the Dane. The Frenchman laughs at cricket and ridicules football. The result is a national character brimming over with élan, but deficient in stamina. The Spaniard, the Italian, the Greek, have all the laziness of the Gaul exaggerated, without even his fitful energy. Their complaint is Perksniffian, it is chronic. In his Irish element the Britisher has all the go and dash of the French; while from his slightly phlegmatic mixture of English and Scotch blood he has derived something of the intrepid and long-sustained perseverance of the North American Indian. It is this unique combination, applicable at once to the intellectual and the physical part of his nature, that won for the Englishman Crécy and Poitiers, that made the epic Westward Ho! possible, and packed the world-be despot of the nineteenth century off to St Helena.

But there is a danger which has lately become more and more evident. Englishmen ought to profit by their glorious history, and to have a

care that what has been in the past a source of strength shall not become a source of weakness. It is very necessary to guard against any abuse of athletics, for there is a disposition abroad to allow them to usurp the position of an end in themselves, instead of remaining only an important means to a useful end. Too much produces similar effects to not enough. In avoiding the Scylla of abstinence from games, Englishmen are falling into the Charybdis of excess. Field-sports are a desirable part of a perfect education, the progress of the whole man, soul and mind and body. It is a natural law that when a faculty or a muscle ceases to be used, it begins to be impaired, and may ultimately become hopelessly paralysed. And the converse is just as true, and hardly, if at all, less disastrous in its effects. When an organ is unduly developed, the balance of nature is disturbed. The abnormal is always repulsive, witness the top-heavy appearance of the prize-fighter, whose shoulders, chest, and arms have been developed at the expense of his legs. In the same way the unnatural growth of the physical is to be deprecated, because it implies the stunting of the spiritual and the mental. But viewed only from a severely physical standpoint, over-indulgence in exercise produces most baneful results. The proper function of athletics is not to make athletes, but men. The perfect man, if such there be, is he who preserves a just equilibrium between work and play. Any preponderance of the one or the other must inevitably be accompanied by undesirable effects. When play becomes a business, it is at once prostituted. But apart from professionalism pure and simple in games, it is an unmitigated abuse to make a toil of a pleasure. The extent to which it has become so has evoked a warning protest from an eminent physician. Says he: 'Play, with millions, has become the chief thought and business of life. It is no longer relaxation or recreation—it has developed into a most dangerous, a most pernicious over-exercise of heart and muscles, a profligate expenditure of the vital surplus-force of the frame required for mental and moral uses, and which, so wasted, will in a few years realise a harvest of death through heart-disease, and, in the future, entail a lessened constitutional power upon the children. Fatigue and violent exercise not only injure the body, they load the system with waste matter and lessen the energy of the brain.'

All this is largely brought about by ignorance of the true province of recreation, which is to develop those muscles and faculties least brought into play in the pursuit of a daily avocation, and to maintain constitutional rather than physical strength. The most suitable form of recreation for the manual labourer, the carpenter, the mason, the artisan, the mechanic, whose labour, if not purely physical, is mainly so, is not boxing, rowing, cycling, and football, but an exercise of those mental qualities with which they have been endowed, and which will otherwise become the victims of dry-rot through disuse. The recreation for these is reading, science, geometry, chess. But to the tired brain-worker, such pursuits would be no relaxation, no recreation, but only an aggravation of his weariness. If he wishes to turn his leisure to good account he will walk, ride, run, jump, row, play football, cricket,

tennis, enter the gymnasium, the swimming-bath, the cycling track. What is wanted is a change in the kind of occupation. It would be as absurd as it would be unfair to deny to the head-worker all the pleasures of literature, or to require the worker with his hands to forego all the delights of outdoor games. But enough has been said to indicate the direction which the recreation of the respective classes should take. No hard and rigid line can possibly be drawn if it were only for the reason that many employments partake both of the character of manual and of mental labour.

Even when the surplus energy is directed into the right channel, it is necessary to guard against an over-use of it. The competitive spirit has infected sport to an unparalleled degree. In place of the lowly disciple of Isaac Walton enjoying with placid delight the landscape and the pastoral calm, and satisfied with a few fish as they come, many anglers engage in a fierce struggle for pre-eminence and renown totally foreign to the genius of the art. Football players and cricketers play, not for amusement, but to win Challenge Cups. The primary object now is to beat the record. To coast gently down a decline on an ordinary bicycle, with the fragrant zephyr kissing the receptive cheek and playing hide-and-seek with the ringlets of the fair tricyclist, is not enough. It is voted tame by common consent to drink in the view, it is imperative to tear down the hill on the ungraceful rover, or the journey from Land's End to John o' Groat's House will have been in vain, because it has occupied a quarter of an hour longer than the best on record. Hence the prospect for the rider is strictly limited to the portion of road exactly beneath his eye. This is not pleasure; it is hard work, producing an inevitable reaction in flaccid tendon and aching limb, work which would be severely kicked against, and justly so, if demanded by an employer. The right spirit which so many require to have renewed within them, and that should pervade athletic as well as intellectual education, is not the desire to cover so much distance or acquire so much knowledge, but so to conduct affairs bodily and mental as to preserve a sound mind in a healthy body. The man of the future, 'the improved man,' will doubtless regard with astonishment in the British Museum the skeleton of the man of the later part of the nineteenth century with the bicycle back.

The proper man is he who enjoys good health without knowing it. To him, as to that true peptician, who, questioned as to the state of his system, replied that he had none, training is the sad of the valetudinarian. Yet it is impossible to enter the dressing-room of a modern athlete without being assailed by the smell of embrocations and lotions, bearing silent but eloquent witness to sprains and stiffnesses which ought not to exist. The spirit of competition has indeed so pervaded the domain of athletics, that it becomes all who love games for the relaxation and exercise they afford to see to it that they do nothing to encourage or to aggravate it. Let them not countenance the action of any club that deems it necessary to uphold its prestige by hiring professionals or offering large prizes. Let them protest against the undermining of constitu-

tions by over-training. Above all, let them try to infuse into the youth of England the idea that while a healthy rivalry in games imparts a stimulus and adds a zest, unbridled competition will reap its own bitter fruit of physical degradation and disease. The antidote lies here. Then might we anticipate and realise a return to the simplicity of older times when the Queen of Love and Beauty dispensed the modest premium to the vanquisher in the tourney; or to that period, still more remote, yet not less worthy of imitation in this regard, when the *victor ludorum* felt that he received his full meed of praise when he obtained at the hands of the gracious Roman matron the unpretentious wreath of laurels.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SOME discussion has recently been raised as to the destructive effect of the London atmosphere upon the granite obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, which has for some years stood on the Thames Embankment. According to the opinion of experts there is no reason for alarm, for careful examination has shown that no erosion of the stone is discoverable. When this ancient monument was first erected on its present site, its surface was carefully treated with three coatings of a solution of silica, and this precaution has doubtless protected it. But the stone itself is peculiar in being harder and more resistant than other granites, a condition which is probably due to the absence of mica, which generally enters largely into the composition of granite, and gives to it its sparkling character. Like all the well-known obelisks, this one was cut from the bed of syenitic granite which crosses the Nile Valley at the first cataracts. Altogether, it has been exposed to the influence of the weather for thirty-seven centuries, and yet its hieroglyphics are almost as clean as the day when they were cut. The London air must indeed be bad if in a few years it could make any impression upon a stone which has braved so much wear and tear.

There is trouble once more at some of the gas-works because of the introduction of a machine for emptying and recharging the retorts. This machine is called the Iron Man, and it consists of two parts—the drawing-machine and the charger. Each runs on rails in front of the retorts, and the duty of one is to take out the coke after the carbonising process is completed, and of the other to shoot a fresh charge of coal into the empty retorts. The machine is the invention of Mr John West, the late gas engineer to the Manchester Corporation. He has spent thirty years in perfecting the machine, and it represents such a saving of labour that it is likely to be introduced into all gasworks. He reasonably complains that although the men have for years been lamenting the laboriousness of the work involved in charging the retorts by hand, and have represented the retort houses as unfit for human beings to work in, they threaten to strike because of the introduction of this machine, and are doing their best to prevent its being adopted.

Mr F. F. Payne, writing to the *American Naturalist*, describes the operation of whistling

for seals, which is practised by the Eskimo, and which he often witnessed during his prolonged residence at Hudson's Strait. The huntsman, armed with gun or harpoon, lies full length at the edge of an ice-floe, and commences a low monotonous and continual whistling, which is very difficult to describe in words. Although, when he commences his music, not a single seal may be in sight, they are speedily attracted by the sound, and first one head will appear above the water, and then another, until one more venturesome than his fellows comes within striking distance. The hunter thereupon quickly rises to his feet and throws his harpoon or fires at the animal, as the case may be, the rest of the seals seeking safety in flight. The whistling was generally more effectual if performed by an accomplice of the huntsman, who could then direct all his attention to bagging the game.

There has lately been quite a famine of turtle, and it is some comfort to reflect that the dearth is of a nature which does not cause any privation to the public at large, but is only felt by the richer members of the community. The normal price per pound for turtle is about eightpence, and if this should seem cheap to those who know what price they have to pay for a basin of turtle soup, they should remember that there is little flesh on the animal, and that the eightpence includes its harder and useless parts. However, the price has recently run up to half-a-crown, and what the cost of a basin of soup must be under such conditions it is impossible to imagine.

The establishment of Free Libraries in our cities and towns has been the means of giving some curious information regarding the kind of books which are most in demand, and the occupations of those who are the most diligent readers. In the last Report of the Birmingham Free Libraries Committee there appears amongst other interesting tables one that tells the occupation or profession of those who borrowed books during the past year. Students and scholars head the list, and clerks and bookkeepers are nearly as many in number—about fourteen hundred. Next come errand and office boys, the number of volumes borrowed by them being only three hundred. Teachers are next on the list, and they are followed by jewellers. Compositors and printers borrowed one hundred and ninety-two books, and milliners and dressmakers one hundred and nine. At the very bottom of the list we find journalists borrowing six volumes, and news-agents and reporters only two each. From these statistics it would appear that those who by their profession are brought most into contact with literary matter do not care to take up books as a recreation, perhaps on the principle that a confectioner does not care much for lollipops. But we are inclined to think that journalists and others who make a profession of literature have generally a sufficient command of books without having recourse to Free Libraries.

An experiment is reported in the *Scientific American* as having been performed by the chief of the San Francisco fire department, with a view to show the importance of establishing fire hydrants in the streets at frequent intervals, and to illustrate the loss of power by friction when the distance of a main necessitates the employ-

ment of a great length of hose-pipe. At first a hose one hundred feet in length was attached to the hydrant, and it was shown that the water at the issuing nozzle had a pressure of ninety pounds, and that the jet could be thrown to a distance of two hundred and six feet. The water was now turned off, and an extra nine hundred feet of hose was attached, through which the water had to be forced before it reached the nozzle. The pressure under these circumstances was reduced to six pounds, and the distance traversed by the fountain from the jet was just one-fourth of what it was with the shorter length of piping. We too often read in the reports of fires in our own country that the supply of water was short; but in many cases we feel convinced that this is caused by the great distance of the source of supply.

We have all been amused at reading year after year, in the Postmaster-general's Report, the curiosities of caligraphy revealed in the addresses of some of the letters received for postage, and other examples of ignorance on the part of the public. But nothing more curious has ever been published than the account of the manner in which the Post-office authorities themselves have framed their rules for charging for compound words in telegrams. Indeed, it would seem that there is no rule in the matter, but that each postmaster may charge as he thinks fit. Here are a few examples: 'Kingston-on-Thames' is counted and charged as one word, but 'Kingston Cross' is two words. 'Gateshead-on-Tyne' is counted as three words, but 'Newcastle-on-Tyne' is one word; and so on *ad infinitum*. But the most amusing example, perhaps, is the following: The Telegraph Acts allow the abbreviations 'can't,' 'won't,' and 'don't' to stand each as a single word; but the word 'shan't,' possibly because of its occasional rude application by the vulgar-minded, must be counted as two words, or be expressed in full, 'Shall not.' These little differences would be amusing if they were not most annoying to business men. It is obvious that all names of places should be charged as one word only.

'Anglo-Indian,' writing to the *Times*, makes a useful suggestion regarding a remedy against the pilfering of postage stamps, which, he says, has worked successfully for many years in the Indian Post-office. It is, that the word 'stamped,' or the initials of the user, should be written across the stamps at the time that they are affixed to letters, so as to destroy their selling value. This would certainly be a useful measure, and there could be no objection to its adoption, especially as firms are already permitted to perforate their stamps by a machine. It is to be hoped that the Postmaster-general may see his way to grant this concession.

At a recent meeting of the Zoological Society the photograph of a curious form of bird's nest was exhibited by Professor Flower. The nest was that of a hornbill from South Africa, which bird lays its eggs in a hole in a tree trunk. After the female bird has begun to sit, her companion walls her in by filling up the aperture in the tree with clay, leaving a small opening, through which he passes to her a daily supply of food.

A paper was lately read before a meeting of members of parliament and others at the West-

minster Palace Hotel by Dr Schacie-Sommer of Liverpool, on the subject of Sugar Beet-growing in England and Ireland. The author was of opinion that the present agricultural depression could be partially mitigated if the cultivation of the beet were seriously taken up, and endeavoured to show that a larger profit could be derived from this crop than from any other. He also said that the introduction of the beet into the rotation of crops usually cultivated in these islands would improve the soil to such an extent that other crops would be materially benefited. This subject of beet cultivation is one which seems to come up at frequent intervals; but trials which have been already made in this direction have not realised the anticipations of their promoters.

A plan is to be adopted this autumn by which the despatch of telegrams from home-coming steamers will be greatly accelerated. It is proposed that as the vessel passes Tory Island, Ireland, the messages shall be enclosed in a shell or box and dropped overboard. The packet will be picked up by a boat waiting for it, and will be taken direct to the nearest telegraph office. Passengers taking advantage of this means of communicating with their friends will pay a fee of one shilling for the privilege.

The revival of experiments in mesmerism, under its modern name of hypnotism, seems to be so full of fascination to that large section of the public who are attracted by anything which has the appearance of being supernatural, that no opportunity should be lost to warn them that they are treading upon dangerous ground. It is doubtful whether the surgical operations which have lately been performed under the influence of hypnotism could not have been conducted with far greater security to the patient by the use of the usual anaesthetics. But supposing that the new agent is serviceable in surgery, its use should most certainly, like chloroform, be restricted to those who are qualified to deal with it. The Belgian authorities have already taken alarm at the spread of experiments in hypnotism, and have forbidden public exhibitions which make them the chief attraction. It is not so easy to stop experiments which may be conducted in private houses, but when people begin to understand that degradation of will-power is a step towards weakening of the brain, they will think seriously whether the amusement, if amusement it can be called, is worth the risk involved.

A gentleman of Euston, Pennsylvania, has patented a process for silvering the back of sheets of celluloid so as to turn the material into a mirror. We do not see the exact use of such a mirror, the only advantage which it possesses over the ordinary looking-glass being that it is flexible and can be rolled up.

The metal platinum has recently gone up nearly two hundred per cent. in price, a circumstance which is due in the first case to the present activity in electrical apparatus manufacture, where the metal is largely used; and secondarily to its increasing employment in photography, one of its salts being now used for printing permanent pictures. Hitherto, platinum has had but few uses, its chief patrons being the manufacturers of certain chemicals, who found it economical to expend in some

cases a couple of thousand pounds sterling for a platinum crucible which would resist nearly every agent known. The fortunate holders of such apparatus will now rejoice to think that their investment has turned out to be so unexpectedly profitable. Platinum is a comparatively rare metal, and is found associated with five others in the form of small grains which are found in the soil in Siberia and Brazil.

Carbonic acid gas (carbon dioxide), which is used so largely by mineral-water manufacturers for giving their goods a sparkling effervescent character, is generally made by treating common whiting or chalk with sulphuric acid. Upon addition of the acid to the chalk the gas is given off abundantly. A Liverpool firm has recently called attention to the superiority of bicarbonate of soda as a material from which to produce the gas, and to an experiment by which its greater purity can be readily ascertained. A small quantity of the soda is put into one glass, and some whiting is put into another. A little acid is poured on each, and the gas is at once generated; but while that formed by the soda is without odour, that which comes from the chalk has an offensive smell. It is also proved that in practice the generation of the gas from the soda is more economical, the total saving, taking into consideration the value of the sodic sulphate formed as a by-product of the process, being between eight and nine pounds sterling per ton of gas produced.

There is at last some hope that the supply of water to the metropolis may be taken out of the hands of the eight companies who at present control it, and that it will be placed under municipal management. At a recent conference of the local authorities of London, it was resolved to request the Government to introduce a Bill forthwith to enable the London County Council to acquire the undertakings of the eight companies referred to; and failing any agreement as to terms, to settle the matter by arbitration; or failing both, to give powers for the establishment of an independent supply. The householders of London have long had to pay far too heavy a price for the first necessity of life, and contrary to every notion of fair dealing, they have been made to pay not upon the quantity of water consumed, but according to the valuation of the premises which they occupy. As the assessment is raised for parish purposes every five years, the water-rate is raised as well, without the companies spending one farthing in return. The unearned increment accruing to the water companies in this way amounts to an enormous sum, and there is no difficulty in understanding how it is that a share in one of these companies—the New River Corporation—fetches in the market considerably more than one hundred thousand pounds.

At all Government offices, and at most large mercantile establishments, the clerks sign their names on arrival each morning; and should they arrive after the time of grace has expired, they find that the sheet has been removed to the room of one of the principals, and to him they must explain the reason for being late. An instrument called the 'Insumgraph' has lately been introduced for checking the arrival of employees by mechanical means. Its principal part consists of

a desk having an aperture in its top, below which travels a paper band. Upon this paper the arriving clerk signs his name; but at the moment that the clock strikes the paper is withdrawn by electrical agency, and late-comers must sign on another sheet.

The administration of nitrous oxide gas as an anæsthetic in dental operations is now universal, and it is probable that some hundreds of persons in this country alone are placed under its influence daily. Yet there is in some quarters an impression that its administration is more or less risky, and some persons would far rather suffer the agony of tooth extraction than be relieved of it by such agency. Dr Silk recently read before the Odontological Society some notes respecting a series of one thousand cases in which the gas had been administered for operative purposes, and these records should set at rest any fears as to its effects, although it is always, as well to act under medical advice in such matters. In the cases recorded no after-trouble was experienced, and no serious results, though headache was more or less present for a time. It is also stated that those subject to epilepsy can take the gas with impunity.

The municipal authorities in Paris have issued an order which obliges the owners of cabs to provide each vehicle under their control with a counting apparatus. This device indicates at every moment the distance which the cab has travelled, the hour of the day, and the fare chargeable. The mechanism continues to act while the cab is stationary, and the charge for cab-hire is then the same as if the vehicle were travelling at the normal rate. It is to be hoped that some such system will be adopted in this country; and we venture to affirm that its introduction would be beneficial to both passengers and cab-drivers. As matters at present stand, cabby very often loses a fare because of the indisposition of would-be passengers, ladies especially, to subject themselves to the inevitable dispute as to the amount chargeable.

THE HUDSON TUNNEL

THE *raison d'être* of the projected Hudson Tunnel is readily made apparent by the briefest glance at the map of the United States. The city of New York is situated on Manhattan Island, and is separated by the Hudson River from no fewer than forty-two out of the forty-eight States comprised in the American Union. Railways having a total mileage estimated to be nearly seven times that comprised in the entire system of the United Kingdom are barred by the Hudson River from entering New York, and perforce compelled to make Jersey City their terminus. When we further state that the present population of New York is estimated at one and a half millions, and that the present traffic between New York and Jersey City carried by ferries is computed at no fewer than seventy-five million passengers and sixty million tons of freight per annum, small wonder will be felt that more direct means of communication between the two cities has long been acknowledged a pressing necessity.

Moreover, as our readers will readily perceive, the passage by ferry carries with it not merely the delays and expenses of transshipment, but

is liable to interruption through fogs, storms, or ice; without mentioning the constant risk of collision in crossing the enormous traffic passing up and down the river at these points.

No one who has witnessed the immense traffic between Liverpool and Birkenhead will fail to appreciate the importance of the union of these two vast emporiums of trade by means of the Mersey Tunnel; whilst to readers north of the Tweed, and more especially those having occasion frequently to cross the Firths of Forth and Tay, the successful completion of the two great triumphs of engineering, which have bridged the estuaries and rendered the delays and discomforts of the ferry services things of the past, the advantages accruing from direct communication in lieu of steamboat service will at the present time be particularly emphasised. Small wonder, therefore, that our American cousins have long been alive to the desirability of forming direct means of communication beneath the Hudson River.

Some years back, the scheme was vigorously mooted, and a commencement made to drive a double tunnel through the silt and mud forming the river-bed. When, however, in 1880 about one hundred yards had been driven, the water suddenly burst in on the men, drowning twenty of them and flooding the tunnel.

Work was subsequently resumed with a pilot tunnel or iron tube about six feet six inches in diameter, which was advanced some thirty to forty feet ahead of the main tunnel, and supporting the iron plates of the main tunnel by means of radial screws. The silt and water were excluded from the tunnel, and prevented from crushing the lining by compressed air forced into the tunnel at a pressure of about twenty pounds per square inch. The compressed air was also utilised in ejecting the silt after the latter had been diluted with water. When about one-eighth of the total distance had been driven by this method, financial difficulties supervened, and the project was for the time allowed to fall into abeyance.

In 1888 efforts were made to resuscitate the scheme, and the abandoned works were visited by Sir Benjamin Baker. In 1889 a loan was raised in London in the form of first mortgage bonds on the undertaking, to complete the enterprise, under the supervision of Sir John Fowler, Bart., and Sir Benjamin Baker, K.C.M.G.—well known as the engineers of the Forth Bridge—and Mr Greathead. The two parallel tunnels, each over a mile in length, can, according to the engineer's estimates, be completed for the sums of about £180,000 and £250,000 for the north and south tunnels respectively.

The method of driving the tunnels presents several features of interest, and is accordingly succinctly sketched for our readers. Compressed air will be employed, and shields constructed for protecting the workmen. Visitors to the Forth Bridge in the early stages of the undertaking will remember the caissons employed in founding the main piers. The shields to be utilised in piercing the tunnels under construction are similar in principle to the caissons that were made use of in laying the foundations of the Forth Bridge, but will be advanced laterally and not straight down through the strata met with. The

shields, which are circular, have a diameter of nineteen feet eleven inches, and measure ten feet six inches from cutting edge to tail. Each shield is strengthened by being double-skinned; and horizontal and vertical stiffening is provided for by means of internal girders. The face is formed as a cutting edge, behind which is placed a partition of steel plating, dividing the shield into two separate compartments. Nine doors in this division give access to the face of the heading, and permit the removal of excavated material, the pressure of the compressed air in the tunnel keeping back the water.

Should strata be met sufficiently hard to retain the water, the doors are opened, and the face of the heading is attacked directly. The doors are lined with india-rubber, and secured by stout clips, so that the joints throughout are perfectly water-tight.

After sufficient material has been excavated, the shield is advanced by sixteen cast-steel hydraulic rams placed equidistantly around its circumference, and attached to it, pushing against the cast-iron lining of the tunnel already completed, and in position; a further section of lining being at once built, and this again forming the support for further advancing the shield after more excavation in front of it has been completed. A special machine running on rails follows up the shield, and places the cast-iron lining segments in position as the work advances. This is also actuated by hydraulic power. The shields have been manufactured by Sir William Arrol, at his Glasgow works, for Messrs Pearson & Son, contractors for the undertaking.

SONNET.

In my life's Pilgrimage, as I count o'er
Its pleasures, sorrows, dullness, joy, and pain,
Short hours of triumph—disappointments sore—
Hopes, fears, and wishes—balanced loss and gain—
Youth's wasted hours, and love bestowed in vain:
Of the long catalogue, there but remain,
Like bright spots, where my spirit loves to rest,
Sweet thoughts of those whom, with enduring chain
Of kindness, I have bound close to my breast.
I feel a love which I can not explain,
For them, as though some little better part,
Of the true nature of this wayward heart,
In cherished safety was with them embalmed,
To live, when in the unanswering grave its tumults
shall be calmed.

W. PRYCE MAUNSELL.

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ADMIRABLE, BUT—

BY MRS LYNN LINTON.

ONE need not necessarily be a carping critic, making the faults which then we condemn, to acknowledge that sometimes not only things but people themselves are admirable, but— This discovery is one that every one has to make, and it begins unconsciously with the first injustice of the parents and the first act of treachery in the nurse. It is a small word enough, yet it is like a magic net which when cast into the wide waters encloses a whole host of possibilities. It plumbs the deepest recesses of human nature, and sweeps through its smallest crevices and most obscure crannies. It is the measuring-tape which determines the true height of qualities—the mirror which reflects their absolute value, not their apparent beauty. It is the alembic, the crucible, the winnowing-machine by which these virtues pass and are tested—only few to come out without leaving behind them trails of worthless alloy or some dead and useless residuum.

But. This word, one of the stumbling-blocks of slipshod writers, is one of the fatal disillusioners of human life. Full of good qualities—excellent—respected in good faith and real earnest—admirable exceedingly, but—

That peach is lovely to sight and delicious on the sunny side to taste, but round about the core lies a rotten bit that no one cares for, and the peach is essentially spoilt. It is only half good when it looked perfect throughout; and that 'but' ruins its claims to perfection. So with men and women. No one can deny his good qualities—no one wishes to deny them. He is eminently just, he is upright in all his dealings, his character is above reproach, no one can point to him as one who has ever wronged man or woman; and yet—Why is he not loved? He is respected by all, but loved by none. And that 'but' lies in his own heart. So admirable in his dealings—but so cold in his affections! Straight as the path of an arrow—exact as the scales of

justice—wise in counsel—cautious in action—it would seem that to know him would be to love him. No; to know him is to respect him, to believe in him, and to follow as he directs; but to love him is impossible. His wife does not love him, nor do his children. They respect him—so do others; but in the tender sweetnesses of life he has no share, because he has none to give on his own side. How many women, too, are like that—admirable, but— They do their duty with punctilious devotion. No house is better managed than theirs; no children are more scrupulously brought up; they are incorruptible as wives, without inconstancy as friends; they subscribe discreetly to the local charities, and perform their religious duties with decorum; they dress as befits their station, and they neither pinch nor exceed the just and proper amount of expenditure required. In all things are they admirable truly, *but* no young girl confides to them her perplexities; no child runs to their arms for consolation; no young man finds in them the shadow of the mother he has lost; no sinner kneels at their feet and pours out those broken-hearted confessions of past wrong and present contrition. They are too admirable for that—too pure to bear the smirch of sinful contact—too lofty in their cold isolation to be fanned by the hot flame of human passion or stained by the tears of sorrowful repentance. But they do their duty; and no man has a stone to throw at their spotless renown.

Yes, he is as generous as the day—open-handed, good-natured, a thoroughly good fellow; but, Lord save us, how foolish! Every one's friend and no man's enemy but his own, he is the dancing-dog of his strong-willed companions, and they can make him turn out his pockets in their behalf, or step and slide on the treacherous path of degrading pleasures just as they have a mind. No one can deny the abounding generosity of his nature. He will give and give to all who need or do not need, as if his moderate income were housed in Fortunatus's purse and his modest resources were inexhaustible. You cannot but love the

fellow's bright and unselfish generosity. Who would not love a heart so soft—a compassionateness so rich, so bounteous? In a selfish world the spectacle of one who finds a joy in giving is both too rare and too beautiful not to be admired when seen. But how can you praise the folly, the want of self-control, the absence of all sense of proportion, the absence even of all sense of what is due to himself in one who, if he had but these restraining forces, would have been so admirable throughout? As things are, he is admirable enough in certain parts, but— And that 'but' spoils all with him as it spoils the peach.

Loving, but inconstant, how can you praise unconditionally here, any more than you can praise that generous and unrestrained giver of good gifts who empties his own pockets that his friends' may be filled, and thinks more of another's fancies than of his own necessities? While your inconstant friend loves you, you are in the warm air which blow round the Islands of the Blest. Your way of life lies through the very Rose-garden of Delight, and your nature has at last met the one congenial. Such a sweet, fond, loving creature! Could humanity show a fairer specimen? And then comes the 'but'—but exactly the same to every one as to you; but with what he or she calls gently a 'travelling mind,' which means the most distracting inconstancy; but broad and shallow as the low-lying lands which a deluge of rain has flooded; but heart-breaking to trust to for depth, perseverance, concentration—that general and impartial power of blessing which we admire in the sun and the rain, not being the thing we want in the one friend whom we love beyond all others.

No one denies her sincerity, but no one can admire her want of tact, her brusque bluntness, her want of reticence. Her sincerity is admirable, but a little dash of reserve in her expressions would add grace to her character, yet not detract from the beauty of her candour. All who know her praise her for that straightforward honesty which can conceal the truth as little as it can frame a lie. Still, all who know her breathe that 'but,' and say if she were a trifle less rugged, and just this trifle more considerate of the feelings of others, it would be so much better for all concerned! So, if that great-hearted philanthropist were but a little less boastful, how much more beauty his undoubted benevolence would gain! You know and gladly acknowledge his good deeds—his unwearied philanthropy—but if he would not blow his own trumpet with so loud a blast!—if he would not be so like the Dulcamara of public beneficence! Others give as freely as he, but without the fanfare that always heralds and accompanies his slightest donation. Others spend as many hours over plans for the improvement of the poor in house, food, and wages, but are content to add their contribution to the bettering of things in modesty and silence, not calling on the world at large to praise, and by that praise to reward. It is a pity, this black feather in the white wing—this 'but' of boasting as the shadow cast by that admirable quality of benevolence. All the same, pity or not, there it is, and it is no want of charity to see it, and no belittling of great things to acknowledge it. So is it only the truth to add 'but' to the praise for her exactness in doing what she ought to do, which that strict

doer of duty deserves. But if she would not make herself such a martyr—if she would not go about the world with those downcast eyes and lips depressed at the corners, and that curious look of pinched suppression about her nostrils—if she would do her duty with a gay and more cheerful mien and not proclaim herself a martyr, a victim, a very Iphigeneia bound to the horns of the altar! It takes away from the grace of all she does to have her mutely parading herself as this martyr to her own high sense of duty—this victim to the exactions of others. She is most admirable in her unswerving devotion and duty—but why does she carry it before her as a flag whereon is inscribed her claim to consideration?—why does she not do as she feels she ought to do, and let the world find out her worth for itself?

Twin-born to this self-declared martyr is that energetic soul whose activities are at the service of any one who needs help, but who takes it out in a certain kind of tyranny to which many find it difficult to submit. He will help you, but not in your own way, only in his; she will not lighten your burden so much as rearrange it according to her ideas of easy bearing. Either is good at a pinch, and you know that you may call on them and they will respond—but you know also that you will have to pay the price. If you apply to your energetic friend for advice on a certain point—just on one kink in the smooth running of your business—you will get that advice only on condition of abject submission after the fullest discovery of all your affairs. Your energetic friend will take on himself the whole direction. He will go into every corner and sweep out all the cupboard—cobwebs, skeletons, and all; or he will do nothing. He will give himself worlds of trouble for you—but he will take all the skin off you in the process. He will trample under foot your pride, your delicacy, your sensitiveness, your natural reserve. He will help you, but at the cost of your temporary abasement by his own hard-handed tyranny; or he will do nothing at all, and you and your affairs may go *zum Hecker* with all speed if you will not obey him out and out from A to Z. So with her. If her sister has need of her during a time of sickness, say, she will go down to help—of course she will—but only on her own terms. And those terms are absolute control while she is in the house. The nursery must be exactly as she thinks best, or she packs up her trunks and goes back by the next train. She will not help on the lines already laid down. She will make new tracks altogether, or none at all. When she does, however, put her hand to the plough she ploughs vigorously enough—so does he. But why cannot they drive their furrow alongside those already made and not insist on a totally new departure—and make of their help but another word for tyranny? So we go on through the whole list. As Love's shadow is Hate, so is this qualifying 'but' the shadow cast by the excellence which fails in the one essential quality of common-sense—which is proportion—or in that of self-forgetfulness when doing righteously. It is the confession of human frailty—the weak link in the golden chain which binds earth to heaven. Yet the qualifying quantity has its other side and second meaning. If but

few of the virtuous escape its modifying influence, so do none of the vicious. In the worst and most contemptible this humble little word lies like the germ of some fair flower, or the potential energy of some unused force. He is dissolute, idle, reckless, evil; but he has this good gift, he has done this fine action. She is narrow, bitter-tongued, hard-mouthed, impracticable; but those who know her best excuse her most, and she does more good than is made public. The shadow here is the sunlight there; and if this qualifying trilateral—'but'—cools our ardour of admiration to the right, it slackens our wrath of indignation to the left, and pleads for grace as it counsels discrimination.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE CAPTAIN MAKES A PROPOSAL.

'MR RUDDIMAN and I,' said the captain, as he began his story, 'got ashore and walked a little way up the beach, to see what sort of spot we had been cast away on. It was a small island, betwixt two and three miles long, and about a mile wide in the middle of it. There were no natives to be seen. We might be sure that it was uninhabited. There was nothing to eat upon it, and though we spent the hours till it came on dark in searching for fresh water, we found none. This made us resolve to land all we could out of the brigantine when daylight should arrive. As soon as daylight came we got aboard, and by noon we had landed provisions enough, along with fresh water and wines and spirits in jars, to last us two men for three months; but that didn't satisfy us. There was no other land in sight all round the horizon; we were without a boat; and though, if the vessel broke up, we had made up our minds to turn to and save as much of her as we could handle that night wash ashore, so as to have the materials for a raft at hand if it should come to it, we hadn't the heart to talk of such a thing then, in the middle of that wide ocean, with such a sun as was shining over our heads all day, and the sure chance of the first of any squall or bit of dirty weather that might come along a-drowning of us. So we continued to break out all we could come at. We worked our way out of the hold into the lazarette, and after we had made a trifle of clearance there, we came across three chests heavily padlocked and clamped with iron. "What's here?" says Mr Ruddiman. "If these ain't treasure-chests like to what the Spanish marchants sends away gold in along the coast, my eyes ain't mates," he says. He went away to the carpenter's chest, and returned with a crow and a big hammer, and let fly at one of the padlocks, and struck a staple off short. We lifted the lid, and found the chest full of Spanish pieces of gold. The other two was the same, full up with minted gold; and we reckoned that in all three chests there couldn't be less in the value of English money than a hundred and eighty to two hundred thousand pounds! It

wasn't to be handled in the chests; so we made parcels of it in canvas wrappers; and by the time the dusk drew down, we had landed every farden of it.'

Here the captain broke off and went to the drawer. I watched him with profound anxiety, incapable of imagining what he was about to produce, and collecting all my faculties, so to speak, ready for whatever was to come. He took from the drawer, however, nothing more alarming than a piece of folded parchment, round which some green tape was tied. This he opened with trembling hands, smoothed out the sheet of parchment upon the table, and invited me to approach. The outline, formed of thick strokes of ink, represented an island. Its shape had something of the look of a bottle with the neck of it broken away. It lay due north and south according to the points of the compass marked by hand upon the parchment; and towards the north end of it, on the eastern side, there was a somewhat spacious indent, signifying, as I supposed, a lagoon. Over the face of this outline were a number of crosses irregularly dotted about to express vegetation. In the centre of the lagoon was a black spot like a little blot of ink, with an arrow pointing from it to another little blot in the heart of the island bearing due east from the mark in the indent or lagoon. In the corner of the sheet of parchment were written in a bold hand the figures, Long. 120° 3' W. Lat. 33° 6' S.

'This,' said he, in a voice vibratory with excitement and emotion, 'is the island.'—I inclined my head.—'You see how it lies, sir,' he continued, pointing with a shaking forefinger to the latitude and longitude of the place in the corner. 'Easter Island bears due north-east from it. That will be the nearest land. Supposing you start from Valparaiso, a due west-by-south course would run you stem on to the reef.'

I waited for him to proceed. He drew away by a step, that he might keep his eyes upon my face, whilst he continued to hold his trembling forefinger pressed down upon his little chart.

'We agreed to bury the gold,' he said; 'to hide it somewhere where we should be easily able to find it when we came to look for it, if so be as Providence should ever allow us to come off with our lives from this destitute reef.—D'ye see this hollow, Mr Dugdale?'

'A lagoon, I suppose?' said I.

'Yes. This here mark amidstships of it'—he turned his dead black eyes upon the chart—'signifies a coral pillar about twice as thick as my mainmast, rising out of the water to about fourteen foot. We reckoned that there was no force in nature outside an earthquake to level such a shaft as that, and Mr Ruddiman and me took it for a mark. We landed the brigantine's compass, and having hit on a clump of trees, found they bore east three-quarters south from that there coral pillar. We fixed upon a tree, and after trying again and again, made it exactly two hundred and eight paces from the wash of the water in the curve of the lagoon. There we buried the money, sir.'

'And there it is now, I suppose?' said I.

'Hard upon two hundred thousand pounds,' he exclaimed, letting the words drop from his lips as though they were of lead. 'Think of it, sir.'

He folded up the sheet of parchment, always with a very trembling hand, replaced it in the drawer, which he locked; and then, after steadfastly gazing at me for some little while, an expression of energy entered his face, and he seemed to quicken from his eyes to his very toes.

'All that money is mine,' said he, 'and I want you to help me to recover it.'

'I!'

'Yes, you, Mr Dugdale. You and me'll do it between us. And I'll tell ye how, if you'll listen.'—

'But my dear sir,' I exclaimed, 'I suppose you recollect that you are under a solemn promise to Miss Temple and myself to transfer us to the first homeward-bound ship we meet.'

'I can't help that,' he cried with a hint of ferocity in his manner. 'There's this here fortune to be recovered first. After we've got it, home won't be fur off.'

Come, thought I, I must be cool and apparently careless.

'It is very good of you, Captain Braine, to wish me to participate in this treasure; but really, my dear sir, I have no title to any portion of it; besides, I am a man of independent means, and what I possess is quite as much as I require.'

'Ye'll not refuse it when ye see it,' he exclaimed. 'Money's money; and in this here world, where money signifies everything, love, happiness, pleasure, everything you can name—who's the man that's a-going to tell me he can get too much of it?'

'But you haven't completed your story,' said I, strenuously endeavouring to look as though I believed in every word of the mad trash he had been communicating.

'As much as is necessary,' said he. 'I want to come to business, sir. I could keep you listening for hours whilst I told ye of our life aboard that island, how the brigantine went to pieces, how one day Mr Ruddiman went for a swim in the lagoon, and how the cramp or some fit took him, and he sunk with me a-looking on, being no swimmer, and incapable of giving him any help.'

'And how long were you on the island?' said I.

'Four months and three days. It was one morning that I crawled from the little hut we had built ourselves out of some of the brigantine's wreckage that had drifted ashore, and saw a small man-of-war with her tops'l aback just off the island. She was a Yankee surveying craft, and a boat was coming off when I first see her. They took me aboard, and landed me at Val-paraiso two months later.—But all that's got nothing to do with what I want to talk to ye about. I've got now to recover this money, and I mean to have it, and you'll help me to get it, Mr Dugdale.'

'What is your scheme?'

'As easy,' he cried, 'as the digging up of the money'll be. I shall head straight away for Rio, and there discharge all my crew, then take in a few runners to navigate the vessel to the Sandwich Islands, where I'll ship a small company of Kanakas, just as many as'll help us to sail the *Lady Blanche* to my island. I shan't fear

them. Kanakas ain't Europeans; they're as simple as babies; and we can do a deal that they'll never dream of taking notice of.'

I listened with a degree of astonishment and consternation it was impossible for me to conceal in my face; yet I managed to preserve a steady voice.

'But you have a cargo consigned to Port Louis, I presume?' said I. 'You don't mean to run away with this ship, do you? for that would be an act of piracy punishable with the gallows, as I suppose you know?'

He eyed me steadily and squarely.

'I don't mean to run away with this ship,' he answered; 'I know my owners, and what they'll think. It'll be a deviation that ain't going to interfere with the ultimate delivery of my cargo at Port Louis, and I don't suppose it'll take me much time to fix upon a sum that'll make my owners very well pleased with the delay, and quite willing that I should do it again on the same terms.'

'But why do you desire to bring me into this business?' I exclaimed, startled by the intelligence I found in this last answer of his.

'Because I can trust ye. You're a gentleman, and you'll be satisfied with the share we'll settle upon.'

Though I never doubted for a moment that all this was the emission of some mad, fixed humour, I was yet willing to go on questioning him as if I was interested, partly that he might think me sincere in my profession of belief in his tale, and partly that I might plumb his intentions to the very bottom; for it was certain that, he or no lie, his fancy of buried treasure was a profound reality to his poor brains, and that it would influence him, as though it were the truth, to Heaven alone knew what issue of hardship and fatefulness and even destruction to Miss Temple and me.

But even as I sat looking at him in an interval of silence that fell upon us, a thought entered my head that transformed what was just now a dark, most sinister menace, into a bright prospect of deliverance. As matters stood—particularly now that I had his so called secret—I could not flatter myself that he would suffer me to leave his ship for a homeward-bound craft, or even for the *Cowless Ida* herself, if we should leave her into sight. Consequently, my best, perhaps the only, chance for myself and the girl who looked to me for protection and safety must lie in this madman making for a near port, where it would be strange indeed if I did not find a swift opportunity of getting ashore with Miss Temple. I saw by the expression in his own face that he instantly observed the change in mine. He extended his hand.

'Mr Dugdale, you will entertain it? I see it grows upon ye.'

'It is a mighty unexpected proposal,' said I, giving him my fingers to hold. 'I don't like the scheme it involves of running away with the ship—the deviation, as you term it, which to my mind is a piratical proceeding. But if you will sign a document to the effect that I acted under compulsion, that I was in your power, and obliged to go with you in consequence of your refusal to transfer me to another ship—if, in short, you will draw up some instrument signed by yourself and

witnessed by Miss Temple that may help to absolve me from all complicity in this so-termed deviation, I will consent to accompany you to your island. But I must also know what share I am to expect?

'A third,' he cried feverishly. 'I'll put that down in writing, too, on a separate piece of paper. —As to t'other document, draw it up yourself, and I'll copy it and put my name to it, for I han't got the language for such a job.' He paused, and then said: 'Is it settled?'

'Give me leave to think a little,' said I. 'I will have a talk with Miss Temple and settle with her the terms of the absolving letter you are to write and sign.'

I opened the door.

'Mr Dugdale,' he exclaimed, softening his voice into a hoarse whisper with a sudden expression of real insanity in the gloomy, almost threatening look he fastened upon me, 'ye'll recollect the oath you've taken, if you please.'

'Captain Braine,' I replied with an assumption of haughtiness, 'I am a gentleman first of all, and my oath merely follows;' and slightly bowing, I closed the door upon him.

By this time it was nearly dark. I had scarcely noticed the drawing down of the evening whilst in the captain's cabin, so closely had my attention been attached to him and his words. Indeed, the man had detained me an hour with his talk, owing to his pausings and silent intervals of staring; though the substance of his speech and our conversation could have been easily packed into a quarter that time. I went half-way up the companion steps, but feeling thirsty, descended again to drink from a jug that stood upon a swinging tray. Whilst I filled the glass, my eye at the moment happening to be idly bent aft, I observed the door of the cabin adjoining that of Captain Braine's to open and a man's head showed. It instantly vanished. It was too gloomy to allow me to make sure. However, next moment the young fellow Wilkins came out, no doubt guessing that I had seen him, and that he had therefore better show himself honestly.

I was somewhat startled by the apparition, wondering if the fellow had been in the berth throughout our talk, for if so, it was not to be questioned but that he had overheard every syllable, for there was nothing between the cabins but a wooden bulkhead, and the captain's utterance had been singularly clear, deep, and loud. So, that the fellow might not think that I took any special notice of his coming out of that cabin, I asked him in a careless way when supper would be ready. He answered that he was now going to lay the table; and without further words I went on deck.

It was a hot and lovely evening, with a range of mountainous but fine-weather clouds in the west, whose heads swelled in scarlet to the fires of the sun sinking into the sea behind them.

Miss Temple stood at the rail, leaning upon her arms, apparently watching the water sliding past. She sprang erect when I pronounced her name.

'I was beginning to fear you would never come on deck again,' she exclaimed as she looked at me with a passionate eagerness of inquiry. 'How long you have been! What could he have found to say to detain you all this while?'

'Softly!' I said, with a glance at old Lush, who was patrolling the forward end of the poop athwartships with his hands deep buried in his breeches' pockets, and with a sulky air in the round of his back and the droop of his head. 'I have heard some strange things. If you are not tired, take my arm, and we will walk a little. We are less likely to be overheard in the open air than if we conversed in the silence of the cabin.'

There was something almost of a caress in her manner of taking my arm, as though she could not suppress some little exhibition of pleasure in having me at her side again.

I at once started to tell her everything that had passed between Captain Braine and myself. Her fine eyes glowed with astonishment; never did her beauty show with so much perfection to the animation of the wonder, the incredulity, the excitement raised by the narrative I gave her.

'So that is his secret?' she exclaimed, drawing a breath like a sigh as I concluded halting at the rail to gaze at her with a smile. 'I presume now, Mr. Dugdale, that you are satisfied he is mad?'

'Perfectly satisfied.'

'You do not believe a word of his story?'

'Not a syllable of it.'

'Poor wretch! —But how frightful to be in a ship commanded by a madman! What object has he in telling you this secret?'

'He wants me to help him recover the treasure;' and I then related the man's proposals.

She gazed at me with so much alarm that I imagined her fear had rendered her speechless.

'You tell me,' she cried, 'that you have consented to sail with him to this island of his in —the Pacific? Are you as mad as he is, Mr Dugdale? Do you forget that I look to you to protect me and help me to return home?'

Her eyes sparkled; the colour mounted to her cheek, her bosom rose and fell to the sudden gust of tempest.

'Miss Temple, I am surprised that you do not see my motive,' I exclaimed. 'Of course I feigned to fall in with his views. My desire is to get to Rio as soon as possible, and ship with you thence for England.'

'To Rio? But I'm not going to Rio!' she cried. 'The captain solemnly promised to put me on board the first ship going home. Why did you not insist upon his keeping his word?' she exclaimed, drawing herself up to her fullest stature and towering over me with a flashing stare.

'He'll not tranship us now,' said I. 'I'm like Caleb Williams. I have his secret, and he'll not lose sight of me.'

'Oh, what miserable judgment!' she exclaimed. 'You are frightened of him! But were he ten times madder than he is, I would compel him to keep his word. Rio indeed! He shall put us on board the first ship we meet, and I'll tell him so when I see him.'

'You will do nothing of the kind,' said I. 'If you open your lips or suffer your temper to come between me and any project I have formed, I will wash my hands of all responsibility. I will not lift a finger to help ourselves. He shall carry us whithersoever he pleases.'

'How can you talk to me so heartlessly! I

have no friend but you now, and you are turning from me, and making me feel utterly alone.'

'I am so much your friend,' said I, 'that I do not intend you shall alienate me. My judgment is going to serve me better than yours in this dilemma. I know exactly what I am about and what I intend, and you must keep quiet and be obedient to my wishes.'

The tears suddenly gushed into her eyes, and she turned seawards to hide her face. I moved away; but before I had measured half-a-dozen paces, her hand was again upon my arm.

'I am sorry,' she said softly, hanging her stately head, 'if I have said anything to vex you.'

'I desire but one end,' said I, 'and that is your safety. To ensure it needs but a little exercise of tact on your part and a resolution to trust me.'

'I believe you are right,' said she, after a little pause, with something of timidity in the lift of her eyes to my face. 'I was shocked and made irritable by alarm. I am sorry, Mr Dugdale.'

The answer I was about to make was checked by Wilkins calling to us from the companion way that supper was ready.

THE LAW OF HALL-MARKS.

MR GOSCHEN's recent pronouncements in the House of Commons show that there is no present intention of repealing the Hall-marking laws, as distinguished from those regulating the Plate duties. There is certainly no urgent demand for the change, and it may be remarked that its chief advocates argue that it will be at once replaced by a voluntary system. Many articles, it is true, which are exempt from duty have nevertheless always been fully marked, to satisfy the public. It is no doubt a hardship that no gold or silver plate can be exported unless it is up to the British standard and bears the British Hall-mark; and we confess that we see no reason why we should compel foreigners, whose own standards are not what they should be, to buy better wares than either they desire or deserve. It is, however, not a little curious that the Act of 1854, which enabled gold to be manufactured of the reduced standards of fifteen, twelve, and nine carats, did not lead to any great change, owing, it is believed, to the fact that these qualities are largely disapproved of by the trade. Both the Crown and the Duty mark of the Sovereign's head are omitted on these three lower standards, although they are liable to the same duty; and when the Birmingham manufacturers discovered this, and further, that the fineness was declared in a plain and intelligible manner, they showed a curious disinclination to avail themselves of the Act.

The suggestion that the alteration was desired for the purpose of exporting English manufactured goods with Hall-marks upon them in order that the public should imagine them to be of a higher quality than they were, which was raised before the Select Committee in 1878, is irresistible. The grievance, which undoubtedly

rested on a solid basis, that foreign-made watch-cases were sent to this country to be Hall-marked with the British Hall-mark, and afterwards fitted with foreign works and sold as British-made watches, has been to a large extent redressed by the stringent regulations issued by the Board of Trade under the Merchandise Marks Act, which make the practice no longer possible without fraud. Few dealers, we imagine, would be willing to make a false declaration at any Assay Office, and so render themselves liable to the penalties of perjury. The Indian grievance will be met if, as Mr Goschen proposes, Indian silver goods are admitted at the rupee standard, without, it may be hoped, abolishing compulsory Hall-marking altogether. These are not days in which the public will be satisfied with the relaxation of the few safeguards that remain to ensure honest and fair dealing in precious metals.

The British Lion, even in his heraldic form, commands one's respect, if not one's admiration. Yet it is curious that little or nothing should be known about the regulations governing him. There is a vague idea that the Lion and, for the matter of that, most of the other marks so liberally impressed upon both gold and silver ware and electro-plated goods, are a guarantee of something or other, and British housewives are content to count their spoons, secure in the belief that they are of 'stirling alloy.' British Hall-marks certainly possess a reputation of their own which in the main they deserve. They are not, it is true, infallible. Cases are constantly cropping up in which they have been so ingeniously imitated as to deceive any one but a connoisseur or a burglar. Against the counterfeiting of ancient marks, of which there are examples enough and to spare preserved in the archives of the Goldsmiths' Company, there is, of course, little or no protection. Experts, it has been said, can detect spurious goods by touch alone; but the public are certainly not experts in assaying gold and silver. Electrotyped copies, too, in which are reproduced, with a marvellous exactitude, almost every scratch upon the original, and even the marks left by the maker's hammer, as well as the Hall-marks themselves, are extremely difficult of detection even by the initiated. But more ingenious still is the deception practised by the transformation of old-fashioned articles and the transposition of genuine marks from one article to another. The Beefeaters of the Tower formerly wore upon their arms large silver badges bearing the arms of three mounted cannon surrounded with a scroll. In a fit of economy, these were confiscated and sold, and, as the story runs, the purchaser of about a score of them, instead of consigning them to the melting-pot, or disposing of them as *curios*, converted them into sconces, and pointed triumphantly to the Hall-marks as a guarantee for their antiquity. For anything we know to the contrary, these *chefs-d'œuvre* are still going the round of the market. They would, no doubt, be highly valued by many people in the present rage for ornamenting reception-rooms with antique silver.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that, although it is permissible to add to any piece of silver a quantity which does not exceed one-third of the whole, the change must be made in such a

manner that the original use of the article is not altered. A tankard, for example, may, it is said, have a lip attached, but not a spout; but we doubt whether these statutory conditions are complied with, with any great regularity. When we remember the extreme severity of the old laws against fraud and abuse, it is easier to understand the exaggerated value which attaches to old gold and silver ware. At the present time, the penalty of ten pounds for each article imposed by the Act of 1844 is often cheerfully risked; but in days when the same offence was punished by death or transportation, men were more careful. It must, however, be confessed that at the present time the laws as to Hall-marking are in a very chaotic condition, for they are scattered through statutes innumerable, and are not sufficiently known to afford adequate protection to the purchaser. Their history, too, is not very complimentary to the craft. The Lion, for example, remained for nearly three centuries the standard mark both for gold and silver; but in 1845 the Crown was substituted for gold of both eighteen and twenty-two carats, in order to prevent a practice which had, it is said, come into vogue of gilding silver ware and selling it as gold, and the fact is worthy of the attention of collectors of old plate.

The various Hall-marks are rather complicated, and for the better understanding of our remarks, may be briefly described.

There are (1) The maker's mark, the initials of his name or firm, used since 1739.


(2) The standard mark. In England, for gold of 22 and 18 carats, a crown and 22 and 18 respectively. In Edinburgh, a thistle, and in Glasgow a lion rampant, are used in place of the crown. In Ireland, 22-carat gold has a harp crowned and 22; 20 carats—an extra standard, used in Ireland only—a plume of feathers and 20; for 18 carats, a unicorn's head and 18. Gold of 15, 12, and 9 carats has in most cases those numbers only. In England, for silver of 11 oz. 2 dwt. standard the mark is a lion passant, and for 11 oz. 10 dwt. a Britannia. In Edinburgh, a thistle, and a thistle and a Britannia; and in Glasgow a lion rampant, and a lion rampant and a Britannia, are used respectively. In Ireland a crowned harp is used for the 11 oz. 2 dwt. standard, the new standard not being used there. The figures in the gold standard denote the number of carats of pure gold in 24; so that 18-carat gold means that there are 18 parts of pure gold to 6 of alloy.

(3) The Hall-marks of the assay towns—London, a leopard's head; Birmingham, an anchor; Chester, a dagger and three wheat-sheaves; Sheffield, a crown; Newcastle, three castles; Exeter, a castle with three towers; Edinburgh, a castle; Glasgow, a tree, fish, and bell; Dublin, Hibernia.

(4) The duty-mark, stamped only on those articles which pay duty: the head of the reigning sovereign, introduced in 1784.

(5) The date-mark: each assay office has now its letter or date-mark, changed every year; twenty to twenty-six letters of the alphabet being used in rotation, and repeated in different styles of letter. In London, the assay year commences on 30th May, and is indicated by one of twenty letters of the alphabet A to U, omitting

the letter J. As an example, we give a Birmingham silver plate-mark:

(1) The maker's initials;  (2) the standard mark; (3) the Hall-mark of Birmingham; (4) the duty-mark; (5) the Birmingham date letter for the year 1889.

Amid all these multitudinous symbols, it is not to be wondered at that the public should be a little confused as to their respective meanings. And as all these have undergone many transformations, the history of Hall-marks can almost claim to rank as a science. There can, however, be little doubt, that although there are some objections to the compulsory assaying and marking of plate, it is to the system which has been in vogue in this country for nearly six hundred years that the superior reputation of British gold and silver ware to that of, perhaps, every other country in the world is mainly due. Our Hall-marks afford a guarantee of value to which it is not to be wondered at that considerable importance attaches, since these goods may safely be regarded as an investment. We doubt whether the assertion that no importance is attached to British Hall-marks abroad is borne out by the facts; but if only sentimental reasons remain, these are enough to give pause to any rash changes in a custom that can claim so high a prescriptive right.

The assaying of the precious metals is a science which has been more exactly practised in this than in any other country. When a piece of plate is sent in to an Assay Office, a little of the metal is scraped off it, and this 'diet,' as it is called, is tested in various ways, so as to ascertain its fineness, which must correspond with that of the standard plates kept by the Warden of the Standards at the Mint. Sheffield and Birmingham have to send up their 'diet boxes' to be proved by the Queen's Assay Master twice a year—a somewhat invidious distinction, since the other Assay Offices have only to do so as required. From this it appears that the guardians of the Standard of Wrought Plate of Birmingham and of Sheffield have always laboured under the disadvantages attaching to the reputation of those towns, and the fact serves to indicate the necessity for retaining a system of guarantee.

Jewelry, we know, has since 1739 been so largely duty free that, as Mr Goschen has pointed out, the gold-plate duty is practically paid on wedding rings alone; but it cannot be argued that this is any reason why Hall-marking should be abolished. Wedding-rings, it is curious to know, were expressly rendered dutiable by an Act passed in 1855, a direct 'tax upon matrimony.' But it is safe to predict that they will always be Hall-marked. Few bridegrooms would care to risk an accusation of having palmed off base metal on this occasion, although it might be done with some degree of safety, since fewer brides would, in the face of the old superstition, risk the dangers of taking off their rings to look at the Hall-mark. But even a wedding ring can be of any of the authorised standards. If it is only of nine-carat gold it satisfies the law. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the requirements of the law are generally known. Certainly gold of the reduced standard is palmed off, in spite of the absence of the Queen's Head

and the Crown, as being of a higher intrinsic value. An illustration of the practice is afforded by offers of gold chains weighing as much as five sovereigns for five pounds, the truth being that they are often of the nine-carat standard.

There are only two standards of silver—the old one of eleven ounces two pennyweights, and that of eleven ounces ten pennyweights, in the pound troy; so here there is not much room for fraud. But the laws of Hall-marking, scattered as they are over a multitude of statutes, are highly technical, and not the least necessary reform is their consolidation. This was urgently recommended by the Committee of 1856, and a Bill for the purpose was prepared by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in 1857; but although its necessity was again emphasised by the Select Committee of 1879, no measure of the kind has ever been laid before parliament. But we need hardly insist that the tendency of legislation should certainly not be in favour of greater laxity. There is much to say for the old demand of the Goldsmiths' Company for further powers of enforcing the law than the mere right to sue for penalties. Sales by auction now take place with practical impunity, no matter how spurious and debased the goods may be, and there is evidence and to spare to show that the general sense of the trade and the public is in favour of the preservation of the old guarantees.

WELL WORTH WINNING.

By P. L. McDERMOTT, AUTHOR OF 'JULIUS VERNON.'

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE DEAD HAND.

MR LAWSON LORING, of Priors Loring, died somewhat suddenly at Brighton in the early days of February, and left matters in a melancholy state for his only son and heir, then a young fellow, not yet twenty-two, and reading for his degree at Oxford.

It was a pity, because Arthur Loring was worthy of better fortune; but it was the hard fact all the same. He had partly expected this result, but not wholly; and the completeness of the ruin was only brought home to him by the solicitor of his late father, within a month after the funeral, when the mansion was already advertised 'to be let, furnished.'

'It is well, Mr Arthur,' said the lawyer that memorable day, in the late Squire's study, 'that you have no sisters or brothers—sisters especially. I think you are stout enough to face the world by yourself; for you must face it now.'

'How much is the house and property supposed to be worth in the market?'

'A hard question to answer in these times,' said the lawyer, shaking his head. 'The mortgagees will have to find it out one of these days.'

'You mean they will foreclose and sell the property?'

'They must, in order to save themselves. The Moon Insurance Company hold a first

mortgage of a hundred thousand at four and a half per cent, representing a charge of four thousand five hundred a year, which is more than the estate is able to pay.'

'Then they haven't been paid?'

'Just a moment. Last year the interest was considerably in arrears, and they threatened to foreclose. You remember, another mortgage was effected—you didn't look into it much at the time—but we got thirty thousand pounds, and paid up the arrears of interest. There were other debts which swallowed the rest. Now, for their own protection, the first mortgagees will foreclose, and by a forced sale recover their principal before it melts away.'

'And the second mortgagees?'

'Their money is probably lost, Mr Arthur,' said the lawyer, shrugging his shoulders. 'They have no one to blame but themselves. However, it was a transaction into which other considerations entered that you may hear of some day. I need not say any more now.'

'So I have just nothing, Mr Harding?' said the heir, looking the situation full in the face.

'Nothing, Mr Arthur. You see how plainly I put it,' he added, in a changed tone, 'for I want you to comprehend it clearly.'

'My comprehension of the case is quite clear, Mr Harding,' Arthur Loring answered, with a smile in which the mixture of courage and melancholy was winning.

'I know you are a brave boy. The world will not beat you.'

'All I want to take is the picture of my mother and my own private effects.'

The old solicitor looked at the picture, which hung over the mantel-piece, and from it to the boy—for he really looked a boy—beside him. 'Arthur, how like her you are,' he said, reverently. 'You hardly remember her. Ah, me! the sunny day she first came to Priors Loring, and the dark day she left it; for there never has been light in the place since.—So you are going to-day?'

'I am going to-day; but you shall hear from me often, Mr Harding.'

The two walked out to the front of the house and there parted; and then Arthur Loring went back to pack up his things.

He was in his old room at this sad task, with as 'brave a heart as could be expected, when a kitchenmaid—almost the last of the household now left—tapped at the door to say that there were two ladies below.

'Ladies?' he repeated with surprise. 'What ladies?'

'Strangers, sir, come to view the house; and there's no one in but me.'

'Very well, Jane; say I shall be down directly.'

There was no reason why he should not have followed at once, save for vexation and shame. It was mortifying to have to 'show' the house to inquisitive and captious strangers just as he was leaving it. If they were vulgar, they would probably offend him; if they were gentlewomen, no doubt they would pity him. Either prospect was bitter enough to the beggared heir. He went down, his pale face showing some of the colour which he could not quite drive back, and

found two ladies standing at the drawing-room window looking out—apparently mother and daughter. The latter, a girl certainly under twenty, turned her face as he entered, and some singular influence in the modest radiance of her beauty for an instant surprised him. But he at once bowed, and gave his attention to the elder lady—a cold and handsome woman of middle age, of tall and graceful figure. This lady presented her card of admission, and hoped, with quiet dignity, that their visit was not inconveniently timed. To which he answered, 'Not at all,' and expressed his readiness, for want of a better guide, to show them all they wished to see.

Preceding them from room to room, and briefly but courteously answering the few questions which the elder lady addressed to him—the girl not opening her lips at all—he conducted them through the several reception rooms. Once, before a certain picture, he knew that they both turned and glanced at him, though his face was directed another way; but the likeness was one that nobody could have missed.

Arthur Loring sent the maid to show them the rooms in the upper part, and waited in the hall until they came down, which was not long. Passing the door of the study, he noticed the elder lady glance towards it.

'It is a book-room,' he said, 'with nothing to recommend it except the view from the window. Pray look at it.'

He led them in, and pointed out the fine view which the window commanded. Then he took the opportunity of explaining that everything in the house would be left exactly as they saw it.

'Except that,' he added, seeing them looking at the picture of his mother, 'which is all I wish to take with me.'

'A sister?' said the lady very softly, with a delicacy in her tone which seemed to deprecate offence.

'My mother, madam; the portrait was painted very soon after I was born.'

Then the curious influence which had startled him on first seeing the young lady's face was explained. It struck the girl's mother at the same instant, for she withdrew her gaze suddenly from the portrait and looked at her daughter with considerable surprise. The girl's eyes might have been painted for those of Arthur Loring's mother. A blush of interesting consciousness suffused her face; and then, without a word spoken on the subject, they withdrew from the room.

The fly from the station was waiting at the door, and in a couple of minutes they had thanked him and driven away. He only recollected after they were gone that the card—which was still in his hand—was made out to 'the bearer;' but he put it in his pocket-book, so that he could find out from the agents in London who the visitors were.

The same evening, at eight o'clock, found Arthur Loring in London, with the world before him.

Without as yet bestowing much thought upon a change of life which he had still to realise, Arthur Loring instinctively kept away from those localities he had hitherto known best, and put up for the present at the *Midland Hotel* at St

Pancras. He put off thinking until he had dined; and having dined, found the thinking not so easy a matter. In fact, it was a failure, for he knew no more what he was fitted for in the battle of life than a girl from a country boarding-school. And in truth, in whatever direction his thoughts turned, they never failed to meet the sweet eyes of the young lady who had visited Priors Loring that afternoon.

He had two uncles residing in London, one reputed to be a rich man, whom good fortune had raised above his deserts; the other was a bachelor engaged in business, and possessed of nothing beyond the salary he earned. However, there was an old attachment between Arthur and the poorer uncle—who, was the youngest of the three brothers—and to him he went.

He knew his uncle's house in Chelsea well, for in his brighter days he had been a frequent visitor. Over a draper's shop in the King's Road, Mr Ralph Loring had his three respectable but by no means genteel rooms.

'Arthur?' he said, glancing up from his evening paper; 'how is this? Glad to see you, my lad, but something's the matter.'

Arthur Loring laughed—not very cheerfully—and without more ceremony told his uncle the whole 'matter' in a few words.

'I want your advice, Uncle Ralph. What had I best do?'

'Of course I expected there would be nothing left, Arthur, and I'm not surprised at seeing you. The question is what can you do? It strikes me your school acquirements are of little practical use, except you can impart them to others—and there are too many teachers.—Wouldn't some of your old friends provide a berth for you?'

Arthur reddened. 'You don't suppose I would ask them, uncle?'

'Well, then, you must go to school again, Arthur. That is to say, you must learn the ways of business in some office.'

'I suppose that's it.'

'But here let me tell you, my boy, that it isn't so easy to get the chance. There are a hundred eager applicants for every vacant stool in London, and although none of them has an education like yours, the least qualified of the lot is far ahead of you in point of utility.'

'It isn't encouraging. But something I must get, or—'

'Just so. But whatever you may get will be ill paid. Do you think you can live on thirty shillings a week? You will hardly get that to start with, for it will be some time before you can be of much use. You will have to learn book-keeping and shorthand, which are now elementary requisites in every business office.'

Arthur Loring sighed, and thought it might be better to enlist as a soldier at once and have done with anxiety.

'It strikes me, Arthur, your only course is to apply to your uncle Henry; he is at the head of a large office, and could give you a place at once.'

'You know he was my father's enemy.'

'I know he was, and that he has as little love for you. He is the most unmitigated scoundrel in London, though he lives in a square and keeps carriages. However, his day is coming.—But all

that is beside the question; you must apply to him.'

'Tell me this, uncle,' cried the young man with sudden energy: 'did my father ever injure him, that they should be enemies?'

'That depends on the way you look at it. Henry admired your mother; but your father wof and wedded her. Before you were born, Henry came down to Priors Loring, half tipsy, and acted in so outrageous a fashion that your father horsewhipped him out of the place. He has never been there since. I know a good deal of his subsequent history, which I may tell you some time. He is now manager of a company, the Annuitants' Investment Association, and Heaven help the annuitants! It was he who advanced that last mortgage on Priors Loring.'

'And it is all lost?'

'All lost. Do you know why he did it? Of course it was the company's money, and his name was not in the transaction—at least your poor father was ignorant of it. He wanted to see your father's ruin. He was in treaty with the insurance people for the transfer of the first mortgage, so as to be able to strike the blow with his own hand. Instead of what he hoped for, he received two heavy blows himself. The insurance people declined to transfer their mortgage on the terms offered, and your father has died. Net result, thirty thousand lost, without the anticipated equivalent of breaking your father's heart.'

Arthur Loring turned this over in his mind for a few minutes. 'And will the mortgagees foreclose and sell the place?' he inquired anxiously.

'I don't think so, if they can get in their four and a half per cent. There will be no charge on the estates now—no Squire to keep up—and the rent of the house and park and shootings will be considerable. I'm afraid, though, your prospects of going back, Arthur, are very poor.'

'I was not thinking of that, uncle,' he answered sadly. 'I have bid farewell to Priors Loring. All the same, I shall be glad if it is not sold, though it will be much the same thing to have strangers living there.—Only fancy! I had the pleasure of showing two "viewers" over the house to-day.'

'Who were they?'

'I don't know; they were ladies—mother and daughter. Curiously enough, they seemed to be specially interested in the house, for they said very little; and—— It was on his tongue to mention the incident of the portrait, but instead he added: "They didn't say a word as to whether they liked the place or not, but merely thanked me, and drove away to the station in a fly."

'Any one who rents Priors Loring will require money to keep it up,' observed Ralph Loring.

'What were the ladies like?'

He described them briefly, only referring to the younger lady as being very beautiful and quiet.

'What kind of eyes has she? When I hear a lady described, Arthur, I make it a rule to know all I can about her eyes. A woman's eyes are everything, to my mind.'

'Well, as it happens,' said the young fellow, laughing, 'this young lady's eyes are very interesting.'

'What colour are they?'

'I don't know about the colour, Uncle Ralph; but,' he added softly, 'you remember my mother's eyes?'

'Ah!' said the old gentleman quickly. 'Just what I suspected. You would never guess who the tall woman was, who seemed so deeply interested in Priors Loring?'

'No.'

'Your enemy's wife, Arthur—Mrs Henry Loring.'

The young man started with an uneasy feeling. If the ladies' visit foreshadowed the coming of Henry Loring to occupy the place of master of Priors Loring, the heir would rather see the old house sold by public auction to any stranger in the land. 'Are you sure about the mortgagees, Uncle Ralph?' he asked with dim fear.

'Well, I don't think your uncle will get the mortgage, though he is a very clever man.—And now, hadn't you better see him to-morrow? I know you don't like it, but I think it will be best.'

Arthur Loring confessed to himself as he drove back to the hotel that night, that whatsoever odd humour his uncle Ralph might have been in, his words had not administered comfort. Ralph evidently detested his brother heartily, and Arthur was not disposed to deny that Henry entirely deserved it. But the young fellow was far from willing to approach the prosperous uncle who hated him as his father's son—or his mother's—in the character of one in distress. He meant to try other resources first.

He tried them day after day for a week, and the vain applications he made here, there, and everywhere, left him sick at heart. At the same time he left the hotel and took a lodging in Marylebone.

One day, after failing in two new quarters to which he went in answer to advertisements, he took a sudden resolution and went to the offices of the Annuitants' Investment Association in Pall Mall. But his heart failed him when, in answer to his inquiry whether Mr Loring was in, a supercilious clerk shortly demanded, 'What name?'

He reddened, and declining to give his name, walked out.

He now resolved that he would go to Cadogan Square and leave his card with a request for an interview. This would be more dignified, at all events; and if his uncle should then suggest appointing him in the Annuitants' office, it would take away the humiliation of having to make the request himself.

Poor Arthur Loring was both startled and mortified when the door of the mansion in Cadogan Square was opened to him by one of the Priors Loring footmen.

'You here, Brooks?' he said.

A sense of shame coloured the menial's face as he answered: 'Yes, Mr Arthur. Mr Loring has taken on all of us as was willing to engage.—It isn't quite so comfortable as Priors Loring, sir, but we hopes soon'—

'Never mind,' interrupted Arthur, cutting him short; 'give my card to Mr Loring.' So saying, he turned from the door.

How the transfer of these servants' allegiance, and the half-spoken prospect of soon going back

to Priors Loring with their new master, made his pride smart! But the heart of a young man is more prone to other emotions, as Arthur Loring immediately found before he had descended the last step from his uncle's door.

A carriage drove up and stopped, and carelessly glancing towards it, he met the eyes of his cousin. The girl slightly coloured with surprise, and smiled a timid recognition. A young man who sat opposite to her noted these things, and treated Loring to a stare of haughty astonishment as he raised his hat to the lady; but Arthur Loring gave no thought to the presence of the gentleman—until he next met him—and walked away under the magic influence of a new feeling, which was, of course, kindled by his fair cousin's bright eyes.

'You are right, Uncle Ralph,' he observed that night, as he sat sipping a cup of that epicurean bachelor's cocoa—'you are right in what you hold concerning ladies' eyes.'

'Oh,' said Uncle Ralph with a short cough, 'so you have met her again, have you?'

'I didn't mean that—I wasn't thinking.'—Arthur stammered, red and laughing. 'However, I suppose that was what put the thought in my head.'

'Very good,' was the dry remark.—'Well?'

'Well—I hadn't anything else to say. Of course Miss Loring's eyes are very attractive.'

'Of course.—And now, tell me how it happened.'

'Simply enough. I was leaving a card for my uncle, and she drove up as I came away—that was all.'

'Anybody with her?'

'Only a gentleman, who, by the way, seemed to resent the courtesy of raising my hat to her.'

'He resented your knowing each other, Arthur. That man, now, will be your natural enemy if you meet him again, as very likely you shall.'

'Why should he be my enemy?'

'Because he wants the girl for himself.'

'But I don't want to take her from him,' said Arthur Loring; 'and if I did,' he added, 'there would be little probability of my succeeding.'

'Let me tell you, though,' said his uncle, 'she is a prize worth the winning. Is there her equal for beauty in London? You admit there isn't. Furthermore, she owns none of your excellent uncle's blood; and her name is Maud Lavelle, and I believe she has a fortune of a quarter of a million.'

The young man heard this with amazement. 'Not my uncle's daughter? Whose daughter is she, then?'

'Her mother's, of course. Mrs Loring is an American lady, and was a widow when your uncle married her. She has money, too, but it is her own, though Henry enjoys the income of it. I suppose the mother's money will eventually go to the daughter. Think of Priors Loring again, Arthur, with such a mistress as Maud Lavelle!'

The suggestion, touching as it did his own secret sentiment respecting this lovely girl, sent the blood coursing through Arthur Loring and mounting to his very forehead. 'Ah, well, uncle,' he observed presently with a sigh, 'it is no use thinking of such things. I have other

matters to attend to at present. I suppose Uncle Henry will not notice my card. Mrs Loring seems to be a—*a stern lady.*'

'She has been deceived, Arthur,' answered his uncle; 'and would have revolted if she had been able. But her husband inspires her with fear, and she is a mere slave to his will. So, for that matter, is her daughter. If Mrs Loring had the power to give him her money, he would have had every penny of it from her long since. It is a pity, for your sake.'

'What is a pity?'

'That the women have no will of their own. If they had, you could go in and win the girl in spite of him.'

'So, then, the case is this, uncle,' Arthur Loring replied with a bitter laugh—'that Miss Lavelle is not to be won without my uncle's consent. That's a hopeful prospect for me, is it not?'

'All the same, your father's son shouldn't be dismayed. I should try, if I were you.'

'And fail. But failure in such matters involves a good deal, Uncle Ralph; and I think I will spare myself the unhappiness. I have enough without it.'

DISCOVERY OF AN EARLY CHRISTIAN HOUSE AT ROME.

A DISCOVERY has been made of a unique description within the walls of ancient Rome, and that is of a house which belonged to Christians of the fourth century, as perfect as any of those that have been exhumed at Pompeii and Herculaneum. The house, with its painted halls, its baths, its cellars, its corridors, owes its preservation to very peculiar circumstances.

In A.D. 361, Julian—commonly known as the Apostate because he renounced Christianity and laboured to revive paganism—was desirous of having about his person and in his palaces only such men as sympathised with him. There were on his accession two chamberlains of the palace in Rome, named John and Paul, who were Christians. As they refused to renounce their religion, Julian sent orders that they should be strangled in their own house, buried in their cellar; and he gave out to the world that they had been banished. The truth, however, came out through their servants; and when a crowd of Christians went to visit their place of burial, soldiers were sent to disperse them and drive them from the house, three of them, two men and a woman, being killed.

Julian reigned but one year and eight months; and his successor, Jovian, a Christian, at once gave orders that a basilica, or church, should be erected over their tomb. This was done by a senator named Pammachius, the friend of Saint Jerome, son of the man to whom the commission was given. Later, in the Lombard invasion, the church was ruined, and was not rebuilt till the twelfth century.

Now it has been discovered that what Pammachius did was to use the old house, laying the floor of his church on the level of the first story, incorporating the walls into his church, and filling up all the ground-floor with earth and

stones, so as to assure a solid foundation for his pavement. All he really did in transformation was to knock away the floor above, and knock out one end of the house for the purpose of building an apse. Not only so; but when, in the twelfth century, Nicholas Breakpear, the English pope, rebuilt the church, he used all that remained of the earlier buildings, without altering them or destroying anything. But he had certainly no idea that under the floor was an almost intact ancient Christian mansion, though his builders must have found walls below the surface, which they strengthened, and built upon for their new structure. Unfortunately, side chapels were constructed in the seventeenth century, when the foundations were carried through the disturbed soil to the rock beneath.

The Padre Germano was the first to suspect what lay buried. He observed, on close examination of the south wall of the church, that it exhibited the peculiar appearance of the side of a modern house in a street of Edinburgh or London or Rome, with two rows of windows, one above the other, and a basement of arches. The whole were walled up with Roman bricks; but nevertheless were, when examined, found to constitute unmistakably the side of a house rising at one end to the height of thirty-six feet. In the lower story or basement were six arches. Seventeen feet above appeared the line of a floor, and that is the level of the actual floor of the church. The hill-side slopes rapidly from east to west, so that the level at the portico of the church to the east is seventeen or eighteen feet above the level of the ground at the west end. Above this arched basement appeared thirteen windows, all blocked with relieving arches in brick over them; and above these, again, signs of a second floor eleven feet six inches approximately; and then a row of thirteen more windows with their heads knocked off, and the wall of the church rising above and out of these broken windows.

Here, clearly, was the façade of an ancient house, consisting of a ground-floor and two upper stories, and this could only have been the house of the chamberlains, for from the fifth century there is documentary evidence as to the existence of a church on the spot. Moreover, on close inspection it appeared that the house had extended farther to the west by one more bay; but this had been destroyed when the basilica was built, the rugged ends of the wall being left.

The Padre Germano having come to the conclusion that he had found the façade of the house of the martyred chamberlains, next conjectured that the basement story remained fairly intact below the floor of the church. He proceeded to appeal for funds, and began to dig; by the spring of 1889 he had cleared out several vaulted chambers; and after some delay, caused by failure of funds, work has been resumed, and further discoveries will doubtless be made.

He soon proved to have come on the principal rooms of the house, the reception and dining rooms, and these have revealed walls painted richly in a style no way inferior to the best work at Pompeii. The plan of the house is very curious and intricate, and differs a good deal from the ordinary plan of a Roman house, the difference being probably occasioned by the rapid

fall of the ground, on the slope of Monte Celio, where the house of the chamberlains stood.

So far, four large chambers have been cleared, as well as two smaller ones—divans, we may call them—and a great deal of that portion of the house devoted to domestic purposes. One noble hall has a frieze of eleven nude figures holding festoons of flowers and fruit, each figure about three feet six inches high, drawn with perfect grace and mastery. Between the figures are peacocks and ducks pacing in easy attitudes, and birds fly above the garlands. The vaulting of this chamber is covered with an intricate pattern of vines trailing in all directions, with children picking grapes and scaring birds. One bird has pounced on a mouse, and is pecking it to death. This chamber belonged almost certainly to the house of the brothers' parents, and the painting to a period before the family embraced Christianity, not that there is any particular heathen symbol in the decoration, or that the early Christians objected to representations of the nude, but that the quality of the drawing is superior to the age of Constantine, and is determined to belong to the third century at the latest.

The Tablinum or grand reception room of the house, however, leaves no doubt as to the religion of the owners of the house. On the vault is represented Moses removing his shoes before he approaches the burning bush, also a woman with hands uplifted in prayer. In two places in the house are paintings representing a vessel of milk and two sheep, one approaching, the other turning away—a well-known symbolic representation found in the Catacombs, the vessel signifying the 'sincere milk of the Word,' which some receive and others reject.

The Padre Germano observed that the plaster of the wall, the plaster laid on to receive the painted decorations, was in one place raised in a sort of blister. He picked it, and from under the plaster came forth a leaden seal with the initials of Christ thereon. The Romans were wont to lay leaden seals stamped with the image of the Emperor in the foundations of their buildings. Here the plasterers must have held the leaden seal with the symbol of their Heavenly King with one finger against the wall, whilst they plastered over it, to fix it in place, to show to after-ages that the work had been done by Christians.

Two rooms were void of paintings; all the plaster had been picked off, and there were scratched figures and names on the wall: a ship—'Mayst thou live'—the names of visitors, some in Greek. Padre Germano concluded that this portion of the house must have been left open after the church was built; and that the plaster had been picked off by pilgrims. He conjectured, therefore, that he must be near the place of interment; and before long that was discovered, in the cellar, where was not only the white marble cist or box in which the bodies of the martyrs had been placed, but also a triangular corner table of white marble, standing on a marble pillar, with a hollow sunk like a basin in the top—in fact, the oil-lamp that burnt before their tomb. About this there is to be noted the curious fact that Pope Gregory the Great—the same who sent missionaries to England at the close of the sixth century—sent a present of relics

to Theodelinda, queen of the Lombards, and among them was 'oil from the confession of Saints John and Paul,' that is, oil taken from this identical lamp.

This cellar having been cleared of earth, Padre Germano noticed that the vault above had been rudely cut through, forming a rough hexagonal hole. Moreover, steps were found leading upwards; and these, on being cleared, led to a passage, at the end of which was a window with a grating, exactly over the place of burial of the martyrs. This was the window through which pilgrims let down ribbons to touch the tomb. But what was peculiarly interesting here was a series of paintings, representing on one side the martyrdom, on the other the figures of the martyrs themselves, and others, perhaps Pammachius himself and his wife, bringing baskets of offerings in their hands. As these paintings certainly belong to his time, and as he was a contemporary with the martyrs, it is not impossible that we have in this series actual portraits. That the ancient Romans were very particular about their family portraits we know; and indeed, already one white marble bust belonging to the family series has been found in this buried house.

Among the many objects of interest found besides, we can only notice that two of the wine-jars in the cellar have been found stamped with the Christian symbol; wine was probably contained in them set apart for sacred purposes.

In conclusion, we must point out that this discovery is absolutely unique. Many heathen mansions have been disinterred; but this is the only house that has been found that unmistakably belongs to Christians. In another way it is unique: it is the sole extant sample of a three-storied Roman house. One was uncovered at Pompeii, but the walls fell. Here the walls are intact, built into those of a church.

A HOT MORNING.

It was frightfully hot. The worst night we have had this hot weather; at least so H— says. But then she says that regularly every morning, and so the value of her observation is lessened. Still, it certainly was more stifling than usual last night. I got to sleep some time after two. The servants become abominably lively and talkative at night after their somnolence during the day, and their lines are close to the bungalow. The *syces*, or native grooms, squatting at the stable-door kept their hookahs bubbling merrily; and the kitchen-boy—a youth of education—regaled his brother Moslems with precepts from the Koran, intoned in the dismal minor chant which is the orthodox style of rendering such works. Then, after I had been asleep for a little, I was rudely awakened and requested to go and kick the punkah coolie. Now, of all things I hate getting out of bed in the dark: of course, I never can find my slippers; and even although it is only a frog that goes squelch under my naked foot, still it *might* have been a snake or a scorpion.

Having roused the erring coolie into a condition of comparative wakefulness, I took the opportunity to go across to the lines and threaten the kitchen-boy into silence and the hookahs with destruction. I stood in the compound for a

minute; there was not a breath of wind; the stars throbbed in the dusky blue as if threatened with heat-apoplexy. A watchman indulged in his peculiarly aggravating cough in a neighbouring compound. A faint chorus of jackals and frogs came over from the river, and the hum of mosquitoes was loud in my ears. On my way back to bed I came across my own watchman sleeping peacefully on his back in the veranda, his arms and legs stretched out on the cool stone. I placed my foot on his bosom; he gasped, squirmed, opened his eyes, and seeing me, relapsed at once into cringing apologetic servility. I again sought my couch. I believe I slept a little, for when I awoke it was gray dawn, and a lusty 'brain-fever' bird was busy at his matins in the pipal tree outside the window.

Reader, perchance you have been ill, and in the early morning, when sleep has first visited your eyes, you may have anathematised the doleful milkman or rumbling omnibus that destroyed your last hope of slumber. Think, then, what it is when the long hot wakeful night is over, and the breezes of daybreak at last bring some chance of repose, to have a fiendish bird sitting outside your chamber, singing or rather yelling to you by the hour the two words 'brain-fever,' in a maddening ascending fulsetto, varied by a reiterated scale of shrill whistles. Such is the pleasing songster that makes the Indian dawn hideous in the hot weather. A small inconspicuous fowl, seldom seen, and inhabiting the tops of the highest and thickest trees round the house, he cannot be driven away, and glories in his security. How often have I prowled under the trees in the early morning, with gun in hand and murder in my heart, nearly dislocating my neck in futile efforts to spot the enemy in his leafy stronghold shouting with glee at my discomfiture.

Well, I lie and listen, fascinated as I always am by the brute; watching the punkah flapping to and fro in the hot gray air. The mournful notes of the reveillé come faintly over to show that a new day has begun, and the smell of wood-smoke and of the eternal hookah is wafted into the room. From where I lie I can see through the mosquito netting over the open windows the yawning *khidmatgar* filling the kettle for our morning tea. The *syces* and grass-cutters are still handing round the hookah, and look as if they had been thus employed all night, while the native head-servant reclines on his bed at the kitchen door in an attitude more easy than graceful.

Perhaps it may be a little cooler in the veranda, and it is not worth while trying to sleep now, so I go out and throw myself into a long chair. On my appearance the head-servant scuttles into his house; and the grass-cutters gather up their ropes and knives and slink off into the jungle with that air of a beaten hound peculiar to the race. The crows are up and doing, watching the preparations for breakfast with keen interest. A particularly tame myna comes hopping into the veranda to see about this meal, at which it is a constant and favoured guest. Then Karim brings the tea, and the clatter of the cups summons H— and more crows. H— makes her remark about the weather; and the crows, in an expectant circle on trees and roofs, look on

hungrily, and make remarks too. The myna gets a bit of toast, and loses two or three more, owing to the superior dexterity of the crows. I object to encouraging these evil birds in this way. The myna does not overstep the limits of decorum; but the crows soon become impudently familiar, and grab things wholesale off the table, upsetting the milk-jug with their wings. So I call for Nettle to drive away the intruders. She appears from her usual resting-place, the cool moist stones of the bath-room, dragging her weary limbs along, with drooping ears and wagless tail. Poor little beast, she suffers terribly from the heat and from fever, which ailment is doubtless aggravated by the cold and damp of her chosen bed. She has not a bark left in her; so she makes a half-hearted dash at a crow, which merely jumps high enough to let the dog pass beneath it. Having thus done her duty, she subsides again, turning a deaf ear to all inducements to go after her favourite food, the lizards, which are scampering up and down the smooth walls like flies on a window-pane. She even betrays no emotion when a squirrel makes a desperate rush over the ground in full view from one tree to another, which opportunity of taking the squirrel at a disadvantage she is generally eagerly on the watch for. This particular squirrel and Nettle are old acquaintances, and many an exciting chase they have indulged in together. It must be even more thrilling for the squirrel than for the terrier, I should say, although Nettle has hitherto only arrived at the foot of the tree in time to bark fruitlessly at the squirrel, chattering in safety among the boughs over her head.

Our faithful *bhasti*, the one hard-working and deserving member in all the lazy retinue of Indian servants, staggers into the compound from the well across the road, with his huge goat-skin of water on his back. Presently the delicious gush of the cool water into my tub invites me to that greatest of all luxuries, one's morning bath in the hot weather. Kadr Bakshi, the regimental barber, hops over the low mud wall from the next compound, doubtless primed as usual with some choice morsel of scandal, which he straightway discharges into the heat-servant's attentive ears. For the barber, making his rounds of all the bungalows every morning, takes the place of the daily newspaper for the gossip-loving domestics, and like that periodical, improves and embellishes with practised hand each item of his intelligence.

Now the sun is up and waxing strong, and the crows are getting every moment more offensively energetic. The Indian crow revels in the scorching glare of its native sun. In the white, silent, stifling noontide, as you lie gasping under the punkah, no sound save his unmelodious voice breaks the stillness; and when no other bird or animal or human being can do aught but crawl, panting, into the deepest, darkest shade to be found, and lie there speechless and motionless, the crows are hopping nimbly about the compound, cawing and squabbling, or flying aimlessly round the roof, looking quite cool and happy in their glittering jet-black plumage, that you know must be hot enough to scorch the hand that should touch it. In fact, it seems a necessity to these winged salamanders that they be

heated up to somewhere near boiling-point before developing their full amount of diabolical activity.

Over the wall our next-door neighbour is visible among his plants. He is a little fat man, and looks at present like a huge mushroom as he stands half eclipsed under a pith-hat as big as an umbrella. He has a mania for that most unprofitable amusement, gardening in India; and his compound is wonderfully laid out in a complicated system of irrigation canals between beds of vegetables, which never seem to strike the happy mean between rank unwholesome luxuriance and stunted dryness. At anyrate I am sure his garden-produce does not pay the keep of the two big white bullocks that spend the day walking dreamily round the grousing, squeaking Persian wheel which draws the water from his well.

II—says she thinks she will go to the swimming-baths; but at the same time seems to doubt whether splashing about in the tepid water with a dozen other ladies, and drinking more tea there, will be worth the roasting drive she will have home. But the sight of my horse being saddled by the *syce* is a gentle reminder that work must be done although the mercury be over a hundred. So, leaving H— to make up her mind on the knotty question of the baths, I shout for the barber, who has been sitting patiently at the kitchen door for the last half-hour, and depart to dress.

ODD PAYMENTS IN KIND.

'SEND me a side of the pork!' was the conclusive reply of the American lawyer, when a hog-stealer whom his eloquence had saved from conviction proposed to reward the service with unsubstantial thanks in default of dollars. He cured as little for professional etiquette as the old Edinburgh doctor who plumed himself upon taking the unorthodox fee of a sack of potatoes from a moneyless patient. 'The man,' said he, 'was a poor man. We must be liberal. Our Master enjoins it upon us, and it is recommended in the admirable aphorisms of Hippocrates. The man had no money, so I had to deal gently with him, and take what he had; though, as a rule, I prefer the modern to the ancient exchange, *pecunia* instead of *pecus*.'

Not quite of the same mind was Richard de Betonye, the representative of the City of London in the parliament held at York by King Edward III. in 1328. Taking a fancy to a certain coverlet furred with mienver, valued at eight marks, which had come somewhat mysteriously into the possession of the City fathers, he was allowed to take it in part payment of the expenses he had been put to in his parliamentary capacity. Payment in kind was no unusual thing in Plantagenet times. Engaging Nichol to be his gardener of his 'manoir de la Sauvoye,' John o' Gaunt undertook to find such rails and fences as were necessary; but Nichol was to manure and work the ground at his own cost, and to receive twopence a day, and all the fruits and 'herbages' he raised, after supplying the requirements of time-honoured Lancaster's household. When a boat brought porpoise to the landing-

place at London Bridge, the bridge bailiff claimed the tails, fins, and entrails for his fee. Offenders even were mulcted in kind instead of coin. For threatening that if he caught the Mayor outside the City bounds he would ensure his never getting within them again, Roger Thorold was condemned to present the insulted dignity with a hundred tuns of wine; and in 1329, Robert le Bert, goldsmith, who had been sent with others with messages from the City to the king at Windsor, having taken upon himself to privily retire from the fellowship of his companions, was adjudged to pay one tun of wine to the chamberlain for the use of the commonalty; and he and John de Castelaere were bound over to keep the peace towards each other on pain of paying two tuns of wine to the same official for the like purpose.

When Sir Henry Pierrepont took up his appointment to the Recordship of Nottingham in 1603, the 'town' presented him with a gallon of white wine, a gallon of claret, a pottle of muscadine, a pottle of sack, a sugar loaf, with nine shillings, and twenty pennyworth of lemons. In the same year the Nottingham burgesses gave the Earl of Shrewsbury a veal, a mutton, a lamb, a dozen chickens, two dozen rabbits, two dozen pigeons, and four capons. As the record says nothing of any services rendered by Recorder or Earl, we suppose they were paid in advance, or in lively expectation on the part of the burgesses of favours to come.

Dear as he might be in one sense to all the country round, an old-time pastor of Crowthwaite could hardly be dear to his flock of Cumberland folk at an annual stipend of five pounds; a 'hardened sark' or shirt of coarse linen; the privilege of plying his knife and fork for a week together at any table in the parish; and the right of turning his geese on the public common. Better off were the clergymen of Virginia, who as late as the last century were paid for their ministrations in tobacco, since with a little trouble the weed could be converted into cash; a transformation not to be easily or profitably effected with ten feet of stove-pipe, three kegs of varnish, two packets of corn-starch, a felt hat, a paper collar, four palm-leaf fans, and two bundles of bed-sheets, which the trustees of a western Pennsylvania church handed over to their minister in full satisfaction of the arrears of salary due to the long-suffering man.

One can hardly imagine a procession of Irvingites, or a troop of upholders of the sacred lamp of burlesque, hurrying along that Thamesian thoroughfare the Strand, laden with fish, flesh, fowl, and other comestibles; but a singular sight on a small scale might have been seen here and there in the so-called palmy days of the drama, when poor players 'on circuit' were hard put to it to make both ends meet. Portsmouth-way, it was the usual thing for juvenile patrons of the theatre to tender eggs, fruit, or cabbages to the manageress and money-taker, who, taking the goods the would-be gods provided, passed them in on their disbursing twopence in current coin. Jemmy Whiteley owed his popularity as a strolling manager to his readiness in accepting anything eatable for as many admissions as it was fairly worth; making his 'treasury' resemble a general provision store. At a village on the sea-

coast his patrons brought him nothing but fish, and his company threatened revolt; so the next evening, after passing in nineteen people for a shad apiece, Jemmy stopped the twentieth comer with: 'I beg your pardon, my darling. I am extremely sorry to refuse you; but if we eat any more fish, by the powers, we shall all be turned into mermaids!'

Dollars would seem to be scarce with the Saints of Utah. When Brigham Young invited Mademoiselle Rita Sanganelle to appear at Montana, he fixed the charge of admission at one fowl, and a supplementary pigeon if the fowl was not so plump as it might be. The night's receipts amounted to seven hundred fowls and fifty pigeons; and the dancer had no reason to complain when she was paid their equivalent in cash, at the rate of sixteen shillings per fowl and nine shillings per pigeon; coming better off than the actor at the Salt Lake City theatre, whose takings on his benefit night consisted of corn in the ear, sweet-potatoes, young pigs, white mice, and two hundred axe-handles, for which he had to find a market himself.

Somebody avers that an American country journalist has but one way of keeping his subscription book—after this fashion. Tom Brown, eggs; Jack Smith, fish; John Jones, butter; Pat Brady, whisky; John Fitch, whisky; Henry Gray, meat; Bob Rowe, on house-rent; Jeff Pink, cash. There is some truth in the libel, a Kentucky editor announcing that any person bringing to the office twenty pounds of pork, or ten pounds of pork sausages, or two bushels of sound Irish potatoes, or four bushels of sound turnips, or ten good chickens, or ten pounds of good lard, or one bushel of sound onions, should receive his journal for twelve months—'for half the quantity, half the time;' while a Dakota man says: 'Two weeks ago we published a local, saying we would take all kinds of garden truck on subscription, the same as cash, until further notice. Well, this is the further notice. We have got enough of all kinds of vegetables to fill our cellar plumb full, and if we can rustle a few groceries, there is no doubt but that we will pull through the winter in pretty good shape. We have got it all figured out, and are pretty certain of two meals a day; and if our mother-in-law, who has just come, doesn't eat any more than we do, we can have three meals on Sundays.' Another Dakota journalist went more wily to work. He offered to send his paper for two years by way of a prize to the farmer sending in the best bushel of beet, potatoes, turnips, or other vegetables. The unsuspecting agriculturists took the bait, and the editor distributed his prizes impartially among them. A few of them got the paper free; and he rejoiced in the possession of no end of the finest vegetables raised in the country. He had no occasion to envy the gentleman who was so astonished at receiving, as a year's subscription to his paper, half a bushel of pease, a piece of pork, and ten cents in copper, that he straightway sat down and indited a glowing leader upon 'the resources of this great country,' and the prosperity prevailing among the horny-handed sons of toil.

Vandernyne the Dutch painter, going down to Mr Aisleby's place in Yorkshire to paint some

pictures for that gentleman, behaved in such a scandalous way that he was turned out of doors. Setting off for York, he interviewed a draper with whom his late patron had dealings to such purpose that he left the shop with a few hundred pounds, a goodly parcel of cloth, and a recommendation to a tailor living opposite, whom he forthwith favoured with his orders. These executed, the scampish artist became lost to sight by draper and tailor, although remaining in their memories and their books. Some months later, Mr Aisleshy informed the draper that his debtor was to be found at Scarborough, and the recovery of his money being hopeless, advised him to get a picture for it if he could. The defrauded tradesman looked up the defaulter, and obtained a large head of 'Satan after the Fall' in satisfaction of his debt; which, being exhibited in his shop window, drew so much custom that he did not begrudge its cost. Thereupon the tailor determined to follow suit, found his way to Scarborough, and entreated Vandermeyne to do by him as he had done by his neighbour; adding, that as his bill was so much smaller, he should be quite contented with 'a little devil.' This tickled the Dutchman amazingly, and setting to with his brush, he speedily settled the account.

The knight of the shears was not utterly shorn; he had something to show; a consolation denied the Turin restaurant keeper, whose admiration of the appetite displayed by a burly Benedictine suddenly sunk to zero upon that worthy intimating his intention of reciting a couple of masses for his host's benefit and crying quits; but be-
 thinking himself of his many sins, and also that he had no choice in the matter, the disgrusted purveyor accepted the situation and the offer, and showed his unprofitable customer to the door, inwardly vowing the while that he would never again be trapped into taking such payment in kind.

AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE rapid extension of those automatic machines which, for a small coin dropped into a slot, yield in return matches, postcards, cigarettes, sweetmeats, scent, photographs of celebrities, &c., or register correct weight, height, strength, or lung-power, call for no special comment on our part. Hardly a railway station or place of popular resort where the public may have a few unoccupied minutes of waiting, but is furnished with one or more of the latest products of mechanical genius, offering its various wares in exchange for a trifling fee. Report has it that these inventions produce handsome returns, and certainly the low working expenses incurred should conduce to render them a good investment for their proprietors.

A new form of Automatic Machine has recently been perfected, and should shortly be in active operation, which, as regards the complicated process it performs automatically, far surpasses anything yet achieved in this branch of mechanical science. The new automaton will take instantaneous photographs, delivering finished prints of the same in forty-five seconds. Such a result, more especially when secured for the

trifling sum of one penny, may well be considered marvellous.

The process may be briefly sketched. The patron of this latest mechanical triumph, after duly placing his penny in the slot provided for the purpose, takes his stand in front of the lens, fitted into a substantial box, and adjusts his position by a small looking-glass placed above the lens. He leans against a post or rail placed some three feet from the machine, and in about five seconds the ringing of a bell announces the completion of his sitting, whilst forty seconds subsequently his photograph is delivered to him by the machine, requiring only half a minute's exposure to the sun or a lighted match to dry and finish it. An additional halfpenny placed in another slot procures a frame for the photograph thus obtained. The prints are on tin plate, and measure one inch by one inch and a half, each machine being constructed to furnish five hundred prints before requiring replenishing.

The exact processes through which the plate passes from the time of its exposure to that of its delivery to the purchaser are not made public, forming, in fact, along with the precise nature of the chemicals employed, the patents and secret of the invention. Suffice it to point out that it may be assumed that the developing, fixing, and working incidental to all photographic reproduction are carried out by mechanical arrangements inside the box carrying the lens, which forms the 'dark room' for these operations.

A recent public demonstration of this wonderful piece of mechanism is stated to have furnished results in every particular most satisfactory; and certainly the inventor, who must have had many difficulties to contend against in grappling with the problem of dealing with several complicated processes without human manipulation, deserves success.

Doubtless, our readers will have an opportunity themselves of experimenting with this latest development of photographic and automatic science.

A TWILIGHT SONNET.

A BLUSH, a smile, a dusk sweet violet—
 And hopes like flowing waters slip away,
 Away—away—through golden, green, and gray,
 Till love meets ocean-love or hearts forget.
 A withered flower that once was dewy-wet,
 A dim dusk purple gathered by the way,
 And treasured till the summer day—our day
 Was clouded by the shadow of regret.

Twilight for dreams, the dun and dying glow
 Of flames that filled the home with love's broad light;
 After life's storm, the wavering to and fro
 Of waters, the remembered youth and might;
 And so from dreams to sleep, life's puppet-show
 Stilled by the falling curtain of the night.

C. A. DAWSON.

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LONDON OUT OF THE SEASON.

'SWEET are the uses of adversity,' says the poet. 'Ay, bitter-sweet,' say I. Figure to yourself a poor wretch condemned to spend the hottest part of the summer in stuffy London lodgings. It is a piping hot day in the middle of August. Every one who can scrape together a few pounds and slip for a time out of harness is taking flight: moorward, forestward, Parisward, seaward. I, for the poor wretch aforesaid is myself, more than half inclined to kick at fate and to be envious of the good fortune of others, betake myself to a restaurant for my mid-day meal. The perspiring waiters have hardly energy to hand the bill of fare and to brush the crumbs from the cloth. But the flies show no lack of activity. They are ubiquitous—almost as numerous in London as Germans—they drown themselves in your tea, in your tankard of bitter—nay, even in the mustard they insist on taking a pungent bath; and worst of all, they settle with maidenly iteration and pertinacity on the bald spot which barber Time has already begun to clear, and is day by day slowly but surely widening upon your crown. It is too hot to eat. Oh for one breath of sea-breeze or pure moorland air! Happy thought, the river! For, all said and done, London in summer is not without its compensations.

We embark on one of the new roomy steam-boats, which make us wonder how generation after generation of Londoners has been able to put up with the horrible little penny steamer of the past; and cheerfully pay our twopence, and head towards Chelsea. The gardens along the Embankment are in all their bravery. What can be pleasanter for the jaded eye to rest upon than the star-like single dahlia, far prettier, to my mind, than its flaunting double sister? The clock tower at Westminster looms large through the golden haze; and even the church in Smith Square—which Dickens likens to a prostrate elephant with its four legs in the air, and which is memorable as having looked down upon the

walks of Lizzie Hexam and Jenny Wren and old Riah—puts on an almost poetical appearance. On past Lambeth, which carefully hides its gardens from the view lest one should be surfeited with beauty, or become discontented with dusty glowing pavements; and past Millbank, whose inmates may at least be cool, if inmates there be who still survive the condemnation of this most ugly prison; and presently we arrive at Battersea. One may spend an hour more disagreeably than in wandering on the turf of the Park, or in winding about the paths of its admirably arranged and well-kept subtropical gardens. At Chelsea we disembark, and lounge for a few moments on the suspension bridge, languidly regarding a fussy little tug which is laboriously towing up stream against a strong tide a string of lumbering barges. Then we seek the shade of the gardens in Cheyne Walk, beneath the stern face of Carlyle, who looks down from his library-chair upon his pedestal in the midst of the shrubs. As the afternoon creeps on, a slight breeze springs up, and gives us heart to go on as far as the dark red brick tower of Chelsea Church, with its shrubs and flowers. At the end of the churchyard we are fronted by the somewhat commonplace-looking tomb of Sir Hans Sloane; and immediately opposite the gate—which is uncompromisingly shut and locked—a simple headstone to the memory of the printer Woodfall reminds us of the *Letters of Junius*, the question of whose authorship has proved a greater puzzle to the curious than a 'World' double acrostic. Then we pass along Church Row, and halt opposite the medallion which marks Carlyle's house, and, looking at the well-worn steps leading to his door, we try to picture to ourselves the many men, great in literature, art, or politics, whose feet have trodden them; and are almost prepared to see the door open, and the slouched hat, and cloak, and thought-worn face of the Master himself issue forth.

But the lengthening shadows warn us that it is time to be returning to the prison-house, and so we again embark, getting out at Westminster, and

following the Embankment, at present hideous with the buzz of the steam-roller and scrunching of granite; though we cannot but admire the type of relentless force and purpose afforded by the newly-invented scarifier, which ploughs steadily through the unbroken roadway, sometimes, at a specially hard bit, bringing up with a jerk and quiver the plucky little engine, whose ensign of the prancing horse—for it hails from Rochester—brings to our thoughts the hop-gardens of Kent, now in their full glory. The Strand is simply chaos, with its heaps of wooden blocks, and the trenches, hills, and hollows, for it is under repair; and the various companies—Gas, Water, Electric-lighting—are holding high revel, and exasperating almost to madness the Strand tradesman, who sees week after week the traffic diverted, his goods spoil by dust, and occasionally mud, and his profits steadily diminishing, while he has before him the pleasant prospect of insult added to injury in the shape of heavily-increased rates.

Later in the evening we come again to smoke a meditative pipe on the Embankment, and to enjoy what is one of the prettiest sights imaginable—sunset on the Thames. Looking eastward, through the spans of the noble Waterloo Bridge, we watch the steamboats appearing and disappearing through the haze; while high up, past the Temple and Cleopatra's Needle, and the colossal height of the new Savoy Hotel, we see the dome of the Cathedral almost floating in a sea of golden mist. At Charing Cross, the electric light is already throwing its white glare upon the busy platform; and after buying an evening paper, we stop to read a notice of a hop-pickers' train which starts at midnight, and carries the pickers for the small sum of two shillings and sixpence to the very heart of the hop-country. And so back to our solitary lodging—to the evening cup of tea, lingering a moment to get a box of vestas from the melancholy-voiced decayed gentleman in Villiers Street, and to exchange a word or two with the cheerful and contented-looking blind net-maker by St Martin's Church, and his clever but uncertain-tempered little Scotch terrier. In Seven Dials—almost regenerated, and no longer able to come up to its rival, the Five Points of New York, in the matter of unlawful attractions—we stop to look at the parrots and rabbits and dogs, and green lizards and snakes, and other live-stock whose presence makes itself felt by more senses than one.

Thence we move eastward, and make our way through Long Acre into Drury Lane, whose courts have poured forth their myriads into the street to get a breath of air. And a varied phase of human life it is, perplexing to the philanthropist, and deeply interesting to the student of life and manners. There has been a doubtless well-meant but questionably wise agitation lately against the employment of children in theatres; but any one studying the Drury Lane children, and remarking the smartness and neatness of those who are employed at the theatres, and seeing the graceful movements and hearty glee of the youngsters as they waltz or dance a hornpipe to the music of a barrel-organ, might well hesitate before aiding to cut off this source of joy to the little denizens of the grimy neighbourhood, and the welcome aid which winter-employment brings to many a poor

struggling family. But it is now late evening, and the cabs begin to roll up to the door of the Mogul Music-hall, bringing some star of comic song to play his or her part here, and rattle away swiftly to perhaps three or four more stages before the night's work is done.

And now in the solitude of my room memory begins to wake! What a mysterious thing memory is! A sight, a sound, an odour, and the march of time is arrested, the shadow goes back on the dial of Ahaz, and one's old life lives again. For my own part, the rustling of leaves, the tinkling of a sheep-bell, and the odour of a lime-kiln carry me back to the day that is gone, when I used to wander for hours upon a heath, now passed away, a victim to the rage for enclosure, and more than once was lost amid the gorse which overtopped my head like a veritable forest. And now, this same memory, stirred by the thoughts of Kent and the hop-picking, goes straying away far from the disagreeable present, and half lulled by the roar of Oxford Street traffic mellowed by distance, falls into a dreamy languor. Again I see the hop-gardens with their rich festoons and golden cones, and mark a youthful figure which shivers in the keen morning air as the horns resound through the frosty dawn to call the pickers to their work. The air is redolent of burning wood, whose blue smoke curls up from where the picker boils his kettle: again I hear the flip-flap of the village goodwife's pattens as she passes along the smooth trodden clay down the alley between the standing hops to the clearing where the busy hoplog has already wrenched up the poles, and arranged them handy to the bin where the family all set to work, even the child of three making-believe to play at work as she fills her basket, and gleefully adds its contents to the bin, to increase the number of tallies to be handed over by the measurer at mid-day, and to earn the promised lollipops.

And then at the dinner-hour again to go nutting in the thick hazel hedge which borders the field, or perhaps look in at the oast and admire the purple flame of the long brimstone-fed fire-places, which radiate from the centre like the spokes of a wheel; or, if the dryer be in a good humour after his dinner-cider, mount to the drying-floor, and watch him carefully rake the fragrant hop-flowers which cover the haircloth spread over the open lath floor, till the pungent odour of the brimstone makes us both glad to seek the open air; or, on another floor, listen to the scrape of the wooden shovel over the brown-stained, seed-covered boards, as the hops are shovelled into the gaping mouth of the 'pocket,' into which from time to time the disc of the press descends, for machinery has already ousted the human stamper, and only in old-fashioned farms does one see him half-buried in the fragrant showers, treading stolidly on till the long pocket with its quaint ears, for the purpose of hauling, becomes hard as iron, and is lowered from its distending ring to be sewn up with strong twine, stencilled with the prancing horse and its owner's name, and stowed on end against the wall in readiness for the market. Ah nie! long years ago. No hop-pickers' trains then, no pickers' tents hired from London by the farmers. A shed, a barn, and here and there among the more advanced reformers a row of huts which stood

open for the rest of the year, was all the shelter that the favoured few could obtain; I mean, of the outsiders who came down for the picking, for whom little love was felt by the regular hands—the families of those who worked on the farm, and, in out-of-the-way places, often those of a somewhat higher standing in life, who looked, and with reason, upon ‘hopping’ as a healthful outing, much in the same way that a wearied town worker now regards a fortnight or a month spent abroad or at the sea-side. Most of the outsiders tramped down, and the hedge-rows at night twinkled with lines of fires where the pickers cooked their potatoes, with perhaps a rasher of bacon, whose odour rose temptingly on the crisp evening air. And then the constant flow of ‘chaff’ which ran down the line as the evening pipe was lighted, preparatory to retiring to the straw-strewn barn, or the snug nook beneath the hedge, where the wearied picker slept till the cold of dawn woke him to boil his kettle, before the horn should summon him at six o’clock to a new day’s pleasant toil.

And the ‘Irishers,’ whose outlandish ways and convivial battles on Saturday nights or on payday considerably exercised the minds of the peaceful villagers. Well do I remember the two pretty sisters, Nora and Mary, who came to our house for a pinch of salt or pepper, or a kettle of hot water. Their history I was hardly old enough to know much of, but old enough to feel sorry when a year came which brought back Mary, looking ill and sad, but no Nora—she, poor girl, slept beneath the turf far away in the old village in South Ireland. And then the terrible cholera-year, when street after street in the market-town hung out its black flag to warn people not to pass that way, when the hop-pickers died off like flies in flocks, and the Roman and Anglican clergyman side by side stepped over the dead and dying, as they lay closely packed upon the straw, to give such consolation as was in their power. The churchyards then opened their gates to unaccustomed hosts of guests, for in these villages, except in rare cases of epidemic, funerals were few and far between; and great was the awe, not unmingled with curiosity, of the simple villagers as they regarded the funeral customs of the wilder western Irish—their *keening*, and the performance of the *deasil*, if that be the true name for their carrying the dead round the churchyard with the sun, or against it, I forget which.

And old Bob Hayes, most renowned of hop-dryers—for drying is a skilled process—even though he was half paralysed, and could only hobble on two sticks, for drink, that slayer of men, had already begun to lay him low—I wonder if he still hobbles on, or basks in some warm corner, or if he has already departed to a land where he needs no stick to prop his steps. Wherever he be, may the narcotic properties of his beloved hops medicine him to sweet sleep.

And the meadow in which were the springs whose rise or fall the farmers came to consult in the early year, in order to judge of the coming summer, whose banks were clothed with cowslips in May, and whose old nut-bushes were well laden in September. Ah! for that autumn afternoon when, tempted by those same nuts, we six deliberately refused to hear the voice of the

school-going bell, and spent a right happy time, to be followed on the morrow by direful results both at home and at school. How gladly would one pay over again the price for such another afternoon in childhood’s golden days! Alas! the shadow creeps on and on, and the day is far advanced. Of the five I made inquiries: such a one dead; another in a lunatic asylum; another in America; others gone and left no trace; and I, even I, alone remain.

Then the fishponds, along whose banks the White Lady sang as the evening mists arose, and where— But at this rate I shall never have done. And my mind comes back with a wrench to the sad reality that the flies are still buzzing, and that through my window I can hear the rattle of the dock-strikers’ collecting-boxes.

But one of these days I shall go again to see the old place, for, although it is much changed, it is still out of the ordinary track, is miles from a railway, has no School Board, and the most moving incident of its day is the passage of the carrier’s van.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE FORM OF AGREEMENT.

THE captain did not arrive, and we had the table to our-elves. Miss Temple was subdued, and her glances almost wistful. It gave me but little pleasure to humble her, or in any way to triumph over her; but I had made up my mind to be master whilst we were together, and not to spare her feelings in my effort to assert myself; and I may add here that I had determined, if it pleased God to preserve us, to make this noble and beautiful woman my wife. For I was now loving her, but so secretly, that my love was scarce like a passion even to my own reason; and the conclusion I had formed was that the only road to her heart lay behind the armour of her pride, which must be broken down and demolished if ever I was to gain her affection. And sure I was of this too: that she was of that kind of women who need to be bowed by a strong hand into a submissive posture before they can be won.

We spoke very little; the captain’s cabin was not far off, and the knowledge of his being in it held us very taciturn. However, we made amends for our silence after we had supped and regained the deck. She was now to be easily convinced that our best chance of escaping from this barque was for me to fool the captain to the top of his bent, that he might carry us to Rio; and before long she was even talking cheerfully of our prospects, asking me in a half-laughing way how we were to manage for money when we arrived at Rio, whether I had any friends there, and so on.

‘There are my jewels,’ she said; ‘but I should be very sorry to part with them.’

‘There will be no need to do that,’ said I. ‘I have a few bank-notes in my pocket which I think may suffice. There is an English consul, I suppose, at Rio, and he will advise us.’

Talk of this kind heartened her wonderfully. It gave her something happy and hopeful to think about; in fact, before we went below she

told me that she now preferred the idea of proceeding to Rio to the old scheme of going aboard a ship bound to England.

'I shall be able to purchase a few comforts,' she said; 'whereas I might be transferred to some horrid little vessel that would occupy weeks in crawling along the sea, and in all that time I should be as badly off as I am now.—Do the ladies in South America dress picturesquely, do you know? I should like to be romantically attired on my arrival home. How my dearest mother would stare! What colour a long Spanish veil and a dress of singular fashion would give to my story of our adventures.'

And so she talked.

It was a very calm and lovely night, with the moon, a few days old, going down in the west. The breeze held everything silent aloft; a murmur as of the running of a fountain floated up from alongside as the white body of the little barque slipped through the darkling waters brimming in a firm black line to the pangled sky of the horizon. The captain had arrived on deck at eight, but he kept to the after-part of the poop, nor once addressed us, often standing motionless for ten minutes at a time, till he looked like some ebony statue at the rail floating softly up and down against the stars to the delicate curtseying of his little ship. I seemed to notice, however, yet without giving much heed to the thing, an indisposition on the part of the watch on deck to coil themselves away for their usual fine-weather naps. From time to time, though dimly, there would steal aft a hum of voices from the black shadow upon the deck past the galley. Once a man kindled a phosphorous match to light his pipe, and a small group of faces showed to the flash of the flame, so to speak, as it soared and sunk to the fellow's sucking at it; but I found nothing in this to arrest my attention saving that I recollect asking Miss Temple to notice the odd effect produced by the coming out of those faces amid the dusk; for one saw *them* only and no other portion of the men's bodies.

We walked to the companion to leave the deck. I scarcely knew whether or not to call a good-night to the captain, so absorbed in thought did his motionless posture express him. But as Miss Temple put her foot upon the steps, he quietly cried out: 'Are ye going to bed?'

'Yes, captain,' I answered; 'and we wish you a very good-night.'

'A minute,' he sung out, and came to us. He seemed to peer into Miss Temple's face, that showed as a mere faint glimmer in the starlight, the moon being then sunk, and addressing me, exclaimed in a voice but a little above a whisper: 'I suppose you have told the lady everything, Mr Dugdale?'

'Yes,' I answered; 'my oath allowed for that, you know.'

'Certainly,' said he.—'It's a grand opportunity for money-getting, mem. The bract of you know more than the wife of my own bosom has any suspicion of. Never once have I opened my lips to Mrs Braine about that there money.'

'I had hoped you would have transferred me to a homeward-bound ship,' said Miss Temple.

'You don't want to be separated from your sweetheart, do you?' he exclaimed.

This was a stroke to utterly silence her. I believe she had spoken from no other motive than to finesse, that the captain might suppose her as sincere in her belief of his story as I was; but this word *sweetheart* was like a blast of lightning. What her face would have exhibited if there had been light enough to see it by, I could only imagine.

'It grows late, captain; good-night,' said I, pitying her for the confusion and disorder which I knew she would be under.

'Have you been thinking over the tarns of that letter we were talking about?' said he.

'Yes,' I answered. 'I'll pay your cabin a visit after breakfast and write it out.'

'Very well, sir. That and the agreement about the division of the money too. I shall want to shift my helm for Rio to-morrow.'

He left us, and we descended in silence, nor did Miss Temple speak a word to me as we made our way to our gloomy deep-sunk quarters, excepting to wish me good-night.

I slept well, and rose next morning at seven to get a bath in the head. There were a few sailors cleaning up about the decks, and as I passed them on the road to the cabin, I could not fail to observe that they eyed me with a degree of attention I had never before noticed in them. Their looks were full of curiosity, with something almost of impudence in the bold stare of one or two of them. What, I reflected, can this signify but that the fellow Wilkins overheard everything that passed between the captain and me, and has carried the news into the fore-castle. So much the better, I thought; for should the captain come to guess that the men had his secret, the suspicion must harden him in his insane resolve to carry the barque forthwith to Rio to get rid of his crew.

When Miss Temple came out of her berth there was a momentary touch of bashfulness and even of confusion in her manner; then a laughing expression flashed into her eye. As we repaired to the cabin we exchanged some commonplaces about the weather. The captain joined us at the breakfast table. I thought he looked unusually haggard and pale, appearing as a man might after a long spell of bitter mental conflict. He had been on deck since four o'clock, he told us, and had not closed his eyes during the previous four hours of his watch below.

'I get but little sleep now,' said he with a long trembling sigh.

'Were you ever at Rio, Captain Braine?' asked Miss Temple.

'No, mem.'

'I suppose I shall easily find a ship there to carry me home?' said she.

He stared at her and then at me; and then said, looking at her again, 'Don't you mean to go along with him?' indicating me with a sideways jerk of the head.

Her eyes sought mine for counsel.

'It will be a question for you and me to discuss, captain,' said I. 'With all due deference to Miss Temple, it may be you will come to think that the presence of a lady could but encumber us in such a job as we have in hand.'

'Ay, but she has my secret!' said he swiftly and warmly.

'Your secret is mine, and my interests are hers—you know that?' I exclaimed.

'What are the relations between you?' he asked.

A blush overspread Miss Temple's face and her eyes fell.

'Ask me that question presently, captain,' said I, laughing.

He continued to stare slowly at one or the other of us, but remained silent. Presently he rose.

'I've made out that document consarnin' shares,' said he; 'perhaps you might now come with me and con-coct the letter you want me to sign.'

'Very well,' I answered; 'Miss Temple is to witness your signature, and you will allow her to accompany us?'

For answer he gave her one of his astonishing bows, and the three of us went to his cabin. He opened the drawer that contained the chart of his island, and produced a sheet of paper, very oddly scrawled over.

'I made this up last evening,' said he; 'jest see if it'll do, Mr Dugdale. If so, I'll sign it, and ye can draw me up a copy for my own keeping.'

'Miss Temple will have to witness this too,' said I, 'so I'll read it aloud:

"Barque *Lady Blanche*.

At Sea (such and such a date)

I, John Braine, master of the barque *Lady Blanche*, do hereby agree with _____ Dugdale, Esquire, that in consideration of his serving me as chief-officer for a voyage to an island situate in the South Pacific Ocean, latitude 33° 16' S, longitude 120° 3' W., unnamed, but bearing due south-west from Easter Island, distant _____; I say that in consideration of your helping me to navigate this ship to that there island, and from there to Port Louis, in the island of Mauritius afterwards, the said John Braine do hereby undertake to give and secure to the said Dugdale, Esquire, by this here instrument as witnessed, one whole and full third of the money now lying buried in the above-said island, whereof the amount, as by calculation allowed, is in Spanish pieces from 180 to 200,000 Pounds. Witness my hand and seal."

It cost me a prodigious effort to keep my face whilst I read, almost tragical as was the significance of this absurd document to Miss Temple and myself, as forming a condition, so to speak, of the extraordinary adventure fate had put us upon. I durst not look at her for fear of bursting into a laugh. The man's strange eyes were fixed upon me.

'Nothing could be better,' said I.—'Now, sir, if you will kindly sign it—and I will ask you, Miss Temple, to witness it.'

He turned to seat himself; the girl's glance met mine; but Heaven knows there was no hint of merriment in her face. She was colourless and agitated, though I could perceive that she had a good grip of her emotions. The captain signed his name with a great scratching noise of his pen, then made way for Miss Temple, whose hand slightly trembled as she attached her signature to the precious document. It was now my turn; in a few minutes I had scribbled out a

form of letter addressed to myself guaranteeing me immunity from all legal perils which might follow upon the captain's piratical deviation from his voyage. This also he signed, and Miss Temple afterwards put her name to it as a witness.

'I'll take copies of these,' said I, 'at noon, after helping you to work out the sights.'

I opened the door and followed Miss Temple out. We got under the short awning on the poop and lounged away the morning there. I observed that Mr Lush frequently directed his eyes at me as he paced the weather deck. To my accost he had satisfied himself with returning a surly 'marning,' and we spoke no more. He seemed unable to view me attentively enough to satisfy himself without growing offensive by staring.

'I hope that fellow,' I whispered to Miss Temple, 'may not thwart my Rio programme. Yet I don't see how he could do so. The barque wants a chief-mate, so the captain contends. It is no falsehood; the need would by all sailors be regarded as an imperative one. Still, I hate that surly fellow without exactly knowing why.'

'Do you notice, Mr Dugdale, how those men yonder are constantly looking this way?'

'Yes. As I have explained to you, Master Eavesdropper Wilkins has reported all he heard; and the Jacks understanding at last that their skipper is a madman, are wondering what on earth is going to happen next. They'll be glad, you'll find, to learn that we're heading for Rio when the course is changed. They'll report the skipper as insane, and end our difficulties out of hand for us.'

'I hope so indeed!' she sighed.

Well, for the rest of the day nothing happened worth relating. I took an observation with the captain, worked it out in his cabin, and made draughts of the two extraordinary documents. When we had calculated our situation, he went on deck, and by a tell-tale compass in his cabin I perceived that he had changed the barque's course. Simultaneously with this, I heard the men bracing the yards more forward, and the heel of the barque slightly sharpened to the increased lateral pressure of the fresh breeze upon her canvas. I hastened on deck when I had done my copying to observe the crew's deportment; but in the manner of the few men who were about I witnessed nothing to lead me to suppose that they made anything of this sudden change of course.

When I told Miss Temple that we were now heading as close as the wind would let us lie for the South American port she instantly grew animated; her eyes brightened, a look of hope and pleasure entered her face, and her voice was full of cheerfulness. The captain, on the other hand, grew gloomier as the day advanced. During his watch on deck from twelve to four he paced the planks without any intermission that I was sensible of, walking nearly always in the same posture, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed; and with his long black hair, yellow face, and blue gills he needed nothing but the dress of a monk to look one, rehearsing his part for the cloisters.

Some dinner was taken to him on deck; but I saw Wilkins afterwards carry the dishes forward,

and the food appeared to me untouched. At the supper hour he came to the table, but neither ate nor drank. During the greater part of the sitting he kept turning his eyes first on one and then on the other of us with a dim sort of strained interrogative expression in his stare, as though he was struggling with some degree of suffering to dislodge an imagination or idea out of a remote secret cell of his brain and bring it forward into the clear light of his understanding. He seemed to find Miss Temple's presence a restraint. Sometimes, after eyeing me he'd start as if about to speak, but instantly check himself with a glance at the girl, whilst his face would darken to some mood of irritation and impatience.

Another gloriously fine night followed sunset that day with a brighter and longer-living moon, and a gushing of breeze that melted through and through one with the delicious coolness that it brushed off the waters and gathered from the dew. The carpenter was in charge of the deck. He was standing at the rail abreast of the wheel, when it occurred to me to accost him, that I might gather from his replies what notions had been put into his head by the captain having changed the course. I had Miss Temple on my arm, for the deck was hardly safe for her without some such support. We went to the binnacle, and I took a peep at the card, then crossed over to the carpenter.

'Good-evening, Mr Lush. A rattling breeze this! Since Rio is our destination, such a draught as this should put us in the way of making it smartly, off her course as the barque is.'

'I suppose you know what we're a-going there for?' he answered in a gruff tone of voice, that left me in doubt as to whether he intended a question or not.

'You are second mate, and of course are in the captain's confidence.—What should I know that you don't?'

'Ah, what?' he exclaimed in a voice like a dog's growl.

Miss Temple slightly pressed my arm, as though she would have me walk away.

'A vessel like this wants a chief-mate,' said I, 'some one who knows what to do with the sun and stars.'

'Oh, then, you're acquainted with the reason why we're going to Rio?' said he in a tone of such impudent sarcasm, that without another word I rounded on my heel and led Miss Temple forward.

'You know,' said she, 'that *he* knows you have learnt the captain's motives, if it be true, as you suppose, that Wilkins has repeated to the men what he overheard; why, then, do you feign an ignorance that can only excite the creature's suspicions?'

'Suspicious of what?'

'That you are acting a double part: with the captain for the sake of his buried money, and with the crew for the sake of your safety.'

'You put it shrewdly, and I am fairly hit,' said I. 'I wanted to get at the fellow's mind, if he has any; it did not occur to me for the moment that he would know through Wilkins of what had passed in the cabin. That is to say if he *does* know; for after all, Wilkins may not

have overheard everything, and for aught we can tell he may not have repeated a syllable of the little that he managed to collect through that bulkhead. No matter, Miss Temple. A fortnight more, please God, and we shall be able to write the word *finis* to this passage of our adventures.'

'I shall scarcely know myself again,' she exclaimed cheerfully, whilst she extended her disengaged white hand to the sheen in the air flowing from the stars and scar of moon, 'when I put my rings on once more. What an experience! How improbable, and how consistently possible and horribly absolute!'

WITCHCRAFT IN EAST ANGLIA.

IN the heart of the East Country lies a large pleasant village, 'seated,' as guide-books say, 'upon an eminence.' The name of this rural spot is Fressingfield, situated in that part of Suffolk known as 'High Suffolk.' The eminence of Fressingfield is more than physical or merely local. East Suffolkers boast that the neighbourhood—'the parishes,' par excellence—affords the finest scenting and the soundest riding country in East Anglia, rivalling—they maintain surpassing—that plough paradise, 'the Essex Roothings.' And even beyond 'simple Suffolk' has the fame of Fressingfield been whispered in 'the long ago.' Was not a great Archbishop—Sanicroft of Canterbury—born and buried there; and the East Country dramatist, poor reckless Robert Greene, made 'merry Fressingfield' the scene of his best play. 'The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungy,' played by her virgin Majesty's servants, and sold at the shop by the little north door of Paul's at the sign of the Gun in 1594, might be well worthy of revival now.

Ancient this eminent parish, an inquiry was lately held before the county coroner. The evidence comes as a revelation of the light and leading of our peasantry. The inquest was at Fressingfield, touching the death of Edith Margaret Hammond, aged eleven weeks, daughter of Ben Hammond, farm-labourer. The coroner, in opening the inquiry, stated that as a surgeon had certified that it was impossible to account for death from his external examination, and as there were said to be some suspicious circumstances, he had authorised a post-mortem to be made before the opening of the Court.

Ben Hammond, the father, deposed that the deceased child had seemed healthy, except having a slight ailment a short time since, for which she was attended by a doctor, and from which she soon recovered. Previous to last Friday, the child and her mother had for several days been at the house of the mother's father, George Corbyn. Mrs Corbyn was stepmother to his (the witness') wife, and she had the reputation of being a witch. Mrs Corbyn died on Saturday, having stated that witness and his wife would not have the child long, after her death. The child seemed very queer on Friday, and early on Saturday morning was taken home in a perambulator by himself (the witness) and his wife. On the way they noticed smoke issuing from the perambulator, and the child died after arrival home.

Then Sarah Hammond, the mother, gave her evidence. She said that when she took the child out of the perambulator, the clothing was hot and dry, and smelt of brimstone. She had no doubt but that the child's death was due to witchcraft and wickedness.

George (Corbyn), the grandfather, was also called. He gave it as his opinion that his late wife had the powers of a witch; he, in consequence, used always to try to do what she wanted him! This was all the non-scientific evidence.

The medical witness, Mr Smart, surgeon, stated that he had found marks, around which the skin was hard and brawny, with a few scattered vesicles or blisters; thus he thought was caused by some irritant—such as, for instance, a poultice or flannel applied too hot. The post-mortem did not show the cause of death; the stomach was empty, and there was nothing to submit for analysis. He thought it probable that death was due to shock occasioned by the local irritant which had caused the marks referred to. Upon this evidence the jury found that 'deceased came to her death from shock to the system, caused by the external application of some irritant, the nature of which there was not sufficient evidence to show.'

Does not it all—the smoke, the smell of brimstone, the reputation of being a witch, the sense of certainty in the minds of near relatives that the death was caused by witchcraft and wickedness—read like some trial in the middle ages? Only one false note in its consistency—the prosaic modern perambulator. And poor George Corbyn! What proof more conclusive could man give of wifely witchery than that 'in consequence he used always to try to do what she wanted him'? If the poor woman had not timely died, we might soon have looked for a yet more tragic report: that she had undergone the old ordeal, and been ducked in the nearest pond.

How strange this grotesque superstition seems to educated people now; yet it is not so very long ago that at Bury St Edmunds, in the same county, Sir Matthew Hale—a most conscientious and, for his times, enlightened judge—sentenced two widow women, Rose Cullender and Amy Dany, to be burned for bewitching children. His lordship's charge to the jury contained these words: 'That there are such creatures as witches, I make no doubt at all; the Scriptures affirm it; and the wisdom of all nations has provided laws against such persons, which is, to my thinking, an argument of their confidence in such a crime.'

The evidence in this trial of one witness—no less a man than wise Sir Thomas Browne—is also noteworthy; his opinion was then the same as stated in *Religio Medici*: 'For my part I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches. They that doubt of these do not only deny them, but spirits, and are, obliquely and upon consequence, a sort not of infidels, but atheists.'

Among our country cottagers, faith in witchcraft not only survives here and there, but is in some parts even widely prevalent.

A Suffolk labourer was taken ill. 'Well, what's the matter, C.?' asked an old friend and visitor. C. was very mysterious; he did not rightly know,

&c.; but being pressed, he said at last, that as he surely should soon be 'laid by the wall,' he might as well tell the whole truth—which evidently was a burden on his conscience. He had fared wonderful bad, he said, and went to see a 'wise woman,' who gave him cowhairs to mix with his drop of beer. She must have been a false woman, and he felt it would be the death on him.

Again, a poor Suffolk mother, whose child was ill, had consulted another 'wise woman.' The witch had told her to fill a saucer with milk and put it out abroad at night; if a weasel drank some of it, she was to give what it left to the child; or failing that, she should drag the child by the hair through a thick prickly hedge!

Again, an old man in Norfolk had the ague. A friend, he narrated, promised that his old uncle, who lived a day's distance off and was a 'wise man,' should cure him. The friend was then starting to drive to his uncle's, and would not get to him before next afternoon. Next afternoon, wonderful to relate, the ague ceased all of a sudden; and the patient had not the slightest doubt it was 'drove out of him' by the 'wise' uncle's witchcraft. Superstition is hard to kill.

WELL WORTH WINNING.

CHAPTER II.—MAUD.

ARTHUR LORING sat down to his breakfast with the resolution that if no message came from his uncle he would proceed straight to Charing Cross and enlist with a sergeant of hussars whom he had noticed near the National Gallery. This act would cut the knot of his anxieties and separate him effectually—under another name—from the harassment of his present situation and every vain thought of Maud Lavelle.

There was a certain desperate comfort in the prospect, from which he was drawing that satisfaction that comes from a mind made up, when the landlady's little girl came in and put a letter on the table. It was a civil invitation from Mr Henry Loring to call at his office between two and five and to dine at Cadogan Square in the evening.

'I will go,' he said, 'and find out what he means. I wish I could see Uncle Ralph first, but it is impossible.—Perhaps, after all,' his thoughts suggested to him later on, 'it might be wiser to pass by his office and go straight on to the sergeant. My uncle has no love for me, and—'—There was a certain danger ahead, which for the moment he possessed sense enough to appreciate; yet it was the fatal fascination of that very danger that was drawing him on towards his enemy.

The same supercilious clerk took his card, looked from it to Loring with cool surprise, and tossing it to a junior, directed him to take it to 'the secretary.'

Now Arthur Loring thought this proceeding an insult, and it was with no very gracious feeling he presently followed the junior into an adjoining room with the word 'Secretary' on the door.

The secretary looked at him with an expression of cold curiosity when he entered. Loring was not even invited to take a chair, an incivility

which he overlooked in recognising the secretary as the same gentleman whom he had seen in the carriage with Miss Lavelle.

'Well, Mr Loring,' observed the secretary, referring to the card, 'can I do anything for you?'

'Not that I am aware of,' said Arthur. 'I have called to see my uncle, Mr Loring, with whom,' he added, catching at the business formula, 'I have an appointment.'

'Ah, an appointment?' said the secretary doubtfully. 'Mr Loring generally advises me of his appointments, and I was not aware of this one. Are you sure it was for to-day? Perhaps, however, if you will state your business to me.'—

'Perhaps, sir,' interrupted Arthur, 'you would have the goodness to send my card to Mr Loring? My business is with him, and I need not trouble you further.'

'Well,' said the secretary coolly, 'if you will wait outside, I shall see. One of the clerks will give you an answer.'

The secretary, smarting from the brief encounter, laid the card on his table for a quarter of an hour before he rang for the clerk to take it in.

The clerk came for Arthur Loring just as he was putting on his hat to go; and he was ushered into the presence of his uncle, whom he saw standing on the hearthrug, waiting for him with a smile most unpleasantly like a grin.

'So you have bid adieu to Priors Loring, Arthur,' he observed, fixing his eyes on the young man's face. 'Have you any plans for the future? I suppose your expensive education is not thrown away?'

'You know the value of an expensive education, uncle,' said Arthur courageously, 'when you want to earn bread by it. It is not worth much.'

'Do you want me to help, or merely to advise you? I presume it was not out of mere courtesy you left your card at my house.'

'I want to earn my living,' said the young man, swallowing a lump in his throat. 'I want no further help than to be put in the way of doing so.'

'Very well,' replied Mr Loring quietly; 'I will do as much as that for you. But the salary you will be worth—for a long while yet—will hardly keep you in the clothes you have been used to.'

'I want no more than I may be worth; and I mean to live upon it, be it ever so little, without disgracing either yourself or your office.'

'You will come to dinner this evening, of course? Very well.—And now let us understand each other, Mr Arthur Loring. I may ask you to my house again; but you will clearly understand that no intimacy shall ever exist between you and me. There is that in the past which does not allow it.'

In this sentiment Arthur fully concurred, but from another point of view. What followed rather took him by surprise.

'When I speak of intimacy, I refer only to myself. With my wife and daughter you may be as intimate as they, and your opportunities, permit. You see I am not unreasonable or unjust. Am I quite understood?'

'I think so, sir.'

'You have met my wife and daughter already, I understand. Perhaps I ought to explain why they went to Priors Loring. It is because I do not intend to allow the house I was born in to be occupied by strangers. I have more reverence for the old roof-tree than your father had, who brought it to this sad pass.'

'Then you have rented the house, sir?'

'I have rented it, pending another arrangement whereby I shall possess it.'

'It is not for sale.'

'What have you to do with it, that you should know whether it is or not?' he demanded sharply.

'Nominally, at least, it is still mine, although that, I admit, amounts to very little.'

'You have been talking to my brother Ralph,' said Mr Loring. 'But if you take my advice yourself, you will avoid your uncle Ralph; his counsel will be of as little value to you as it has been to himself.'

Arthur Loring had all this while been standing, and now he thought the interview had gone far enough, and observed: 'If it is your intention to give me a trial in your office, sir, I should be glad to know when I am to come here again?'

'Mr Longfield, the secretary, will arrange that with you; he has entire control of the office.' He touched a bell, and the secretary came in. 'This young gentleman, Arthur, is my nephew, Mr Arthur Loring. Hornby may leave the office this day week, and you will put Mr Loring in his place, or at such other work as you deem best.'

'Very well,' said the secretary, without deigning to glance at the young man; 'let him be here this day week at half-past nine.'

Arthur Loring went down the stone stairs full of shame and mortification, and hall tempted to go back and decline to serve under two such men as his uncle and the secretary. But now that he had gone so far he set his teeth with the resolution to follow it up. That secretary, especially, he felt to be his enemy.

Arthur made the most of his opportunities that evening. The secretary was there; and during dinner Arthur exerted himself to the utmost in his attention to the mother and daughter; and as Mr Loring seemed secretly amused, they gave themselves freely to the enjoyment of their guest's good spirits and constant rattle of small-talk. After he had held open the door for them to withdraw, he returned, and rested his elbows on the edge of the table.

'Won't you take some wine, Arthur?' said his uncle.

'I don't care for any wine; but if you don't mind, uncle, I will join the ladies?'

'All right,' said Mr Loring; 'we shan't be very long after you.'

Arthur Loring proceeded to the drawing-room, where he found Miss Lavelle alone. The girl gave a little start of surprise, and looked pleased.

'Mamma has gone up for a handkerchief,' she said. 'You have left the dining-room very soon, Mr Loring. Will they not think you unsocial?'

'And what will you think me, Miss Lavelle?' he asked. 'I hope, not intrusive?'

'Oh no,' she said.

'Will you tell me now,' he asked, 'what you think of Priors Loring?' 'Shall you like to live there?'

'I have never been in so lovely a place, Mr Loring.'

'When are you going down to live there?'

'Oh, I don't know at all,' she answered, looking frightened, as he thought.

'You will grow attached to Priors Loring. Wait until you know it better, and have seen the woods in their full dress: there isn't another place like it in England. I wish I was there to show it to you, I know it so well!'

He spoke with a little enthusiasm, for a very light touch of the subject made his heart warm; but Miss Lavelle recalled him to sober reality by an innocent suggestion.

'Perhaps you will come down—perhaps Mr Loring—she never spoke of her mother's husband as her father—will ask you to come down and stay a while with us. I should be so glad.'

'Thank you, Miss Lavelle. No; my uncle will not ask me down to Priors Loring; and if he did, I could not accept his invitation, even to meet you.'

'Oh, I beg your pardon, indeed, Mr Loring,' she quickly said, pink with distress. 'I did not think of what I was saying.'

'There is nothing to pardon. But I shall never stand in Priors Loring again.'

'Isn't "never" a long time, Mr Loring?' she inquired with a pretty smile, 'and you are not very old as yet.'

'True enough; but even earlier in life, people often have to say "never"—something is always coming to an end, you know—like this pleasant little conversation,' he added, as Mrs Loring returned to the drawing-room, and the other gentlemen came in. Mr Longfield, with a glance of contempt at Loring, walked over and seated himself beside Miss Lavelle on the couch.

Arthur Loring was taken aback for a moment by this proceeding. He was standing by the couch, and the situation became awkward for a minute or two, until, in spite of his self-control, the blood mounted to his face, and he moved away to where Mrs Loring sat. Longfield laughing softly as he retired—either at him or at something else—made his ears tingle, and gave him the first inspiration of a craving for retaliation, which afterwards led to singular results.

The rest of the evening was wretchedly uncomfortable. Mr Henry Loring stood mostly on the hearthrug, a silent observer of the scene. What he thought of it, no one could guess from his inscrutable face. Longfield was whispering to Maud Lavelle; and Arthur Loring doing his painful best to maintain a conversation with the cold and reserved mistress of the house. Perhaps an unexpected, and it may indeed have been unconscious, cordiality in her manner of saying good-night was a tribute to the spirit with which he had carried off a trying hour; perhaps, on the other hand, Mrs Loring was glad it was over.

Arthur, considerably on his mettle now, did not allow himself to be annoyed or abashed by the man's supercilious stare as he approached to take leave of the younger lady.

'Good-night, Miss Lavelle,' he said in his pleasantest manner, 'or—will you let me say Maud, for we are cousins, you know?'

'Oh, certainly,' answered the girl, taken a little by surprise, but reddening and smiling at the same time.

'Thank you, Maud.—Good-night.'

Returning Mr Longfield's courtesy by forgetting to notice him, Arthur took a cheerful leave of his uncle and went away.

There was a minute's silence. Miss Lavelle rose and went to her mother. Then Mr Longfield, recovering from his temporary stupefaction, observed: 'Well, I admire that impudence! I wonder you allowed it, Maud.'

That the girl possessed some spirit her suddenly rising colour made manifest, without the sharp rejoinder which she made to this observation.

'Mr Loring is a gentleman,' she said, 'and my cousin.'

'A gentleman, is he?' replied Longfield. 'I should hardly have thought it.'

'Perhaps you are not a good judge,' the girl quietly retorted; and then she and her mother retired.

Arthur Loring, singular to say, was in excellent spirits as he walked out into Sloane Street from the square—he was satisfied that he had given Mr Longfield a good knock-down, and his gratitude to Maud Lavelle for permitting him knew no bounds.

'She's a glorious girl!' was his fervid thought as he halted a minute, looking back into the square. 'Oh Maud, Maud! does that cad mean you to be his?'

That the 'cad' meant it, there could be no doubt; and indeed it looked as if the matter were already removed beyond the province of speculation. The conviction made Arthur Loring smart; but his step was firm and elastic, and he carried his head defiantly as he walked up the street and turned into King's Road.

From the opposite side of the street he saw light in the window of his uncle's sitting-room, and he immediately crossed the road and obtained admittance.

'Well, Arthur,' inquired Ralph with considerable curiosity, 'how did it come off?'

'Delightfully, uncle,' the young fellow dryly answered, throwing himself in a chair and stretching his rather long legs.—'Do you know, I wished you were there.'

'It's a pity I wasn't. Perhaps, if you gave him a hint, Henry might invite me next time you dine there!' The old fellow seemed to enjoy the fancy.

'I'm afraid that will never happen, uncle,' said Arthur, laughing. 'Indeed, I doubt whether I shall myself be again honoured, only there's no accounting for things. Do you know, I had a palpable brush with that fellow Longfield?'

'You don't say? Tell me all about it.'

Arthur did so, and Uncle Ralph enjoyed it immensely. The bold way in which the young fellow had made up to the girl and called her 'Maud,' quite carried him away.

'And you took her hand, I suppose?'

'Of course I did.'

'Squeezed it, I hope?—Hang me, Arthur,' he broke out, laughing, 'I'm sorry you didn't complete the business with a cousinly kiss! But that's coming, I take it.'

'Gently, uncle; I'm not so sure about all that. Miss Lavelle, as far as I can see, is engaged.'

'No doubt of it, but she isn't married. Would you have scruples about cutting out Mr Longfield?'

Arthur Loring made no answer to this question. He was not conceited enough to suppose that, after a couple of hours' acquaintance, the young lady would be in the least inclined to encourage him as a lover. These reflections were disheartening, for Arthur Loring was head and ears in love with Maud Lavelle already; thus, as he felt, illustrating the proverb that misfortunes never come singly.

He proceeded to relate to his uncle, next, the friendly references made by Mr Henry Loring at the office that afternoon. In his admonition to the young man to beware of following his uncle Ralph's example and advice, Ralph freely admitted that his excellent brother had a good deal on his side—from which, however, Arthur resolutely dissented. In regard to the intimation that he, Mr Henry Loring, meant to 'acquire' Priors Loring, Mr Ralph Loring was more serious.

'He means it, sure enough,' he said gravely; 'and he will do it too—and play ducks and drakes with the old place—out of pure malice—which is the worst of it. First of all, he will gut the woods till you won't recognise the ragged remnant.'

'Uncle,' said Arthur Loring, jumping up with flaming face, 'I thought you said the mortgagees would not foreclose?'

'My dear fellow, I merely said what I thought. The men do not live who will risk a hundred thousand pounds if they can help it. Priors Loring at a forced sale might not realise the money. There is a fair prospect of getting in the interest at present, but it is precarious at its best; and a proposal to transfer the mortgage is too tempting to be resisted.'

'Who offers to take over the mortgage?' he asked in dismay.

'Your uncle Henry—nominally, Miss Lavelle's trustees, whom he has persuaded to the step; but, in fact, your uncle. Priors Loring is to be acquired with that charming young lady's money, for of course they will foreclose and buy the place in, sending you unceremoniously about your business. So that Priors Loring will be virtually your uncle's, nominally Miss Lavelle's, and actually Mr Longfield's, as soon as he marries the girl. That's the little scheme, Arthur.'

Arthur Loring lay back in the chair, pale with speechless pain and indignation. That he should lose his old heritage was hard enough to bear; that it should be wrenched from his powerless hand by the sinister agency of his father's enemy was worse; but worst and most torturing of all was the thought that the fellow Longfield should eventually lord it as master over Priors Loring and Maud Lavelle.

'I'd kill the fellow in the public street before I would suffer him to own Priors Loring or—'

'Maud Lavelle—just so,' said Ralph sententiously. 'But killing men generally ends very unsatisfactorily, and other methods should be tried first. If I were you, now, I should see my course clearly before me—and you have a fairish start, I think.'

'What is it?' he asked blankly.

'Cut the fellow out. If I couldn't get into

the house, I would waylay her—write sonnets—capture her, and run away with her; and the frightened little thing would love you all the better for it.'

It was dangerous advice to fire a young man with, especially a young man in Arthur Loring's circumstances; but then, as Mr Henry Loring had warned his nephew, and as Ralph Loring himself admitted, the adviser was a notoriously bad adviser. Arthur, however, did not think of this, but took it all to heart—rather despondently, when he cooled down on the way back to Marylebone, and reflected on the extreme improbability of such a programme ever becoming feasible. He had come upon the ground too late; had he known Maud Lavelle before she became engaged to Longfield, there might have been a chance. But an engagement, even to a man she doesn't like, inspires a girl with a certain loyalty which makes her strong against the approaches of a new wooer, even without reference to the armour of honour which protects her in this introductory stage of a new condition of life.

On reaching his lodgings, Arthur Loring flung himself dressed on the bed, fretful and depressed. A review of the situation convinced him that it would be better if he had obeyed the impulse to go to the recruiting sergeant; had he done so, he would have been spared all this present as well as prospective mortification. But by taking the course which he had taken, he should have to swallow and digest the mortification, and should be driven to the recruiting sergeant in the end. He saw no other end to it. It was all going like a knife through him.

DOWN A CUMBERLAND LEAD MINE.

THE visitor, approaching from Ambleside on a fine day, is not likely to forget his first view of Derwentwater. There lies the lake some two hundred feet below, with its brother Bassenthwaite shimmering in the distance. The little town of Keswick nestles in between, and seems to claim a share of gray old Skiddaw's guardianship. And if that same visitor sees the scene again and often, he will learn, perchance, with Keats, that verily

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases.

Although it can only be a few of the thousands taking back to their toil-dens happy memories of a sojourn in Lakeland who have the time to examine minutely any of the varied lessons which the district has to teach; to those, however, who can, the country ever becomes more interesting. It is not within the province of this article to theorise as to the volcanic thrust which forced the earth's surface up, like a huge blister that, subsiding, fell, and formed the Cumbrian hills and vales. What we know for certain is, that the lower Silurian rock, which lies fathoms deep below the waters of Solway Firth, has been upheaved, until the upturned edge of its fractured bed stands skywards and weather-worn on Skiddaw top. In such earth-throes, hornblende and

mica, quartz and feldspar, fused, and formed the trap and brecciated rocks of Raven's Crag and Borrowdale.

On examining the geological maps of the district—say, taking Derwentwater as the centre, and describing a circle of seven miles' radius around it—the first thing which strikes the observer is a number of narrow gill lines, varying in length from distances representing a few hundred yards to over two miles, and lying in very diverse directions of the compass. These denote mineral deposits, and in this area signify almost exclusively lead ores. A circle described as above would include all the principal Cumberland lead mines and veins; from those at Patterdale, which burrow into the sides of Helvellyn on the east, to the Thornthwaite lodes by the shores of Bassenthwaite on the west. The characteristic which has probably made the greatest impression on the passing tourist's mind in connection with these mines is the huge revolving water-wheel which is the necessary adjunct to every shaft. These are used for pumping out the water, and must never stop night or day.

Before going down a mine, it is necessary to put on a well-lined flannel coat and overalls. The miners generally descend by the ladders; but as it is fatiguing, and here and there rounds are broken, it is easier, and perhaps safer, to go on the bucket. This is an iron receptacle, about two feet square and five or six feet deep, having a door at the bottom, through which the ore, when brought to the surface, is emptied. The steel cable by which it is hoisted is fastened to the middle of a strong iron bar fixed across the top. Only two persons can descend at a time, one on each side of the rope. Each places a foot on the bar, at the same time grasping firmly the rope well above his head. The other foot hangs close to, whilst the disengaged hand holds a candle and is kept against the hip. The object of this position is to bring the body into as small a compass as possible by adopting an extreme perpendicular attitude, the shaft never being made larger than is absolutely necessary. The space is ample, but it is not advisable to stick one's elbows out.

At one of the mines the men are very fond of telling about a gentleman who was a large shareholder and had come from London—all strangers connected with mines appear to come from there—to see it. On examining the mode of descending, he persuaded the captain, as a mine manager is called, to allow him to go down in the bucket instead of on it. This was evidently a safe method, although it was not quite apparent how his visitor was to be hauled out when the bottom was reached. However, down they went; but unfortunately the engine-man had not been informed of the special arrangement, and consequently stopped the winding drum at the usual place, with the result of immersing the bucket and its occupant up to his waist in the water in the 'sump,' as the hole is called which is made at the bottom of every shaft. It is into this well that the water, draining from the mine, flows,

and which is afterwards pumped out to keep the workings comparatively dry.

Lead ore or galena, as found in the mineral veins of Cumberland, is always mixed more or less intimately with zinc ore or blende, and contains traces of iron and silver. These veins are vertical fissures in the common slate rock of the district, into which, during geologic ages—but certainly *since* that great upheaval previously mentioned—water has percolated, bearing with it minute particles of stone, earth, and metallic grains. In course of time it has been filled with this more or less rich metalliferous sediment, which by its own weight has become agglutinated into a soft rock-like mass, and which, although very heavy, is easily crushed into its original component parts.

These veins vary greatly in width even at the same level, the sides, or 'faces' as the miners term them, generally converging, however, towards the bottom. At Thornthwaite there are four of these fissures, which have been traced running nearly parallel for half a mile, and in no part are they more than sixty yards apart from each other at the surface. In fact, three of them, owing to inclining at slightly different angles, join into one at a depth of two hundred and twenty feet. In this mine, as in most others, the richest ore is found towards the bottom, and it is a recognised fact in the Cumberland lodes that the nearer perpendicular a fissure is, the richer its contents. All these practical experiences tend to prove the theory of mineral infiltration from the surrounding rocks.

The ore is generally obtained by sinking a vertical shaft, and then excavating at various depths along the lode. These burrows are called levels. But it may be interesting to learn something about how it is known where to sink the shaft. The first thing done, after ascertaining that particles of metal are present by examining, microscopically or otherwise, the surface soil and detritus, is to seek for a fissure. The old way of doing this was by damming up some mountain stream until a large quantity of water was collected, and then causing it to rush in a torrent down the hill-side. This flood, by washing away the surface soil, laid bare the underlying rock, and exposed any vein which might trend across its path. Nowadays, this somewhat extravagant method is dispensed with, as by the accurate surveying now attainable, the direction of all the principal lodes is pretty well known. Presuming that a vein is known to exist whose outcrop is observed a thousand feet up a mountain side, as at the Theekeld Mine, for instance, it is reached by an adit being driven horizontally close to the foot of the hill. It is always found to be most economical to have the shaft of a mine at as low a level as possible, for the following reasons amongst others: greater economy of carting to and from the mine, more regular supply of water for turning the water-wheel, nearer miners' homes, ore richer the deeper it is mined. Many of these are at once apparent if the reader pictures to himself a mine, say, at or near the summit of Skiddaw or Helvellyn.

After the ore has been extracted, the roof is supported by wooden props, which has to be very thoroughly done in lead-mining owing to the nature of the ore. On reaching the level which

it is intended to traverse, the bucket stops, and the visitor stepping off, proceeds between the iron rails along which the trucks containing ore are pushed. If one of these is heard approaching, it is necessary to step aside into one of the niches which are formed for the purpose at intervals of thirty or forty yards. To get into a working-place, it is generally necessary to climb up a sort of chimney, hanging down which a chain is noticed. It is under such circumstances that the necessity of the flannel coat is found. 'Keep a hand on the chain and use your back and toes,' is the advice of the captain, with frequent warnings, such as, 'Mind your head,' 'Mind that hole,' 'Don't step on that lump—it's loose.'

After a scramble up of some twenty or thirty feet, during which the novice generally manages to put his candle out, he emerges into a sort of chamber. The forms of two men gradually define themselves in the semi-darkness, and the visitor finds himself face to face with the lead-miner at work. The ore is torn from its resting-place by dynamite; the fallen mass is broken up, and sent down to the level through a wooden shoot. At the bottom of this there is a door or panel which prevents it from falling on to the tramway, thereby obstructing the trucks. By opening the panel, the ore falls into the truck, is wheeled away, and sent up by the bucket to the surface. In this form it is known on the bank as the 'crop,' and consists of both galena and blende. It is sorted by means of its colour, the former having a deep indigo-blue tint, whilst the zinc is of a brownish hue, caused by iron impurities. The ore is then crushed and treated by means of various complicated machines and water until the galena is separated from the blende, all the stone and earthy matter being washed away. To attempt a description of this apparatus would be tedious, but an experienced miner can show the whole process by hand in a few minutes. He will take on to a shovel as much of the crushed ore as will cover it an inch deep, he then lowers it into a cistern or trough of water, and by a few waves from side to side the earth and grit are gradually washed off, until nothing remains on the spade but a brownish powder; this is sulphide of zinc. He then continues, but more carefully, and by keeping up a quick vibratory movement of the wrists the zinc slowly disappears over the edge, leaving a residue of blue metallic grains known as sulphide of lead, which, owing to its greater specific gravity, has remained, whilst the various lighter substances have been floated off. This is quite a pretty experiment when done by skilled hands, and explains the theory of the working of the machines, whose ultimate purpose is only to do exactly what he has done, but in as cheap and effectual a manner as the ingenuity of man can invent.

But it may be said 'a blue metallic powder appears to be the result of all this; surely, this is not what is known as lead, nor what is seen in lead water-pipes,' &c. No; this powder is the nearest thing with which nature will supply us, and is the sulphide of the metal. The chemist's science is now requisitioned, and by a process called smelting, the sulphur and all other foreign elements—silver, for instance—are eliminated by roasting in a furnace until the pure metal flows out in a molten stream. Nearly all the Cumber-

land ore is sent into North Wales to undergo this operation; and let it be hoped that such vegetation-destroying fumes as issue from Bagillt's furnaces may never destroy the picturesque vales of Lakeland.

THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON.

A LANCASHIRE STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'WHERE'S Miriam bound to again? Yon's noan the nighest way whoam.'

'That's noan of ty business,' was the curt answer. 'Miriam can find her way without ty help.'

'Oh, very well. Maybe we'll noan be so proud to ask for her afore long, Lisheth Holt.'

Lisheth Holt declined to pursue the discussion. She pinned her shepherd's plaid shawl tighter under her chin—it served as bonnet likewise. A narrow border of fluff-covered hair was visible under it, round her plain pock-marked face, as she stepped out of the gas-lit arch into the misty cobble-paved street, that was echoing from one end to the other with the tramp of wooden clogs.

Most of the clogs were wending their way home from 'Ashworth's'—Thomas Ashworth & Son' to the public; plain 'Ashworth's' to the whole of that particular district, who regulated their households entirely by the sound of the clanging bell over the entrance.

Did not the small shops round about light up at the first note? ready for the customers who would shortly stream in for muffins and clap-bread, or dusts of tea and rashers of bacon for the evening meal—half tea, half supper, that was an important banquet after the cold mid-day lunch. The hungry children who had played about the streets since school let out, or drummed at the locked house-doors, hailed it with joyful shouts; all the alleys and byways woke up to life and bustle at the sound. Other places might believe in railway or Greenwich time as they chose; Millgate was sufficient unto itself—it went by the bell at Ashworth's.

The original Thomas Ashworth had been laid away twenty years before in the parish churchyard, where a tablet testified to his numerous virtues, chiefly in the money-making line. His son, the present Thomas Ashworth, was a worthy successor to the old hard-headed Lancashire working-man. Not a bale of raw cotton came inside those ponderous gates, not a roll of calico went away to the bleach-works, without the master's knowledge. Not a hand in the grim many-windowed block but had some personal legend of the Master's far-seeing eye, and its inconvenient acuteness in detecting defalcations, however cunningly hidden away.

His son, again, number three, the typical third, who was in turn to have the spending of the gold, was—alas for the hopes of the family—sauntering leisurely along Whitworth Siding, this misty March evening, with pretty Miriam Holt, one of his own mill hands.

The Lancashire operative is not demonstrative. Miriam had grown up to woman's estate troubled with few compliments. She was a 'gradely lass;' but her gradeliness, or comeliness, was

hardly of the order that appealed to her compatriots, who preferred vivid red and white and plenty of it. Miriam's dark hair, banded like velvet round her shapely head, big gray eyes, and ivory-white skin, were too quiet and colourless to cause much stir in her own particular set.

It had a different effect on young Oswald Ashworth. Standing idly by the checker's desk, the first day of his return to his father's roof with all the finish that education and travel could give, he caught a passing glimpse of Miriam's eyes, shining with admiration and astonishment at the unexpected vision of the 'young master,' and politely lifted his hat in recognition of it.

'Who is that girl?' he asked, as Miriam vanished into the darkness of the street. 'Surely a new hand.'

'No; she's old Joshua Holt's daughter. There's the two of them. They've never worked any other place but here.'

'Is old Joshua living still?'

'Ay, that he be; and at his frame as busy as any of them.'

Curious how he should have a daughter with such a face. She might have stepped out of an old picture,' remarked Mr Oswald, loitering back to his father's private sanctum.

Curious, also, that Mr Oswald should pause beside her loom the next day to ask after old Joshua, and refresh his memory concerning certain details which Stott, the checker, could have given quite as efficiently. The corner where Miriam worked was on the ground floor; and somehow, after that first day or two, it began to lie very much in Mr Oswald's path as he went in and out of the office, where he was supposed to be taking up the business with a view to one day filling his father's shoes.

Miriam was quite aware of it. The innocent damsel who, until her lover is on his knees before her, has not one idea whither matters are tending, belongs to a bygone age, and must have been somewhat deficient in understanding even then. Above all the din of machinery, Miriam could catch the sound of Mr Oswald's foot as he came down the narrow passages. Through all the fluff and flying shuttles, she could see every outline of the gray ulster, feel every glance of the brown eyes that told her the old story so unmistakably.

The bare Millgate streets grew strangely beautiful. What matter if the ground under foot were mud and puddle, was not the sky dotted with stars overhead? Down that black cindery path known as Whitworth Siding, Mr Oswald had first paused beside and sheltered her under his own dripping umbrella. It was a veritable pathway into Eden after that. Its charms were fenced in on either side by blank walls of stone slabs somewhat after the fashion of tombstones. 'Miriam sometimes put out her hand and stroked them softly, in token of gratitude for the bliss that had come upon her in their presence.

'They'll be wondering what... come over you to-night,' she said, referring to some festive gathering he had mentioned, as they lingered over the last few cindery steps. Their road had to separate at the end of the lane; Whitworth Siding *could* be made to lie on the way both to Fairfield, Mr Oswald's abode, and to Millgate proper; but it was not the most direct road to either place.

'Let them wonder,' returned the young man impetuously. 'Isn't it far better out here together, than shut up in that stifling concert, listening to third-rate artists with never a decent face among them?'

'I thought Miss Franks was to be there,' said Miriam.

'Oh, she is well enough for my mother; but I want some one for myself. It's not late yet; come back for one more turn. I've been seriously thinking it out this last day or two, Miriam; we must put an end to this sort of thing some time, and the sooner the better. When will you marry me?'

Miriam looked up at him with a rush of hot colour over her face, a rush of hot tears in her eyes. It's not easy to say what theory the girl cherished about this acquaintance that had swept into her existence, and carried away all other considerations before it, or if she had any theory at all.

'Marry you!—marry you!' she stammered brokenly. 'Mr Oswald, you're a gentleman; and I'm—I'm nought but a—'

'You are the girl I love, and the girl I mean to marry,' interrupted Oswald. 'Do you think I'm not the best judge, Miriam? We cannot go on like this always; people will talk, even in a hole like this; and once my wife, you would be out of it all.'

'His wife.' She could then see him every day, not in flying minutes snatched from work or home; one round of Paradise for brief glimpses through the bars. What had life held before for her in comparison? 'His wife. Was he the best judge for himself?' she wondered. There was his father, the great Thomas Ashworth; his mother, who drove up to the mill sometimes in a ponderous brown chariot that was the embodiment of all splendour in Miriam's eyes—the people he spoke of so lightly, though they were awful realities to her.

'Your own folk, your father and mother, how will they like it?' she said breathlessly.

The young man's face clouded over. 'They must learn to like it, Miriam. I am their only son; it would be hard lines if I could not do as I thought right in a matter that concerns myself so nearly.'

'Well, if thy folk dunnot mind, mine needn't,' said Miriam, quitting that point. She saw it disturbed him. In truth, they rarely talked of anything or any one beyond themselves. With his eloquent love-words at her ear, with her perfect face faintly shadowed out in the dim starlight, what were fathers, mothers, friends, or position, compared with love's young dream?

The only flaw—such a trivial one Oswald blushed when he found himself dwelling upon it—was Miriam's speech. The broad Lancashire dialect, the 'thee' and 'thou' she used so naturally. Dress was easily altered; he would drape her in silks, put rings on her fingers, French shoes on her feet in place of those lumbering clogs that tripped so blithely beside him. But her education would be a longer story. No matter. He had found a precious stone in an unlikely place; should he complain about the setting? Oswald was just at the headstrong enthusiastic stage when difficulties are welcome for the pride of overcoming them. All he said or did

was perfect in Miriam's eyes. When they finally parted at the end of Whitworth Siding, it was agreed between them that the marriage should be as soon as Oswald could make the needful arrangements. No one but Lisbeth was to know beforehand. What is the benefit of being a rich man's son, if it do not confer some amount of liberty? That the rich man has also some corresponding claim, is the reverse side of the question, with which they were not at present interested.

And then they parted. Mr Oswald strode down a road to the right that, after various doubles and turns, brought him to his father's gate. A square-built, well-to-do looking house, with a drive up to the pillared front-door, and a square conservatory jutting out on one side. A staid man-servant opened the door. He was a comparatively new institution, acquired with a view to Oswald settling down at home again, and possible entertainments in consequence. Oswald crossed the hall, and looked in at the drawing-room door. Two ladies were sitting by the hearth. One—his mother—looked round with an exclamation of relief. 'Oswald, I thought you were never coming. What has kept you to-night, when you knew we were waiting for you? Do go and get dressed, and something to eat; dinner is over long ago.'

'So I suppose I am expected to say I don't want any,' remarked Oswald lightly, walking up to the rug and shaking hands with the young lady in the easy-chair.—'Do you think that's fair treatment for a hungry man after a long day over cotton bales, Miss Laura?'

'It's not so hard as it sounds,' she laughed. 'I heard your mother giving orders about sundry dishes that were to be kept hot for you.'

'Then I had better go see what they are,' said Oswald.—'Don't be uneasy, mother; I'll be ready in less than half an hour, and that will give us lots of time. The company would not half see that new dress of Miss Laura's if we got there punctually. There's no glory to be extracted out of a local concert unless one is late.'

The carriage that took them to the town hall had to drive through some of the lower streets. Before a small millinery shop, two mill-girls, with shawls pinned over their heads, were earnestly inspecting the latest Paris styles as interpreted by Millgate talent. Miss Franks leant forward to look at them in some amusement.

'What a very uncommon face one of those girls has,' she said suddenly. 'Any painter might be glad to have her for a model.'

Mr Oswald flushed angrily in the dusk. A painter's model! The face that had been so near his own not an hour ago. He would speak to Miriam, though; she must not stand about those wretched shop windows after dark, he decided, oblivious of the fact that all Miriam's shopping, housekeeping, and everything else connected with private life had to take place after dark, or not at all.

'Don't you think so?' asked Miss Laura, rather surprised at his silence.

'Is Millgate exactly the kind of place one would select for models, as you think?' he said stiffly.

'I said nothing about Millgate,' retorted Miss Franks. 'I am sure Mrs Ashworth would have

agreed with me, and you are not generally so short-sighted.'

'Was it one of our mill-girls?' said that lady languidly, by way of response to the call upon her intelligence. Mrs Ashworth's people had been county squires, and she was considered to have sacrificed something when she consented to enter the firm of T. Ashworth & Son.

'Now, mother, how many of the mill-girls am I expected to know?' protested Oswald. 'I'm not the gate-keeper.'

'I believe your father knows every face in the factory,' said his mother as the carriage drew up at the lighted entrance; 'but you had never his turn for business, Oswald.'

'Thou'st late agen, lass,' said old Joshua Holt as Miriam slipped in at the half-open door and flung her shawl over a chair in the corner. 'Where hast thee been to till this time of neet?'

'I wanted a bit of ribbon for mysel.—Dunnot put more tea in, Lisbeth; I'm noan that clemmed [hungry].'

Lisbeth set back the brown teapot on the deal table; old Joshua turned his back on the room and smoked stolidly up the chimney. Miriam cut a wedge from the loaf, spread some butter on it out of a striped basin, and began her repast minus tablecloth, napkin, plate, or any other superfluities of that nature.

The room was not a bad one of its kind. A noble fire blazed in the dusty grate. Lisbeth had not begun her evening cleaning-up yet. A mahogany chest of drawers stood opposite the door, each foot mounted on a little block of wood. This gave height and dignity to the chest, and lifted it beyond the reach of broom or scrubbing-stone. On the top stood a family Bible, shrouded under a crochet doily, and on the Bible a swing looking-glass. Three or four wooden chairs—one a rocker—and the deal table comprised the rest of the furniture. The stone floor was bordered all round with a design in dappled whiting; the middle was sprinkled with coarse sand, that gritted cheerfully under the iron-bound clogs of the owners.

There was but the one room. All the family washing, cleaning, cooking, went on there. The shops of the neighbourhood might not be of the highest order, yet possibly Mr Oswald himself, had he occupied so small a room, might have been glad to go out and inspect them occasionally by way of change, after an evening indoors.

It was the end of March when Oswald made that formal tender of his hand and heart in Whitworth Siding. It was June—only son though he was—before he was able to carry out his plans.

Something went amiss at a New York house they did business with, and Thomas Ashworth decided to send his son out to inquire into the matter. It may have been necessary, or it may have been that the old man's keen eyes saw something not quite satisfactory in Oswald's proceedings, and trusted to the change to divert his thoughts. Be that as it may, it failed completely in that respect. Oswald came back the last week in May, and gave Miriam peremptory orders to hold herself in readiness to marry him on the coming Whit-Monday.

In Lancashire, Whitsuntide is an important epoch. Are new gowns and coats to be forthcoming through the summer, what satisfaction could possibly be taken in them if they were not to haud for Whitsunday? Was there a child whose mother failed to resurrect a white, or, at anyrate, light-coloured frock to wear in the Sunday-school procession? that child was an outcast from respectability till the next year's Whitsuntide once more opened the door of hope.

Miriam was getting her gown in order too—a very quiet one. She liked bright blues and purples, warm crimson and orange. This was only a dark blue, almost black, but it was Mr Oswald's choice; and though Lisbeth and the dressmaker together protested in favour of something more summer-like, and Miriam in her heart agreed with them, she never dreamed of going counter to his wishes.

There was no bell at Ashworth's this bright Whit-Monday morning. The busy wheels stood still. Joshua and an ancient friend had taken themselves and their pipes to the canal bridge, which commanded an extensive view of various Sunday-school gatherings. Sunday-schools are for the grown up as well as the young in that region, for the married and middle-aged as well as children; and if Joshua was no longer a scholar, it was more from lack of zeal than from any disqualification on the score of age.

In the family sitting-room, with carefully-locked door, Lisbeth was helping Miriam into her blue gown with tears stealing down her plam seamed face.

'It's noon the wedding I thought you'd ha' had, Miriam, slipping out as if we were ashamed of oursels. Even the Chadwicks had a trip to Manchester the day they wor well.'

'We'll mak up for it after. The quieter the better. Oh Lisbeth, if old Thomas should get to hear of it! I'm feared of my very life to think of him.'

'He'll ha' to hear of it when he's thy feyther-in-law,' was the consoling reply. 'Now, Miriam, there's no one agate in the street, we'll best get away.'

In the dingy church—it was at the other end of the town, and one Miriam had never been inside before—were gathered a whole crowd of other aspirants for matrimony. Among them, Oswald and his soberly-dressed bride attracted little attention. In ten minutes it was all over, and the three stood in the porch hardly able to realise that the deed was done.

'You have been a useful friend, Lisbeth,' said her new brother-in-law, putting a tiny jeweller's case in her hand for parting gift. 'Tell your father about it, and say as little as possible to any one else till we come back from London.'

Lisbeth opened the case when she got back to the solitary house—an exquisitely-carved cameo brooch. She turned it over in some disgust. 'I could ha' picked out a better-looking thing than that at old Mother Deans's for a shilling. Not a bit of shine about it; and that was the best he could do, with all his money!'

By which it will be seen that Lisbeth's artistic education was yet in its infancy.

A little distance out of Millgate proper, on the Lancaster Road, stands a row of semi-detached

villas, with elaborate iron palisades. An air of dignified repose pervades the neighbourhood; no clogs tramp down the side-walk, no lorry-loads of cotton lumber along the roadway. The inhabitants know and understand nothing whatever about that clanging bell at Ashworth's—with one exception, and that is the middle villa, where Mrs Oswald Ashworth found herself established a few weeks after that fateful Whit-Monday.

They came home late one evening. There was no one to welcome them but the sedate middle-aged servants Mrs Ashworth had engaged at her son's request. She made one cursory inspection of the household, and saw that the essentials were in place; but the disappointed mother could not bring herself to face the first homecoming of the 'scheming mill-girl' who had robbed her of her son.

'Never mind, Miriam; it's only a case of a few weeks at the latest, before she quite gets over it,' said Oswald cheerfully as he set out the next morning. Probably not until he had grown-up sons of his own would he fully understand the hopes that had been vested in his future. 'Now I'm going to interview my father, and see how the land lies generally; and you'll have plenty of time to get things ship-shape before dinner. Six sharp, mind. I'll not need to go round by Whitworth Siding to-night.' And then the gate clashed behind him, and Miriam was left to herself.

She, whose whole day, except for some undesirable intervals when the hands had been 'half-timers'—which meant also half-wages—had hitherto been napped out for her among the roar of machinery, suddenly stranded in the silence of this strange smart house, with strange servants, who looked at her curiously and half enviously—a person no better than themselves, who was yet the young master's wife. She sat down in the drawing-room, her hands idly folded, and wondered what she was to do with herself all day. It was no use going to see Lisbeth; she would be at the mill till six; besides, she had a sort of shyness about exhibiting herself in her old haunts under her changed conditions. There were 'standard authors' in the dwarf bookcase beside her; but Miriam was not a ready reader, and had had too little practice to find any pleasure in them. Needle-work—she had cobbled up the family stockings on Saturday nights, but that was the extent of her acquisitions in that department. Resources in herself she had none.

A knock at the door and enter one of the prim servants. 'Would you please to say what is to be for the dinner, ma'am?'

Miriam gave a gasp of dismay. 'I—I don't quite know, Jane; I forgot to ask Mr Ashworth about it.'

Jane looked at the tablecloth in wooden silence—it was not her place to suggest anything.

'We must have some meat,' began her mistress desperately, 'and—and potatoes, and perhaps a pudding or something.'

'Very well, ma'am. Shall I order the things, or will you?'

'Oh, you. Or, stop a minute. I think we'll have tea for to-night, and some chops to it, and leave the dinner till to-morrow.'

Jane retired; and her mistress sat still with a hot face, wondering if this were to be the

programme every morning henceforth. Millgate tea and a rasher was a much simpler matter.

That was but the beginning of troubles. Miriam inspected the house as far as she could without encountering the domestics, and was standing at the window looking down the quiet road when she saw Mrs Ashworth's brown chariot draw up at the gate and two ladies get out. Miriam went down with a beating heart and trembling knees, too utterly confused to make any attempt at welcoming her visitors. Mrs Ashworth rose up stiffly from her seat and extended a chilly hand.

'I called to see if you found the house quite satisfactory, Mrs Oswald? Of course, we had no idea of what your personal tastes were likely to be.'

'It was very good of you to take so much trouble,' Miriam stammered out. 'It'll do fine I'm feared to touch things, they're that grand.'

'It is a convenient distance from the town,' remarked the younger lady—'about a quarter of an hour, if you walk quickly, I should think.'

'Oh, I dunnot mind for that—I'm a rare good walker,' burst forth Miriam, eager to lay claim to anything she could do.

A little silence fell upon the room. Mrs Ashworth broke it. 'This is my half-niece, Miss Franks; she was good enough to help in the selection of your furniture.'

Miriam nodded. 'Yes; I knew it was her the minute I set eyes on her. Oswald has talked about you often.'

'Very kind of him,' returned Miss Franks coldly. 'You must have been much interested.'

'I hope you will find the servants equal to their duties,' was Mrs Ashworth's next remark. 'My son is rather particular about details.'

Was he? Miriam's thoughts travelled back to one or two incidents during their London sojourn, then onward to the tea and chops provided for to-night, uneasily.

They went away soon after; and Miriam shut herself up in her own room till Oswald's step at the door brought her down to greet him.

'Had my mother and Laura Franks, have you? That's right. I am very glad they came so soon, Miriam. By the way, I hope you gave them some tea?'

'Tea!' echoed Miriam. 'It was only four o'clock.'

Oswald laughed; but he looked a little annoyed. He put his head inside the dining-room: 'There's tea in abundance now, at anyrate. Where is the dinner, Miriam? I've had none.'

'I told Jane we'd mak out with chops to-day,' said Miriam. 'I didn't just know what to order for a regular dinner.'

Only the setting, Oswald—only the setting, and that makes no real difference in the value of the stone.

Yet that same setting was destined to become a serious irritation. Scarcely a week later Oswald was detained late at the mill, and sent a message home to that effect. It was near ten when he turned in at his own gate; the sitting-room windows were in darkness, the hall lamp unlighted. He hung up his hat in some perplexity; the kitchen door stood ajar, and a babel of voices issued forth. Oswald looked in: Jane was no-

where visible; but his father-in-law was. Old Joshua sat, his feet on the fender, a jug of beer at his elbow, and a long clay pipe in his mouth, puffing out volumes of smoke. Miriam and Lisbeth sat beside him, their feet likewise on the fender, all three loudly talking in broad native dialect, that broke off abruptly at the entrance of the master of the house.

'How do you do, Joshua and Lisbeth? I did not know you were here.'

Mr Oswald shook hands a little constrainedly, and looked at his wife.

'Father's taking his pipe in the kitchen,' she explained. 'I know you don't like the smell of it in the dining-room.'

That strong twist—certainly not Oswald coughed. 'Where is Jane?' he said, looking round. It only needed her presence to complete the circle.

'Oh, I told her she could go play hersel for an hour or two, as you were not at home.'

Oswald was tired; he was also hungry, a condition not favourable to a fine sense of justice. 'It doesn't exactly look as if I had been expected either,' he said with some stiffness.

Old Joshua had risen from his chair, and was brushing the ashes out of his pipe. 'Come, Lisbeth; it's tyme we were going, lass. Thou'st had crack enough for one net.'

'Do not let me disturb you,' said Oswald politely; 'I am going up for a wash directly.'

But Lisbeth was already putting on her shawl. She wore a hat to night, in honour of the visit—a black velvet structure, with a bunch of red roses that set Oswald's teeth on edge to look at. They bowed themselves out by the back kitchen door, which Oswald afterward set wide open, to let out the fumes of Joshua's pipe.

He made no remark to Miriam about the incident, but somehow that was Joshua's last visit to his daughter's house. The old man had some of the sturdy Lancashire independence that declined to go anywhere on sufferance.

'If thy sister wants to see us, she can come here, Lisbeth,' he announced the next morning after he had slept upon the matter; 'but I'm blowed if I go to her lome house agen. There's no room for the looke of us there.'

EVENING.

LANDWARD, in lustre, the screaming sea-fowl fly
ACROSS the waters, for the day is done;
And, lonely, in the west, the sinking sun
With golden fingers grasps the darkening sky.
Sullen, on rocky shore the wild sea breaks,
Its white foam gleaming through the gathering night
With fitful motion in the waning light,
And in dim caves an answering echo wakes.
Then, one by one, the golden fingers loose
Their golden hold upon the darkening west;
And half the earth is filled with quiet rest,
Which shadows deep and slumbers soft induce,
Save where, beneath the star-beams, silver-bright,
The sleepless ocean murmurs through the night.

J. J. HALDANE BURGESS.

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STORIED GRAVES.

SHELLEY has said of the grave of Keats outside the walls of Rome that 'it would almost make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot.' But in our own 'north countries' there are nooks as sweet where the dead rest under the shining sun and the sighing wind, and where the living, sometimes, when the heart is heavy and the eyes ache with unshed tears, might almost wish to lie. Among such places one remembers the silent pine-circled oval of Cul-loden, where, in the green trench-lines, traceable yet amid the white heather, so many gallant men of the clans were laid; the fair flower-sprinkled hollow among the castle rocks at Stirling, where, overlooking the tourney-ground of the ancient Stuart kings, two martyr sisters are remembered; and the little mountain graveyard at the foot of Loch Voil, in Balquhiddy, where, under that rude carved stone at the doorway of the little roofless kirk, rest the ashes of 'the bold Rob Roy.'

Little, perhaps, does it matter to the dead in what place they are laid; and the dim churchyard in the city's heart where, amid the traffic of the surrounding streets, a single footstep only wanders sometimes among the graves, possesses a certain poetry of its own. But few who have the choice would ask for such a resting-place; and to him whose childish days have been spent among the scented clover-fields or by the ever-speaking sea, such a spot can seem no place of rest. When the last still shadows are falling, and the voices of friends are growing fainter in the ear, the heart goes wistfully back to the sunny paths of long ago, and the wearied dreamer would fain be laid for his last long sleep under the edge of the moth-haunted woods or within hearing of the rushing foam.

Where the sun might shine and the sea-spray fall was the wish of Montague Stanley, actor and painter, for the place of his long rest; and few have been so fortunate in the fulfilment of their desire. He had been an actor in the

Edinburgh Theatre Royal, and had known all the stir of that exciting life—the glitter of the foot-lights, and the thrill and thunder of theatrical applause; but the weariness, the unsatisfaction of the stage-artist's life had fallen upon him, and, forsaking the boards, he had sought happiness, like many another saddened soul, in gentle deeds among the rustic poor. Amid the soothing influences of wild and fair nature he made his home, and, when his time came, amid these soothing influences he sought to be laid asleep. And still, outside the sunny wall of the little kirk at Ascog, in Bute, on its tiny peninsula washed by the firth's clear waters, may be seen his quiet grave.

Many of the most suggestive grave-places of the north are to be found in the Highlands. Overhung by the silver birch and the scented brier, haunted by the perfume of bog-myrtle from the moors and wild mint from the glens, with no sound about them but the bleat of the far-off sheep, and no signs of human life in sight but the blue peat-smoke curling upward from some mountain shieling—most peaceful, perhaps, of earthly spots to-day, they are yet reminiscent of more 'strange, unhappy, far-off things' than history will ever record; and it is impossible to forget that the dust below was hot-hearted once with all the fierce loves and hates which are the especial heritage of the Celtic race. Frequently these tranquil resting-places are situated on remote islands. There the tombs of the dead were least likely to be desecrated by the foes of the living, and there a silence and solitude were found most in keeping with the sleep of the dead. Of these island graveyards a typical instance remains on Inch Buidhe in the Dochart at Killin. It is a place which once seen is not likely to be forgotten. The rocky island itself is coffin-shaped; and on its centre, under the shadows of ancient Scots firs, in a little square enclosure with mossy walls and quaint carved gateway, rest the ashes of the clan Macnab. A bridge over the Dochart at the spot now affords access to the island; but before

this was built, Inch Buidhe must have been difficult enough to reach, and the graves, therefore, so far free from disturbance. Many a story of these Macnabs has been handed down by tradition; but the most characteristic is that which accounts for the peculiar device to be noticed here on more than one of the tombstones. This is a severed head; and it was long, and probably still remains, the armorial cognisance of the clan. Every Highlander on Loch Tay-side knows the story—how the district for years had been molested by a band of marauders named Macneish, who made their home on an island impossible of access in a loch among the neighbouring mountains. At last one night, when Macnab's sons were sitting round the fire discussing gloomily their ill success in apprehending the bandits, their father came in with the laconic words: 'The nicht's the nicht if the lads were the lads!' To this the young men made no reply, but, with the terrible 'Smooth John' at their head, got up one after another and went out. In the gray of the morning they returned. The old chief was still sitting by the fire, when 'Smooth John' placed the Macneish's head upon the table before him with the significant utterance: 'The nicht's the nicht and the lads *are* the lads!' To effect their purpose they had carried a boat from Loch Tay all the way over the mountains—an almost unparalleled feat; and crossing by this means to the island, had surprised the marauders under the effects of a convoy of liquor they had just secured. The only man still sensible, it is said, had been old Macneish himself, and when he saw strangers approaching on the island he began to shake with fear. He called out to them, however, to know who they were. For answer he was asked whom he would be most afraid to see. 'I would be afraid for no man,' he replied, 'if it were not Smooth John Macnab.'—'It's well you may fear Smooth John Macnab,' returned the other, 'for it's him you're speaking to.' And with that he despatched him.

On a summer afternoon, when the still sunshine is making Inch Buidhe a veritable 'Yellow Island,' its tranquil seclusion may make it seem a strange place for the preservation of such a legend. It is on a night of late autumn, when the storm roars terrific through the pines overhead, and the Dochart is thundering down among its rocky ledges on every side, that one can best understand the spirit of those who sleep there under the fern.

A spot of similar sort is the graveyard on Inch Caillach, in Loch Lomond. Deep hid among thickets of birch and thorn, with no sounds about it but the hum of flies, the occasional twitter of a bird, and the murmur of the blue loch on the island shore below, no fairer nook could be found for a poet's musings. Here once, tradition says, stood a nunnery, remembered yet in the island's name, as the monastery once existing on the other side of the loch is remembered in the name Inch Tavanach, the isle of monks. Many a weary heart, doubtless, long ago found its last refuge here, and many a strange and pitiful story lies forgotten with the dust under these crumbling stones. In later days the spot contained the church of the neighbouring parish of Caillach, now known as Buchanan; and the clansmen had

to ferry themselves over the narrow strait at Balmaha in order to attend worship. The bell of the little kirk, however, has long since ceased to ring its summons over the water, and the grassy island paths are trodden now only by occasional wandering feet. A downfallen and mossy dike remains the only guard to the brier-grown graves, and where the surpliced choir once chanted its human hymns of praise, is heard to-day the twitter of chaffinch and wren, happy over their fluttering young. Not altogether forgotten, nevertheless, is the ancient resting-place, and tumbled and broken as are many of the time-worn stones, they have still the reverent regard of many a simple soul. Here in bygone days many of the Macgregors from the neighbouring hills were laid, and yearly to the present time a pilgrimage of the Macgregor clansmen is made to the spot. But the strength of the clan-spirit still existing could not be better illustrated than by a circumstance related of the place not many years ago. Some neighbouring farmer, it seems, had proposed to turn one of the remaining tombstones to account for the purposes of a kitchen hearth. As chance had it, the stone covered the grave of a Macgregor, and presently the proposal, getting abroad, came to the ears of a descendant of that clan. Such an indignity to the tomb of his kin of course no son of Alpine was likely to brook; but the method taken to prevent this particular desecration savoured somewhat of the spirit of the clan's more heroic days. Furbishing up an antique dirk and broadsword, the man mounted guard himself over the stone, and is said actually to have slept on it, armed in this fashion, night after night for full six weeks.

Ballad and song have bequeathed an interest of their own to more than one otherwise unthought-of grave-place throughout the country. Among these may be remembered that churchyard amid the smoke of Greenock overlooking the Firth of Clyde, where rest the ashes of Highland Mary, the fair gentle creature so tenderly enshrined in the heart and verse of Burns; as well as the quiet green corner by the kirk door at Mauchline, in Ayrshire, where the wayfarer reads the lyric name of the poet's Mary Morison.

Less known, perhaps, to the wanderer is a gray spot on the mountain side above St Mary's Loch on the Border. Only a low mound remains there now to mark the site of the once famous St Mary's Kirk, and seldom, indeed, does the tourist coaching past on the road below give a second thought to the lonely enclosure of graves. Yet hither the feet of Scott and Hogg, and Wordsworth have made pilgrimage in their time, and hither always will turn the pitying thoughts of the readers of ancient folk-song. Here it is that the lovers lie buried whose story is told in one of the most famous of the ballads of Yarrow.

Who knows the beginnings of that old-world story? What were the circumstances which led to the flight of these luckless lovers? Was it a feud of Border Capulets and Montagues? The tragedy, indeed, has some faint likeness to the sad old Italian tale. No one can tell now even the name of the ballad's hero; and 'Lord William' rides through the dim pages of the

past with no other lustre about him than the romance of his fatal love-errand. No one knows, either, the name of the ballad writer: he is immortal only in his song. But clear as action itself every reader sees the picture—early morning in the Douglas Glen; the maid, sweet flower of the mighty Douglas blood, stealing tearfully down to her lover under the walls of the gray old castle; the moment of hesitation between desire and duty, and then, love conquering all, the flight—

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a huge horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Presently the pursuit, the slaying of the seven bold brothers, and the wounding of the father, followed by the discovery of Lord William's hurt in the staining of the stream at which he stooped to drink—all stand clear out against the curtain of the past. Then the pitiful death of the lovers that night, he of his hurt, and she of a broken heart, needs no modern pen to touch it to sadness or to make it more distinct. Here, at anyrate, among the graves of St Mary's Kirk, it is said they were laid; and here, these hundreds of years, have come the readers of the old-world tale to muse above their dust.

Scotland is full of spots like these, where the story of the past, like a flower that has withered, sheds a faint sweet fragrance yet upon the air; and here it is pleasant to linger sometimes, apart from the whirl of busy life, to catch some breath of a half-forgotten atmosphere, and to recall, it may be, something of the 'tender grace of a day that is dead.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A TRAGEDY.

How long it was before I fell asleep I cannot say. The humming of the wake racing away close outside was noisy; the light cargo in the steerage creaked and strained, and the thump of the rudder was frequent, and sometimes startling. I was aroused by a continuous knocking on the bulkhead. It was pitch-dark, despite a small sliding dance of stars in the porthole glass. I thought the knocking was upon my door, and cried out: 'What is it?' It did not cease; and gathering by this time that it proceeded from the bulkhead that divided the cabins, I jumped out of my bunk and beat upon the boards to let Miss Temple know I heard her.

I called; but though I caught her voice, I could not distinguish her utterance. I had turned in partially clothed, and groping my way to the door, stepped forth and knocked upon her cabin. The handle was touched and I was sensible that the girl's door was ajar.

'Are you there, Mr Dugdale?'

'Yes. What is the matter?'

'Did not you hear a pistol-shot?'

'No,' I cried.

'I am certain a firearm has been discharged,' she exclaimed.

'Stay a bit,' said I. 'I will see if anything is wrong, and let you know.'

After some groping, I succeeded in lighting the candle in my lantern; and then slipping on my shoes, I made for the hatch ladder, which I was able to see by leaving my cabin door open. I entered the cuddy and listened. The lamp had been extinguished; but a sort of spectral illumination of stars and white water came sifting through the skylight and the portholes and the little windows in the cuddy front, and I was able to determine the outline of objects. All was right in this interior, so far as I could tell. I listened; but not so much as a footfall sounded upon the upper deck, not a note of human voice or movement of men forward. The barque was sweeping through the seas bravely, and the atmosphere of the cuddy was vibratory with the resonant cries of the wind up aloft.

I made for the cuddy door and looked out; nothing stirred on the quarter-deck that ran palld into the impenetrable shadow past the waist. I returned to the companion steps, which I mounted, and stood in the hatch a moment or two. There was nobody on the poop saving the man at the helm. I stepped over to him and said: 'Where's the captain?'

'He's gone below,' he answered; 'he told me he wouldn't be long.'

'When did he leave the deck?'

'Seven or eight minutes ago, belike.'

'Did you hear a noise just now that resembled a pistol-shot?' I inquired.

'No, sir,' he answered. 'But who's to hear anything atop of this here shindy of wind and water?'

'That's true,' I exclaimed. 'I doubt if the noise will have meant more than a fall of something below. It is the lady who heard the sound, and I've just stepped up to see what it might mean. It's to be hoped the captain won't linger. This is not a breeze in which to leave a ship in charge of her helmsman only.'

And indeed the little craft wanted too much watching on the part of the fellow to suffer him to talk or to permit of my calling off his attention from his duty. I resolved to wait, that there might be some sort of lookout kept whilst the captain stayed below.

Five minutes passed, but the captain did not make his appearance. The sound that Miss Temple had heard was beginning to work an ugly fancy in my mind. I stepped aft to the wheel.

'Did the captain tell you why he was going below?'

'No, sir,' was the answer. 'He'd been standing for about a quarter of an hour stock still; then he comes suddenly in a sort o' run to the binnacle, takes a look at the card, and says: "Keep her as she goes; nothing off: see to it! I shan't be long." That was all.'

At that instant the wind breezed up in a gust that came in a long howl over the weather rail, and the little vessel bowed down to it till the smother alongside looked to be up to the covering-board.

'No use waiting for the captain,' said I, made desperate by irritable anxiety; 'we shall have the masts out of her if we don't mind our eye;' and running forward, I shouted at the top

of my voice: 'Lay aft and haul up the main-sail!'

In a moment the watch came tumbling aft out of the darkness forward. Their manner of rushing gave me to know that they had been standing by for the order to shorten sail, and were wondering why it had not been given sooner.

'Furl it, lads,' I shouted, 'when you've hauled it up; but first get your maintopgallant stay-sail hauled down. I must find out what has become of the captain.'

Without losing another moment, I ran into the cuddy and knocked upon the door of the captain's cabin. No answer was returned. I knocked again, thundering with my fist; then tried the handle, and found the door locked. 'Good God!' thought I, 'the man has shot himself. That will be the meaning of the sound that Miss Temple heard.' As I turned for a moment, utterly at a loss how to act, the girl rose through the hatch close to where I stood. She held in her hand the lantern I had left alight in my berth.

'What has happened?' she cried.

'I have no notion as yet,' I responded; 'but I fear the captain has shot himself. Let me take that lantern from you.'

I swiftly hitched it by its lanyard to a hook in a stanchion, noticing as I did so that she had completely dressed herself.

'Remain here for the present, will you?' I went on. 'I must go on deck—there is no one to give orders to the men.'

I ran up the steps, and perceived the shadowy shapes of the seamen ascending the shrouds to lay out upon the main yard.

'Who is that there?' I called, observing a dark figure standing near the main hatch.

'Me—Wilkins, sir.'

'Jump forward, Wilkins,' I shouted, 'and call Mr Lush. Tell him I want him aft—that I'm afraid something serious has happened; in fact, rout up all hands. We shall be having to reef down shortly.'

I re-entered the cuddy, where the candle end burning in the lantern made but a wretched light. Close beside it, in such radiance as it emitted, stood Miss Temple, white as stone, and her eyes wide and luminous with alarm.

'Is the vessel in danger?' she asked.

'Oh dear, no,' I replied; 'the breeze has freshened considerably, and the men are shortening sail.—But this light is truly abominable. We shall require to be able to see clearly presently; and with that I took out the candle and lighted the cabin lamp with it.'

'I have been every moment expecting to see that door open, and his figure creep out!' said Miss Temple, pointing with a shudder, and without looking, towards the captain's berth. 'Do you believe he has shot himself?'

To satisfy a small doubt that had arisen, I stepped once again over to the captain's cabin and hammered loud and long upon the door, shouting out his name, and then trying the handle; but to no purpose.

'For what new horrors are we reserved?' cried Miss Temple. 'Shall we ever escape with our lives? How much has been compressed within the last few days: the dead body on the wreck—

the drowning of the poor lieutenant—the loss, perhaps, of Mr Colledge and the sailors in the man-of-war's boat—and now this!' she cried, bringing her hands to her face with a sudden convulsive, tearless sob; then looking at me she said: 'If Captain Braine has killed himself, what is to follow?'

'Rio,' I answered. 'I shall carry the ship there straight. Thank God for such knowledge of navigation as I possess! I trust the captain may not have killed himself; but if he has done so, it will make for our good. He was a madman, and it was impossible from hour to hour to be sure of his intentions.'

'But, Mr Dugdale, there will be no head to the ship if the captain be dead. Who, then, is to control the crew—this crew of convicts and mutineers and—and?'

'It was a madman who drew that picture,' said I. 'I suspect he is as correct in his description of his crew as in his description of his treasure. The men are without a navigator; they can do nothing without me. If they are true Jacks, they are already sick of the voyage, and will be glad to have a port under their lee, with the promise of a jaunt ashore and fresh articles to sign on another ship's capstan.'

We continued talking thus; presently the carpenter Lush entered the cabin by the cuddy door.

'What's this about the capt'n, sir?'

As he spoke, I observed the glimmering faces of the crew, the whole body of them, leaving out the fellow at the wheel, crowding to take a peep through the cuddy windows and doorway. I saw Miss Temple glance with terror towards them; but there was nothing more natural than that the fellows should desire to obtain all news of an event that concerned them so closely as the suicide of their captain. I repeated what little I knew to the carpenter, who at once stalked to the captain's door and tried the handle for himself, shaking it viciously.

'I suppose it'll have to be broke open?' he exclaimed, looking round.

'Certainly,' I answered, 'and the sooner the better. This suspense is intolerable.'

'I'll go forrards and get some tools,' he said.

He returned after a few minutes, and two seamen accompanied him, one of them being Joe Wetherly. The others, heedless of all custom, in their devouring curiosity came shouldering one another into the cuddy, thrusting inch by inch to the centre of it, where they stood staring—a wild and rugged group, indeed, in that light; hairy breasts, naked, weather-darkened nervous arms liberally scored with blue devices, bare feet, gleaming eyes, sheath-knives on their hips—I could scarcely wonder that Miss Temple shrunk from them, and clung to my side with her hand in my arm! They did not need the character the captain had given them to make her do that!

Lush forced the door of the berth; it flew open to a heavy blow, and I advanced to take a view of the interior, Miss Temple letting go of my arm with an exclamation, rather choosing to remain alone near the sailors than take a peep at the horror her imagination bodied forth. A small bracket lamp was burning brightly. In the centre of the deck of the cabin lay the body of

Captain Braine. He was on his breast, his arms were outstretched, one leg was crooked, as though broken under the other. A pistol of a pattern somewhat similar to the one I had discovered in Mr Chicken's locker lay beside his right hand.

'He has shot himself, as you said,' exclaimed the carpenter in a hoarse note, and backing half a pace to the right.

The crew had come shoving right to the very cabin door, and stood in a huddle, staring open-mouthed with a sort of groaning of exclamations breaking out from amongst them.

'A bad job this, sir,' said Wetherly, looking round to me.

The carpenter seemed to wait, as if he expected me to give directions.

'Better get the body into the bunk, Mr Lush,' said I, 'and cover it up for to-night.'

'Ay, hide it as soon as ye will, Joe,' exclaimed the carpenter; and as he said these words, I observed that he rolled his eyes with an expression in them of keen and thirsty scrutiny over the cabin.

Wetherly and the other man who had entered with him lifted the body, placed it in the bunk, and threw a blanket over it. We then quitted the cabin, leaving the lamp burning, though, I fancy, nobody noticed that but myself; and the carpenter put a little wedge of wood under the door to keep it shut. The sailors slowly walked away out on to the quarter-deck, casting inquisitive glances around them, and at Miss Temple, as they withdrew. The carpenter came to a stand at the table, and turning his surly face upon me, exclaimed in his deep-sea, bad-tempered voice, 'What's to be done now?'

'There's nothing for it,' I answered, 'but to make for the nearest port, and Rio will be that.'

'Ay; but that ain't the question just at present,' he exclaimed. 'What I mean is, what's the discipline agoin' to be?'

'Why, of course,' I exclaimed, 'I must render all the assistance I possibly can. If the crew consent, I shall be happy to keep watch and watch with you. In any case, I'll navigate the ship. Very fortunately, I can do so.'

'It'll be a matter for the crew,' said he, talking with his eyes upon the deck and speaking after a pause. 'To-morrow morning will be time enough to settle what's to be done. I kep' a lookout from eight to twelve to-night; and if you'll stand this here middle watch, I'll be a relieving of ye at four; and arter breakfast, giving you time to get some sleep, I'll call the crew aft, and we'll see what they've got to say, now there ain't neither mate nor cap'n left.'

'But you're the mate; an acting second mate,' I cried, sensible of an indefinable misgiving that grew rapidly into an emotion of cold and heart-sickening consternation.

'I tell ye no, sir,' he shouted; 'I'm no second mate. I signed on as ship's carpenter, and I've told ye so. Since Mr Chicken died, I've been treated by that man there'—he pointed with a square forefinger to the cabin door—'worse than any mongrel dog that e'er a blunderbuss was brought to bear on. Me a second mate?' He struck his breast in a sort of frenzy with his clenched fist and grinned in my face.

'Very well,' said I, forcing a note of composure into my voice; 'it is a mere detail of routine, which we can settle to-morrow, as you say.'

'All right,' he exclaimed; and pulling his skin cap down over his head, he trudged on his rounded legs out of the cuddy.

'I must go on deck, Miss Temple,' said I. She was eyeing me, as though speechless, when I addressed her.

'I will accompany you,' she exclaimed.

'No! It is out of the question.'

'Why?' she cried imperiously, with the irritability of dismay and dread in her manner.

'I shall be on deck till four. Such a spell of exposure it will be needless for you to undergo. You are perfectly safe in your cabin.'

'How dare you ask me to return to that horrible lonely part of the ship?' she cried with wrath and alarm brilliant in her eyes.

'Then take some rest upon that locker there.'

'You ask me to remain here alone with the dead body close to in that cabin?'

'Miss Temple,' said I firmly, 'if you decline to return to your cabin, you will at least oblige me by staying in this cuddy. I have no time to reason with you. You must obey me, if you please. Give me your hand.' She extended it, and I conducted her to the sofa locker, on which I gently but resolutely compelled her to seat herself. 'You can rest here with perfect safety,' I went on. 'I am astonished that a woman of your spirit should find anything to render you uneasy, in the face of the real difficulties which confront us, in the neighbourhood of a harmless corpse. I can command a view of you and of this interior through that skylight. But you must not come on deck.'

She watched me in a motionless posture with an air of haughty resentment upon her lips, to which a kind of awe in her gaze gave the lie. I left her, and had my foot upon the companion steps, when a thought occurred to me. Going to the door of the captain's berth, I withdrew the wedge, and entered and picked up the pistol that lay upon the deck. It was a heavy single-barrelled concern, but a firearm all the same, and I thrust it into my breast. I perceived no materials for loading it; but I had what was necessary in that way below; and now I was possessed, as I did not doubt, of the only two pistols in the ship.

I extinguished the lamp, wedged the door afresh, and responding to Miss Temple's appealing stare with a smile, I went on deck.

What a midnight watch was that! I was sick at heart, and miserable with misgiving. My distrust of the carpenter, a feeling that had all along possessed me, was strong even to a conviction that he was equal to the acting of a hellish part, and that being free, and at the head, so to speak, of a gang of men, of whom one only—I mean Wetherly—seemed worthy of confidence, he might be presently hatching some plot of deadly menace to Miss Temple and me. There should have been nothing to particularly disturb me in this suspicion, for enough lay in the captain's death to account for the men keeping awake and talking; still, the belief that the sailors were conversing in their gloomy little sea parlour, with Lush's

growing tongue sulkily active amongst them, greatly increased my uneasiness.

I continued to pace the deck, keeping a close eye upon the ship, with watchful regard also of the compass, for every hour of this sailing was bringing us by so many miles nearer to the South American seaboard. Shortly before two o'clock, on looking through the skylight, I observed Miss Temple lying back upon the cushion of the locker in a sound sleep. Her hat was upon her knees, her cheek was pillowed upon her arm; thus she rested in sideways posture. Whilst I stood looking at her, as at a picture of a beautiful sleeping woman framed in the square of the skylight, and touched with the soft illumination of the oil-lamp swinging hard by her couch, a man struck four bells on the fore-castle, and a minute or two later the dark figure of a seaman came along to leeward to relieve the wheel. I waited a little, and then stepped to the binnacle under pretence of inspecting the card.

'Are the watch below up forward?' said I.

'All hands are awake,' he answered, and I recognised him by his voice, though I could not discern his features. He was a young sailor named Forrest, a fellow I had often taken notice of for the elastic suppleness of his body, the peculiar swing of his walk, an amazing agility aloft, and an air of mischievous impudence in his manner of going about any job he might be put to.

'I suppose they have been talking about the captain's death?' said I.

'They've been talking of a many things,' he responded with a sort of chuckle in his voice, as though he had been drinking.

'Is Mr Lush among them?'

'Oh, ay.'

'Well, keep your luff,' said I: 'she's a couple of points off her course as it is.'

'Her course for where?' said the man.

'For Rio,' I answered.

He made no answer, and I resumed my pacing of the planks.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE BEE.

FLOWERS are the most accessible of all Nature's treasures. These alone of all her beautiful gifts to man she bestows ungrudgingly. Earth guards with jealous care her oves of silver and gold deep hidden in the rocky vaults. Sentinel-like, ever wakeful, the restless tides of ocean pace to and fro, keeping watch over shells of pearl and over fans and flutes of white and pink coral, fearful lest the eye of man behold them. Thus frugal of her precious things, Nature freely gives us flowers. It is their mission to please, and they seem to vie with each other, as though every bright cluster aspired to be the cynosure of neighbouring eyes and the observed of all observers. With that vanity peculiar to his species, man readily accepts this as a compliment exclusively intended for himself, forgetting that from strange corners other eyes than his are looking out upon the world. Flowers have other admirers than mankind, more devoted, whose appreciation of

the blossom is untainted by any lurking impatience for the fruit that is to follow. The end for which flowers exist cannot be simply the gratification they are fitted to afford to human senses, for on this nosegay theory we cannot explain the marvellous mechanism observed in a great many flowers. Neither on this view can we account for the existence of a large class of flowers which are neither brightly coloured nor sweet scented. Some of this class, indeed, emit an extremely disagreeable odour. The circumstance, then, that flowers minister to human pleasure cannot be regarded as affording a sufficient reason for their existence.

The honey at least might remind us of other creatures quite as deeply interested in flowers as man; indeed, the bee is much better entitled to claim the flowers as its own than we are. They afford us pleasure; but the insect they supply with food. To mankind, flowers are a luxury; to insects, a necessity. Not only so, but the shape of the flower often bears an obvious relation to the insects by which it is frequented. This adaptation is well seen in the common primrose. The broad brim of the yellow corolla of this flower forms a convenient platform on which the insect can stand while inserting its proboscis into the flower-tube to draw up the honey. In the primrose, clover, and other tubular flowers, there is an evident relation between the length of the bee's proboscis and the depth of the flower-tube. Some bell-flowers, again, are just large enough to admit a bee; while the corolla of the dead nettle fits the insect's body with the exactness of a glove. That the exemplary diligence of the bee should meet with an appropriate acknowledgment in the shape of a store of sweets is a view that harmonises very well with our natural ideas of the fitness of things. There are, however, many facts opposed to the theory that flowers exist for the benefit of insects.

One of the most obvious characteristics of flowers is their transitory and fleeting nature. How short-lived the blossom in comparison even with the leaf! In general, a few days is all the length of time a blossom can retain its freshness, and in some cases the flower fades within a few hours of its expansion. The frequent allusions of the poets show how deeply the popular imagination is impressed by this evanescent character; and when due allowance has been made for this, the inadequacy of the notion that flowers exist for the sake of insects becomes apparent. Again, there is the scanty supply of nectar, the great labour involved in its collection, the total absence in some flowers of honey or other inducement, the deception practised upon insects by others, not to speak of those exceptional cases where the insect is subjected to rather strange treatment. One of the Rubiacee rather unceremoniously shuts the door in its visitor's face; Aristolochia, Arum, and Ceropegia imprison their guests for a

time; bees escape half-drowned from the involuntary bath to which they are subjected by the gigantic flowers of the orchid *Coryanthes*; the flowers of the milkwort and periwinkle tar and feather their callers; various small flies, unable to escape, are starved to death in the lip of *Cypripedium*; and some of the Aroids are even said to poison their visitors.

Although, then, flowers do furnish certain classes of insects with food, this cannot be the end for which they exist. It may indeed be accepted as a general axiom that no organism possesses any organ exclusively for the benefit of another. A flower must, therefore, be of some service to the plant by which it is produced. If we regard flowers as existing simply for the benefit of insects, we leave altogether unexplained the connection between flower and fruit. But why should the blossom always precede the fruit? What is to prevent the fruit from appearing before the flower, and how does a display of flourish affect the productivity of a tree? It was shown by Grew in 1676 that when the pollen falls on the stigma of a flower the pistil is stimulated, and begins to develop into fruit. In 1711, Geotroy remarked that the embryo never appears in the seed until the anthers have shed their pollen. He also proved that if the stamens be removed from maize its seeds do not ripen. Fertilisation, or the application of the pollen to the stigma, was thus shown to be essential in order to a flower's yielding fruit. Bees visiting flowers get dusted with pollen, and frequently leave some of it adhering to the stigmas. In this way they become unconscious agents in effecting fertilisation. Towards the close of last century the German naturalist Sprengel discovered that many flowers are quite incapable of effecting their own fertilisation without the intervention of insects. The accuracy of Sprengel's observation can be easily verified. One of the first of our garden shrubs to put forth its blossoms is the flowering currant. Its flowers are much frequented by bees and other insects, and in ordinary circumstances the plant produces berries in abundance. With a view to exclude insects from the flowers, the present writer on one occasion covered several of the newly-opened blossoms of this bush with muslin. In the course of a week or two it was noticed that the protected flowers continued fresh and bright, while their unprotected neighbours were almost all withered. Later on, an abundant crop of berries was apparent on all the exposed branches which had been visited by bees, while not a single berry appeared on any of those from which insects had been excluded by the muslin.

The relative position of the organs of the flower often renders spontaneous fertilisation impossible. In others, the anthers and stigmas do not ripen at the same time, so that self-fertilisation is impossible, as occurs in *Geranium*, *Campanula*, and *Epilobium*, where the stigmas do not expand until the pollen has almost all been removed from the flower. Neither can self-fertilisation take place when the stamens and pistils are produced in different flowers. The male and female flowers are produced on the same individual plant in the case of the hazel,

oak, birch, burr-reed, begonia, box, atriplex, amaranthus, &c.; but in the cucumber, bryony, pink, mistletoe, crowberry, hop, hemp, poplar, willow, dog's-mercury, sorrel, and nettle, the stamens and pistils grow on separate plants. Certain flowers are also known to be absolutely sterile if fertilised with their own pollen. But though the fact that cross-fertilisation occurs was long known, it was Darwin who first clearly perceived the superiority of this method over self-fertilisation. In his work on the *Fertilisation of Orchids*, Darwin expressed his conviction that 'Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilisation.' In the first instance, this was merely an inference based on the experience of stock-raisers, who have long been familiar with the evil effects of close interbreeding on their cattle. We can conceive of no nearer relationship than that of the organs in the same flower. If, therefore, the degeneration caused by close interbreeding be apparent anywhere, it ought to be in the case of self-fertilised flowers. And this is just what we find. Darwin experimented with a large number of flowers, and found almost invariably that the seedlings obtained from crossed seeds were taller and more vigorous than those produced by self-fertilised seeds. The results obtained with a species of convolvulus may be taken as typical. The height of the intercrossed plants was greater than that of the self-fertilised ones in the proportion of 100 to 77. In other words, the crossed plants stood to the self-fertilised in the same relation that a man six feet in height stands to one who measures four feet eight and a quarter inches. Not only were the crossed plants taller and more vigorous, but they flowered earlier in the season, and produced far more seeds than the self-fertilised ones. Darwin thus succeeded in proving that even in those flowers which are able to produce seeds when fertilised with their own pollen, cross-fertilisation, since it is attended with great advantages, must be highly desirable.

We may accept it as conclusively proved that every flower requires to be fertilised before it can produce any seeds, and that all ordinary flowers are more or less adapted to cross-fertilisation. A flower is, in fact, a branch that has been specially modified for the production of seed. The purpose of the flower is to form seeds, and all its parts help, directly or indirectly, to attain this object. Flowers are not merely ornamental, neither do they exist simply for the entertainment of their winged guests; they are organs of the utmost importance in relation to the perpetuation of vegetable species. In short, a flower is little more than a contrivance for securing cross-fertilisation. As soon as this has been accomplished, the perfume ceases to be emitted, the stamens quickly shrivel up and drop away, the petals and, in most cases, the sepals as well wither and fall off, leaving only the pistil, which in time becomes the fruit. The botanical fruit is simply the ripened pistil of the flower. A flower is not, however, in nature fertilised for the sake of its fruit, but for its seeds. The fruit is subordinate to the seed, and in the majority of plants the fruit is nothing more than a seed-case. When additional structures are present, their function is to promote the dispersion of the seeds. Succulent and coloured fruits, such as berries, apples, plums, cherries, oranges, and the like

are adapted to have their seeds dispersed by birds. Nearly all the peculiarities of fruits and flowers become intelligible when viewed in relation to the formation of seed. The presence of brightly-coloured petals renders the flower visible from a distance, and serves to attract insects. Darwin removed the petals from some lobelias, and noticed that they were neglected by the bees, which continued to visit the neighbouring flowers which still retained their petals. Sir John Lubbock proved experimentally that bees were guided by colour; and more recently, Herman Muller demonstrated that, with other things equal, the number of insect visits which a flower receives is in proportion to its conspicuousness. The markings on the petals observed in so many cases serve to guide the insect to the honey after it has alighted on the flower. These lines always point towards the honey. They are of use to the insect in preventing loss of time; in relation to the flowers they are also of service by inducing the insect to enter the flower in the way most calculated to promote fertilisation, and this, no doubt, is their primary intention. The shape of the flower in most cases can be explained on the same principle. The floral organs are generally so arranged that they not only attract insects, but also in such a way that their visitors are compelled to touch the stigma or stamens, or both, before reaching the nectar. We might compare these floral contrivances to the arrangements at the entrances of theatres and other places of entertainment. To these, people are attracted by means of advertisements; but a system of barricades and turnstiles compels the visitor to pass in front of the ticket office before he can obtain admission.

Perfume also serves to attract insects. Artificial flowers were attached to branches of trees by Nageli; some of these he scented with essential oils; insects were attracted to these in an unmistakable manner, while others which he left unscented were almost neglected. The perfume appears in general to proceed from the honey, which constitutes the chief attraction inducing insects to frequent flowers. In the anemone, poppy, and St John's wort, we have examples of honeyless flowers which are, however, sought by insects which feed upon their pollen, of which they produce an excess. The more attractions a flower presents the better will be its chance of cross-fertilisation, and the greater the likelihood of its offspring surviving and spreading. Inconspicuous flowers, on the other hand, are in danger of being overlooked by insects. Accordingly, most small, obscurely-coloured flowers are either self-fertilised, or are adapted to have their pollen transported by the wind. Wind-fertilised flowers, such as the ryegrass, nettle, and ash, have small flowers without conspicuous colouring, honey, or scent. When we look at the flower as merely a phase in the development of the fruit, and when we consider that its end is served as soon as cross-fertilisation has been accomplished, the short duration of the blossom becomes intelligible. Once the stigma has been pollinated, a flower seldom lasts any time. Gardeners are well aware of this, and take precautions to exclude bees from their greenhouses; otherwise, they would find it impossible to keep their flowers in good condition for any length of

time. On the other hand, it is wonderful how long a flower may remain fresh and bright if it has not been visited. We have already noticed this in the flowers of the currant when protected by muslin. The fuchsia is another example. This plant when grown out of doors may sometimes be seen, especially towards the end of the season, with its flowers in perfect condition, after almost every other flower has disappeared, giving thus unmistakable evidence of having been neglected by the bees.

It thus appears that flowers are not primarily intended for man's gratification. Our very finest wild-flowers only bloom far up the heights of the lofty Grampians, nearly four thousand feet above the level of the sea, where man seldom or never comes; and for the most part on inaccessible crags which afford him no foothold. The little gem-like Mountain Speedwell and the great blue clusters of the Alpine Forget-me-not display their loveliness amid the solitudes of the mountain. There no man may behold their beauty; but there by day the bee is working, there by night the moth is busy. Nor, on the other hand, must we regard flowers as goblets of nectar to be quaffed by festive bees. In reality, they are organs of the highest importance in furthering the great physiological process of reproduction by which each race of plants is kept up and the variety of vegetable forms sustained. On the old popular conception of flowers—the bouquet or nosegay theory, it is impossible to account rationally for the phenomena which flowers present; but these all admit of ready explanation on the supposition of their being serviceable in the ways now indicated. Sentimental people will no doubt object that this is robbing flowers of all their poetry and romance; they will no longer continue to exercise a refining and elevating influence upon humanity if each bright scarlet cup and delicate golden disc must be regarded as nothing more than a business advertisement—a placard addressed to frugal bees, hungry moths, and parsimonious butterflies, setting forth the merits of a particular brand of honey. Nevertheless, such an every-day commonplace commercial theory is the view to which Science now gives undivided support. The bright hues of flowers serve the same purpose as the glaring colours of bills in the streets. In the one, the colour is intended to attract the attention of busy men as they pass and repress to their daily toil; in the other, the colour appeals to the eyes of the no less industrious bees as they hasten to and fro on their frequent and laborious errands.

Contemplating the attractions which flowers offer to insects, we seem to listen to an ancient story. In days of yore, the Argonauts on their homeward voyage listened spell-bound to the melody of the Sirens, and narrowly escaped a dreadful fate. Flowers are Nature's Sirens; but no treachery lurks beneath their fragrance. Their object is not to destroy; the relation they seek to establish is one of mutual benefit. And so the winged argonaut of the hive need not fear their charmed essence or hesitate to turn aside and enrich his golden freight. Thus Nature tells her own beautiful version of the Golden Fleece.

Long ago, people used to think that the sun revolved round the earth. We know now, thanks to Copernicus, that it is the earth that goes round,

and that the sun, not the earth, is the centre of the solar system. And so we must no longer look on man as the centre of Flora's realm, for the vegetable world revolves on its own axis.

WELL WORTH WINNING.

CHAPTER III.—THE END OF A WEEK.

WITH a heart full of bitterness and conscious impotence, Arthur Loring rose from his bed in the middle of the night and went out. The streets were silent and deserted. He walked southward, and along Oxford Street and Park Lane, and down Knightsbridge way, thinking all the while not of whither he was going, but whether it would not be wiser to take himself off the scene at once, by enlisting as a soldier next day.

In this unsatisfied and distracting state of mind he found himself, somewhat to his surprise, in front of his uncle's house in Cadogan Square. Arthur was rather ashamed on making the discovery, and beat a quick retreat. On his way back to Marylebone, the poison of Ralph Loring's advice began to have its turn, and—as poisons have a way of doing—it flew rapidly through every vein.

'If there only was a chance, ever so faint a hope!' he exclaimed. 'Ah, but it would be worth trying for!'

The lates seemed to be with Loring, or against him, according as you look at it. Sleeping none that night, he went out early for a walk in Hyde Park, and met Maud Lavelle having her morning gallop. She was unattended, and reined up her horse immediately she saw him. How charming she looked! with the light of youth and health in her eyes, and their pink on her cheeks. And she was glad to meet him, too, and made no secret of it.

She glanced down in his face with some concern, and, hesitating a little, asked: 'Have you been ill since we saw you last night?'

'Oh no,' he answered, laughing, 'not ill; a little ill at ease, perhaps. I am not quite reconciled to things as yet, I suppose. But that is nothing. Tell me, Maud, were you offended with me?'

'Surely not—Arthur,' she replied, adding his name with the sweetest and friendliest shyness imaginable. She continued, more soberly: 'Mr Longfield, I think, didn't like it; but I suppose you don't mind that. Mamma said nothing at all. And, Mr Loring, would you guess what he said?'

'I should never guess.'

'He said it was just what he expected. There. And for my own part, Arthur, now that I know you, I should like to know you better; it is so nice to have a cousin to talk to and go out with sometimes, and I have had nobody.'

She said this so innocently and seriously, that Arthur Loring, conscious of his own thoughts, felt ashamed.

'Mamma and I lunch at half-past one,' she proceeded in the same way: 'and if you mean to call to-day, and can come about that hour, you might lunch with us.'

'I shall be delighted, Maud.'

'And afterwards, would you—would you take

me to see the Tower of London on one of the penny steamboats?'

The proposition was a little startling, but if the thing could be carried out he would go with her too gladly.

'Do you know,' she continued, feeling relief for having got the expedition to the Tower off her mind, 'I have often thought that if I had a brother or—or a cousin,' with ever so faint a blush at this point, 'I should like him to take me all over London, at least once a week in fine weather, on the outside of an omnibus.'

'It would be jolly, I admit,' he assented, with considerable doubt as to whether such pleasure was ever to be his. 'You have a capital view from the top of an omnibus; and as only two can sit on one chair—an advantage to which he was not oblivious—'you are never crushed. And if you take one of the front seats, you escape the tobacco-smoke, if there is any going.'

Certain thoughts, suggested by the confiding innocence of this charming girl, troubled the breast of Arthur Loring on his way back to breakfast. He feared it was not honourable to lay siege to the unsuspecting citadel of her heart. But the temptation was too great to be resisted, and once for all he defiantly flung to the winds every anxious forecast of the result. He should find it easy enough by-and-by—if successful—to prove to himself that it was his duty to save her from the fate of becoming Longfield's wife.

'It is mean,' he said, 'to have to resort to treachery in getting at her heart; but if she suspected it now, she would be too alarmed to suffer me to go on. However, in the end it will be best for her, and she will forgive me.'

Doubtless she would, supposing everything to turn out as he hoped.

Arthur Loring did not fail to present himself at half-past one, and he was received by Mrs Loring with a stately courtesy that rather chilled him. However, Maud made up for this; and he was much surprised and puzzled by the absence of interest with which Mrs Loring appeared to regard the excursion to the Tower of London. She did not utter a syllable, in his hearing, either for or against a project the nature of which might certainly suggest some special observation.

'Does your mamma care for your coming with me down the river?' he asked Maud when she was buttoning her gloves in the hall before starting.

The suppressed interest of his manner was different from that of the matter-of-fact reply: 'Mamma is quite satisfied; why shouldn't she?'

'I don't know, though, what my uncle Henry would say.'

'Mr Loring knows all about it, Arthur; I told him at breakfast.'

This was another surprise, for Maud's way of speaking left no doubt that she had her step-father's sanction. Arthur was next half tempted to make a remark as to Mr Longfield's sentiments in relation to the matter when he should hear of it; but he thought he had gone far enough.

Carrying a warm shawl on his arm, in case it should be cold on the river, he took her out to Sloane Street and hailed a hansom. When he had put her in and taken his seat beside her—paying the design of the vehicle a silent tribute

of admiration—he pulled the doors to. For a time Maud sat looking straight before her, saying nothing, until he asked what she was thinking of.

‘I was thinking, Arthur,’ she said, ‘might we not come back on an omnibus?’

‘Certainly, Maud, if you wish,’ he answered with alacrity.

They were soon on the steamboat, churning down the river; and the breeze was so cool and strong that he foresaw the keeping of the shawl round her pretty shoulders would demand his constant and close attention.

There is no doubt that Arthur Loring made the most of his opportunities during the remainder of that week, and laid siege to Maud Lavelle with an ardour that arose not from deliberate design, but from an intensity of love that was akin to worship. In the fire of this passion, fed by daily intercourse which was free—on her side—from reserve as the companionship of a child, he forgot or refused to listen to the warning that had in the beginning startled his conscience. The week was all too short for love; but when it came to an end, it looked indeed to have been too long for prudence. Never missing a change in her sweet face, Arthur Loring was reproached by an expression of trouble that began to hover at times about the girl's eyes.

The last day—the day before he was to commence his duties under Mr Longfield—they had gone for only a short walk in the Park, and Maud was most of the time very silent. Once he asked what was the matter; but she quickly brightened up and said, ‘Nothing at all!’ This was not satisfactory; and if her pensiveness were due merely to the termination of what might be likened to an enjoyable holiday, he knew her habitual frankness well enough to be sure that she would have said so. But she never referred to it at all, which was very strange.

Two other explanations of her manner occurred to him, but he dared not mention either. She might be in fear of Mr Longfield on account of the liberty she had enjoyed those past few days, and no doubt she had earned the man's displeasure, and should experience it. Or it might be—Arthur Loring hardly ventured to form the wild hope—it might be that, if her choice were free, she would not now become Longfield's wife.

‘Good-bye, Maud,’ he said that evening, after taking her home. ‘I suppose that is the right word now, for I go to work to-morrow, and Heaven knows when I shall meet you again.’

She did not raise her eye, but quickly answered, ‘Good-bye, Arthur,’ and ran up the stairs.

He was standing, looking after her in pained surprise, when Mrs Loring came out of an adjoining room. ‘Where is Maud, Mr Loring?’ she asked.

‘Gone up-stairs. I have just said good-bye to her.’

Mrs Loring looked at him with her cold eyes, reflected a moment, and said: ‘I believe you are going to the office to-morrow, and that we shall consequently not see you so much after to-day. Could you spare me a few minutes before you go?’

‘Certainly, Mrs Loring,’ he answered; and then he followed her to the back drawing-room with an uneasy feeling.

Mrs Loring sat down, and pointed to a chair facing her, and facing the light of a window as well. Loring did not fail to notice this, and the circumstance did not make him more comfortable.

‘I suppose, Mr Loring,’ she said, coming to the point with a directness that gave him a start, ‘you are aware that my daughter is engaged to be married very soon to Mr Longfield?’

‘I have concluded as much,’ he answered, trying his utmost, with his face to that high window, to betray no discomposure.

‘I am glad you have known it, Mr Loring. Indeed, I think you ought to have been told; but then, it is a somewhat embarrassing thing to do all at once. But I am glad you have known it, for your own sake as well as my daughter's.’

This was plain speaking, and Arthur Loring turned very red. ‘I am very conscious, Mrs Loring,’ he answered, with a visible effort of suppression, ‘that in my altered circumstances I should be a very ineligible suitor in any quarter, and I know that in this case I should be a most unacceptable one. May I therefore request you to believe that, if I have lost everything else in the way of inheritance, I have not yet lost my pride.’

Mrs Loring's impassive face changed ever so slightly under this speech—it might have been from surprise, perhaps. But she made no answer in words, merely inclining her head in acquiescence.

Then there was silence, and Loring rose. ‘I presume, Mrs Loring, the situation is quite clear now, and I may take my leave? I must thank you for a few very pleasant days. Of course I need not say that in the walk of life on which I enter to-morrow all my old habits and relations of life come to an end.’

‘I do not know that it need be so, Mr Loring. No doubt, my husband will still recollect that you are his nephew, and you will not cease to be a gentleman.’

‘I hope not,’ he answered, with a laugh; ‘but the character of a gentleman and the resources of a pound a week which I suppose will about represent Mr Longfield's estimate of my value—do not go well together. But I do not complain; I am quite ready and resolute to accept the fact.’

‘I trust you do not mean all that—quite,’ she remarked, with more courtesy than sincerity, as it certainly seemed to Arthur Loring.

‘I do mean it, Mrs Loring,’ he answered quickly, with the blood again in his face. ‘I am too proud to go out of this house with a concealment. I love Maud with my whole heart, and I never again can enter this house for that reason. There. I do not deceive you, nor have I dishonoured myself. Your daughter has no suspicion of my secret, nor shall she ever know it from me. As a humble clerk in her husband's office, she will understand the unfitness of any further acquaintance with me.’

Mrs Loring was moved now, but the inscrutability of her face gave no index of the character of her emotion. Loring cared too little to give the matter a moment's thought.

'I expected it would happen,' she said. 'I do not know what my husband expected, or why he was so willing to throw you two together. It was a thing that was sure to happen.'

'I hope, then, you do not hold me to blame? I have been honest with you.'

'I know there will be sorrow out of this,' she said, without looking up from the carpet.—'Good-bye, Mr Loring. I think you had better not come here again, even if your uncle invites you.'

Arthur Loring swept out of the house looking savage. It is little to say that his blood was boiling. There were a hundred-and-one wild notions dancing through his head—desperate schemes for blowing sky-high that infamous and heartless plot for the disposal of poor, innocent Maud Lavelle, whom he worshipped; and it was at the same time maddening and sickening that every thought of the kind should receive its sudden death-blow from the despicable fact of an empty purse. The iron went into his soul. It was no wonder he looked savage.

As he went tearing along the pavement down Sloane Street, his aspect and impetuosity sent an exceedingly pretty maiden flying out of his way before him. He could not avoid noticing her after a while, and when he saw her going along at that pace, now and then glancing back at him over her shapely little shoulder, the idea struck him—did she fancy he was pursuing her to take her life? He had to stop and laugh, the incitement was so irresistible; and the curious thing was that the girl stopped too, regarded him doubtfully an instant, and then laughed likewise. It was altogether a comedy of the pavement.

She waited for him while he approached, and for his life he could not think what it all meant. As there was no doubt that she was waiting for him, he halted when he came up with her, looking into her very winsome pink-and-white face with considerable surprise and interest.

'Law, Mr Loring,' she said, showing her pretty teeth in a laugh, 'never look as if you'd eat a body when a body wants to speak to you.'

'I'm not a cannibal, yet,' he answered, joining in the laugh; 'but if I was, you would be a very dainty body to catch and—eat.'

He recognised the girl now, though he had only casually seen her once or twice at his uncle's house. She was Maud's maid; and of course Arthur became at once attentive and interested, and walked on with her. Equally of course he expected that the girl wanted to speak to him concerning her mistress; but to his great surprise he discovered presently that she had no such intention. She wanted to talk to him about herself, and about herself, too, in the most interesting relation which a girl can have. After a good deal of blushing and giggling, he learned that Kitty—which was her name—was privately engaged to a young man, who was pressing on the propriety of their marrying without further delay. Interrogated as to the young man's name and prospects, Kitty confessed, shyly, that his name was 'Jack'—Jack Hornby, and that by profession he was a clerk. The name struck Loring as one that he had heard before, but he could not recollect where, until the girl gave him the uncomfortable information that Mr Hornby

was a clerk in Mr Longfield's office, Kitty herself having obtained the desirable post for her lover through the friendship of her mistress.

Arthur Loring roughly handled his adolescent moustache for a minute. Did Kitty know that her lover was now under 'notice,' in order to make way for him, Mr Arthur Loring? The thought was bitterly humiliating to him; until it occurred to him that perhaps another arrangement might have been made at the Annuitants' office during the past week.

'Well, now,' said Arthur Loring by-and-by, when they had become confidential on the subject and were sitting on one of the seats in Sloane Square, 'the question is, are you willing to make Jack a happy man?'

'Oh, quite willing, Mr Loring,' she answered simply; 'but it isn't that exactly. I don't know that I ought to consent this particular time, though Miss Maud tells me that I should.'

'Miss Lavelle says you should?' remarked Loring with livelier interest.

'Yes, sir. You see, Jack is losing his place to-day, though of course he is sure to get another one.'

'Does Miss Lavelle know this?' he inquired, turning to look after a passing omnibus.

'Oh yes, and she is very sorry; but still she thinks I ought not to hold back.'

'Why is he losing his place?'

The girl looked up, her face red with surprise. 'I thought you knew, sir,' she answered gently. 'They will not want Jack when you go to the office.'

'Very well, Kitty. Tell Jack I am not going to the office, and then, I suppose, he will be kept on. I shall write myself to my uncle presently to say that I have changed my mind.—No, no,' he added laughing, as he saw the girl preparing to remonstrate; 'you are quite wrong, Kitty. I had made up my mind before I met you, and nothing would make me alter it.—Shall I tell you why, since you have told me so much? I detest Mr Longfield, and could not work under him.'

Kitty drew a breath as long and deep as the capacity of her small bosom admitted, and said: 'I can well understand that, Mr Loring. Every one detests him.'

He would have liked to ask if Miss Lavelle was included in 'every one,' for he was afraid she was; but of course he did not ask.

'So that difficulty being removed, Kitty, I suppose you will decide to give Jack his way in regard to the marriage.—When and where is it to take place? I should like to come and see it.'

'Oh, would you, Mr Loring?' cried Kitty quickly with a violent blush. 'And that is just what I wanted to—to ask you, sir. If you would—would kindly consent to be—be best-man to Jack?'

To see Kitty collapse after that effort, and clasp her tiny hands tightly together, and stare straight before her with the rigid look of a person ready for the worst that could happen, was a sight of interest. Loring looked at her for a few seconds, dumfounded by so unexpected a request, and unable to make anything of it; then his good-humour came to his aid, and he laughed.

'But, Kitty,' he said, 'I haven't the pleasure

of knowing Jack: If I had, and he asked me to stand by him on that trying occasion, I would be delighted.'

'Oh, thank you, Mr Loring; that's all I want to know. Jack will call on you and ask you. And it is to be in that church over the road—Trinity Church, you know, with the two little towers in front.'

'So, then, it was already settled, Kitty?'

'I'm afraid it was, sir,' the girl answered shyly. 'It is to be on Friday.'

'Very well, Kitty,' he said, rising, 'if Jack comes and asks me to act as best-man, I shall not fail him. What o'clock is it to be?'

'Twelve, sir—and many thanks,' the girl answered, curtseying, and tripping away back to Calogan Square.

He looked after her for a while, and then turned away up the King's Road with a sigh. In the space of a few minutes he had forgotten all about the maid's wedding in the reaction of his feelings concerning himself.

One duty, however, he at once performed while the heat was upon him—not, indeed, that there was any probability of his altering his mind. He went into a stationer's shop and wrote a brief and decided line to his uncle, addressed officially to the office in Pall Mall, declining to accept the employment offered to him. This being off his mind, with a certain feeling of comfort in his breast referable to the case of Mr John Hornby, Arthur proceeded to beat up his uncle Ralph.

OPALS.

No precious stone has had a better experience of the fickleness of popular favour than has the Opal. In the early days of the world's history this gem was prized above all others, and was looked upon as the embodiment of everything that was lucky. A Roman dame prized none of her possessions so highly as her opals, and fortunate indeed did she consider herself if she happened to be the owner of a more than ordinarily beautiful specimen. The fair fame of the opal remained untarnished throughout the middle ages; and two or three hundred years ago our ancestors showed a fondness for this beautiful stone which rivalled that displayed for it by the Romans. But by a strange freak of fashion the opal was brought down from its high estate. It is becoming popular again now; but in the earlier days of the century it was almost valueless, so great was the discredit which superstitious people had cast upon it. This dislike to the opal has been attributed to the Russians, for the stone is so unpopular among the subjects of the Czar that should one of them happen to 'desery an opal, nothing will induce him or her to make any purchases that day. There is a universal belief among them that every kind of bad luck is sure to follow transactions entered into on a day upon which an opal has been brought before their notice. The reason for this antipathy is that Russians regard this gem as the embodiment of the 'evil eye.'

Sir Walter Scott must to a certain extent be made responsible for the bad odour in which the opal has found itself of late years. In *Anne of Geierstein* he alludes to the belief that the Mexican opal loses its beauty when exposed to the action of water, and puts this down to supernatural agency. Hence arose the idea that to wear an opal is the royal road to all manner of ill-luck, and that as a love-token the stone shows the continuance or decline of the giver's affections in proportion as its colours are bright or clouded. Whenever its hues suddenly changed, misfortune of some kind or another was believed to be close at hand.

The unpopularity of the opal is, however, capable of being explained in a more prosaic manner. It is a well-known fact that the stone in an opal ring is very apt to be lost in an unaccountable and mysterious fashion. This arises from the fact that the opal possesses the characteristic of becoming slightly enlarged under the influence of heat. When, therefore, its owner's hand gets hot, it is liable to swell and force its setting open to a certain extent. When it grows cold again, the gem returns to its original size. This process is repeated until the setting becomes sufficiently enlarged to allow the stone to drop out unnoticed. Another equally practical reason for the ill favour with which opals are regarded is that they are very easily broken, and cannot therefore be looked upon as safe investments.

These beautiful gems are as a rule small; but quite a small opal if of really fine colour will readily sell for four or five pounds; and the price increases very rapidly with size. An opal which has a diameter of half an inch may not be worth more than a sovereign, whereas another, no larger, but possessing brilliant hues, will command a bid of a thousand pounds, or even more. The most magnificent specimen of this gem in existence is one which was unearthed in the Hungarian mines a hundred and twenty years ago. It was acquired by the Austrian Government, and now rests in the Imperial cabinet at Vienna. An offer of sixty thousand pounds made for it by a jeweller was refused. This splendid stone weighs seventeen ounces; it is nearly four inches in length, and is indescribably lovely in colouring. If ancient records are to be believed, it is, however, by no means the most valuable opal that has ever been discovered. A Roman senator, Nomsius by name, is said to have worn in his ring one which, though no bigger than a hazel nut, was of such surpassing brilliancy that its worth was estimated at various sums ranging from a hundred thousand pounds of our money to a quarter of a million. When Cleopatra pledged the enamoured Antony in a draught of vinegar in which tradition says that she had dissolved a pearl of fabulous worth, the enslaved triumvir endeavoured to obtain possession of Nomsius' opal in order that he might present it to the beautiful Egyptian. But the senator was too fond of his splendid jewel to be induced to part with it, and so sought refuge in flight, recognising the fact that his master, having failed to obtain the gem he coveted by fair means, would have no hesitation in resorting to foul. In vain did Antony

try to find him. He concealed himself and his precious opal so successfully that the latter has never been seen or heard of since.

Arabia and Syria are said to have been the countries from which the ancients obtained their opals. They are, however, no longer renowned for this particular gem. Common varieties of the opal are found in many parts of the world; but the precious or noble opal is mined almost exclusively in Hungary and Honduras. The most brilliantly coloured stones come from Krennütz and Dubník in the former country, though perhaps Czerwenitz and Kaschau are better known as the homes of the opal. The neighbourhood of Gracias-a-Dios is the principal locality in Honduras for this gem. The Hungarian opals are the finest in the world. Those which come from Honduras are less milky, and are also somewhat deficient in that fiery lustre which is so striking a characteristic of the best stones. Noble opals have been discovered in the Faroe Isles, and Queensland has produced some of good quality. The Queensland opals cannot be cut in convex form after the usual fashion, as they are found in thin films spread over the walls of fissures in ironstone nodules. A variety of opal called *Hydrophane* possesses the peculiar property of only assuming transparency when thrown into water. A more curious and less agreeable characteristic is the one possessed by the fire opal of Mexico. It is a very beautiful stone, but some specimens fade completely after they have been exposed to the air for a short time, losing their beauty entirely. The only analogous case to this among precious stones is the turquoise, which also sometimes shows a tendency to lose its hue after it has been brought to the light. Inexperienced persons who have purchased fire opals in the rough have often had cause to bewail their rashness in entering a business of which they were ignorant, for the stones they acquired at high prices have become quite colourless and without value.

The iridescent colours of the opal have puzzled lapidaries more than any other peculiarity of precious stones. Many different theories have been advanced to account for the brilliant changes of hue. It is certain that the stone contains no pigment, but that the play of colours is due to peculiarities in its structure. Sir David Brewster gave it as his opinion that numerous microscopic pores arranged in parallel lines are responsible for the colours of the opal, and attributed the differences of tint to variations in the sizes of these pores. His ideas have been followed and elaborated by others who have investigated the subject, and their researches lead to the conclusion that the hues of the opal arise from a state of affairs similar to that which produces the well-known colours of thin plates. A ray of light is reflected from the anterior surface of a very thin film; another ray is reflected from the posterior surface; and the meeting of the two rays gives rise to the varying hues which are so much admired. Humboldt tells us that a variety of opal found in California has a matrix saturated with water, and is consequently soft enough when first unearthed to be broken between the finger and thumb. Exposure to the air and sun for several days hardens it and brings out its lustre. This curious variety does not, however,

seem to have been noticed by later observers, so its existence must be looked upon as not proven. The Empresses Eugénie and Joséphine were noted, the former for the aversion with which she regarded the opal, the latter for her devotion to the gem. Joséphine's opals were the wonder of her brilliant court. One which she wore on grand occasions gave forth such vivid flashes of light as to earn for itself the name *l'incendie de Troie* (the burning of Troy). Opals are almost invariably polished with a convex surface, both because of their brittleness, which renders it unsafe to cut them into facets, and because the play of colours is thus best displayed.

THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON.

A LANCASHIRE STORY.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

TIME went quietly on. Summer and autumn faded away—five months since that Whit-Monday, and in those five months Oswald woke up to a sense of the fatal mistake he had made. The illusion was over. Some men might have made the best of it, and come out all the better for the discipline involved in the process. Oswald was hardly of that class at present, whatever he might be in time to come. Ready enough to take his own way while the impulse was upon him, he was by no means so ready to take the inevitable consequences. Crosses and disappointments had never hitherto come within the range of his experience. From his unsatisfactory home-life, he drifted into the habit of spending his evenings at Fairfield, where his mother and Laura Franks were ever ready to talk to and amuse him. Miriam's existence was tacitly ignored by them. What could they have in common? Laura knew that she and Oswald had been destined for each other by his mother; if Miriam's ill-fated beauty had not come between, and she could have liked him well, have understood and contented him, as poor simple Miriam never would.

Old Thomas Ashworth took no notice, though he saw far more of what went on about him than he was in the habit of acknowledging to the public. Much of the father's pride in his handsome lad had died down in the disappointment of that marriage. It made no difference that his own mother in her day had been a mill-worker; perhaps he felt the stronger on that account; and it was hardly in human nature that he should not find a certain grim satisfaction in the present state of affairs.

The smart villa was fast becoming something of a prison to its mistress. Her education made scant progress. After twenty, it is not easy passing into entirely new grooves. She was cut off from all her past friends and acquaintances. Lisbeth, who faithfully came the evenings when Mr Oswald was at Fairfield, and departed before he returned, was the only connecting link left. She made no headway among Oswald's friends; they summed her up in one brief sentence—'Pretty, but uninteresting; and absolutely ignorant of everything she ought to know.'

'If this is all thou'st gotten by marrying a

gentleman, give me a working-man,' said Lisbeth in one of those solitary vigils. 'I'd not sit in an empty house while he went off amusing himself with other folk, for any gentleman going.'

'It's with his own folk,' was Miriam's response. 'I cannot talk like them to him. It would all be different if I'd been a lady too.'

'Lady or no lady, he married thee, and he'd noan favour Fairfield so often with his company but for that Miss Franks and her mincing ways.'

'That's my business, Lisbeth,' said Mrs Oswald with some dignity. 'I'm noan going to find fault with him for being civil to his own cousin. If I dunnot complain about him, you needn't begin.'

Lisbeth got up to go. 'Very well, Miriam; it's thy business. But when I wed, I'll mak it mine to find a man without cousins of that sort, or I'll stay as I am. Thou'st gotten a fine house, but thou'st gotten little else by it, as far as I can mak out.'

It was an hour later before Oswald came in, and all that hour Miriam sat wearily watching the fire. She kept up a brave front before Lisbeth, but she was growing tired and hopeless—the 'fine house' oppressed her. The long days might be lonely, but the effort to find something to talk about when Oswald did come home was often far worse. She would see him shrink and his brows contract so many times over some expression that came quite naturally to her lips; the old love-talk had come to an end; and it was almost as though they spoke two separate languages.

She had spelt out a newspaper paragraph a day or two before to the effect that a wife ought to enter into and identify herself with her husband's pursuits, if she wished to retain any hold upon his affections. Miriam pondered it over as she sat waiting—it sounded so easy, if she only knew how to begin.

She looked up with a sudden inspiration as her husband came in. 'Oswald, I'm going' into the town to-morrow afternoon; shall I come round by the mill for you after?' she began eagerly; this was to be the first step in the new direction.

Oswald looked a little surprised. Miriam had never been near the mill since the day she quitted her loom for ever. 'Well, I don't know, Miriam. You can, if you like; but I can't say precisely what time I shall be ready to leave.'

It was not an enthusiastic permission; but Miriam hekl to her purpose. If Oswald would talk to her, even if it was only about the mill or the cotton market, it would be better than utter silence.

It was a clear November afternoon, with a touch of early frost in the air, when she turned out of the High Street, which was the chief shopping thoroughfare, into the well-remembered quarter. There was the bridge over the canal; there the turn that led to Whitworth Siding; there the great square mill, with its long rows of narrow windows, some already lighting up. She passed through the gate and by Stott's box unnoticed, and made her way to the private office. Near the outer door she came full upon her father. It was out of Joshua's regular track, and he was there for reasons best known to himself. He

hurried a short pipe into his pocket at the sound of footsteps, and then drew it out again when he found it was only his daughter—not Madam Ashworth herself.

'Oh, it's thee, is it, lass!—What's agate now?'

'Nothing. I'm only come in for Oswald. I was passing close to the mill.'

'Well, he's in there, I reckon, and owd Thomas too; so thou'lt get the pair of 'em.'

He pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, and shuffled off to his own department without further ceremony. Miriam hesitated a minute before she pushed open the inner door. She had not counted upon meeting her father-in-law at the outset of her enterprise. The office gas was not lighted, but a dull red fire-glow shone through the roughened glass, and there was a sound of hushed voices.

Oswald was speaking. 'It's no use, father. The fact's there, whether it's spoken about or not. Every day it's harder work going home. I don't know how it's to end.'

'There's no end to it, lad. You'll have to do as the rest of us have done before your time—just make up your mind to it. You made your own bed; you'll have to lie on it.'

Oswald laughed, a bitter, mirthless little laugh. 'I suppose I'll have to. Do you think I'm not finding that out for myself? I'm doing my best, father—I am, indeed; but you can't guess what a horrible nightmare that house is to me. The very servants look down upon us—I'm dead-sick of it all.'

Miriam waited for no more; she walked softly away down the passage to the familiar ground-floor room. A curious fancy came upon her to go look at her old loom. The machinery was buzzing and whirring about her once more. That was the spot where she had worked the long hours through, listening for the sound of his foot. Through that door she used to catch the first sight of the gray ulster in the days that were all sunshine, the days before she had found out how brief and bitter love could be. There in that dusty room she had first learned to love him.

She loved him still, through all the pain and loneliness that never wavered. She would not marry him again; she knew better what that meant now; but love him—love him she always would. The busy wheels chanted it like a refrain in her ears. She was standing close to the revolving shaft, so close that the wind stirred the fringes on her dress. She looked down at it vaguely, thinking of the coarse linen 'brat' that used to shroud her working-gown, of things that happened long ago, when she and Lisbeth were little children together. The throbbing uproar was like 'an old friend, a crooning lullaby hushing out all other jarring sounds and noises.'

The bell for closing clanged out harshly from its tower over the entrance; the long procession of wooden clogs came filing through the gateway and tramped away down the street. Thomas Ashworth buttoned up his overcoat and trudged home to Fairfield; but Oswald sat still, brooding over the office fire alone. Miriam was not likely to come now; she must have changed her mind. And he was in no hurry to get back to his own roof-tree. In the silence

and solitude, Oswald was squaring matters up with himself. His father never weakened the force of his remarks by vain repetition, and that word of kindly common-sense from him had not been without effect. What was the use of complaining? Miriam and he were married, and would have to fight it out together to the end. 'And she was never obstinate about trifles; quick words and little unheeded slights that she had patiently put up with came crowding back to his mind. Oswald's face grew softer as the hours stole on. The hollow fire collapsed into white ash and cinders at last. He got up with a start and looked at his watch. Nine o'clock. It was surely time to set his face homeward now, and he was stiff and chilly with sitting so long.

He felt lighter than he had for weeks as he turned in at his own gate and let himself in with his latchkey. Jane was crossing the lobby with a tray of crockery. She looked at him with a surprised face. 'Hasn't the mistress come with you, sir?'

'Mistress? No. Is she not in?'

'She hasn't been in since two o'clock. She said she was coming back with you, sir.'

Oswald passed on into the empty sitting room. He was astonished, but not particularly uneasy. Miriam must have stopped at her father's. It was not like her certainly, but perhaps she had been dull. If she did not turn up presently, he would go round for her.

She did not turn up, and he accordingly went round. It struck him oddly as he knocked at the house-door that this was the first time in all his brief courtship or married life that he had visited his father-in-law's abode.

Lisbeth opened the door. 'Why, it's surely Mr Oswald!' she cried, peering out into the darkness. 'What's aunts with Miriam?'

'Isn't she here?' demanded Oswald, stepping in past her.

Lisbeth took no notice. She stood with a puzzled face, holding the door-latch. She had evidently been half asleep at the fireside. Joshua had already retired, but odours of his presence still floated hazily about. The deal table was littered with the remains of supper; heavy clogs lay just as they had been kicked off upon the fender. Oswald took in the whole room in one comprehensive glance; for the first time, he began to realise something of the wide difference between his wife's tramping and his own.

'Where is she gone?' he asked sharply.

'How should I know? I haven't put eyes on her sin last neet this time. She's noan here that often you need come to us seeking her.'

Oswald stared at her in blank dismay. 'Then, where can she be? She went out early this afternoon.'

'She was at the mill after you at five o'clock.'

'She was not,' contradicted her brother-in-law. 'I waited there long after every one else had gone.'

'But I tell you she wor,' asserted Lisbeth. 'Feyther spoke to her in the yard himsel.'

'Then she must have got locked in somehow. It's very strange,' said Oswald, glad of even so much information. 'I'm sorry I disturbed you, Lisbeth. I'll go there and see.'

A useless quest. Even if she had been by any

chance fastened in, there was still the night-watchman on the premises. She might have been home three times over. Utterly bewildered, Oswald went round to Fairfield and told his father about it. Thomas Ashworth looked keenly at his son from under his shaggy brows.

'You've had no words with her about anything, Oswald?'

'Not a shadow of one in the sense you mean; and if we had, Miriam was never one to bear a grudge.'

'Then the best thing you can do is to keep it quiet, and hope she will come back in time to save any gossip. Perhaps you'd better say nothing about it up-stairs.'

'Just what I was going to suggest. They would not care very much what became of poor Miriam.'

It was poor Miriam already, and she had only been away these few hours. Truly, there are seasons when absence is a kindly friend.

Oswald went home after that, and dismissed the inquisitive servants to bed; but he walked restlessly about the house for the greater part of the night. If he could have set off in any one direction, or done something, he would not have minded so much; but the blank uncertainty of it perplexed him sorely: every hour seemed like two. Nevertheless, he had to bear it. That was Thursday night. It was not till Monday afternoon that there was any sign of light upon the mystery. It came just before closing-time, in the shape of a blurred blotted note to Thomas Ashworth. Oswald and he were alone in the office, and he broke it open without a suspicion as to its contents:

Sir—Will you tell Oswald for me that I wunnot ever be any more trouble to him agen. I heard what he wor saying to you at the mill the other night. I went in among the looms after and tried to mak away with myself, but I got frightened—I couldn't do it. I wor brought up to work, and I can get my own living here well enough. I wornt fit to be his wife, but I didn't rightly understand things then. Dnunnot show him this letter, I couldn't write it fit for him to see.

That was all. Thomas Ashworth read it over twice, and deliberately handed it across the desk to his son. 'Oswald, I think that concerns you more than me,' he said huskily; and then he put on his hat and went away, leaving Oswald to read it alone, untroubled by any comments.

And so Miriam dropped out of their midst as completely as though the grave had already closed over her. All efforts at tracing her were unavailing. One little unit more or less in the great working-class population, one 'hand,' or twenty, in those crowded factories, how should her existence attract any notice, or travel beyond the sound of the looms where she might be working?

The house on the Lancaster Road was closed and deserted; the winter rains and snows beat unheeded on the shrouded windows. Oswald did not go back to Fairfield; some undefined feeling of loyalty to his absent wife kept him back from that course. He had gone there too often in days past, and just now, Laura Franks or anything else connected with that time was

not a subject he cared to be reminded of. He took a couple of rooms outside the town, and spent his time chiefly at the mill in close hard work, and there is no panacea like that for all troubles, whether of mind, body, or estate.

It was not a cheerful time. The bleak skies above had their counterpart in his own reflections. It was the first tangle in the silken thread of his life. His father's name and money had smoothed out all difficulties heretofore; but this was his own, and possibly he would be none the worse for having to wrestle through it alone.

As the months crept on, the long late winter broke up into spring. The brown moors grew green and grassy once more, white splashes of daisies came out in the gray fields under the very shadow of the giant chimneys. The June sunshine was sweeping over the whole land with a floodtide of life and colour that touched even the grimy Millgate district with fleeting beauty. And it was on one of these blue June mornings that Miriam came to her end of the tangled thread. A telegram was brought in to Oswald late one afternoon as he was explaining some matter of business to his broker, and he opened it as he stood, not too well pleased at the interruption. His brow grew damp as he read the message: 'Miriam is dying. Come at once if you wish to see her.' The address was some obscure street in Manchester.

He looked up at his companion, who was surveying him inquiringly. 'You must go to my father for the rest,' he said, in a quick hard voice, 'and tell him I have had to go away suddenly.'

Half an hour later, Oswald was in the train. It was a short journey—a dozen miles or so. He sat staring stupidly through the window, at the crinkled leaves on the hedges, the lazy burges on the winding canal, by-and-by the brickfields and dense rows of blackened streets that fence in the northern cotton city. He sprang into a hansom the moment the train drew up at the platform, and ordered the man to drive his hardest. Through broad thoroughfares bordered with handsome shops, through miles of towering warehouses stretching in one unbroken phalanx, through dark railway arches, and alleys and lanes wrapped in dim twilight even this sunny June evening, they came to the place where Miriam had hidden herself. A long row of cottage houses close under the wing of a huge factory, a factory that for size and gauntness and general ugliness left Ashworth's far in the rear. Oswald sent away his cab at the end of the street, and walked down the pavement to look for the number given in the message.

A tidy, decent-looking woman was looking out of the door, evidently expecting him. 'How is she?' he asked anxiously.

'Mortal bad, sir. The doctor said she couldn't see the day out. The baby came this morning—it's a boy, sir.'

Baby! The room reeled round before Oswald's eyes; somehow, he had never given one thought to the possibility of that.

'I've none of my own, so she lodged with us for company, like; and a hard-working lass she wor as long as she wor able. It come upon her sudden-like.'

The woman was leading the way up a corkscrew staircase as she spoke, into a small front

room. The window was set wide open for air, and the street cries and noises came in and mingled curiously with the hush inside. Miriam was lying on a low bed in the corner, her baby beside her.

Oswald will have forgotten most things when he forgets the light that broke over the perfect beauty of the still face as he entered. What need was there for words? What was anything that he could say, in presence of the pitiful tragedy fast closing in? He knelt down by her, feeling as if the little room had suddenly widened out into some cathedral shrine. There were no confessions or explanations either asked or given. The time for them had gone by. All of the past that he was ever to know from her had been told in that one blurred note to his father.

'You'll tak care of him, Oswald,' she said, when they lifted the baby away from beside her, —'tak care of him; he's thy own little lad.'

Oswald promised—and in the years that followed made his promise good.

She spoke once or twice more; but it was always of their happy courting days—of the days when Oswald had been all the world to her. He was that still; and presently, holding his hand to the end, she quietly slipped away on the last long journey.

There is a story recorded of a woman who was once forgiven many misdeeds 'because she loved much.' It was so with Miriam. Oswald forgot all her imperfections of speech, her shortcomings in the way of manners and training; he only remembers that she had the fairest face he ever saw, and that she loved him.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

SPRING-TIME may lose its freshest tints,

And Autumn leaves their gold,

The bitter blast and snowy wreath

May sweep across the wold;

But the years are full of splendours

That never will depart,

For they shed eternal fragrance

When there's Summer in the Heart.

The shadows linger on the earth,

The sunbeams hide away,

The sad mists fold their chill white hands

About the face of day;

The tumult and the rush of life

Sound aye in street and mart;

But they cannot drown life's music

When there's Summer in the Heart.

The city towers are crumbling fast,

'And totter to their fall;

The ivied castle on the height

Shows many a ruined wall;

But men build eternal dwellings

With strange and wondrous art,

They are shrines for the Immortals

When there's Summer in the Heart.

DAVID RUSSELL AITKEN.

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NEW WESTMINSTER.

SUCH was the name chosen by Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to be given to the principal city on the mainland of British Columbia. Between New Westminster and Westminster of historic memory there is indeed little resemblance, though the small city of the West can boast of as magnificently broad a river as that of old Father Thames at any part of its course. The site of the town was selected by Colonel Moody in 1859, who with a staff of Sappers and Miners laid out the lines on which it is built; and a suburb at a distance of a mile and a half from the Post-office still bears the name of Sapperton, or is more familiarly called 'the Camp,' in memory of these bygone days. The old Government House, lately pulled down to make room for a new residence for the warden of the Penitentiary, was the scene of many a pleasant dance and gathering before the seat of the Provincial Government was moved to Victoria; and a brick chimney standing alone in its glory in Sapperton is pointed out as being 'the chimney of the officers' messroom, and built of English brick.' The latter feature is deserving of notice, for the native brick would scarcely have weathered the wear and tear of British Columbia rains and frosts for thirty years without crumbling away in fine powder.

No one coming into New Westminster on a fine May day, as so often happens with new settlers, can fail to be charmed with the lovely situation and appearance the city presents. Built on the bank of the Fraser River, which is at this point three-quarters of a mile broad, it rises in a steep slope to a height of about three hundred feet, the brightly painted wooden houses peeping at all points from among the fresh green of the many fruit-trees. On the north are the snow-covered ridges of the Cascade Mountains, with the huge summit of Mount Baker peering across the top of the nearer hill, and all looking dazlingly white against a sky of the purest blue. The yellow broom, which was introduced from Scotland, and persistently refuses to 'move on' from a

favourite spot, makes brilliant patches of colour at no great distance apart all through the town. The view to the south shows the fertile delta of the Fraser River, and the flat alluvial land of Sulu Island, so much valued for agricultural purposes.

A new arrival coming in by train, or, as we say, 'on the train,' is first of all struck by the groups of Indian tents and cabins on the cliff-like bank which runs close by the river's edge. As soon as the season grows favourable for the salmon-fishing, these Indians come down from their various winter resorts in their long canoes, hollowed out of a single tree, and establish themselves with their wives, their babies, hens, Siwash curs, and a multitude of lars and penates. Here they stay, and with their bright-coloured scarves, and the gay, yellow, blue, and red dresses of the women, give a most picturesque effect to the landscape. They are of different tribes, very peaceable, and using the Chinook jargon as a means of communication both between themselves and the white man. In stature they are short, with broad flat faces, thick lips not protruding, soft black eyes, and coarse straight black hair, which the men wear hanging down to their shoulders, and the women braid in plaits. The latter also bind a handkerchief of bright-coloured bunting over their foreheads, reaching almost to the eyes, and tied in a knot behind. They have already developed as great a weakness for finery as their more civilised sisters, and delight in the gayest-coloured cotton frocks—such as red trimmed with bright purple, or blue with an orange border. Many are the bargains driven between them and the female population of New Westminster, the former giving cast-off garments in exchange for different varieties of Indian basket-ware; and frequently a much-coveted bright sash, or an old umbrella or sunshade, will secure better articles than more valuable goods and endless persuasion could do. The men while fishing utter a peculiar long-drawn cry, by which they call the fish to their nets, the sound being

decidedly pleasing. During the winter, their main occupation is hunting. The skins are sold by them in the summer months, though in the winter of 1889-90, in spite of game being plentiful, the returns from the salmon-fishery were so large, they were content to follow the example of the white man and live on their well-earned proceeds.

After leaving the Indian Rancheress, the train passes through 'China Town,' with its low, dirty-looking, little wooden shacks or shanties, adorned with little tinsel figures, and cabalistic notices on pink or green papers, against the doors of which are leaning any number of the almond-eyed pig-tailed Mongolian, with his *dolce far niente* manner, and calm air of sublime indifference. But in spite of much vituperation and many hard words, the 'Chinamen' (never 'Chinese') are by no means to be despised. True it is 'they keep wages down, and send money out of the country;' but then, on the other hand, no white man will do the same work, or can by any means make himself so generally useful as an intelligent John—when he chooses. The latter, however, is a necessary saving clause; for if Ah Sing, Ah Sam, or Ah Chue wishes not to do anything, no power on earth will make him understand what is required. 'Me no sabbhy, no sabbhy,' he will repeat, and look as perfectly blank as a clean sheet of paper. Here in Westminster they work at the 'canneries,' cleaning and preparing the fish before it is boiled, stacking the wood at the saw-mills, and in addition to various other avocations, act largely in the place of domestic servants in private houses and cooks in the hotels.

Within the last few years the population of New Westminster has doubled itself, and it is now a rising town of eight thousand inhabitants, with many industries and bright prospects in store for future years. 'Westminster is so solid,' is a remark frequently heard, and greatly believed in by those who maintain that the old proverb of the hare and the tortoise applies as well in the days of steamboats and electric cables as two thousand years ago, when old Æsop had more leisure to make observations than people of this busy age. Columbia Street contains the principal shops or stores, and is sixty-six feet wide, with good blocks of brick buildings, a vast improvement on the extremely dingy wooden structures which they are fast superseding.

Like every rising place, be it 'city,' 'town,' or 'village,' New Westminster boasts a multitude of Real Estate Offices, wonderful to contemplate, and every few days adds to the number. 'So-and-so has sold out,' will be said of a provincial business man.—'Oh! what has he gone into?' is the natural question.—'Real estate, of course,' is the equally natural reply; and still they all flourish. Sawmills, canneries, a woollen mill, potteries, foundries, furniture warehouses are all represented, and steadily increase in number; while side-walks are laid down, blackened old

stumps pulled out, and a thorough feeling of life and movement are in the air. Still, British Columbia and New Westminster, in spite of many charms, cannot be considered quite the Eldorado frequently represented in various pamphlets, and notices in the English newspapers; for many a man who has left a certainty at home, finds that a sure income, however small, in a settled country is much better than long and weary months of waiting for something definite to turn up, in a place where one must pay treble for all the necessaries of life, and where occupation, like kissing, 'goes by favour.' To a mechanic with a trade in his hand there is an inviting prospect—wages at fourteen shillings a day, and nine hours' work; but it must be taken into consideration that for at least four months in the year no employment is to be found, and profits are soon swallowed up in high prices. For clerks, book-keepers, and men of the middle class without capital, who cannot turn their hands to all sorts of manual labour, New Westminster has few attractions to offer.

People coming out from the old country are, as a rule, but little prepared to find how entirely they will be cast on their own resources in the matter of help in the house. Ladies who have never before done any work more fatiguing than a little dusting, find suddenly that they must cook, wash, clean, scour, and manage for themselves generally; and as this is the established habit, it is considered in nowise an indignity for a lady to be seen in clean morning wrapper sweeping down her veranda; or, later in the day, pushing her baby-carriage along the side-walk. How much this is the custom may be seen from the following remark, made to a friend by the little daughter of an English clergyman here, who still remembers her own nurse 'at home.' 'Should you like to go back, Mrs Z.?' she asked. 'Indeed, I should,' answered my friend. 'Ah! but you would not be able to push the baby there yourself, would you?'—with an evident appreciation of the pleasure a mother derives from attending herself on the little one. As a rule, the domestic duties are undertaken cheerfully, and carried through in the same spirit; while the freshness and daintiness of the houses testify to the pride and interest bestowed on them. 'But it's the dishes that worry me,' as a lady said only the other week; and indeed this is a hard part of the bargain.

Those housewives who are fortunate enough to secure a Chinaman often suffer more than those who have none. 'How muchee you give for your stove?' asked a Celestial one day of Mrs X. 'Thirty dollars,' she answered. 'You lie,' came the reply at once. 'If you say another word, I will put you out of the house,' Mrs X. promptly said. But she had only been out a few months, and did not understand that that is what one must expect, until a friend of larger experience remarked: 'I wonder you were not afraid to speak so sharply; he might have gone and left all the work unfinished.'

Another veracious case was that of Mrs A., who was remonstrating with her 'boy' that he did not get the clothes clean enough. 'You shuttee up,' said he; 'you too muchee talkee for me.'

One feels that independence at this rate is better than assistance with impudence, even though the half is not understood or intended.

Of pleasant society in New Westminster there is no lack, and afternoon calls and 'at-homes' are quite as much *de rigueur* here as in Belgravia, with the difference that the hostess herself opens the door and receives her visitors, and also prepares and brings in the fresh cup of four o'clock tea. One curious custom prevails of leaving the cards of your husband, yourself, and various members of the family on the drawing-room table before retiring from a first call. The lady returning this call pays the same compliment; and before long, the card-plate presents a most creditable appearance.

During the winter months, Assembly dances or balls are held fortnightly, which are followed in summer by tennis-parties. Lacrosse is the favourite recreation of the sterner sex, varied by baseball, football, and cricket, all played with the same eagerness of spirit, which seems inseparable from these games.

It would be hardly right to overlook the grand provincial fair, Exhibition or Flower Show, variously called, to be celebrated annually in the town, and which was inaugurated last October. Fruits and vegetables were then on view of surprising size, one pear alone weighing a pound and a quarter, and testifying thoroughly to the beautiful climate and grand fruit-growing qualities of this little corner of the New World, formerly called by her inhabitants 'The Royal City.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE CARPENTER CALLS A COUNCIL.

At four o'clock the carpenter came aft to relieve me. He asked me in a short off-hand way how the weather had been; and the wide-awake note in his voice satisfied me that whether or not he had slept during his watch below, he had certainly not now come fresh from his bunk or hammock. When I had answered him, he went abruptly to the compass, and I descended the poop ladder and entered the cuddy.

Miss Temple was still asleep. I lightly touched her hand; she smiled, but slept on; I touched her again, and she sprang erect with an affrighted air, staring at me with the meaningless gaze of the newly awakened.

'I am going to my berth to seek some rest,' said I, 'and would not leave you alone here.'

I unhooked the lantern belonging to my berth, lighted the candle in it, and taking her by the hand, conducted her to the hatch. Holding open her cabin door for her, I gave her my lantern; and then going to my own berth, groped my way to the bunk, and was speedily in a sound sleep.

It was eight o'clock by my watch when I awoke. I at once sprang out of bed, and having carefully secreted the pistol I had brought with me from the captain's cabin, I hastily sluiced my face with some salt water, and stepped to Miss Temple's cabin door, on which I knocked. She answered me. I told her that she would find me on deck. 'It is eight o'clock,' I said,

'and my turn to keep watch has come round.' With that I ascended the steps. Wilkins was in the cuddy, as I must needs call the little living-room, though, after the Indianan's saloon, it seemed a big name to give to so small an interior. I said: 'The lady will be here shortly. Get breakfast ready for us, d'ye hear? We will eat it on deck, unless there is somebody to keep my lookout whilst I come below for the meal.' He answered, civilly enough, that he would carry it on deck to us on my letting him know when we were ready for it.

I found the carpenter on the poop talking to a couple of seamen; but on seeing me, the two fellows went forward in a sort of sheep-faced way. The barque was under the same canvas I had left upon her when I went below; but my first step carrying me to the compass, I perceived that she was making a more southerly course by two points than she had been heading when I left the deck; and indeed, when I directed my eyes aloft for a second time, I perceived that the yards had been slightly braced in, and that, in short, Mr Lush was making a fair wind of what was a foul one for Rio. I was greatly startled, but controlled my face, for the man's eyes were upon me.

'I presume, Mr Lush,' said I, crossing over to him and feigning a certain carelessness of behaviour whilst I looked with a manner of indifference past him at the weather horizon, 'that you are aware the barque is needlessly off her course, seeing that she'll easily look up another two or two and a half points?'

'A ship's course depends upon where she's going,' he answered, running his eyes over my figure; 'and nothen's settled yet so far as we're concerned.'

'Oho! Is it so, indeed?' said I, after venting myself in a short whistle. 'What is the objection to Rio, Mr Lush?'

'I'll be calling the crew aft presently,' he exclaimed; 'it's a question for all hands, not for me nor you only, sir.'

'I trust,' said I, my feigned air of carelessness vanishing before the real consternation that was now active in me, 'that the sailors will not obstruct my earnest desire for the lady's sake, as well as for my own, to make for Rio as promptly as possible. Miss Temple and I have met with some cruel experiences, and we are as badly off even now, aboard this smart little barque, as we were in the wreck from which you rescued us. In God's name, Mr Lush, let there be no unreasonable hinderance to our speedy arrival at a port whence we may take shipping for home.'

'I have said,' he responded in his sulkiest manner, 'that it ain't a question for one man nor for two men, but for all hands.'

I witnessed stubbornness that was to be easily developed into insolence strong in the ruffian's face, and bit my lip to silence my tongue. After a short pause I said: 'I observe that the decks have not been washed down.'

'No; that's right. They han't been washed down.'

'When is the body of the captain to be buried?'

'He is buried,' he answered; 'and then went on, as though perceiving that some explanation was necessary: 'No good in keeping a human

corpse aboard a ship. 'Tain't lucky. 'Tain't lucky, even if so be as it's the human corpse of a good man; but when it comes to the body of the likes of *him*'— He spat over the rail. 'He was rolled up in canvas and dropped overboard two hours since.'

'A dog's funeral!' said I, betwixt my teeth.

'A dog's funeral's all that the best sailor must expect; the treatment of a dog when he's alive, and a mongrel's burial when he's dead.'

'Well, I'm here to relieve you,' said I. 'Wilkins will bring my breakfast on deck.'

'All right,' he answered. 'Suppose we call it nine o'clock for the council that's to be held?'

I turned from him, assenting with a gesture, and walked aft, miserably sick at heart, to receive Miss Temple, who at that moment appeared in the companion way.

'I am afraid,' said I, 'that the death of Captain Braine has thickened the problem of this adventure for us.'

'What has happened?' she demanded.

'When I went below at four o'clock this morning,' I replied, 'the *Lady Blanche* was looking up for the port of Rio as closely as the wind permitted her. Since then, Mr Lush has taken it upon himself to alter the vessel's course.'

'But the ship is *now* being steered for Rio?'

'No.'

'No!' she cried. 'Why do you not order the man to direct her according to your wishes?' And she sent one of her flashing glances at the hairy face of the sailor who grasped the spokes.

'The crew are coming aft presently to settle the question of our destination. I can do nothing. If they have made up their minds to a course, they are not going to suffer me to get in the road of it.'

'This is a shocking situation to be in! Your old energy seems to be leaving you. You give me dreadful news in a lifeless way, and talk spiritlessly of suffering the crew to do as they please.' She said this, still preserving her forced composure; but there was ire in her gaze and temper and despair in her respiration, in the twitching of the nostril, in the curl of her lip, when she had spoken.

I looked at her steadily, but in silence, weighing down upon her gaze, as it were, with my own until her eyes fell. 'Not spiritless yet,' said I. 'Nor shall I suffer you to make me so, Miss Temple.'

She hung her head, and beat with her fingers upon her knuckles, as though she needed some exercise of that sort to enable her to suppress her emotions or her tears. Wilkins came under the skylight to ask if I was ready for breakfast. I bade him bring it to us; and he arrived with some coffee and cold meat and biscuit. I could not induce the girl to eat. Even when she took a sip of coffee, she scarcely seemed able to swallow it. Her misery was wretched to see. Sometimes she would start and send a wild sweeping look round the horizon; often she would moan. I tried to put some heart into her; but I could find little to say, ignorant as I then was of what the crew meant to do. Most of them seemed to be in or about the galley. A few stood in the doorway, and their

behaviour suggested that there were others inside to whose utterance, whatever form it took, they listened with attention, sometimes glancing aft at us. Shortly before nine o'clock I said to Miss Temple that the crew were coming aft at that hour, and requested her to go to her own cabin that she might be out of sight of them.

'Cannot I remain on deck?' she exclaimed. 'My suspense will be a torment. You are banishing me to an underground cell.'

'You will withdraw to your cabin, if you please, Miss Temple. We are here dealing with a crew of men who are now without a head, and whose temper may grow lawless whenever they shall realise that they are their own masters.'

'You will come to me the moment you are at liberty, Mr Dugdale?'

'Most assuredly.'

I accompanied her to the companion, and watched her as she descended the steps. She halted at the bottom of the ladder to look up at me with eyes of appealing grief. How close she had come to my heart I might not have been able successfully to guess till that moment.

Presently the carpenter came out of the galley knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and advanced slowly to the poop, followed by most of the crew, who halted opposite the cuddy front.

'The cabin'll be the place to talk in,' said he; 'there'll be no hearing of one another up here. There's Joe Wetherly'll keep a lookout whilst you and me are below.'

'I am ready,' I answered.

He called to Wetherly, who was standing in the waist, forward of the others. The man touched his cap to me as he ascended the poop ladder, and looked at me meaningly through the minute holes in which his eyes lay deep buried. I entered the cuddy with the carpenter, who turned round as he passed through the door to sing out, 'Step in, lads.' Nine fellows in all followed. Most of them carried a sort of grinning, wondering expression on their faces; but here and there I took note of a determined countenance.

'Mr Lush,' I exclaimed, 'the ordering of this business is in your hands. I will leave you to settle whatever ceremonies we are to pass through.'

'Mr Lush'll take the cheer,' said one of the men.

The carpenter at once seated himself in the captain's chair at the after end of the little table. The sailors sat down upon the benches. Lush exclaimed: 'Mr Dugdale, you sit alongside o' me here.—Mates, ease yourselves down, and make room for the gent.'

I took the place he indicated, and waited with as resolved a face as I could scrow my features into for what was to follow. There was a pause whilst the carpenter, rolling his eyes over the seamen, seemed to be hunting in his mind for words in which to express himself. The men stared from him to me with an occasional glance round, especially in the direction of the tumbler-rack, at which they would cast thirsty looks. In this brief spell of silence I sought to interpret their intentions from their postures; but there was little to reassure me in their bearing. There was a kind of defiance in it that instantly made itself felt.

'We've been a-tarning over,' began the carpenter, speaking slowly and viewing me out of the corners of his eyes, 'the condition we're put in by the sociide of Capt'n Braine. All hands is agreed, saving one, who says that he doan't much care how it goes.'

'Who is that one?' I asked.

'Joe Wetherly,' he answered.

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'You are all agreed, you say, Mr Lush—upon what?'

He coughed, thrust his fingers into his neck-cloth to ease his throat, and then said: 'Well, now, I'll tell ye exactly how it stands. Wilkins there was next door to the capt'n's cabin when he told you of that matter of two hundred thousand pound lying stowed away in a South Sea island. He comes forward and tells us all about it.' He paused, then said with a tone of impatience: 'Of course, ye can guess now what we've settled on?'

'Pray, explain,' said I, understanding but too thoroughly, and feeling the blood forsaking my cheek.

'Why,' said the carpenter with a short laugh, 'what we've resolved on is to sail to that there island and get the money.'

'No good in leaving all that money to lie there for the savages to dig up,' exclaimed one of the men.

'Mr Lush,' said I, 'I am a stranger in this ship, and have but one desire, and that is, to leave her, along with the young lady who was my fellow-passenger aboard the Indianman. You will of course do what you will with the vessel. The action of the crew can make no part of my business. All that I ask is that you will signal the first vessel we fall in with, let her be heading as she will, and tranship us.'

A growling 'No!' ran amongst the men. The carpenter echoed it with a blow of his fist upon the table. 'No, sir! we can't spare you. It'll be *you*, Mr Dugdale, that'll carry us to that island.'

My consternation was too visible to be missed even by the ignorant eyes which were bent upon me.

'You'll be treated fairly, sir,' said one of the men, with an air and tone of conciliation. 'We've allowed for you being a gent as'll be carried away from the parts he wants to get to. Mr Lush and us men have talked it well over, and the share of the money ye choose to name is the share you shall have for the time and trouble this bit of navigation'll cost you.'

A murmur of assent followed this speech, several heads nodding so vehemently that their hair danced about their eyes.

'But, men,' I cried, turning upon and addressing them in a body, 'you are surely not going to persuade me that you *believe* in this yarn of the captain?'

'Don't you?' inquired the carpenter with a sarcastic leer.

'It was the imagination of a madman,' I continued—a crazy fancy, men! Surely there is no sailor here but knew that the captain was insane. Did not his actions, his talk, his very looks, prove him mad? And what more

convincing proof of his insanity could you desire than the last act of his life?'

Two or three of the fellows grumbled out something, but I did not catch the words. 'Mad was he?' exclaimed the carpenter in a voice of coarse, morose sarcasm; 'ye didn't think that when you stood out for a share.'

'How do you know,' I cried, 'that I stood out for a share?'

'By God, then,' he roared, 'we know everything. Did ye or did ye not sign an agreement for a share?'

'I did,' I answered, 'but merely to humour the man's madness. I should have left the ship at Rio.'

'There's no use in 'talking,' he exclaimed, smoothing down his voice a trifle; 'the compact between ye was overheard. Me and the others here was to be got rid of at Rio. Then a crew of Kanakas was to be shipped off the Sandwich Islands. Then, with the gold aboard hidden out of sight, you and him was to ship fresh hands.—Mad?' he cried in an indescribably sneering way; 'no, no, that won't do. Ye didn't think him mad, then, when you made him provide that if the law laid hold of him for a-running away with this ship, you was to be guaranteed free o' peril by what you or him tarmed a hinstument. Ye didn't think him mad then, and ye don't think him mad now.'

'Wilkins,' I exclaimed to the young fellow who sat at the corner end of the table, 'you overheard that conversation, and your ears were sharp enough to gather in every syllable of it. Were they not sharp enough, my lad, to judge by the tone of my voice that I assented to the madman's humour merely to induce him to make for the near port of Rio, that I and the lady might quickly get away from this vessel?'

The veal-faced fellow stirred uneasily to the many eyes which were turned upon him; but he answered nevertheless with resolution and emphasis: 'You stipulated for terms, specially for a share, and you spoke as if you was in earnest.'

'Mr Lush,' I cried, 'I am a gentleman. Believe me, on my honour as one, when I swear to you that I accepted the captain's story as a madman's fabrication, and seemed to agree with him only that I might get away from his ship the sooner.'

'What was the dawcument you signed, sir?' inquired one of the sailors.

'Ah, that's it,' cried another; 'let's see the hinstument, as Mr Lush tains it.'

I had them both in my pocket-book, intending to preserve them as curiosities and as illustrations of my adventure with Miss Temple. I could not refuse to produce them, nor would I stoop to a falsehood; but I was sensible as I drew out the pocket-book, intently watched by the seamen, that the mere circumstance of my carrying the papers about with me as though I deemed them too precious to be laid aside in a drawer, told heavily against the assurance I had made to the men. The carpenter picked the documents up.

'Who can read here?' said he, looking round. There was no reply. 'Will you recite 'em,

corpse aboard a ship. 'Tain't lucky. 'Tain't lucky, even if so be as it's the human corpse of a good man; but when it comes to the body of the likes of *him*!— He spat over the rail. 'He was rolled up in canvas and dropped overboard two hours since.'

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'By God, then,' he roared, 'we know everything. Did ye or did ye not sign an agreement for a share?'

'I did,' I answered, 'but merely to humour the man's madness. I should have left the ship at Rio.'

'There's no use in talking,' he exclaimed, smoothing down his voice a trifle; 'the compact between ye was overheard. Me and the others here was to be got rid of at Rio. Then a crew of Kanakas was to be shipped off the Sandwich Islands. Then, with the gold aboard hidden out of sight, you and him was to ship fresh hands.—Mad?' he cried in an indescribably sneering way; 'no, no, that won't do. Ye didn't think him mad, then, when you made him provide, that if the law laid hold of him for a-running away with this ship, you was to be guaranteed free o' peril by what you or him tarmed a hinstument. Ye didn't think him mad then, and ye don't think him mad now.'

'Wilkins,' I exclaimed to the young fellow who sat at the corner end of the table, 'you overheard that conversation, and your ears were sharp enough to gather in every syllable of it. Were they not sharp enough, my lad, to judge by the tone of my voice that I assented to the madman's humour merely to induce him to make for the near port of Rio, that I and the lady might quickly get away from this vessel?'

The veal-faced fellow stirred uneasily to the many eyes which were turned upon him; but he answered nevertheless with resolution and emphasis: 'You stipulated for terms, specially for a share, and you spoke as if you was in earnest.'

'Mr Lush,' I cried, 'I am a gentleman. Believe me, on my honour as one, when I swear to you that I accepted the captain's story as a madman's fabrication, and seemed to agree with him only that I might get away from his ship the sooner.'

'What was the dowerment you signed, sir?' inquired one of the sailors.

'Ah, that's it,' cried another; 'let's see the hinstument, as Mr Lush tarms it.'

I had them both in my pocket book, intending to preserve them as curiosities and as illustrations of my adventure with Miss Temple. I could not refuse to produce them, nor would I stoop to a falsehood; but I was sensible as I drew out the pocket-book, intently watched by the seamen, that the mere circumstance of my carrying the papers about with me as though I deemed them too precious to be laid aside in a drawer, told heavily against the assurance I had made to the men. The carpenter picked the documents up.

'Who can read here?' said he, looking ^{ans.} In There was no reply. 'Will you reci Fire and

sir?' he continued turning his surly eyes upon me.

'There's Joe as can read,' broke in a voice.

'Ay, call Joe,' exclaimed another man.

This signified that I was not to be trusted. They might suppose I would invent instead of reading, and there was no man present able to spell a word to disprove what I chose to deliver. The lee lid of the skylight lay open. The carpenter roared through it for Joe Wetherly, who promptly stepped below.

'What is it?' he asked, looking round upon his mates.

'Here, Joe,' said the carpenter, 'you're the one scholar aboard us. Turn to, will ye, and let's hear what's wrote down upon these papers.'

The man glanced at me with an expression of sympathy and bashfulness. 'I hope there's nothin private and agin your wish in this, sir!' he exclaimed. 'I'm for standin' neutral in this here job.'

'Pray read,' said I.

He did so, backing and filling in his postures in true sailor fashion as he struggled through the writing, reciting the words slowly, with considerable pauses between, which furnished his hearers with time to digest what he delivered. He then put the papers down, but with an air of astonishment, as I noticed with grief and anxiety, as if having been before incredulous of the captain's story, he was beginning to regard it as a fact now in the face of such documentary evidence as he had read.

'All right, Joe; thank ye,' said the carpenter gruffly; 'you can go on deck agin.' The man went up the ladder slowly, as though lost in thought. 'Lads,' exclaimed Lush, 'ye'll agree with me there's no need for further arguefication after what ye've just heard.'

'The money's right enough, and we'll git it,' said one of the men.

'Where's the chart of the island as Wilkins said the captain talked about?' inquired the limber bold-faced young seaman with whom I had spoken at the wheel when I found the barque off her course.

All eyes were at once turned upon me. 'You'll find it in the drawer of the table of the captain's cabin,' said I.

The fellow coolly entered the berth, and presently returned with a handful of papers. 'Which'll it be, sir?' he exclaimed, placing them before me. I picked up the parchment chart, and gave it to the carpenter, who spread it out before him, and instantly all the men came round to his chair, and stood in a heap of shuddering figures mowing and mopping over his shoulders to catch a view, tossing the hair with jerks of their heads out of their eyes, and breathing hard with excitement.

'I suppose you're capable of explaining the meaning of these here marks?' exclaimed the carpenter, pressing a shovel-shaped thumb upon the outline of the island.

'You shall have the yarn as the captain gave it me,' said I, speaking with a throat dry with mortification and sickness at heart; for it was only too certain now that my agreements with the captain and this chart had hardened the man's conviction into an immovable resolution.

They listened with breathless interest as

I told them that the barb of the arrow indicated the situation of the buried money; that the treasure lay hidden so many paces away from the wash of the water of the lagoon; that the blot in the centre of the bight was meant to express a coral pillar that served as a mark to obtain the bearings of the gold-*by*. When I had finished, the sailors hurriedly resumed their seats. The carpenter gazed slowly round, then addressed me with his eyes in the corner of their sockets whilst his face pointed straight down the table.

'We're here without a capt'n,' he began, 'and though this barque ain't ourn, we mean to use her. We don't intend no act of piracy. When we've got the gold, we'll deliver up the ship and her cargo, which we shan't meddle with. We're all of us working men, and the money in that there island fairly distributed 'll make all hands of us independent for life. There's no more involved than the job of fetching it, and that's to be easily managed.'—The men nodded emphatically.—'You're a navigator, Mr Dugdale, and we can't do without ye. There's no good in talking of shipping another man in your place, because, d'ye see, that 'ud oblige us either to communicate with a passing vessel or to put into some port, neither of which is to be henterained, seeing the nature of the secret which is ourn, and which we mean to keep ourn. We're agreeable to consider any terms ye may think proper to propose. As has bin said, the share ye name is the share ye'll have. Ye shall be capt'n, and treated as capt'n. You and the lady shall live in this here part of the ship without mollstastion, as the saying is; and ye'll find us a perlitte and willing crew, who'll stick to our side of the compact as *you* stick to yourn. —Is that your mind, men?'

There was a hurricane response of 'Ay, ay—That's right—That's right.'

'Give me a little while to consider,' said I, observing that the carpenter had come to an end.

'By when will we have your answer?' he demanded.

'By noon.'

'Agreed,' he exclaimed. 'Here's your two documents. I'll take charge of this here chart.'

A few minutes later I was alone.

STATIONERS' HALL.

THE interesting Printers' Exhibition, opened last year at Stationers' Hall by the Lord Mayor, cannot fail, as one at least of its results, to have rendered not a few Londoners familiar with an institution of the existence of which they may be possibly aware, but of the locality of which, except in so far as it lies 'somewhere near' St Paul's and Paternoster Row, they possess, it will be found, only a nebulous conception. Yet during the three centuries of its history, the direct bearing of the Worshipful Company of Stationers on the literary activity of this country is much more easy to trace than is that of any of the great City Guilds on the respective trades whose names they bear, and whose interest they are supposed to represent.

Apart from the monopoly which the Stationers long enjoyed in the printing and sale of certain important branches of the publishing trade, the *gens*—as of old, still—*irritabile* of authors owes a certain debt of gratitude to the company for the part it has taken, largely, it is true, in its own interests, in the ever-burning question of literary copyright. That mysterious and official imprimatur, 'Entered at Stationers' Hall,' existed, indeed, for no other purpose than the due protection of the publisher's rights in the works issued nominally from his press. Founded only in the middle of the sixteenth century, the company were almost immediately involved in the religious warfare of those troublous times, and enlisted in the service of Queen Mary of England to check the spread of what by her was deemed the heretical literature of the hour.

Freed from this restriction, the Stationers no less severely safe-guarded the interests of their own guild by denouncing whatever pirates of their rights dared to supply the public with that literature to which, in the political excitement of the past, the absence of a free press gave daily birth. It was, indeed, this monopolising influence of the Stationers, as the tide of literary activity grew stronger, that in course of years warmly roused the feeling of those who recognised what Dr Johnson would have termed the potential influences of the press, finally culminating in Milton's noble claim for unlicensed printing.

Once, however, freed from such trammels, the literature of the seventeenth century burst forth into that fullness of life which blossomed and bore fruit in the closing years of that memorable period of civil contest, and the generation which succeeded that of Milton. The author of *Paradise Lost* was a sturdy upholder of that greater freedom of action, by the results of which the Stationers themselves have been perhaps the chief gainers.

By the fact of their comparatively late foundation in the reign of Philip and Mary, and subsequent incorporation only in the reign of James I, it is noticeable that the earliest printers were not freemen of the company; Caxton was not a Stationer—he was, in fact, a mercer; and Wynkyn de Worde a leather-seller. Once incorporated, the Stationers soon commenced to assume their influence over a trade daily growing in importance. Every printer throughout the country was called upon to be a member of the corporation, as also his apprentices, and the system was soon instituted of each 'Stationer'—as the book-publishers were known in the past—Dryden and Pope spoke of their publishers as 'Stationers'—monopolising the printing and selling of certain sections of literature; King James having by charter granted the company the exclusive right of printing and publishing all Almanacs, Primers, Psalms, ABC's, and Catechisms. Rigorously 'Entered at Stationers' Hall,' each work was thus in a fashion copyrighted and protected to its publisher, and all infringements and piracies were severely punished; indeed, the famous Register kept at headquarters existed for no other purpose than this—to notify

to those it might concern, by whom the original copyright was legally owned.

Under circumstances which rendered the Stationers of the day so tenacious of their rights, it can be seen that the list of publications registered by the company from 1557 possesses to the bibliophile a more than usual interest, and has been more than once consulted by the careful students of the literature of the past. But once a greater freedom was granted to the publishing world, and the Register ceased to be kept with care; indeed, works of importance were usually protected by special privileges from the Crown, which exempted them from the jurisprudence of the company. Still, through all the chaos of literary ventures, ballads, pamphlets, and fly-sheets, which necessarily accompanied the intellectual outgrowth of the stirring events of the seventeenth century, the company jealously preserved their privileges over the more important branches of the trade, one member of the guild continuing to enjoy the sole right to print the Bible, another the Psalms, another the Law Books, another all Dictionaries and Histories.

It is a moot-point how the name of a trade in its modern acceptation almost solely confined to a very minor section of the 'great interest of printing and publishing,' the retailing of what may be termed the raw material of literature, should have come to be applied to the chief body ruling the wider interests of that profession. Perhaps, however, the most satisfactory explanation of the problem thus offered is that which traces the derivation of the word 'stationer' to the universities of the middle ages, where it was a title given to the mediæval Mudies, accredited with lending out books to the students, and who, known as *stationarii*, were in charge of a 'station' or depot in which all the standard works of reference were to be found. It is easy to understand how, in connection with such establishments, the sale of the smaller articles necessary to the student's use—pens, ink, and paper—the stock-in-trade, in fact, of the modern 'stationer,' came to be recognised; and, as has been seen by Dryden's and Pope's use of the word as an equivalent to the more modern 'publisher,' the original connection was retained for centuries.

Incorporated with full rights by James I, the Worshipful Company of Stationers moved from their original house in Milk Street at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and settled in the former residence of the Lords Abberghenny, under the shadow of St Paul's, in the quaint vicinity of Amen Corner and Pater-noster Row, for so many generations associated with the interests of the book-publishing world. Their original quarters being burnt down in the Great Fire, the present Stationers' Hall was built in 1670; but underwent important alterations at the commencement of this century.

In the course of its several centuries of existence, the Stationers' Company, like most of the great City bodies, has gathered together a goodly array of mementoes of their past members, who have left deep their mark in the literary history of the country—the Tonsons, the Lintots, the Curlls and Caves, Tukes and Dodsleys, the Bowyers, the Richardsons, and the Strahans. In spite of the havoc wrought by the Great Fire and

the even more disastrous effects of the civil wars—when such quantities of superb old plate were melted down 'for the cause'—the Stationers can still on their feast days produce a goodly show of silver, the Hall-marks of which date from over two centuries ago. Each official having been called upon to present to the company on his retirement a piece of plate of stated weight, it can be understood how the Stationers are able to show with pride their collection of handsome candlesticks and 'monteths,' cups and goblets—not a few, however, of the older specimens of which have, unfortunately, been remodelled and recast to suit the questionable taste of more modern times.

But in addition to their plate, the Stationers show with no less pride in their handsome Hall, the wainscoting, the chimney-piece, and the carving of which are masterpieces of decorative skill, an interesting collection of pictures, portraits of Archbishop Tillotson, Matthew Prior and Steele by Kneller, of Richardson and William Strahan, the King's Printer—both leading lights of the company; by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Mayor Boydell, another prominent Stationer, the publisher, it may be remembered, of the famous illustrated edition of Shakespeare, and the donor among other relics of Benjamin West's great picture of King Alfred and the Pilgrim, which adorns the Hall.

Though those familiar with the history of the guild might perhaps venture, a little unkindly, to remind its present members of that terrible edition of the Bible the Stationers' Company printed in 1632, in which the 'not' was omitted from the wording of the seventh commandment—for which piece of neglect Archbishop Laud came down on the unhappy Stationers with the full weight of his authority, it must not be forgotten that the Stationers' Company are a body the time of whose more active members is not, as might be supposed by the malicious, employed solely in the enjoyment of festive gatherings. The monthly Courts are fully occupied with the distribution of the various sums bequeathed by former generous Stationers, among which, perhaps, the most interesting is the bequest of old John Norton, printer to Queen Elizabeth, whose little nest-egg of one thousand pounds has by careful management enabled the company to endow for the sons of livermen the Stationers' School in Bolt Court, Fleet Street. It is characteristic of the sentiment which has at all time connected the Stationers' Company with literature that the School in question is established in the house once tenanted by Dr Johnson; the famous lexicographer's former sitting-room, if we mistake not, being occupied by the head-master. Nor can it be forgotten that the Stationers' Company is associated with one of the noblest creations of the English tongue, Dryden's *Ode to St Cecilia's Day*, which, set to music by Dr Clarke, and later by Handel, was first produced in the Hall two centuries ago.

To those interested in the history of the company, reference can be recommended to the pages of the interesting little work on the subject, privately printed many years ago, by Mr Nichols, a member of the guild, in which will be found detailed not a few curious facts in connection with a body which has closely associated itself

with the fortunes of English literature, and in this manner recommends itself peculiarly to the interest of all in any way connected with the great community of letters.

WELL WORTH WINNING.

CHAPTER IV.—NO BELLS.

ARTHUR found his uncle Ralph engaged in transferring himself into easy evening garments after returning from the City.

'If you value your comfort, Arthur,' Ralph observed as he put on his slippers, 'perform this duty to yourself every evening when you return from your office.'

'But I am not going to that office.'

'Eh?'

'That's the fact, uncle. I couldn't do it. I should be in collision with that secretary inside of an hour, and then it would have to end, anyhow.'

Ralph emitted a gentle and very knowing whistle, the manifest significance of which embarrassed the younger man. 'Well, well; so that's the way already. I haven't seen much of you the last few days; how have you been passing your time, Arthur? I know how dull and tiresome you must have found it, my poor lad,' said the old gentleman sympathetically.

Arthur was a little vexed, but he laughed.

'You haven't had a collision—as you call it—with Mr Longfield yet, or with any one else?'

'I haven't seen Mr Longfield since I was last here, so that I have had no collision with him or with any one else.—I did, however,' he added, awkwardly, after a few seconds' hesitation, 'have something to say to Mrs Loring this evening.'

'Eh? Tell me all about it.'

With a good deal of stumbling among words, Arthur Loring told pretty literally all that had passed; and as his uncle was silent at the conclusion, the young man relieved his own feelings by relating the result of his interesting interview with Miss Lavelle's maid.

'So you are still a gentleman at large, Arthur?' said Uncle Ralph, after a pause. 'Honestly, my boy, I'm afraid your prospects are very blue, unless'—He paused again.

'Unless what, Uncle Ralph?'

'I have been thinking a good deal over your case, Arthur. As far as I can see, you have only two choices for your future. In a London business office I more than doubt whether you would ever be able to maintain yourself even in decent poverty.'

'I am much of your opinion, uncle,' said Arthur with a sigh of unpleasant conviction. 'What are the alternatives? I fancy I see one of them pretty clearly.'

'The recruiting sergeant?'

'That's it.'

'That's it, Arthur. That is one. The other would be better, if you could accomplish it. That other is Maud Lavelle.'

Arthur Loring had the satisfaction, such as it was, to learn from Mr John Hornby himself next day that he was retained in his situation in the Annuity's office. He had also some sympathetic conversation with that excellent young

fellow relative to his approaching marriage, and cheerfully undertook to support him on that interesting occasion. After which Mr Hornby went away very happy, to keep an appointment with his pretty Kitty, leaving Arthur, it is superfluous to add, in a relapse of deep despondency. Indeed, life began to look very dark for him. The recruiting sergeants opposite St Martin's Church became familiar with his appearance, and regarded him with lively interest. He always walked away when any of those officers showed his interest too pointedly; but they were experienced men, and knew how to bide their time.

He did not go near his uncle Ralph Loring during these days. They were bitter days. He gave up, finally, all hope of obtaining a situation—he gave up looking for one. More than once he detected in his landlady's eye, as he crept in or out, a cold look of mingled curiosity and pity. On the Thursday morning of that week the woman precipitated his decision by asking him, civilly but firmly, if it was his intention to retain his lodgings another week. Poor Arthur was hit hard by this practical home-thrust at his prospects, and he answered at once in the negative.

He sat down, when the woman left the room, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, burst into a bitter laugh. 'Jacta alea est!' he said; to-morrow he would be gay at Kitty's wedding, and make love to the bride-maid; and then—on Saturday morning he would deliver himself into the hands of the recruiting sergeant.

But while Arthur Loring had been eating his heart those days past with disappointment and desperation, several things were happening which, indirectly at least, were of some moment to him. First of all, Mr Henry Loring was disappointed, and the secretary not ill pleased, by the young man's refusal of the stool in the Annuitants' office.

'Why, wouldn't you have enjoyed whipping the whelp about?' was Henry Loring's nice way of putting it to Mr Arthur Longfield.

'It would have gratified you more than me. Honestly, I hope we have seen the last of him. There has been far too much of him already.'

'You're jealous, Arthur; upon my soul, you are.'

'I'm not lover enough to be jealous. But it isn't pleasant to know that the girl you are going to marry has a strong fancy for another fellow.'

'Nonsense; there is nothing of the kind. She hasn't forgotten her position towards you, and her mother has taken care of your interests. It is he who will smart.'

The secretary grinned, and they dropped the subject.

Sooner than they seemed to have anticipated, this pair of worthies had more serious matter to engage them. The business of the Annuitants was not carried on according to methods that would bear scrutiny, and Henry Loring and his secretary had been sailing near the wind for some time. The Annuitants, good easy confiding folks, were easily satisfied so long as they were paid good dividends on their precious little investments, and the Management made it a point to

pay the dividends with delightful regularity. They fluctuated a little from half-year to half-year, but were always good; and the jovial directors, never disappointed in their own official remuneration, were perennially prepared to take so satisfactory a state of things as it was, and to congratulate the happy shareholders. It was the old, old story, of course; and the pinch was now growing severe and relentless on the manager.

The details of loans and liabilities and other bad tidings knocking at the handsome door in Pall Mall need not be gone into here; but they began to knock with no uncertain sound, and the half-yearly meeting for the exchange of dividends and congratulations was very close at hand. In fact, it was not a fortnight off; and hundreds of the annuitants had a month ago begun to borrow on the strength of the never-failing expectations.

Henry Loring sat at his table in the office one morning with his brows knitted. The secretary was lounging against the mantel-piece close by, with his hands in his pockets.

'Arthur, if this had come to pass, say, two years ago, I would have let the thing burst. It is unsound to the core—and worse than that.'

'What do you mean to do, then?' the secretary impatiently demanded. 'You might throw away every penny of mother and daughter's money on this wretched thing, and to a certainty you would come to this in the end just the same.'

'I'm not such a fool. What I mean is, that we must extricate ourselves from it gradually, and then let the Annuitants go to smash under other auspices. Meantime, Arthur, we must stave off these present difficulties, and provide the usual dividend. It will require a cool fifty thousand to do it.'

'And I am to provide the fifty thousand, which of course I shall never see again!' said the secretary, red with indignation.

'Don't exhibit your natural generosity of character too soon,' observed Henry Loring, with a look that brought the man to his senses quickly. 'You are not master of the girl and the money yet. Suppose it was my whim to alter my views and try another method? Maud, I have reason to think, would not object to marry my nephew at an hour's notice; and neither of them would think a second about passing over a hundred thousand of her fortune to me for the asking. Think over the possibility, my dear fellow, and carry it in your mind so long as the risk exists.'

The ashy mortification of the secretary's face showed that he felt this to be a 'staggerer.' He was sensible enough not to contest it.

'Of course you must have it your own way. Very well. As far as I can see, you will want the money in a week.'

'Just so. That's the way to face it. What do you say to Saturday next for the ceremony? We can't well spare an earlier day.'

This was, on Wednesday. The secretary shrugged his shoulders. 'As you will; I am ready. You must get a special license.'

'That is in train, and I shall have it to-morrow. I think,' he added reflectively, 'you had best go to Priors Loring for the honeymoon. I have taken it on a short lease in my wife's name; but as it will be your own directly, it would be the

proper place to go to. And for another reason, I specially wish it.'

'All right,' said Longfield. 'Just as you please.'

As Arthur Loring could not be certain that it would not be his fate to lodge in St George's barracks as a recruit next night, he proceeded that evening to confide to the keeping of his uncle Ralph the only thing belonging to him on which he set value. This was his mother's portrait; and after a tender and silent farewell to the sweet familiar face, he wrapped the picture up and started for Chelsea. The young fellow had an unsettled idea of leaving it with the servant at the door, and a morbid intention of afterwards walking about until he was fatigued, and then of sleeping with the other waifs and vagabonds of London in St James's Park. He felt that he was come down almost to that level; and Maud Lavelle, to his hopeless fancy, was now an unreachable star for evermore in the highest heaven above his head.

As he came to the door, an odd thing happened, which he soon dismissed from his mind just then, but which he had reason to think of afterwards. His uncle was saying 'Good night' to a broad-chested clergyman, when he beheld his nephew, and exclaimed: 'Hullo, Tom—here is my nephew, Arthur Loring.'

The clergyman turned with considerable interest, and shook hands with Arthur in a specially cordial manner. 'I am delighted to know you, Mr Loring,' he said genially, and took his departure.

'The finest fellow in England,' said Uncle Ralph, as they went up-stairs. 'It is good to know a man like Tom Thornton. I have known him since we were at Winchester together as boys.—What have you in the parcel?'

Arthur put the parcel on the table and made for the door, hesitated an instant, and then returned and burst into tears.

Instead of speaking, Ralph took the packet and opened it, gazing in silence for some minutes on the sweet face of the lad's mother. Then he covered it again reverently, and laid it back on the table. 'Poor boy, poor boy,' he said, very gently; 'it is hard. I know how hard it is. Now, as I daresay we shall see little more of each other after this, I want to tell you some family history. A few words will do it, but they will contain a good deal.'

'I don't know, uncle, that I have much interest now in anything.'

'It is too soon to say that, my poor boy, at two-and-twenty—even if you do enlist as a soldier. We never know what may occur, so I think it best to tell you.'

'It is about my uncle Henry, I suppose?'

'It is about that gentleman. He has been a successful scoundrel, there's no doubt. Look at the rich wife he has; to be sure, he can't touch her money, but the income from it is no joke, I tell you. And that isn't all. I have just heard—by a private but trustworthy informant—that Maud Lavelle is to be married to the secretary Longfield this week; and I know what the haste means.'

'What does it mean?' asked Arthur Loring faintly. Poor fellow; he was thinking only of

what it meant for himself, and for the girl who was being sacrificed.

'It means that the Annuitants' office is on the edge of a crash, from which a prompt and large slice of the girl's fortune is the only thing to save it. Your uncle is getting ready to abandon the concern that he has navigated to ruin; but he doesn't want to get out of it in the smoke of an explosion. He will leave that to others.'

'Then there is a bargain between him and Longfield?'

'Just so. It is the condition on which Longfield obtains his wife. The arrangement is a good one for both—the men, I mean.'

'How did they come together—Longfield and my uncle?'

'Birds of a feather—you know the proverb? It is very sad for poor Maud Lavelle.—I wish you had come on the ground sooner; you could have won her in spite of them all!'

It was not kindness on the part of the inconsiderate old man to torture Arthur Loring in this fashion.

'I thought, uncle,' said the latter, in a voice that was fraught with pain and reproach, 'it was another subject you wanted to speak about.'

'Ay, ay; but they are both so related, you see. And my feelings get the better of me sometimes.—Well, Henry Loring? I will say no more about *her*'—he looked at the parcel on the table, and Arthur knew his meaning. 'It was very bad. The next we heard of him he was manager of a theatre in London. Failed. Next, he took a music hall on the Surrey side—bankruptcy again. This time it was so bad that the court refused him his discharge for two years. But he was a man of never-failing resource, and he married an actress, on whose earnings he lived finely for a year or two. I have seen him riding a horse worth a hundred guineas in Hyde Park. Then misfortune came; there was a fire at the theatre one night, and Mrs Loring's face was so badly burned that she was disfigured for life; and of course her occupation was gone, poor thing.'

'What did he do next?' the nephew asked, as Ralph paused.

'Exactly what might have been expected. He converted the horses, carriage, furniture, and everything else into cash, and disappeared. Deserted her. She went down into obscurity with the child (they had a boy), and—the rest of his history I am not able to follow, until he turned up in London again with his rich American wife.'

'But the first wife?'

'Oh, she was dead, of course. Your uncle wasn't the man to show himself here again until he was sure of that. Then he started this Annuitants' Association. He advertised for a secretary, and selected Longfield. Would you guess why?'

'You said a while ago,' Arthur answered with beating heart, 'that it was because—birds of a feather, you know.'

'Partly that, no doubt; but mainly because he recognised in Mr Longfield *his own son*!'

Arthur was astounded. What possibilities the revelation involved he was too confused to think; but surely—Alas, his uncle's next words cut

the ground from beneath any wild unformed hope he might have in his breast.

'So you see that Priors Loring is not to leave the Lorings now. He is an Arthur Loring as well as you. And Mrs Loring is aware of it.'

'What a mother she is!' cried Arthur bitterly. 'She is *worse* than the man—a thousand times worse. She is unnatural, inhuman!'

'It's a terrible state of things, I admit,' said his uncle, without the slightest show of emotion. 'I feel it myself, mostly because it gives your uncle such a triumph. I only wish I was two-and-twenty, with half your advantages, Arthur—hang me! if they should ever have the girl.'

'You would catch her in the street,' said Arthur, stung by his uncle's contemptuous tone, 'and put her in a cab, and tell the driver to gallop!'

'I would—I would!'

'And at the railway station,' continued the young fellow in the same note of bitter ridicule, 'you would inform her she must pay the cabman and take the tickets! I wonder how it would come off?'

'Look here, Arthur,' said his uncle dryly, 'the young fellow who halts to consult his pocket when it's a question of capturing and making off with a girl that loves him, doesn't deserve the prize. That's not Lochinvar's principle.'

'Lochinvar had a horse, and a fleet one.'

'Horse or no horse, he would have done it!'

All this, as may be imagined, did not conduce to Arthur Loring's peace of mind that miserable night. Before going away, he informed his uncle of his settled decision; he would keep his promise to be present at Kitty's wedding next day, and on Saturday morning he would elude. Ralph offered no comment, but appeared to take the decision as one that there was nothing now to be said against. He did not, indeed, inform his nephew that it was through the medium of this same Kitty that he had learned the news of Maud Lavelle's marriage. The girl, indeed, was related to his landlady; and thus it came about that Ralph Loring knew a great deal of what took place in his brother Henry's household.

When Arthur therefore left his uncle's rooms, that gentleman lit his pipe and lay back in his chair with a look of deep reflection. The expression of his face did not, as might have been expected, exhibit much commiseration for the situation of his nephew; indeed, after a few minutes' thought, a grin of pleasure lit up his features, and he rubbed his thin hands together after the manner of a man who was deeply satisfied.

'So odd a thing, I believe, never happened before,' said Ralph to himself, putting his pipe aside.—'Now, Miss Kitty, I mustn't forget the present I promised to send you.' Opening a rather battered deed-box, he found, after some rummaging, a five-pound note, new and crisp, and contemplated it for a minute. 'How am I to tell what the mite wants most?' he asked. 'I'll send her the money itself.'

Ralph Loring sat down to write a note which was to accompany the present. For so simple an epistle, to a person who would be so little critical as Kitty, Ralph bestowed a remarkable amount of pains upon it. But at length it was finished to his satisfaction, and he rang the bell.

'Is John Bole about the house?' he demanded of the servant.—'Oh, at his supper? Tell him to finish his supper quickly, as I want to send him round to Sloane Street with a note, and to bring an answer.'

In half an hour the messenger returned with the answer. This document, after expressing Kitty's thanks for the present, concluded with the following words, which gave Mr Loring deep satisfaction: 'I have burnt your letter, as you asked, and the other thing I will do if it is at all possible to do; but I will watch for a chance, and you may depend, oh dear, I'm sure you may. I'll do it with all my heart, and don't care what may happen.'

'Kitty, you are a little brick,' said Ralph Loring when he read those mysterious words. 'It will be the oddest thing that ever happened, if it comes off. If not!—' He sank with a sigh in his chair.

The underground railway took Arthur Loring to Sloane Square next morning, and at a quarter to twelve he was at the door of the church, looking as cheerful as he could, with a favour in his button-hole. Then, a few minutes later, Mr John Hornby appeared, dressed with his best care; and the happy young man shook hands with Arthur Loring so shamefacedly that the latter had to laugh.

'Do you feel nervous?' he asked.

'Oh, not a bit, Mr Loring,' he answered quickly; 'why should I? It's soon over, and—it's the lady that's always nervous, isn't it? I—I hope Kitty won't faint, or anything.'

'Kitty won't faint, you may depend upon it.—By the way, I have a little present for Kitty. Where is the breakfast to be?'

'Upon my word, Mr Loring,' the young man answered seriously, 'I don't know! Kitty has arranged everything. I don't even know who her bridesmaid is—one of her fellow-servants, I suppose.'

'Very likely. And here comes the bride,' he exclaimed, as a hired brougham became visible, driving down the street in spirited style.

Arthur Loring, as the vehicle approached, amused himself with observing the excitement of the bride-room-guest. That young man seemed to have a great deal the matter with him which he could not understand. Among other unconsidered proceedings, he precipitately pulled his gloves off, and immediately discovering that he had no occasion to do so, he tried to pull them on again, but found them too tight. Then he stuffed them in his pocket, and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

The small bride looked aggravatingly cool and pretty in her bridal 'things' as she stepped lightly on the pavement. Kitty bestowed on Arthur Loring a rather shy but intelligent look, which suggested to him the duty of attending to the bridesmaid. Stepping to the carriage-door with some curiosity—for the bridesmaid seemed to be considering her official dignity by waiting to be assisted out—his eyes met those of Maud Lavelle, timid and confused, and it was her small hand that fluttered in his own as he helped the bridesmaid out. He saw Kitty's little plot; but Kitty, pleased and interested, little knew what she had done.

As, still holding her hand—which he had no

power to release—he stood beside Maud at the church door, the blood leaped wildly through his veins with the mad impulse to catch her up in his arms and run away with her. All the passionate love in his heart, all the agony of to-morrow's prospect, all the intense pain of his wounded pride, were focused in the burning eyes at which the girl looked up, scared, but not shrinking away from him.

Suddenly he drew a quick breath, like a gasp. 'Do I frighten you, Maud?'
'No, Arthur.'

Yet there was a fierce hunger in his eyes that might have startled a braver girl; and still holding her hand, they walked into the church together.

THE MOSQUITO.

BEARING strong personal resemblance to a large gnat, the Mosquito is the most innocent-looking creature in the world; but both his appearance and conduct are deceptive to the last degree. While you are awake and have your eye upon him, his behaviour leaves nothing to be desired: his movements are easy and deliberate, his manner unobtrusive to shyness; he hovers over you, singing in a low soothing tone, as though his one mission in life were to lull weary humanity to sleep. So long as you keep him under strict supervision, his demeanour is faultless; he follows you at a respectful distance when you move, and appears to be dancing attendance in order to go messages or receive your valued commands. He is a gross impostor; in reality, this entomological courtier is at once the smallest and the greatest plague to be found throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan. Living on human blood and revelling in human misery, he is a miniature vampire; he exists only to eat, and he knows no content save in satiety.

By care and judicious management we may escape, or at least tone down, all the ills of Indian life but one; and that one is the mosquito; from him there is no escape. He is with us always; in our own house, on our travel, by road or rail, in the bare dāk bungalow and the stuffy tent; he is here, there, and everywhere, ever alert and ever hungry. The climate of the Hills does not suit his constitution, but nevertheless he will not suffer you to go thither without him; he hears you give the order to 'pack up,' and straightway secretes himself among your clothing. And when you begin to unpack on reaching your destination in the far-away heights of the Himalayas, lo, the mosquito, emerging brisk and cheerful from every fold of the garments you shake out! He has come, and though he dislikes cold, he stays; and unless frost cut him off in his sins, he will be ready to return to the 'plains' with you, in the same robust health he enjoyed when he arrived. You cannot shake him off, or convince him that his society is unwelcome; he is deaf to discouragement, and insensible to all argument but the crushing one administered with the palm of your hand.

Naturally intelligent, he acquires at an early age an exhaustive knowledge of the anatomy of man, displaying an intimacy with the spots

where the cuticle is thinnest, which does credit to mosquito methods of tuition. When he finds his victim asleep, he can exercise his trained instincts at leisure, and devotes his attention to the ears, neck, or knuckles. If the fore-part of your wrist chance to be exposed, he shows great partiality for that tender locality; but he is not exacting. Whilst you are awake, he exhibits the unobtrusive side of his character, and prefers to pasture on your ankles. To do this he must of course penetrate your sock; and here again you discover how thoroughly he has been prepared by education for his career. He doesn't waste time over worsted; he has been taught that its thickness exceeds the length of his sharp proboscis, and he passes that fabric huffily by, to browse upon ankles protected only by thin cotton or silk; they offer no obstacle worth mentioning, and he knows it. Leather is an abomination in his sight; if you want to protect your feet effectually, don your long riding-boots instead of slippers; he can't understand the manoeuvre at all; it baffles him hopelessly, and makes him lose his temper.

In taste, the mosquito is dainty and discriminating. He despises the black man, and turns up his proboscis at a tough sun-dried old Anglo-Indian. The meal that rejoices his heart is that to be drawn from the veins of a tender young Briton fresh out from home; and for this victim he has an unerring eye. So marked is this epicurean preference, that if you sit next to a nice rosy-cheeked boy at the dinner-table, you will be utterly ignored by the mosquitoes, in his favour. They won't pay the slightest attention to you while the new arrival is there; but this does not make you jealous.

His appetite is gigantic, for he is all stomach. Watch him while he is feeding—on somebody else—and you marvel at his extraordinary elasticity and power of accommodation. Having waited until his victim's closed eyes betoken slumber, he ceases the song he has been singing thoughtfully to himself, and drops, softly as a floss of thistle-down, upon the spot of his choice. He folds his gauzy wings, unfurls his proboscis, strokes the creases out of it, gives it a flourish or two, and plunges it into the epidermis. At first he stands on all eight legs, absorbed in his repast; but presently, the first sharp edge of hunger dulled, he begins to show signs of enjoyment. Raising his hindmost pair of legs, he works them stiffly up and down, as though to aid by this pump-handle action the process of suction; his body, no thicker than a silken thread when he alighted, begins to take decided shape, and the black and gray bands which adorn him show up distinctly. Steadily he continues to increase in bulk uniformly from end to end; a pinky hue suffuses his whole being, and he seems to blush all over with delight. By-and-by the hindmost legs cease pumping, and resume their proper office; the distended body sinks down as though the slender limbs could no longer support its weight. The mosquito has finished; in other words, he is as full as he can hold. He rolls up his proboscis, and the imaginative spectator hears his microscopic sigh of repletion; he feels his now portly form all over with his legs, just to make sure that he *can't* hold any more, spreads his wings, and sails heavily away

to digest his meal in the seclusion of the punkah fringe.

There is a vast difference between the mosquito hungry and the mosquito dined. The former is as lithe and wary as it is possible to conceive; strike at him, smartly as you will, when first he alights upon your skin, and your blow falls harmless; the insect has his eye on you, and dodges your hand light-heartedly, to come back the moment your attention is diverted. But let him gorge himself, and he is another creature altogether: indolent and lethargic, so that you may almost take him between your fingers; he is an unwieldy sloth, indifferent to the fate brought upon him by the gluttony that has no limit but his capacity.

Nature, with more regard for the mosquito than for man, has ordained that you shall not feel the effects of the irritant poison wherewith the insect replaces the blood he draws, until he has concluded his meal and sufficient time has elapsed to let him make his escape. Hence, if you are asleep or absorbed in your book, you don't discover that you have been 'bitten,' as the phrase goes, until the round white swelling which betrays the point of the mosquito's operations warns you that the mischief is done; a warning that asserts itself unpleasantly for many hours afterwards. Neither mosquito curtain nor punkah is so reliable a means of defence as could be desired. The insect knows well the careless habits of the native servant; and as soon as you have tucked down the netting over your bed, he sets to work to explore the whole expanse of muslin in search of the inevitable hole. A single broken mesh affords him means of ingress, and he promptly takes advantage of it. Calling all the friends within hail, he points triumphantly to his discovery, and issues invitations to dinner at your expense right and left. That these are never declined is fully evidenced by the scores of gorged revellers which adorn the curtain in the morning; for the degraded creatures are in no condition after dinner to do anything but sleep; they don't attempt to find their way out, and stay in their roomy prison to await your destroying hand.

The wind set in motion by a vigorously-pulled punkah will prevent the mosquito settling anywhere within its scope; but this is scarcely worth discussing, as vigour is a quality unknown in punkah coolies; the mosquito mind, the soft fanning usually granted 'master' by his servant with as much indifference as an able seaman out on the yard of a ship regards a 'captiv' of wind.'

Like all notorious evil-doers, the mosquito is saddled with crimes not his own. Your servant would have you believe that this incorrigible insect makes the holes by which he enters your mosquito curtain; whereas a glance at the 'bearer's' formidable finger-nails suggest a more reasonable explanation. The water-carrier who fills your tub does not scruple to assert that the muddy scum floating on the water is the handiwork of the mosquito. That the insect lays its eggs on the surface of stagnant water is a well-known fact, but it is difficult to believe the *pami ventlak's* story, particularly as a small deduction from that menial's pay persuades the mosquito to

transfer breeding operations elsewhere. He is a deceptive and bad character, but let us be just to him.

There is, however, one serious charge brought against him from which he has so far been unable to clear himself. The Civil Surgeon says that he is the direct means of carrying infection, and so disseminating disease; that the mosquito drawing one meal from a patient in the station hospital and the next from a healthy man outside, inoculates the latter with whatever malady the sick man is suffering from. We don't accuse the mosquito of doing this with malice aforethought, of course. But such mischief is quite in keeping with his character, and certainly infection spreads in a mysterious and fitful manner in the East. We wish very much that the mosquito could find some way of refuting the charge; his bite is disagreeable enough in itself; but it becomes a source of real anxiety when we recollect that any one of these itching white pustules may cover the germ of smallpox or typhoid, and it would set our minds at rest if the mosquito could prove his innocence.

Under favourable climatic conditions, the little plague attains a size that renders him a formidable foe. Down in that low-level region at the mouths of the Irrawaddy, where water lies on every hand, and the jungle vegetation grows in such rank luxuriance, he thrives his worst. There he grows thrice as large and thrice as venomous as he does in other parts of the country. In that unhappy valley, where white men are few and far between, his tastes are vulgar and uneducated; we know one large village which enjoys unenviable fame for the size and ferocity of its mosquitoes; there, at Maoobin, the European residents not only practically live under netting themselves, but are compelled to keep their ponies under similar protection. The dainty town-bred mosquito would disdain to live with such plebeians as are found at Maoobin.

AN ADVENTURE—QUITE IN THE DARK.

BLIND men, however sharpened their remaining senses may become, would not exactly be selected as the fittest agents for the purpose in which I once found myself engaged. Still, there is no knowing to what they may have to put their wits; and although I have no pretensions to being sharper than the rest of my fellow-sufferers, or claim the possession of any especial dodginess, yet there is no doubt when one has to rely very persistently on all one's faculties in order to keep fairly abreast of ordinary mortals, it is wonderful how quick the apprehension and the power of drawing conclusions become. You are not concerned with the history of my infirmity—how I lost my sight and so forth—it is enough for the present purpose if I say that I have been blind for some twenty years—that I have grown quite accustomed and reconciled to my fate, and without making light of it, have ceased to think about it, or regard it as interfering materially with the ordinary conduct of daily life.

Very well, then. I chanced some three years ago to be staying with some friends in their

country-house—not very far from London, but nevertheless situated in a delightfully rural and secluded district. My host and hostess lived in good style; kept much company, and entertained in munificent fashion. Most of their friends, too, were wealthy; and the jewelry, as I was told, which occasionally sparkled within those hospitable walls represented large sums of money. It was a thoroughly easy-going establishment; meals were made movable festivals to suit the varied arrangements which a constant programme of amusement sometimes entailed.

The month was August; the weather was fine and hot; and on the particular evening in question, it so happened the dinner was to partake of the character of supper, to suit the convenience of the house-party, who were going on some picnic boating excursion on the neighbouring Thames.

Now I did not join them for two reasons—firstly, because I wanted to enjoy the quiet and peace of the house, gardens, and shrubberies when entirely deserted; secondly, because, always rather a bad sleeper, I had been more than usually wakeful for some nights, and I determined to go to bed early and to take a certain narcotic which had been recommended as quite harmless and exceedingly pleasant. It consisted of a powder, and the directions said it was to be mixed with a pint bottle of light claret—a glass or two of which might be taken on going to bed or in the course of the night, if occasion required. Early in the evening I secured the wine from the butler, and myself mixed it with the drug by simply shooting the latter dexterously into the bottle. Then I shook it, corked it, and stood it on the bed-table with a large claret-glass, to be ready for use when I retired for the night. This I did as I proposed a little before ten, at which time I was the sole occupant of the house, with the exception of the servants. Their quarters, with kitchens, &c., lay at the extreme opposite wing from that in which my bedroom was situated.

Thus, as I crept up the main staircase with the aid of my stick, and by feeling the well-known land-marks by which I am always able to guide myself after very little practice along passages and corridors, my footsteps echoed strangely, and I was conscious that an unusual air of solitude pervaded the place. Of course the autumn twilight had faded into night by this time, but that made no difference to me, and, equally, of course, I carried no chamber candle. Somehow, nevertheless, I had a strange feeling of not quite liking the solitude—a sensation akin to nervousness, I suppose it would be called. Unaccustomed to regard myself as a coward, I yet could have wished that the house had not seemed quite so lonely. It was a vague, vain, and ridiculous idea, I knew—still, the nearer I got to my room the more it possessed me. When I laid my hand on the lock, for a moment it quite overwhelmed me, and I need hardly say that when I found the door resist my effort to open it, my discomfiture was complete. Then, after a moment, I pulled myself together, feeling heartily ashamed of the rapidity with which my heart was beating. Another push at the door, and it opened partially—enough to admit me. Something had fallen inside and blocked it. I stooped to discover what it was, and presently my fingers lighted on a wedge-

shaped block of wood with a screw sticking partially through it. This had caused the jam. But what could it be? However, I left it on the floor, closed the door, and walked slowly towards the window, knowing every step of the way nearly as well as you would with your eyes. The window—a French one, opening on to a small balcony, to my surprise was not closed, as I am certain I left it an hour or two earlier, when I brought up the wine to my room. You might think these little discoveries would have increased my nervousness; they had a contrary effect; at least every sensation was swallowed up in surprise and curiosity as to what could have happened.

However, I began slowly to undress—a blind man has to do most mechanical things slowly, if he would not be perpetually bruising or maiming himself, and so I went on for a few minutes fumbling about with my garments as usual, depositing each in its accustomed place, for only by that means are we incapable able to find any object with certainty again.

Suddenly I thought of the purpose which had brought me to bed so early, and began to doubt if I was going through a good preparation for giving the sleeping draught a fair chance. I had grown wider and wider awake every moment from that when, ascending the stairs, I had first felt a sense of loneliness. Nevertheless, I would take a glass of my light claret forthwith, considering that by the time I should be getting into bed it would be beginning to take effect. I stepped out in the direction of the table where it stood, felt about for an instant, and the next had the bottle within my grasp. Then I found the glass, and was proceeding, as I expected, to take the cork out, when lo! there was no cork. Raising the bottle, I instantly knew from its lightness that it was empty. This discovery was conclusive. Somebody had been in the room—perhaps was in the room at this moment—a most unpleasant notion, but I was no longer nervous.

'Who is there?—Speak,' I cried. 'Who are you, and where are you?'

No reply. I listened intently; not a sound broke the stillness of the sweet autumn night. Taking my stick, I thrust it under the bed, and round about in various corners of the room. The furniture appeared a little disarranged, but otherwise there was no evidence of the presence of any human being. Very strange, I thought. Anyway, I must ring for the footman—for I may say here that I dislike being valeted; and beyond indispensable assistance, prefer doing everything as much as I can for myself, especially in my bedroom.

As my hand passed across the corner of the table, it knocked something off on to the ground which rattled like tin and glass. Not stopping to investigate, the next discovery my sensitive fingers made on the table was some short iron tool. I took it up and felt it; but could not make out what it was, so proceeded to grope for the bell-rope close to the bed-head.

Now, with all that had gone before, imagine my sensations when, as my fingers passed over the edge of the pillow on their way to the top of the bedstead, they fell upon a warm human cheek!—Yes! the cheek of a man, as I knew instantaneously from his sparse beard, whisker,

and hair!—Imagine my sensations, I say, at that moment!

That I was startled beyond expression, I admit; but I checked my impulse to shout aloud. I stepped back into the middle of the room, bumping against a chair or something in my haste. In two seconds, however, I collected my wits. Quick as thought, almost, I drew my conclusions and settled what to do. I went to the window, closed and fastened it as securely and as noiselessly as I could, for I had no desire to disturb the intruder, who, so far, except for the warmth of his flesh, apparently showed no sign of life—my quick ear told me that. I stood still for a moment listening, and could not even hear him breathe. Then I crept to the door, felt for the key, which had been, I knew, inside; but it was no longer in the lock. By great good luck, just as I was debating how I might secure the door on the outside, my foot trod on what I knew to be the key. It was lying close to that wedge-like bit of wood with the screw which had first attracted my attention. I now guessed what it was; so picking it up with the key, I passed out into the passage, softly closed and locked the door after me, and jammed the bit of wood in the crack beneath it. At least, I thought, whoever you are, you shan't get out this way. Then I made what haste I could along the corridor and down the stairs, rang the dining-room bell, and in a few minutes had told my story to the butler.

He was for immediately rushing off up-stairs to see about it all.

'No, no, Pitt,' said I. 'Wait a bit. Call two of the footmen, and let them take up a position where they can see that no one leaves that room. Go out and get hold of two or three gardeners—anybody, and post them under the window. Then start off somebody from the stable to the village for the constable—for two constables, if there are two.—Now, quick's the word. The fellow is sound asleep, whoever he is, but we may as well make sure who he is.'

These orders were rapidly carried out; and in less than half an hour two stalwart policemen arrived. One joined the men under the window, the second, the head-constable, went up-stairs with the butler and me. He was the first to enter the room; I slipped in last to listen.

'Hullo, my man, what are you up to here? Come, wake up—give an account of yourself.'

A pause.

'Why, he is as sound as a top still!'

A noise as of shaking something—another pause.

'Oh yes, of course, here's the little game—dark-lantern rolled over on the floor, jenny and crowbar, box of noiseless matches, etcette-rarr, etcette-rarr; I see. Here you! wake up. This 'ere kid won't wash; get up and come along with me quietly!—another shaking.'

'Oh! you won't, won't you?—Hullo, what's this? Oh! indeed—armed, ay? Yes, a six-shooter in your breast-pocket! Fully loaded, too, no doubt! We'll see to that a bit later.—Ah! and a knuckleduster too, by jigs. You are an ugly customer and no mistake, you are! What a lucky thing you're so sound asleep—to-o-o be sure; and I'll make sure of you, my friend, while I've got the chance anyhow. These 'ere bracelets will fit you like gloves. There!'

A pause again—a little fumbling, followed by the audible click of the handcuffs.

'Call up my mate, sir, will you, please?'—This no doubt to the butler, who, going to the window and opening it, shouted to the man below, who soon entered the room. Then I could guess pretty well from the sound what they did, which of course was to lug the fellow off the bed, thinking that would wake him; but although he fell on to the floor with a heavy thud, it appeared to do nothing of the kind.

Then the thought suddenly flashed through my mind that he had drunk deeply no doubt of my particular brew; and remembering that the bottle was empty, I trembled lest, having taken half-a-dozen doses of the fascinating mixture at once, he might never recover from his sleep. So, stepping forward, I stated my surmise as to what had happened, and said: 'You had better send for a doctor immediately.'

'Well, 'praps so, sir,' agreed the constable; 'it would be best, anyways, for he's about as heavy a bit of goods to move as I've come across for a long while.'

Then they laid the huge burly burglar on the floor, propped up his head, and left him in charge of the officers till the doctor arrived. He did so just as my hosts and their friends returned from their excursion, and you may judge of the excitement that followed throughout the household.

The medical man, after due examination and suggesting certain douches of cold water, &c., reassured us all with the hope that he would not die. My assumption as to the cause of his coma was so feasible as not to admit of dispute. Doubtless by aid of his dark-lantern he saw the bottle of wine with its label announcing it to be Medoc of the first quality. Tasting and trying, and finding it to be a light and agreeable fluid, he drained the bottle at a gulp, probably as the first step towards giving him the necessary courage and strength to proceed with the business of the night. In this he was probably interrupted by the rapid action of the excessive dose, and feeling suddenly overcome by a drowsy stupor, had staggered to the bed, and thrown himself helplessly on it. The fellow had entered the room, of course, by the balcony, having hauled himself up with a hooked rope, which was discovered with the remaining tools of his fascinating craft.

At the expiration of some three or four hours, and in the dead of night, he recovered sufficient consciousness to stand up, and he was then marched off between the two constables—locked up, and eventually punished according to law.

'On the whole,' said the doctor to me later on, when we were laughing over the adventure—'on the whole, sir, it is a good thing for you that you tried the effect of the narcotic on some one else. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.* Take my advice, sir, and don't resort to narcotics; they are always dangerous, and that must have been especially so. The drug clearly was a very powerful one. You have had a lucky escape every way, for if you had come into conflict with that gentleman—remembering how he was prepared, I am afraid he would have left his mark on you; whereas you have turned the tables, and, after a fashion, left yours on him. I wish the law would help you to make it indelible on his back with a

good round dozen of the cat. It is the only way to put a stop to this armed business; it is the only thing these rascals dread. However, he will give blind men a wide berth for the future, I prognosticate, now that he has found one of them such a capital thief-taker.'

HOW TO PRESERVE A PIANOFORTE.

THERE being many erroneous notions in circulation as to how a Pianoforte should be best retained in order, and as a great number of instruments are spoilt every year through misuse, consequent upon want of information, some hints relating to the subject may be found of use in many households.

It is necessary, on account of the sensibility of wood to atmospheric changes, that a pianoforte should be kept as nearly as possible at the same degree of temperature as that to which it has been exposed during its manufacture: about sixty degrees Fahrenheit is a customary heat, and will be found comfortable and satisfactory. To submit a stringed instrument to frequent and rapid changes of temperature is very injurious to its tone, and the pianoforte especially suffers when so abused; therefore, the keeping of a pianoforte in a room which is not in general use, and where fires during the cold winter months are only occasionally lighted, cannot be too urgently condemned.

Pianofortes must be kept dry and free from the least particle of damp, as dampness rusts the strings and pins, inflates the felt and leather, utterly ruining the action-work. For this reason, on wet and foggy days the window of the room in which the piano stands must not be left open without the instrument being covered up.

It is not wise to place a 'cottage' pianoforte with its back against a wall, that is, exposed to the influences of the weather, or one having a chimney flue running through it; neither should it be placed too near the fireside, where it would be liable to encounter direct and undue heat. To prevent the keys of the instrument from becoming yellow it is requisite to wipe them with a soft wash-leather each time after use, and to keep them covered with a piece of white flannel reaching from one end of the keyboard to the other. Extreme degrees of heat and cold are fatal to the cabinet-work and polish of a pianoforte. When not in service, it is prudent to keep the piano closed, especially during the summer months, as the moths having once found access to the inner parts of the instrument, do vast damage; besides, ordinary dust clogs, and is destructive to the mechanism. In cases where cloth-lining is tacked at the back of 'cottage' pianofortes, it is advisable to replace it by wire-gauze; and any opening at the bottom of the instrument must likewise be covered up, in order to prevent mice from finding a comfortable retreat in one of the secluded corners—under the keyboard is their favourite spot in the piano. In country and farm houses—mice being more frequently found in such resorts—this is particularly requisite, as these pernicious little creatures build their nests with the felt and cloth torn from the action.

It is of the greatest importance for the piano-

forte to be kept well in tune, therefore needful for it to be tuned at least every three months when in daily practice, otherwise every four months. A tuning-fork ought to be provided, and the tuner instructed to keep the instrument to its authoritative pitch. To employ the services of a second-rate tuner, and to leave the piano for long periods without the attention of a skilful person, is false economy, because an instrument, whether in use or not, if it is to retain its ever gradually diminishing but proper value, and not too rapidly deteriorate in worth, must be looked after regularly by a pianoforte tuner of experience. It may be remarked that the pianoforte does not resemble the violin, which, if well manufactured, improves with age and good service. While the pianoforte is being tuned it is expedient for the room to be kept quiet; babies crying, children playing at 'horse,' birds singing, putting coal on the fire, and cleaning up the hearth, are not likely to assist the tuner in his at the best of times not too easy task, or conduce to the perfect tuning of the pianoforte. The sticking down of the keys, the squeaking of the action and pedals, are mostly caused from damp, and a sure sign that harm is being done to the mechanism, but on no account must either of the parts be oiled. Until the action-work has been set in order by a qualified workman, it is better not to employ the pianoforte, as more damage is done to an instrument in such a state by a week's practice than by six months' hard wear and tear when in working condition. The noise is generally occasioned through the burnished portions of the action having lost their gloss and smoothness, producing great friction. The placing of ornaments on the top of the pianoforte is a common practice, and to be discouraged, as such articles are very often the cause of jarring sounds; and in addition they scratch the polish.

BY THE SACO RIVER (U.S.A.).

A WIND-SWEPT valley of waving wheat,
Under a sky of cloudless blue;
As far in the distance, sunny mists
Hazily shadow the mountain view;
Reapers are binding their golden sheaves,
And bobolinks sing from the bending leaves.

A soft breeze blows from the distant shore;
White sails float westward noiselessly
On the silvery foam of Saco's breast,
Past woods where the warm winds wander free,
And the rustling corn and bending wheat
Spread till valley and mountain meet.

Over the fields of clover-bloom
Swallows are skimming an azure sea;
Faint and far, from the sunlit hills
Tinkle the cow-bells drowsily;
And over the meadow and mountain steep
The waving noonday shadows creep.

GRACE VIRGINIA HALSEY.

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THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF BOOKS.

Do you love your books? Books have bodies as well as souls. Do you care for the material tabernacle which enshrines the spirits that warm and brighten your own? 'Slaves of the lamp,' they are ready at a moment's notice to come forth and transport you not only to foreign regions upon earth, but to mystic scenes in worlds unknown. They will build castles for you—in the air, and *châteaux—en Espagne*; and will people them with figures that sometimes seem startlingly near, a descent from the canvas of the imagination on to the solid floor of tangibility. But the bodies of your books—how do you house them? Do you guard them from excessive cold and excessive heat? Do you save them from being poisoned by foul gases, and from consumption through exposure to damp, and from attacks of vermin? Do you provide them with medicine and medical attendance in their diseases? Do you belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Books? We are not aware that there is such a Society; but that is a mere matter of detail. We feel disposed, like the Fat Boy, to 'make your flesh creep' by recounting some of the brutalities practised towards books.

Books have perished by fire on notable occasions, as in the case recorded in Acts xix. 19, where the books destroyed are valued at fifty thousand pieces of silver. These were either treatises on magic, books of sorcery, or *Ephesia grammata*, little scrolls containing magic sentences and carried about as charms. The martyrdom of living flesh and sentient nerves runs through all the centuries along-side of the cremation of the books that enshrined the martyrs' doctrines. Tyndale translates the Bible; the Bishop of London buys up an impression and consigns it to the flames. With the proceeds Tyndale prints many more than were burned. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the

Church;' and the smoke of the burning Scriptures was the printer's capital. Orthodox and heterodox were pretty evenly balanced in their fiery judgments on the enemies' books. Much rubbish has thus perished, but the coiling wreaths of smoke from the martyr-fire of a true book have always formed the letters *Resurgam*. Ignorance, as well as flaming orthodoxy, has incinerated many a precious book. One shudders to read of valuable black-letter volumes, 'Caxtons' and others, being found in the baskets of Sally or Betty, the melancholy relics of hundreds that may have preceded them up the chimney of some parlour fire or kitchen grate. And one trembles to think how many absolutely priceless manuscripts may be—probably are—at this moment tumbling about amid dust and vermin in old monasteries and cellars and caves, not knowing whether their destiny be destruction, or an enthusiastic welcome in the British Museum or Bodleian, or some Continental harbour of refuge.

Water has played quite as terrible a part as fire in the massacre of books. We are not thinking of the whole libraries that have been lost at sea—though it is true that cultured fishes have not lacked literary pabulum—but of the slow torture of books by damp. It is a relief to know that books do not suffer from rheumatism and neuralgia, though we have nightmare suspicions on the point. But they suffer decay in a symbolic parallelism to human lapses into disease and towards the tomb. The fibre of the paper and binding succumbs to the damp; brown blotches appear; and finally the maltreated book loses all its vitality and crumbles into powder at the touch. College libraries have been known in which the books have never been comforted with a fire, and where ivy or other tendrils have crawled in through broken panes in the neglected windows and made tracks for the heavy dews, the condensed November fogs, the driving autumn rains; and the unhappy books have slowly rotted in their prison, in the company of fungi and slugs, like forgotten prisoners of some

condemned faith in the *oubliettes* of stony-hearted ecclesiastics.

Collections of books subjected to modern conditions are afflicted by the same causes of disease to which many of our own maladies are due. Their health perishes under the fumes of gas. The sulphurous element in the midnight gas which, not to our advantage, has supplanted the midnight oil, destroys the elasticity and robustness of their binding and eats away their strength. Under the influence of the gaseous acids and the drying effects of heat, you will see the constitution of your poor books showing the inroads of disease and the approach of death. And of course your top shelf goes first. It is not true that there is 'nothing like leather.' In point of the conditions of firm robust health, your leather-covered books are very like children; they want a pure atmosphere, not too hot, nor too cold, nor too dry, nor too damp; and if your books are ailing, look after your children in the same room.

Dust and neglect have to bear the responsibility of much suffering on the part of our books. The custom of gilding the top edges of books is a useful palliative, but, like all palliatives, it is not to be too much relied on. Nor are glass doors to bookcases so valuable as people suppose. The alterations of temperature create a constant in and out suction, and with the air goes the dust, and the dust partly consists of germs, always going up and down in the earth seeking what they may devour.

'Bookworms' are now almost exclusively known in the secondary and derivative meaning of the word as porers over dry books; but there was a time when the real worms were as ubiquitous as our cockroaches. They would start at the first or last page and tunnel circular holes through the volume, and were cursed by librarians as *bestia audax* and *pestes chartarum*. There were several kinds of these little plagues. One was a sort of death-watch, with dark-brown hard skin; another had a white body with little brown spots on its head. Those that had legs were the larvae of moths, and those without legs were grubs that turned to beetles. They were dignified, like other disagreeable things, with fine Latin names, which we spare our readers. All of them had strong jaws and very healthy appetites; but we are happy to find that their digestive powers, vigorous as they were, quail before the materials of our modern books. China clay, plaster of Paris, and other unwholesome aliments have conquered the *pestes chartarum*. They sigh and shrivel up. Good-bye, little wretches; we have worse than you to look after now; germs of fever and cholera, and hydrophobia, to keep us busy, and we are staggered to discover what pitched battles are being fought in our veins every day by our brave little white corpuscles. Peace to the memory, for it is now hardly more than a memory, of the *bestia audax*.

The most audacious beast of our days is the cutter-out of plates. Where is the library that cannot show evidence of his ravages? Towards him we feel a ferocity that is merciless. We should like to extract a tooth without anaesthetics for every plate he has purloined. A giant of

villany of this kind existed in the early part of last century. His awful robberies were bound up in about a hundred volumes, now in the British Museum. There is a feebler but still more irritating form of outrage upon books in public libraries, which consists in scrawling on the margins the vapid and frivolous criticisms or opinions of the reader, who often unconsciously gives evidence that he is incapable of appreciating what he reads. We have a book before us now, the collected poems of the greatest poetess of our century, and there is hardly a page not disfigured by some trumpery cavil about the words, or the sense, or the rhythm. Through all her sweet thoughts, this *pestis chartarum* follows her, until we take up the poker and strike a blow at an imaginary skull too thick to break and too empty to be susceptible of concussion of the brain. We are growing hot, and will lay down the topic here, lest we need a cooling febrifuge.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXV.—I ASSENT.

I SAT as the sailors had left me at that table, lost in thought, bending all the energies of my mind to full realisation of my situation that my judgment might soundly advise me. I daresay I remained thus for above twenty minutes as motionless as ever was the dead figure that we had met with in the deck-house of the wreck. Then slowly rising, I went to one of the cabin windows and stood mechanically staring at the piebald sky that would come with a sweep, as the vessel rolled to windward, to the throbbing line of the frothing horizon; and thus I continued, still thinking, weighing one consideration and then another, forming resolutions which the next effort of thought rendered helplessly idle, until I had arrived at a determination; when, starting from my deep and painful reverie, I descended into the steerage and knocked on Miss Temple's cabin door. She immediately opened it.

'At last!' she cried. 'Oh Mr Dugdale, what have you to tell me now?'

'Let us go to the cabin,' I answered; 'we shall be alone there. The gloom of these quarters is horribly depressing.'

My manner caused her to regard me for a moment or two with a feverish eagerness of scrutiny; she then mounted the steps, and I followed her.

'I wish I had news to give that might comfort you,' said I, seating myself at her side. 'The men left me half an hour ago. I have been thinking my hardest since, and will tell you now how matters stand and how I believe I must act.'

She breathed quickly, but said nothing. Her eyes devoured me, so passionate was her curiosity and fear.

'The captain's conversation with me,' I began, 'was, as you know, overheard by the rogue Wilkins who waits upon us. He must have

hearkened thirstily; not a syllable did he lose, and every sentence he carried forward to the crew. They are fully convinced of the truth of the crazy story; they are firmly persuaded that there are some two hundred thousand pounds' worth of golden coin buried in that South Sea island; they were also made aware by that scoundrel listener that I had insisted upon having an agreement signed and witnessed; which of course confirmed them in their opinion that I myself believe in the captain's story up to the hilt. Their demand, then, is, that I should navigate the ship to the island, that they may dig up the money hidden in it.

She listened with silent horror.

'They laugh at my assurance that the captain was mad,' I went on, 'and they see nothing in his suicide to cause them to doubt that his story is absolutely true.'

'And what did you tell them?'

'That I must have time to think, and will give them an answer by noon.'

'What do you think?' she demanded, searching my gaze with her proud eyes.

'I see nothing for it but to undertake to sail the ship to the South Pacific.'

'Are you mad?' she almost shrieked.—'To the South Pacific? Did you not say to them that you will insist upon their stopping the first ship that passes, and putting you and me on board of her?'

'They are not to be reasoned with,' I answered gently; 'the dream of this gold has raised an appetite in them that might easily convert them into wild beasts, if I refuse to help them to satisfy their hunger. They will not suffer communication with any passing vessel; they will not permit me to make for any port. Their proposal is that I shall be captain, and have, with you, the exclusive use of this end of the ship, and they promise me handsome usage. But underlying the terms they desire me to agree to is a menace that I should be blind not to see. I must do what they want, or what that villain Lush has contrived that they shall want, or God alone knows what the issue may be for you as well as for myself.'

She sat viewing me like one paralysed.

'My intention,' I went on, 'is to inform the carpenter at noon that I assent to the wishes of the crew.'

She was about to speak; I held up my hand.

'I entreat you to let me have my way. Do not reason. You can offer no remedy for this situation saying that of haughty demand, which, unless you can back it, as a theory of escape, by a gang of men capable of pistolling the fellows forward, will be of no more use to you or to me than a feather to a drowning man. My resolution is, to consent to navigate this vessel to that South Sea island. The island may be an imaginary one: the crew's disappointment may force us into a hunt; they will then certainly believe that the captain's story was the fancy of a madman, and will ask me to carry them to some near port. This will be the issue of the adventure, supposing it is all smooth sailing till then. All will come right,' I exclaimed; 'it is entirely a question of waiting. Have you patience? Yes—and your patience will keep you hopeful. Trust to me and to my judgment.'

I took her hand in both mine and pressed it. She did not offer to withdraw it. Indeed, it seemed as though she found comfort in the clasp; her hard expression of consternation softened, and her fine eyes took the same air of appeal I had noticed in them when she went below to her cabin.

'There is yet the chance,' I said, 'of my being able to persuade the crew to transfer you to a passing ship. I might indeed,' I went on, warming up to the fancy, 'insist upon this as a part of my agreement with them.'

She slightly shook her head and her glance fell.

'How long will it take us to reach this island?' she asked, keeping her gaze bent down.

'Ten or twelve weeks, perhaps.'

'At that rate,' she exclaimed with an expression of impatience and dismay, 'we shall be sailing about for months without the least opportunity of my getting on shore, of my returning home, of my being able to obtain a change of dress.'

'Providing nothing happens. And even assuming that you are forced to see this adventure out to the bitter end, the worst that befalls you is a disagreeably long divorce from your home, together with such discomforts as you should laugh at when you think of them side by side with the tragedy that this ramble is easily to be worked into.'

However, spite of her little effort to look the difficulty in the face, she seemed stunned. She would start sometimes whilst I talked to her, and send a wild sweeping look round the cabin, as though she could not realise her situation and sought to persuade herself that she was in a dream. I was grieved for her beyond words.

'As to wearing-apparel,' I said, 'there are needles and thread forward, and I don't doubt that when you are put to it you will be able to manage. And then, suppose this story of the captain's should prove true, suppose we should actually find buried in the spot he indicated a mass of gold which when equally divided amongst us would yield every man several thousand pounds!'

She searched my face with her glowing eyes.

'You do not believe this?' she cried.

'Certainly I do not,' I answered. 'I am only supposing.'

'I wish I could read your heart; I wish I could be sure that your determination to assent to the men's wishes is not owing to sympathy with their own ideas.'

I burst out into a loud laugh. 'Of how many sins do you think me capable?' I exclaimed. 'How many enormous follies am I equal to? I believe you already secretly regard me as a pirate.—Oh, Miss Temple, no man could ever feel ill-tempered in conversing with you, say what you will. But you are a little trying, though, now and again. Why do you wish to read my heart? You might discover sentiments which would render me detestable to you.'

'I do not understand you,' she exclaimed, looking somewhat frightened.

'Admiration for you, in a person whom you dislike, would make you abhor him.'

'Mr Dugdale, is this a time for such feeble

small-talk as would scarcely be endurable amidst safety and comfort? I should not be so utterly unhappy as I am if I felt that my mother knew where I was, that she was conscious of all that has happened to me, and that we should meet again.'

'It will all come right,' said I, looking at my watch. 'I must make ready now for taking sights, and letting the carpenter know the determination I have arrived at.—Back me, Miss Temple, in my efforts by the utmost exertion of your tact. And now, come on deck with me, will you? There is life in the fresh and frothing scene outside, and you will find courage in the mere sight of the wide horizon with thoughts of what lies behind it, and how time will work all things to your wishes.'

I entered the captain's cabin to fetch a sextant, and then, with Miss Temple, went on deck. Lush was marching up and down the weather side of the poop. He came to a stand when I arrived. I went up to him at once, Miss Temple at my side.

'I have thought the matter over,' I said, 'and accept the men's terms.'

'Glad to hear it,' he answered with a slow smile breaking sulkily through his surly countenance. 'If you care about a written hunder-taking'—

'No,' I interrupted contemptuously; 'my agreement is based on yours. If you do not hold piously to every article of it, I drop my part.'

He viewed me with his head slightly on one side, but without any appearance of resentment at my peremptory tone. Coarse and unlettered as the fellow was, he had discernment enough to witness what he would regard as sincerity of purpose in my very outspokenness.

'All you've got to do,' said he, 'is to carry us to that there island. You do your bit, and you'll have no occasion to grumble at us for not doing ours. But—you'll do it. You understand me, Mr Dugdale? So long as you're honest, you'll find us honest.'

The ugly significance he imparted to these words by the look that accompanied them, I could not hope to express. Miss Temple, whose hand was on my arm, shrank at my side. It pleased me that she should have witnessed that look and heard the words, for they would go further to persuade her that there was no other road to choose in this matter than the one I had taken, than any amount of reasoning on my part.

'Your threats are perfectly indifferent to me,' I exclaimed, eyeing him coolly and fixedly. 'I believe I know your character, and don't question your capacity to act up again to the part your captain told me you had already played.'

'What was that?' he growled, but with no other change of face than such as temper might produce. I seemed to find even in this little thing that the captain had told me a lie when he charged the fellow with murder, and my mind felt easier on a sudden as to a conviction of the truth of a matter less dark than I had dared believe.

'That is my business,' I responded, preserving my cool almost contemptuous manner. 'You need be at no pains to threaten me. You'll achieve nothing by your forecastle menaces. I

have been a sailor in my time, and quite know what you and such as you are. If you or any of your mates disappoint me in a single particular of the understanding between us, I will throw this sextant,' said I, flourishing it under his nose, 'overboard, and you may grope your way round the Horn as best you can. That agreement is this: I elevated my forefinger. 'First, we are to have the exclusive use of this end of the ship; you alone coming aft to stand your watch.'—He nodded.—I erected another finger. 'Next: the captain's cabin and the one adjoining are to be occupied by this lady and myself.'—He nodded again.—I raised a third finger, thrusting it close to his face. 'Next: Wilkins continues to wait upon us as heretofore; we are to be fed with care and punctuality; it is distinctly to be understood—and this you will see to—that no liquor aboard is broached outside a tot or two per man per day; for,' said I, speaking with the most emphatic deliberateness I could contrive, 'if there should be a single exhibition of drunkenness amongst the crew, I shall pitch this sextant overboard.'

'I've got nothen to say agin that,' he exclaimed, speaking with something of sullen respect, as though impressed by my energy and language.

'Next,' I proceeded, 'I am to be captain, and what I say must be law, and what I do must be done.'

'Saving this,' said he, elevating two square fingers in imitation of my gesture: 'Fust, you ain't going to order us to speak a ship, and next you ain't going to get us to obey ye if you should take it into your head to steer for a port.'

'No,' I replied; 'that is a part of my agreement. Yet there is this to be said: it is mere idle cruelty to carry this young lady away round Cape Horn into the Pacific. She is without any other wearing-apparel than what you see; she is destitute of almost every convenience; her mother is in bad health, and she wishes to return as speedily as possible that no news about us may reach England that is not perfectly true. The crew, therefore, will not object to speak a ship that we may transfer this lady to her.'

'No!' he roared.

'Her going will render me easy in my mind as to her safety,' I continued, 'and I shall be able to serve you the better by knowing that she is on her way home.'

'No!' he roared again; 'she's quite safe aboard us. There must be no speaking with ships.—'Sides,' he added, falling back a step with a round flourish of his arm, 'the lady knows all about the gold and where it is and how it's to be come at.'

'I can keep a secret, Mr Lush,' she exclaimed.

'No,' he repeated with a stamp of his foot; 'sorry for it, lady, but here ye are, and here ye must stop. I know what the crew 'ud say. I'm but expressing of their minds.—Here ye stop, lady.—Mr Dugdale, that was a part of the bargain, as we understood it this mornin'.—Besides, lady,' he added with an indescribable leer, 'ye wouldn't care to be separated from him now, would 'ee?'

She moved so as to bring him between me and her.

'That will do, Mr Lush,' said I. 'I am acquainted with your wishes, and you now know my resolution;' and so saying, I walked to a

part of the deck where I could command the sun, and went to work with my sextant, talking to Miss Temple in a low voice as I ogled the luminary.

'You see now how it is? If I refused my assent to the crew's wishes, they might have sent me adrift in a boat—alone,' I added significantly.

'He is a most dreadful creature. You spoke to him bravely. But is that manner what you call tact?'

'Yes. The man must not imagine that I am afraid of him. I would that I could choke him with his own threats.'

'I believe he would not shrink from murdering both of us.'

'They have made up their minds, Miss Temple, to sail to the island, and they mean that I shall carry them there. That resolve was strong in them when they entered the cabin. If I had refused— But no matter! It may yet come to my being able to induce them to speak a ship.'

She made no response. There was a short silence between us.

'Make eight bells!' I shouted, and the chimes floated sharp upon the rushing wind as I walked aft to the companion, Miss Temple always at my side.

I went straight to the captain's cabin, and there worked out my observations, and fixed the correct position of the barque on the chart.

'Here's our situation to-day,' I exclaimed, pointing to the chart—it was a track-chart of the world—and here's Cape Horn. Our course then is as we're steering.'

Lush stared at the chart with the blind and stupid look of a man who cannot read, and after a bit said: 'Let's see: here's south, and here's west, ain't it? And here's Cape Horn, as you say. Ay, our course is about right for it, I allow.'

Whilst I rolled the chart up, I exclaimed: 'It is inconvenient to be without a stand-by for a third relief. You and I both want to dine at once, and there is nobody to keep a lookout in the place of one of us. The man who had charge this morning whilst we were below appeared to be a very respectable steady sailor. Suppose now, calling me captain, and you chief-officer, we appoint him, with the sanction of the crew of course, second mate.'

'I dunno as I should do that,' he answered: 'best not have too many masters aboard. I'm no chief officer, and there'll be no convertin' of Joe Wetherly into a second mate. We're all jest men. But I tell 'ee what: if the crew's willing, Joe might be selected to relieve you or me whenever it comes about as the pair of us wants to be below at the same time, as now.'

'Very well,' I exclaimed, in the sort of peremptory yet half-careless way which I had made up my mind to employ, when speaking to this man; 'work it out your own fashion. You can send him aft to relieve me when he's done dinner. I shall feel obliged by your seeing that Wilkins turns to and prepares the table for us at once.'

I was about to leave him, when he exclaimed: 'One question, Mr Dugdale. Nothen was said between us men and you as to the share ye expect.'

'Never mind about that now,' I answered.

'The agreement betwixt you and the captain was for a third, I think,' said he; 'you won't expect that, now there's a dozen of us in the consarn!'

'Oh no, oh no!—Send Joe Wetherly aft as soon as he's done.'

'It's understood,' said he, 'that the lady won't take no share?'

'Yes, you may understand that,' I exclaimed.

'As for my portion,' I continued, anxious to get rid of him, 'give me what you think I shall have fairly earned, and you'll satisfy me.'

'Right!' he exclaimed with alacrity, seeking clumsily to conceal an emotion of sulky exultation.—'Just another word, Mr Dugdale. What sort of character might that ha' been which the captain gave me?'

'Oh confound it! go and send Joe Wetherly aft,' I cried, feigning a fit of temper; and I marched away to the binacle, leaving him to trudge forward.

A few minutes later, on looking through the skylight, I perceived Wilkins preparing the table. Presently, Wetherly arrived on the poop. I went forward to meet him, that I might be out of ear-shot of the fellow at the wheel, and at once said: 'Wetherly, how is it with you in this terrible business?'

'Truly terrible it is, sir,' he instantly replied; 'but you've got the most raw-headed lot of men to deal with that ever slung hammocks in a ship's fore-castle. Arter they went forward last night, they fell a-debating, all hands of them, and settled for this ship to fetch away that there gold, you commanding. I was agin it till I see how hot they talked, and then I thinks, says I to myself, what do it signify? Whether I'm bound away to the Isle o' France or to a loonatic's island in the South Pacific, is all the same. If there's money there, so much the better. If there ain't, it can't be helped. One agin ten's not going to do much aboard a ship; so, when I was asked for an opinion, I just says, I'm neutral, lads. Do as ye like. I'll be with ye; but never none of ye go and ask if I'm of ye.'

'You don't surely believe in Captain Braine's crazy fancy?'

'Well, I own, Mr Dugdale, that that there agreement 'twixt you and him a bit nonplused me this mornin' arter I had read it out. It did look uncommonly like as though you yourself genuinely believed in the yarn.'

He viewed me critically, though respectfully, as he spoke with his mere pins-heads of eyes.

'Oh man, I agreed—I pretended to fully credit—wholly with the idea of coaxing the madman to Rio, where the lady and myself would have left the barque. Can't you see that, Wetherly?'

'Why, yes,' he answered quickly, though speaking, nevertheless, as though his mind was not quite made up. 'It's a bad job for you and the lady, sir. The men are terribly in earnest. They'll allow no speaking with ships, for fear of your blowing the gulf, as the saying goes. I may tell you you've acted wisely in falling in with their wishes. I may be more open by-and-by. I'm with you and the lady, sir; but I've got to be very careful.'

'I thank you sincerely.'

I saw him restlessly glance aft at the helmsman, and took the hint. His good-will was of the

utmost importance to me, and it would not do to imperil my relations with him by any sort of behaviour that might excite the suspicions of the crew.

(To be continued.)

* THE HAMBLETON CRICKET CLUB.

Few of the frequenters of 'Lord's' probably are aware that Hambledon is 'the mother of modern cricket;' but such is the fact. The game cannot boast of any great antiquity, though curious inquirers fancy they can trace some semblance of it in the *cry-ee* with which Britain's 'young barbarians all at play' are said to have amused themselves, before Norsemen or Normans harried their coasts or robbed them of leisure for relaxation. What *cry-ee* may have been like, we can only conjecture; but probably it was rather the progenitor of games like *tipcat*, or *knur* and *spell*, than of cricket. The illuminated missals of Saxon times have recorded much of the life of our remote forefathers; and in one of the beautiful capitals we do find a group playing at club-ball, but nothing is depicted at all resembling cricket; which we may therefore infer must have been the product of a later and maturer age.

The earliest record we have of the game occurs in a curious book entitled *Pills to purge Melancholy* (1719) where, of one Shenkin, it is quaintly said:

Her was the prettiest fellow
At football or at cricket,
At hunting chase, or numble race,
How feently her could prick it

It may be observed that *her* or *here* is an old form of *he*.

Whatever may be made of the antiquities of cricketing, there is no doubt that the eighteenth century witnessed the rise and rapid progress of the modern game, and that its scientific excellence is due in great measure to the enterprising Club of an obscure Hampshire village. Obscure, it certainly was; but it was ever the home of a stalwart people, derived from one of the most indomitable of Saxon tribes, who were largely indebted to the vast forest of Andreda on the south, and the range of the Butser Hills on the north, for the preservation of their primitive character in the midst of the ferment of civil war and invasion. At present it is almost as inaccessible, from the want of a railway; otherwise, the beauty of its situation and the fine air of its rolling downs would make its fortune as a health-resort. In this secluded village arose a Cricket Club, with members drawn from a wide area, which achieved the highest distinction, and had an important influence on the scientific development of cricket. Within sight of a little public, still called 'The Bat and Ball,' this Club repeatedly played a match against All England. The Club attained its national reputation about the year 1771; and in the ensuing ten years it played fifty-one matches against All England and several first-class counties, generally for five hundred pounds a side, winning twenty-nine of the number! These matches were mostly

played upon Broad-Halfpenny Down, where King Charles II. spent some anxious hours on his road to the sea, after his escape from the battle of Worcester. Somewhat later, the Hambledonians transferred their ground to the adjoining Windmill Down, which had a rapid slope on all sides, so that if a ball was not quickly handled, it was lost, and this developed remarkable skill in fielding among the members. Hither, the whole country-side used to be attracted to see even their trial matches; and on any great occasion, the long village street would be lined with a double row of carriages and conveyances of every description from end to end. On June 18, 1777, the Hambledon Club beat All England in one innings by one hundred and sixty-eight runs!

But the credit of this famous Club rests not only on their distinction upon the field, but in no small degree upon the improvements they were chiefly responsible for introducing into the game. In the early part of the century the arrangements of this popular game were somewhat peculiar. There were only two stumps, a foot high, and two feet apart, surmounted by a bail; and between the stumps a hole was cut in the ground large enough to contain the ball and the butt end of the bat. In running a notch, the striker was required to put his bat into this hole, instead of the modern practice of touching over the popping crease. The wicket-keeper, in putting out the striker when running, was obliged, when the ball was thrown in, to place it in this hole before the striker could reach it with his bat! The figure of the bat still earlier had been similar to an old-fashioned dinner-knife—curved at the back and with a sort of curl at the front and end! The famous match of Kent against All England, in which Hambledonians were included, was played under these conditions in the year 1746; on which occasion the bat was found so inconvenient that it was henceforth ordered to be straight, but in other respects was undefined, until a few years afterwards a player from Reigate brought to a match a bat which was the full width of the stumps! This was of course an effectual defence of the wicket, but was thought too much of a good thing, and the width of the bat was henceforth restricted to four and a quarter inches; the weight of the ball at the same time being fixed at five and a half ounces at least, and five and three-quarter ounces at most. At Hambledon an iron frame was kept of the statute width, through which any suspected bat was passed for a test. On the 22d of May 1775 a match at single wicket was played between five of the Hambledon Club and five of All England on the Artillery Ground, when the bowler, Lumpy, several times bowled clear between the stumps of the famous batter, Small, without the batter being given out; and it being considered a hard thing that the straightest balls should be thus sacrificed, a middle stump was henceforth decreed, as at present. It was feared that the alteration might tend to shorten the game, owing to the presumed difficulty of guarding the wicket; but the grand match against All England just alluded to took place two years afterwards, and by its brilliance dispelled this fear; Aylward, one of the Hambledon men, getting one hundred and sixty-seven runs from his own bat, and staying

in two whole days. The most successful players that this country ever produced were members of the Hambleton Club; and the name of Richard Nyren, the captain, was known all over England as that of the greatest authority upon cricket. He was a left-handed bowler, and his delivery was high, and always to the length, while his balls were very deceitful. He was also a safe batsman, and knew how to drive. Although very stout, he was uncommonly active, and a fine specimen of the thoroughbred old English yeoman. On all questions of law or precedent he was uniformly consulted; and would maintain his opinion with modesty, but unflinching firmness, against the Duke of Dorset or Sir Horace Mann as freely as against his humbler brethren. He had derived his skill and judgment from an old uncle, Richard Newland, of Shindon, in Sussex, the best single wicket of his day.

The other principal bowler of the Club was Thomas Brett, a farmer, whose batting was of little account; but his balls were remarkably straight, and delivered with the force of a point-blank shot. Barber and Hogsflesh were the change bowlers, staunch and trusty, but not fast. Among the batters, the name of John Small shines as a star of the first magnitude, as he was almost as famous as Richard Nyren. He was the best short runner of his day, and was perhaps the first who turned short hits to account. His decision was as prompt as his eye was accurate in calculating a short run. As middle wicket he was an admirable fielder; and his judgment was held infallible as an umpire. He was a good fiddler too, and turned his Orphean accomplishment to good account on one occasion, when a bull charged him, as he was crossing two or three fields on his way to a musical party. With great coolness, he began playing upon his double bass, which completely routed the disconcerted beast, which did not stay to hear the last bars of the tune.

Tom Sueter must be mentioned next, one of the handsomest men to be seen on any ground, and of so amiable a disposition that he was the pet of all the neighbourhood, and greatly sought after by the gentlemen players. His voice was of great power and sweetness, and was always in request after a match for a hunting or cricket song. What a handful of soldiers are in an important pass, such was Tom in keeping the wicket. Nothing went by him; and such was his coolness and nerve that many a time has he stumped a man out with Brett's tremendous bowling. He was also a fine hitter, and was perhaps the first who broke the old practice of not leaving the crease for the ball; he would get in at it, and hit it straight off, and straight on, and away it went, as if it had been fired. In those days the Hambleton rule at trial matches did not allow a man to get more than thirty runs, and Tom Sueter had generally taken his *quantum* long before anybody else.

The best long-stop was George Lear, generally known as 'Little George.' He would stand through a whole match against the fastest bowling of the day and not lose more than one or two runs. He was as safe as a sandbank to stop the balls; and his activity and judgment in running to cover the ball were so great that he would stop many that were hit in the slip. He was not

great as a batsman, but he made up for his deficiencies here by his perfect fielding.

Edward Aburrow, a name still known in Hambleton, was the best long-field. Like everybody else, then and now, in Hambleton, he was better known by a nickname; his was 'Curry;' and Peter Steward was hardly ever called anything but 'Buck.' Both these men were good all-rounders, most useful in a match.

Lambert, known as 'the Little Farmer,' was a tremendous bowler with an extraordinary delivery. The ball was delivered quite low, and with a twist in the reverse way to what was usual with right-handed bowlers; that is, if bowling to a right-handed hitter his ball would twist from the off-stump into the leg! On one occasion, when the Marylebone Club played Hambleton, the Little Farmer was appointed one of the bowlers; and this new trick of his so bothered the men of Kent and Surrey that they tumbled out one after another, as if they had been picked off by a rifle corps. The perfection he had attained in this department, which was his only cricketing virtue, was owing to his habit, in tending his father's sheep, of amusing himself by setting up a hurdle or two and bowling away for hours.

The old Eleven was completed by Tom Taylor, who was an admirable field; his station being between point and middle wicket, and his quickness in meeting a ball and returning it like lightning to the top of the wicket, was very trying to the adversary's nerves. He was a slashing hitter, but too fond of cutting at straight balls, a fault, however, which he shared with Lord Frederick Beauclerc, the most accomplished batter of the day, who, with Lord Tankerville and the Duke of Dorset, was often on the Hambleton ground.

These were the heroes of the first Hambleton Eleven that achieved by their prowess such a prestige in the country. There was high holiday on Broad Halfpenny on the occasion of one of their grand matches; and it must have been a heart-stirring sight to witness the multitude forming a dense circle completely round that noble green—now, alas, in these commercial days, a cornfield! What excitement would move the hearts of the Hampshire folks, gentle and simple! 'Little Hambleton pitted against All England' was a proud thought; defeat was glory in such a struggle, and victory made the natives only 'a little lower than angels.' The fame which these early cricketers achieved for their Club was well maintained for a number of years by their successors. Of these the most celebrated were Noah Mann, James Aylward, the two Walkers, Beldham, and Harris. Noah Mann lived near Pitwood, and used to ride nearly twenty miles every Tuesday to practise. He could perform clever feats of agility on horseback, such as picking up pocket-handkerchiefs from the ground at full gallop. He was left-handed both as bowler and batter, and was valued for his nerve and self-possession. On one occasion in an All-England match, closely contested, he kept worrying old Nyren to let him go in, and was very indignant at his refusal. At length, when the last but one was out, Nyren sent Mann in, and there were ten runs to get. The excitement was intense; and thousands were hanging breathless on the issue. There was Sir Horace Mann walking about outside the ground cutting down the daisies with his

stick—his habit when agitated; the old farmers leaning forward on their tall staves, rarely seen out of Hampshire; and the vast crowd perfectly still. It was an anxious moment. After Noah had had a ball or two, one was bowled a little too far, when he got in, and hit it out in grand style for six! What a roar there must have been! Then there was a dead stand for some time; but eventually Noah, playing as coolly as if it was only for practice, totted up the runs, and the match was won. Nyren had purposely kept him back for this exciting finish, as he knew the man's imperturbable coolness, when any other man would have lost his nerve.

Aylward was a left-handed batter, and a very safe hitter. His score of one hundred and sixty-seven in the great All-England match was nothing to the portentous figures run up in these days, but it was then thought little short of miraculous.

The Walkers, Tom and Harry, were sons of a farmer at Hindhead, near the Devil's Punch Bowl; raw uncouth figures, that moved with the rigidity and force of machinery. They were a standing joke for their ungainly motions, which had no trace of poetry in them; but they were awful customers to get out when once fairly at the wicket. Tom took up with round hand bowling; but the Hambledon council ruled it foul-play.

William Beldham, commonly known as 'Silver Billy,' was one of the finest bats ever seen. Bowl as you might, Beldham would hit you all over the field; and he was safer than the Bunk. He had been taught by a baker at Farnham, and had a fine command of his bat; but after he joined the Hambledon Club, he rapidly became the finest player of that age. He would get in at the balls and hit them away brilliantly; but when he could cut them at the point of his bat, he was in his glory, and they flew as swift as thought! One of the most beautiful sights it is said to have been to see him make himself up to strike a ball. It was the *beau idéal* of grace and energy. A memorable occasion still lives in the archives of Marylebone when he and his only rival, Lord Frederick Beauclerc, were in together. The display of talent then evoked by their keen emulation was supreme. His abilities as a bowler and fielder were only a little inferior to his batting excellence.

One more name only must we mention, and that shall be David Harris, the very prince of bowlers. He was a native of Odiham, in Hampshire; and it is said to be difficult to convey in writing an accurate idea of the grand effect of his style. His attitude when preparing for his run previous to his delivery would have made a beautiful study for a sculptor. First of all, he stood erect as a soldier at drill; then with a graceful curve of his arm he raised the ball to his forehead, and drawing back his right foot, started off with his left. He never deviated from this series of preparations before he delivered the ball, which he brought from under his arm by a twist, and nearly as high as the armpit, and with this action appeared to *push* it from him—but with incredible velocity. To see Harris bowling to Beldham was to see the finest exhibition of cricket possible in that century at least.

Of the Fremantles, John Wells, Purchase, and

others who for many years kept up the glory of the Hambledon Eleven, it is needless to speak now. Cricketers will feel interest in this brief notice of a Club to which they owe so much.

WELL WORTH WINNING.

CHAPTER V.—PRIORS LORING—CONCLUSION.

WHILE the marriage service was going on in the quiet church, Mrs Loring sat at home with a look of anxious expectancy on her colourless face, listening to every sound in the street. She looked years older. A cab drew up, and she rose and walked half-way across the drawing-room to meet a stout gentleman, of highly disturbed and even irritated expression of countenance, who entered.

'Well, Mr Vantler? Please tell me at once!'

But Mr Vantler deposited himself in the first chair he met and clasped his hands across his ample chest. Mrs Loring sat down too, without moving her eyes from his face.

'I wish I knew it, to tell you at once,' he said with impatience. 'There it is, somewhere around, at moments almost palpable—and I cannot put my hand upon it. I am convinced in my own mind your fears are too well founded; but the mischief is that we cannot establish the fact. What is to be done, then?'

She bowed her head and clasped her hands. 'If it were not for Maud,' she said with a moan, 'I think I should not care. Her marriage takes place to-morrow, and there is only this one day left!'

'That's the worst of it. We must also remember this, Julia,' the gentleman gravely added, 'that, regarding Maud, we are running serious risks. If you had proof to-day that what you fear is true, you would break the contract of marriage? Of course you would. Not having such proof, having only your own fears, which may or may not be realised—the question may never be cleared up, in fact—have you courage to say to them: "No; this must be postponed?"'

'No,' said Mrs Loring. 'I should have to go further, and say why I wanted a postponement.'

'I quite understand, Julia. Does it not appear to you, then,' he inquired kindly, 'that it might be best to ignore suspicions which we are not able to prove, and let everything go on as already arranged? The doubt, I know, will be very terrible to you; but you will spare your child by bearing it all yourself.'

Mrs Loring bowed her head for a long while in one of the sorrest struggles a woman could be called on to go through. 'I think you are right,' she said at last. 'It is better to make no sign; it will be better for Maud; and if my fear is turned into certainty afterwards, perhaps arrangements can be made to keep the truth from her knowledge. My—husband could

go abroad; and I could go and live with her, without breaking the silence. Perhaps the truth—which the son of course would be sure to know'—

'He knows it now.'

'— might make him more kind to his wife.'

She said all this in a self-communing manner, the words following the motion of her thoughts. It all meant this: that, startled by her husband's admission of a prior marriage, an admission necessary to enable his son to marry Maud Lavelle in his own name, Mrs Loring had privately made inquiries concerning the date of the first wife's death, and now found herself, on the eve of her child's marriage, unable to ascertain the exact date. That the woman was dead there was no doubt; that Henry Loring believed her to be dead at the time of his second marriage was equally undoubted; but that this was really the case, Mrs Loring was at the moment unable to obtain evidence to prove. The fact might have been taken for granted, only for certain doubts which had arisen in the course of the inquiry, and which need not be specified here. One, however, was that, either through inaccuracy of memory or ignorance of fact, Henry Loring and his son had given different dates. She dared not arouse their suspicions by betraying her own.

Mrs Loring more than suspected that the father and son meant to make a division of her child's fortune; but being herself rich, this troubled her little. It was clear, nevertheless, that if she had the power, the sacrifice of the morrow should not take place.

'I can't quite absolve myself,' said Mr Vantler uncomfortably. 'I think I ought not to have given my consent so readily.'

'You are not to blame at all, Mr Vantler. You were justified in acting on my advice.'

'Perhaps I was. All the same, I wish now I didn't. But there—where's the use? It can't be helped.'

'Nor delayed,' added Mrs Loring with a sigh. 'My husband has procured a special licence; he left that death-warrant on his study table this morning, where we could see it.'

'Is it there now?' Mr Vantler asked, with quick interest.

'I suppose so,' she answered, looking at him with languid curiosity. 'You do not want to see it?'

'Suppose, Julia,' he said, in a whisper, 'I put it in my pocket—or in the fire—there could be no marriage to-morrow? A day or two gained might be of value.'

The boldness of the suggestion startled her, and before its influence had time to cool, Mr Vantler rose up and made for the study. Mrs Loring followed him; but they were both disappointed, for the marriage licence was not to be found.

'I had been certain of its being on that table after he left the house; and he has not been back since.'

A diligent search was made, but without result. Perhaps, on reflection, neither felt the disappointment very seriously. Making away with the licence might not have been attended with desirable consequences after all.

A servant came in with a card on a salver. Mrs Loring read the name with a start of surprise—it was that of 'Mr Arthur Loring, Priors Loring,' only the last two words were crossed out in pencil.

Arthur Loring entered the room, somewhat flushed, and with the wedding favour still in his button-hole. The lady rose, and looking gravely at the visitor, observed: 'Mr Vantler will excuse us for a while if you want to speak to me particularly, Mr Loring.'

He followed her to the next room, where she sat down, as on that former occasion, with her back to the window, and placed him in exactly the same position again. Then she waited.

'Perhaps,' he commenced, taking additional courage from the recollection of the last interview in that room, 'I may begin what I have to say by referring to the last occasion on which I saw you in this room, Mrs Loring. I need not recall what passed. I have not seen, nor attempted to see, your daughter since then, until this morning. I was invited by Miss Lavelle's maid, and by the young man who is now her husband, to attend at their marriage. Until your daughter arrived at the church door I had no suspicion that she was to be there. If I had had such a suspicion,' he added, after pausing, 'I should have absented myself.'

Mrs Loring inclined her head in silent acceptance of his word. But it appeared as if something in the young man's manner—a third party, if present, could not imagine what—made her begin to feel nervous.

'After what I told you at our last interview,' he continued, 'I need not, I think, go into the sensations with which I heard of your daughter's approaching marriage to-morrow, Mrs Loring—to a man for whom she has no love, or even respect, and who cares just as little for her. I know the nature of the bargain, Mrs Loring, by which Maud was sold to my uncle's son, in order that my uncle's disgrace, as the ruin of hundreds of confiding and deceived investors, might be averted till he had time to make his preparations. Fifty thousand pounds will but stay the smash for a little while.'

'You refer to the Annuity Association?' she said steadily.

'I do, Mrs Loring. It is on the brink of disaster, and is past saving. That, however, is not my concern. Knowing Maud, if I had no warmer feeling than such mere knowledge was calculated to inspire, could I—could any person—have a heart unmoved by the spectacle of so cold-blooded a dealing with her happiness?'

The colour swept across the mother's face, for she felt the sharpness of the unintentional thrust.

'I will not dwell on other things—deliberate outrages aimed at myself by these two men. You said, the last time I was here, that you could not understand your husband throwing Maud and me together as was done—your husband, who is my unrelenting enemy because I am the son of my mother and father? Shall I tell you why, Mrs Loring? It was in order to make me suffer by giving her to this other man before my eyes. He would bring me, if he could, to see the sacrifice, so as to fill the cup of his vindictiveness to the brim!'

'For Heaven's sake,' Mrs Loring burst out, almost angrily, 'come to the end! I knew all that already!'

Unprepared for this avowal, he crimsoned to the roots of his hair and stood up with defiant eyes. 'Very well, madam,' he replied, 'I will come to the end at once. I have taken the advantage which fortune put into my hand, and I am ready for the consequences. At the church, your daughter's maid placed in my hands a marriage license, for the marriage of Arthur Loring and Maud Lavelle. The end is, then, that Arthur Loring and Maud Lavelle made use of the license and got married.'

Mrs Loring fell back in her chair, staring at the young man with fixed eyes, white face, and parted lips. She was powerfully affected by the astounding announcement; but the crack of doom, Arthur Loring believed, would not have been able to lift the veil of inscrutability from her features.

'Maud,' she said at length—'my daughter—is your wife?'

'Maud is my wife. It was right that I should come at once and inform you. For the present, I have taken her to my uncle Ralph's.' He named the street and number, but she appeared to pay no attention.

There was another pause—a very disagreeable one to the newly-made husband. He had done all that he had come to do, and was impatient to return. He bowed coldly and turned to the door.

'You have done a serious thing, sir,' she then said, 'and I will not forecast the consequences. You must deal with them. The license was fraudulently obtained, and fraudulently used.'

'Granted, Mrs Loring. Your daughter, however, is my wife all the same—with her own entire consent.'

'My daughter is a minor. I am her guardian; and the gentleman in the next room is her trustee. I must confer with him upon this unexpected situation.'

'Very well, Mrs Loring. I mean no disrespect to you—for you are Maud's mother, and she loves you—but Maud is now my wife, and all the guardians and trustees under heaven shall not take her from me.'

'You have also your uncle to deal with; but of course you know that. After I have consulted with Mr Vantler, you shall have our decision communicated to you.'

He bowed again, and was glad to leave the house.

Arthur Loring's heart, at twenty-two, with Maud now his own, was not disposed to take in troubles; and though there were anxieties enough ahead of him, he went back to Maud with a bounding step and a bright face.

They were all there—her sweet face was at the window when he came up the street—and he kissed her when he entered as rapturously as if he was the bearer of a message of reconciliation. It was anything but that, as the reader knows; but he made light of it.

'Took it very calmly, Maud,' he whispered to the anxious bride, 'but of course kept her sentiments as deep as a well. The trustee—Vantler—is there, so we shall hear in due time.'

Matters in Ralph Loring's rooms were rather embarrassing, however, pending the arrival of that gentleman, whom Arthur had telegraphed for. Nothing could surpass that gentleman's amazement on arriving to find those two pairs of married people—actually and indubitably married people, fresh from the experienced and propitious hands of the Rev. Thomas Thornton, as testified by documents bearing his emphatic signature—occupying his modest sitting-room. Like one in a dream, Ralph Loring listened to the recital of Kitty's abstraction of the license from Mr Henry Loring's study, as a speculation; and how successfully the speculation had turned out, as proved beyond question by the fact that Arthur and Maud were now man and wife.

Ralph seemed too dumfounded to find utterance for his emotions for two or three minutes; then fixing his eyes more in sorrow than rebuke upon Mrs Hornby, he said to that young woman: 'Kitty, you'll get twenty years for this day's doings!'

'Law, Mr Loring!' she replied, tossing her head, 'let us have something cheerfuller to talk about. I don't want to leave Jack a widower till I am thirty-eight.'

'What a little heathen,' said Ralph; 'she has no reverence for the laws of the land.'

The time arrived when Mr and Mrs Hornby, mindful of certain expectant friends awaiting them at Vauxhall Pier (the festivities, it appeared, were to be held down the river at a tea-garden famed among seekers of pleasure), had to depart; and in kissing the small bride at the door, Mr Ralph exchanged with her certain mysterious signs of pleasure and congratulations, which, to a livelier perception than that of John Hornby, would have made it clear that Ralph had been an accomplice in the plot connected with the marriage license.

'Now, young persons,' he said, returning, 'now that you have taken the plunge, what is to be done next?'

'For my part,' answered the bridegroom, laughing, 'I think a ride outside an omnibus would be quite in accordance with present ways and means.'

'Not when you have a house of your own to take your wife to, Arthur. You would be the first of your family that didn't take his bride to Priors Loring.'

'Priors Loring is not mine, uncle.'

'For the time being it is your mother-in-law's; but mothers-in-law are not so black as they are painted. She won't turn you out during the honeymoon.'

At that moment a message arrived from Mrs Loring. It was a line addressed to her daughter: 'DEAREST MAUD—Come to me at once, and bring your husband.' That was all. The written words sent hopes and fears—chiefly the latter—flying through both; but Arthur quietly placed his arm around Maud and kissed her.

'That's the way, Arthur,' said Ralph approvingly. 'Is it a summons from Cadogan Square?'

'Yes,' replied the young husband. 'I left Mrs Loring and Maud's trustee taking counsel.—Come along, Maud,' he added cheerfully, 'and let us get it over. It will be easier than you suppose. Then we will come back and consult with Uncle Ralph.'

'No, you won't,' observed that gentleman with decision. 'Uncle Ralph will not be here. He will be waiting at St Pancras Station to fling an old shoe after you.'

While Maud was putting on her jacket and hat, Ralph took his nephew into the next room. 'Now, Arthur, my boy, just one word. You have won the victory, take my word for it. Pin your faith to your mother-in-law—you will find her true as steel when she is no longer in fear. Give her that, when your interview is over,' he said, placing a sealed envelope in his hand. 'They should have come to me sooner in the matter. It is the register of the death of Henry Loring's first wife—when she hadn't a friend left—and it sets your wife's mother free from her bondage. All will be well now.'

The young fellow seemed hardly to comprehend.

'Not a word to Maud about it, Arthur. For that bit of paper alone she and you will be received with open arms. Take my word for it, and go at once. Maud is waiting. Off with you; and I shall be at St Pancras to see you away by the five-thirty train. God bless you!' The old man went down with them to the door, bidding them be of good cheer and not forget the five-thirty train.

At half-past six o'clock that evening Mr Henry Loring and his son were lounging on a terrace on the west side of Priors Loring house, smoking cigars after an early dinner, and looking intensely satisfied. The declining sun shone over a wide expanse of old timber, which the elder gentleman appeared to regard with special interest. They had been over the Park and every room of the mansion, and were therefore in a position to review their good fortune in a comprehensive manner.

'You are getting it cheaply, Arthur, at fifty thousand,' said Mr Henry Loring. 'After paying off the mortgages, you will have seventy thousand clear at your banker's. How many men in England will be in a like position? And Maud, as a wife, is not to be counted for a little—she is a rare girl.'

The other smiled—not at the reference to Maud, but at that to the 'mortgages.' Henry Loring was including his own second mortgage of thirty thousand in his calculations; but the dutiful son was quite resolved to disappoint him in that matter—when the time came.

'That timber needs thinning,' the other continued. 'I know something about timber, and you can easily cut down ten thousand pounds' worth without injuring the appearance of the estate. I should set about this at once.'

'I intend to do so,' was the reply.

'And we will have a mining engineer down without delay, for I am convinced there is any quantity of coal and iron on the property. Since cornfields and pastures don't pay,' he observed with a grin, 'we will sacrifice the picturesque to the practical, and see what the smiling fields have got underneath. Isn't that it?'

'That's it—undoubtedly.'

The coming proprietor was quite in accord with the 'development' of the old estate by the proposed methods. But he kept his own counsel, until to-morrow's event was over, on one part of

the programme: this was the part comprised in the pronoun 'we.' As soon as Mr Arthur was in possession, his parent and benefactor should receive a startling and unpleasant surprise; there should be but one master at Priors Loring.

At this point the conversation suffered a surprising, and for a while inexplicable, interruption. The bells of the village church, about half a mile off, began to ring with lively vigour. The distant sounds of many lusty human voices indicated some unusual excitement in the hamlet.

'Is it a fire?' said Henry Loring, stepping to the end of the terrace and looking in the direction of the village.

'There's no smoke. Perhaps it is a marriage.'

'They don't marry at this hour of the day.—Hi! you fellow!' he shouted to a man who dashed past on horseback in the direction of the stables. But the man took no notice.

'Does he belong to the establishment?' demanded the embryo master indignantly.

'Let us go in and get another cigar, and some brandy-and-water, and we will walk down as far as the gates to inquire what is going on.'

They were proceeding down the wide avenue presently, when a warning shout was raised behind them. They had barely time to leap out of the way and escape being run over by the Priors Loring carriage, driven at a headlong speed by the ancient coachman in his best livery.

'Upon my soul,' exclaimed Mr Arthur, when he recovered his speech, 'it's about time that somebody was master here. I should like to know who gives these people their orders?'

'By this hour to-morrow, my boy, you shall have the right to ask that question, and to get an answer. Bide your time.'

They proceeded slowly down towards the great gates, which they saw standing wide open. The ancient female in charge of the post was out in the middle of the highway, gazing with eager interest in the direction of the village. The bells were ringing, and the cheering of many voices came nearer and nearer. They could hardly be three hundred yards away, round a bend of the road.

'Woman! what does this mean?' demanded Henry Loring angrily. It was curious how angry he was, and how ugly his anger made him look.

'Eh?' she answered; 'just wait a bit, and we'll see.'

It was upon them before further question could be asked.

'Whatever they are,' cried Loring, 'they shan't enter here!' and he sprang at one of the heavy gates to shut it. For the second time he had a close and ignominious escape; this time it was two farmers mounted on heavy cart-horses that almost rode him down. He had to leap aside out of the way; and then the mob, with a deep and hoarse hurrah, burst through the gates, dragging after them the carriage containing young Arthur Loring and his bride.

We must be excused the task of following the gradual and grievous process by which those two injured men recovered from that stunning experience. They found their way by private paths to the station, and thence to London; for like wise men they wasted no time in doubting

the evidence of their senses, which demonstrated to them too plainly that they were irretrievably defeated. By what means it mattered not now; the result was far too overwhelming to leave them any interest in its explanation.

The mutual sympathy of rascals in the moment of misfortune is a touching trait of human nature. Each sought his own solace in the contemplation of the other's case. They had reached this interesting phase of feeling before leaving the railway carriage.

'You will want all your philosophy, Arthur,' observed his father pathetically, 'to bear you up after such a loss. Bride and wealth both gone—Heaven knows how, but the young Squire is the winner, beyond a doubt. Nor do I overlook the blow to your young affections.'

'My philosophy is all in order, sir,' said Mr Arthur with an amiable grin. 'I have as much as I had yesterday, minus the expectations, which don't count as a commercial asset, you know. I am a little anxious about your balance, though. I shall have to leave you to manage the Annuitants as you can; and I am afraid, from what has taken place, you may not find all quite satisfactory at home.'

'What do you mean?' Henry Loring demanded, turning livid.

'She has defied you, has she not? That means that things are on another footing in Cadogan Square. I'm afraid that your prospects, private and public, are uncommonly unpropitious to-night.'

And the first realisation of the fact was brought home to Henry Loring outside the station, when his son coolly stepped into a hansom and drove away by himself.

Ralph Loring at the same hour, attired in his old clothes and slippers, was indulging in deep joy over the draper's shop in Chelsea. He had managed it well, if he only knew how well! The telegrams he had despatched to Mr Harding the agent, and the old vicar, touched, most inflammable material; and Maud, blushing red with pleased surprise, heard the bells ringing her welcome to Priors Loring before the train stopped at the little station.

In a month after the marriage, Priors Loring was free of mortgages, and this happy relief, coupled with the new mistress's eyes, which he worshipped, brought back his youth to the faithful old agent. 'There has never, that I am aware of,' he observed confidentially to the vicar, 'been so much wealth in Priors Loring—long may they live to enjoy it! There was more than Mr Harding dreamt of, when the grave and gentle American mother came down and made the Hall her home.

Maud's mother never spoke of Henry Loring and his son, and these worthies passed out of sight, no one knew whither. Arthur, more just than his namesake intended to be, paid over to the Annuitants the money which the estate owed them.

On bank holidays Ralph comes down to see the young people; but he is wedded to his old life, and will go on unchanged to the end. Mrs Hornby, through somebody's gratitude, has become owner of the shop in King's Road, and Ralph's landlady; and she domineers over the

old man. He strongly resented new slippers which she had worked for him, but was compelled to wear them. 'It is nearly as bad as being married,' he says.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE transmission of power from place to place by means of wire-ropes is likely to meet with many extensions, for it often presents an economical method of working. For instance, a waterfall or stream may be so situated that the erection of a mill in close proximity to it is next to impossible; but by means of a wire-rope in connection with a water-wheel the building can be erected at a long distance from the actual source of power. An American paper describes a mill at Nebraska which is worked in this way by water-power situated from it at a distance of nearly a mile. In this case it was decided to erect the building, a flour-mill, close to the railway station, thus avoiding the cost of carriage, which would have been a constant one if the mill had been built on the stream from which it draws its motive-power.

The number of deaths from snake-bite in our great Eastern dependency, and the difficulty of coping with the matter, have often been commented upon. It has also been pointed out that many unrecorded deaths in out-of-the-way places must occur, and thus add to the number of victims. The Indian Government have for many years done their best to mitigate the evil by the offer of a reward for every poisonous serpent killed. But it has recently been discovered that these money rewards have brought about a most unexpected result, a result, too, which would prove that the natives have some of the cunning of the heathen Chinese in their composition. The Chief Commissioner of the central provinces points out that the astute natives of those parts of the country are beginning to breed venomous snakes, so that they may secure the usual price for the reptiles' heads. This is decidedly a more immoral practice than that which is said to have been in vogue some time back in two districts of Australia, in one of which a reward was payable on production of rabbits' heads, and in the neighbouring district on the presentation of the animals' feet. In this case heads and feet became objects of systematic exchange between the two districts.

Some interesting experiments were lately performed in the Solent with the Brennan Torpedo, an invention which has been secured to our Government. This torpedo differs from the well-known 'Whitehead' in several important particulars. In the first place, it is not after launching left to its own devices, but its movement is fully under control from the starting-point. Its motive-power does not depend upon compressed air, as in the older form of torpedo, but is due to a powerful steam-engine which is worked at the starting point. From this it will be seen that the Brennan Torpedo is not suitable for shipboard, but must be regarded rather as a means of defence to harbours and water-ways. It is propelled by twin-screws, each being worked through the medium

of an attached reel of wire. A powerful engine, with winding drums on shore, rapidly pulls away at these wires; and paradoxical as it may appear, the faster the wire is reeled in the quicker is the movement of the travelling torpedo in the opposite direction. In the experiments referred to, one of these torpedoes was directed against an old hulk which was being rapidly towed by a steamer along the Solent. The torpedo went direct for the objective vessel, and in one minute after contact and explosion the hulk foundered. It was shown that by increasing or reducing the speed of either drum the torpedo could be steered in a most unerring manner.

There has long been current an idea that mussels and other shellfish are under certain conditions unwholesome, if not actually poisonous. That this popular impression is correct has lately been proved in a very sad manner in Ireland, where a family of children have died after partaking of a dish of stewed mussels which had been gathered not from the open sea, but from a creek, the waters of which were almost stagnant. From subsequent analysis it has been found that mussels which are gathered from any water which is impregnated with sewage matter are subject to a condition which renders them poisonous. As there seems to be no outward appearance indicating this condition, it is obvious that mussels ought not to be used as food.

Compressed air, supplied from a central station to different houses, has lately been applied in Paris as a rival to hydraulic power for the working of lifts, at a saving, it is said, of fifty per cent. The method is very simple, and follows the ordinary system in so far that water is used as a ram. But the water-chamber is in communication with the compressed air supply which drives the liquid under the piston. As the lift descends, the air-pressure is released, and the water gradually flows back into the chamber. This system has been introduced by the Parisian Compressed-air Company, which also supplies air for refrigerating purposes, its expansion in properly arranged cooling-rooms producing a lowering of the temperature far below zero.

We have occasionally described improved methods of manufacturing white-lead, but for one reason or another the old system is still in vogue. This, which is known as the Dutch method, consists of placing metallic lead in earthen pots with a small quantity of crude vinegar, and covering the whole up with stable manure or some refuse which will yield carbonic acid, which acts upon the metal, and changes it to lead carbonate. The process is a tedious one, occupying many weeks. A new method has lately been introduced which is said to give very satisfactory results, besides being much quicker in action than the old process, and far cheaper to carry out. Litharge, or lead oxide, is placed in a vat furnished with stirring apparatus, together with a solution of acetate of ammonia. After six hours' stirring the liquid is allowed to subside, and the clear portion, containing the lead, is run off into another vessel, where it is subjected to the action of carbonic acid gas. This causes a copious precipitation of the lead in the form of white carbonate, which is afterwards pressed and dried. The process being a wet one all through obviates any chance of lead-poisoning of work-

people by floating particles in the air, and this consideration alone should ensure the process patient examination and trial. The inventor is Professor MacIvor, and the works are at 47 Clapham Road, London.

It is not perhaps generally known that that useful body the Kyrle Society, which has done so much to brighten the lives of our poorer brethren, has attached to it a decorative branch. This means that the Society will busy itself in decorating parish rooms, workmen's clubs, and premises of a similar nature with bright colouring and designs which have been placed at their disposal by some of the first decorative artists of the day. The work is a most commendable one, for we all know that such public meeting-rooms are, as a rule, very ugly and depressing in their appearance, and are apt to arouse comparisons between their plainness and the glitter and brilliance of certain other public-houses. The Kyrle Society is willing to give all the help that it can in this important direction; but its energies are unfortunately paralysed for the present by the want of a few hundred pounds. The office is at 14 Nottingham Place, London, W.

A novel method of cooling water for drinking purposes is in general use at a certain American town. The wells there, cut in the solid limestone rock, have become contaminated, and although the water from them is tempting in its cool freshness, it is of course most dangerous to health. Some years back it was determined to obtain a fresh supply from a spring about three miles distant, and an exposed iron pipe has been used for the purpose, with the result that the water delivered to the town was, although pure, warm and uninviting. In order to lower the temperature of the water, it is now carried by a pipe down to the bottom of one of the disused wells into a cistern there, another pipe proceeding from the lower part of the receptacle up to the surface, where a stopcock is fitted to it. It is obvious that the water so treated will speedily become lowered in temperature, and that as fast as it is drawn off for use the subaqueous cistern will be refilled. The plan is an ingenious one, and might be imitated with advantage in many localities where cool water is not otherwise obtainable.

The buried city of Pompeii has not yet yielded up one-third of its artistic treasures, and it is calculated that at the present rate of working, which is by no means slow, about seventy years must elapse before the place has been thoroughly unearthed. In the meantime interesting discoveries are continually being made, and our knowledge of Pompeii and its inhabitants is always being added to. Some very fine mural paintings have once more been disclosed to light by the discovery of a building which appears to have been used as a bathing establishment. These pictures are described as being elegant in design and appropriate to the place in which they were found. One picture, curiously enough, reminds one of recent events in Africa, for it represents Nile scenery with pygmies or dwarfs in combat with various animals. The healthy spirit of amusement and caricature was abroad then, as it is now, for we are told that one design is clearly of this nature. It represents a dwarf trying to draw another out of the water, but having been seized by a crocodile, he has tied himself on to another pygmy on land, who is

vainly trying to prevent his friend being engulfed.

There are multitudes of worthy persons in this world who would be very much offended if it were suggested that they were so benighted as to believe in witchcraft or in any kind of fetich. Yet these same good people will believe all that a quack advertisement tells them, and will part with their money without hesitation if the bait is only worded with sufficient cleverness. The word 'electric' is about as much abused by quacks as any in our language, and we fear that it is to many a positive fetich with which they can be readily gulled. A lady has lately written to the *Times* complaining that she has been under 'electrical' treatment in London for the removal of superfluous hairs from her face, and that, although she paid forty-five pounds to the advertiser, beyond the expense of staying in town during treatment, she has derived no benefit. She therefore comes to the conclusion that the defect she suffers from cannot be cured by electricity. Here she is wrong, for it represents one of the best agents for the purpose. But a skilled and educated hand is necessary, and such is not generally associated with medical advertising. A properly qualified surgeon would always be willing to give advice upon such a point for a fortieth part of the fee which this lady paid.

Professor Cushman, who holds the post of apiarist at the Rhode Island Agricultural Experimental Station, United States, has recently read a paper on Bees and their Ways, and he states that those insects do not injure sound fruit, for its juice is injurious to them, but that they confine their attention to that which is bruised and blenished. Professor Cushman's observations were corroborated by many of those present. It is certain that wasps do not trouble themselves to select the blenished fruit, but make havoc of the best which comes in their way. We once saw a large growing apple which was completely hollowed out by these pests, who had commenced operations by making a small entry-door in the skin of the fruit. Their depredations were brought to an end, so far as this apple was concerned, by the application of boiling water from the spout of a Kettle. On cutting open the fruit there were found no fewer than forty-two dead wasps within.

M. Nansen proposes to leave Norway on a fresh expedition to the North Pole in February 1892, and a specially constructed boat will be built to convey him and his dozen intrepid companions to the land of ice. This expedition differs from all which have preceded it in that a totally new route has been assigned for it. It will be remembered by those who have followed the recent history of Arctic exploration that in 1881 the *Jeanette* was wrecked in the attempt to reach the pole by Behring Strait. Just four years after this event, several articles which had belonged to the crew of this ill-fated vessel were carried on a piece of ice to the coast of Greenland, and the question arises, how did they accomplish their remarkable voyage? The nature of the various currents eastward and westward is known, and it is considered impossible that they could have been the cause of these articles reaching Greenland, and the obvious presumption is that there is a shorter and direct route right across the

North Pole. If this surmise be correct, it is a curious circumstance that Nature should have at last pointed out the solution of a problem which has baffled so many.

'A Physician,' who dates from Edinburgh, has written an interesting letter to the *Times* on the subject of shoeless horses. He says that he has taken one of his horses, a cob, on a driving tour of nearly four hundred miles, the animal being shoeless. No symptom of tenderness or lameness has occurred since that time, although the horse has been more or less constantly driven over paved and macadamised streets. With two other horses of larger size he tried the same treatment, but failed. He believes that where the growth of hoofs is strong and rapid, horses are the better for not being shod, and that quite a large proportion, in country places especially, could be employed without shoes. In the case of the cob, the hoofs have to be rasped away a little in front, but the sole of the foot is left untouched. In slippery weather, he is invaluable, as he is far more sure-footed than a horse with roughened shoes.

From the Report of the municipal authorities of New York City, it appears that from January 1887 to May 1890 there were recorded in that city sixteen deaths from accidents with electric currents. These were caused by workmen cutting wires, from grasping wires hanging loose, and in one case the current was conveyed to the victim through the medium of a metal showcase. Considering that the installation of the electric light system has been so rapid and general in New York, the number of deaths cannot be regarded as very high. Precautions are being adopted against such fatalities in the future, and their occurrence while things are in such an experimental stage need not unduly prejudice us against this mode of illumination. Our apparent delay in adopting electricity as an illuminant in this country has been due to mistaken legislation and other causes; but we shall benefit by the experience of our American friends, and shall surely be the gainers in the end.

The evidence given by Dr Dupré before a recent Board of Trade inquiry relative to the burning of the screw steamer *Livadia* of Liverpool is full of interest. This unfortunate ship was laden with bisulphide of carbon, a heavy, colourless, and very volatile liquid, which is used in various manufactures, and is well known in the laboratory. This liquid vaporises at ordinary temperatures, and the vapour which it gives off is so heavy that it will collect in depressions, and will flow along almost like a fluid. It will thus travel for some distance, and can be ignited should it meet in its course any heated material. A flame is not needed, for a dead cinder or the heat generated by rubbing two pieces of iron together, without an actual spark, is sufficient to bring about the result. In other words, this dangerous vapour when mixed with air will explode at a temperature far below red-heat. In the case of the *Livadia*, which contained one hundred and fifty tons of the liquid in drums, it is supposed that one of these receptacles developed a leak, and that the vapour from it found its way to a light in the fore-castle of the vessel.

A syndicate has been formed, and the capital subscribed, to realise an undertaking that has

often been written about, but never attempted on any practical scale—namely, the utilisation of part of the Falls of Niagara as motive-power. It has been ascertained that four per cent. of the total fall can be made to yield theoretically one hundred and twenty thousand horse-power, and it has been determined to divert this proportion of the current round the town of Niagara and to put it to useful employment.

I'LL BE A BANKER.

A PAPER FOR BOYS AND THEIR PARENTS.

THE all-absorbing question of many a parent is, 'What shall I do with my boys?' And it is one that grows yearly more difficult to answer. The respectable education which is now within reach of the poorest lad actually does fit him to become a formidable rival to the children of the middle class in the race of life; and it is no mere figure of speech to say that he sometimes reaches the goal yards ahead of his fellow-runners of superior birth and bringing-up. As the days go by, it will, we think, become more and more evident that the prize is for the swift-footed and not for the favoured; and that in every calling in life the best place is for the man best fitted for it, be he son of peer or peasant. 'The survival of the fittest' is no mere idle phrase, put together only for philosophers to wrangle over. It is, whatever we may choose to think, a broad principle of busy every-day existence with its unceasing toiling and working.

'We must try to get one of the boys into a bank.' Very good! But let us just look at how the matter stands; for banking is something more than decent hours, a gentleman's position in life, and a regularly paid salary.

In the first place, a nomination will have to be secured through some one of influence with the bank. If the lad's father is a professional man of weight and standing, and likely to help the interests of the bank in the district, there will not be much difficulty in the preliminaries. (Perhaps it is well just here to state that we are considering in the present paper *English country banks and banking*, not the larger concerns, with longer office hours and harder work in the metropolis.) If banking as a calling has actually been decided on, it is well to make early application, as the lists of candidates for clerkships are invariably very long ones, and years may have to pass before the applicant's turn arrives. When it does, he will be summoned by the banker, or the Board of Directors, or their General Manager, before whom he will have to pass an introductory examination, either oral or written, or perhaps both. If this is successfully got through, the candidate will be appointed to a junior clerkship at the head office or one of the branches of the bank; and his business-life straightway begins. There is one thing that cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the mind of a youth thus starting; it depends upon himself entirely whether he remains an ordinary clerk all his lifetime, or attains to a post of importance at the head of the establishment he has entered.

His first duties will of necessity be mechanical and ordinary; but if he has his wits about him, he will soon discover that to be a successful banker calls for the cultivation and exercise of

many faculties. It may seem a trivial point to notice here, but in reality it is one of some importance—namely, that a young clerk cannot give too much attention to his handwriting, which should be plain and neat, and after that as artistic as possible. A great deal of his time will be spent with pen in hand, and to gain satisfaction himself and to give it to his superior officers, he should strive to handle this little instrument as best he can. It is too common by far for a bank clerk to consider himself too much a gentleman to write well. He somehow does not wish to be known as a 'mere clerk,' and forthwith strives after some quaint individuality of stroke or flourish, in order that no stranger seeing his pen-work should be able to conclude that the man behind it is a quill-driver. What nonsense, forsooth! As well might a young genius of engineering be ashamed of a masterly manner of handling his tools, or a clergyman of a graceful way of delivering his sermons.

The young clerk should lose no time in putting himself in touch with the best men of his calling, and in obtaining the most valuable information to be found on the several matters which present themselves to him in his daily duties. In banking especially, knowledge is power. With these ends in view, he should first of all join the admirable association known as the Bankers' Institute, the publications of which cannot fail to prove of inestimable value to him. He will by this means be introduced to some of the real questions of interest to the profession. He would do well to set aside a portion of every evening's leisure to a careful study of banking law and practice, picking up on every available opportunity any scrap of information bearing upon his life-work. For some time, perhaps, all this might seem superfluous. But let him bear in mind that the positions of any worth in a bank are almost invariably filled by men competent to enter at once and fully upon the duties of the empty posts. A banker, it need hardly be said, would far more willingly fill a vacancy with a man already capable than with one who might make himself capable after his appointment. Always be ready, then, for an emergency. There is plenty of room at the top of the profession, for the simple reason that so many unready men cluster at the bottom.

The unready men are those who just do what is absolutely necessary. They feel no interest in anything save what is immediately under their noses. They are listless and careless, and glad when the afternoon hour comes to leave the office, and in no haste to return to it on the following morning. Their boon-companions call them 'right jolly good fellows,' like to have a 'glass' with them at the hotel or club, or to walk up the street in their company.

In most banks mere seniority has to step aside to make room for merit. When this is the case, a parent or guardian might, we think, pretty well decide upon the chances of a young clerk's future, by calling to mind the many qualifications which go to make an ideal banker. With these before him on the one hand, and what he actually knows of the lad on the other, a pretty shrewd calculation might be made.

Character—moral backbone, if you like—is indispensable. A banker must primarily be a man.

He must know when to say No, and be able to say it when necessary. His decisions must often be immediate and final. He must be a keen observer of human nature, knowing instinctively a fool from a knave, and a man honest of motive, but weak in will, from one who is genuinely honest and habitually upright. He must have sufficient acquaintance with the several businesses of the neighbourhood to judge of the possibilities of the success of his clients in them. His knowledge of men and things must be wide and varied. His position and influence must be unmistakable and acknowledged. He must be known to fail in nothing and to cringe to no one. He must, in short, be the walking incarnation of the best banking traditions.

It might be noted in passing that with most banks it is understood that their officers should not refer in any public way to matters theological or political; and though this is felt to be a hardship by some earnest-minded folk, we cannot help thinking that the restriction is a wise one. There are so many divisions and subdivisions of opinion on these subjects, that it is impossible to enunciate extreme views without causing pain or offence to some whose ideas and beliefs are as real and valuable to them as ours may be to us. So far as is consistent with the preservation of his own manhood, a banker should be 'all things to all men,' and not worry himself or his friends with fractious party-spirit, which indeed is some times extremely narrowing.

A word as to the spending of after-office hours, which in the case of bank officials are usually many. Some of these will, as a matter of course, for health's sake, be spent in outdoor sports and occupations—cricket and football, walking and riding, fishing and gardening; but even then a goodly number will remain to be filled.

Most men have a hobby; all men should. It clears up the brain in a wonderful way, taking the tired attention into other channels, rubbing off the cobwebs, and infusing a fresh interest into life. At seventy years of age, Alison, reviewing his days, and feeling as strong as at twenty-five, attributed his happy condition to a variety of occupation. 'Either the law or the literature singly,' he said, 'would, I am persuaded, have ruined my health or terminated my life; but the two together saved both.'

Microscope or telescope, botany or literature—the hobby-world is a wide one, and offers all kinds of entertainment to the man with time and intelligence.

If a young man is lucky enough to have a choice in the matter, he should, we think, enter the service of a joint-stock bank in preference to that of a private establishment. The fact is banking has of late years changed much, and altogether in the direction of publicity being given to its financial standing. Private banks with their unpublished balance sheets are rapidly being swallowed up by joint-stock companies, who annually issue officially certified statements of assets and liabilities, which have to pass the scrutiny and comment of the ablest financiers of the day. And besides, there is greater chance of promotion without favour in joint-stock service. Here poor relations and friends' sons do not as a rule get the plums out of the pudding when better fingers are waiting close by.

As to salaries—they range from ten, twenty, or thirty pounds to, say, two thousand pounds per annum. In big towns, larger figures even than these last are mentioned in connection with names well known in banking circles.

In the matter of guarantee there need be no bother or anxiety of any kind, for bankers generally prefer to hold the bonds issued by the large societies who for a reasonable payment undertake to stand in the position of guarantors of the fidelity of men holding positions of trust, be they junior clerks or general managers.

THE SECRET MOURNER.

I.

THEY bore him on to his grave in the heart of the busy town;
And with furtive footsteps following, I watched them lay him down:

The mourners, many and sad—though they wept there one and all,
The tears that fell were as naught to mine, that could not fall.

II.

We loved each other dearly, in a day that is distant now;
But something got to his ear, and he suddenly changed somehow

A something got to his ear—I never could gather what—
And he kept away from thence, and his love for me was not.

III.

I hid my grief in my heart, and bore it as best I might;
There was never darkness yet but had some relieving light;

And I found a balm in the thought, that although his love was gone,
I could follow him secretly, and in secret still love on.

IV.

And thus I've done through the years that have come and gone since then

(So far the love of women surpasses the love of men);
I've hung on his track to the last, for I only ceased to day,

As from his grave in the town I turned in my woe away.

V.

Earth now looks lone in mine eyes, yet I am not all cast down;

I have firm faith that at last I shall somewhere grasp Love's crown;

That when the end shall have come, whatever is good and true

Will receive its just reward, and a love like mine its due.

JAMES DAWSON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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ROMAN FEVER.

ROME, the capital of the kingdom of Italy, and centre round which the Roman Catholic Church revolves, has the character, not undeserved, of being the most unhealthy of the capitals of Europe. Munich has always the spectre of typhoid fever haunting it, and Stuttgart can by no means show a clean bill of health; but in Rome not only does fever of one sort or other riot in the summer, but it also broods in the winter. No sooner does the sun begin to gain power, the flowers to open, and the birds to sing, than those not mured to malaria pack their portmanteaus and depart. Too often, visitors to Rome in the winter and early spring carry away with them, if not prostrated on the spot, the germs of typhoid; and as all the world goes to Rome, the curiosity shop of the world, it is well that the causes of the insalubrity of the city should be well understood, in order that, as far as possible, precautions should be taken against the fever. To remedy the evil lies not in their hands, but in those of the municipality, which is eagerly labouring to make Rome so hideous as to deter travellers from the desire of revisiting it, and as yet has not done sufficient in the right direction to correct the deadly evil.

There are two causes why fever is always threatening in Rome, both, however, reducible to one, and that, the Tiber. The conformation of Rome may be roughly illustrated by the hand outspread on the table. The several hills, Pincian, Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Cælian, and Aventine, radiate from a high tableland to the east. The Quirinal and Capitoline were all one finger originally, but were cut through by Trajan. The drainage of the town naturally runs down the valleys between the hills. The most populous portion of modern Rome lies on the level plain which was originally outside of the walls, and was the Campus Martius, the exercising- and the play-ground of the ancient Romans. This portion is not elevated to any considerable extent above the river, though now in parts lumpy, owing to

the vast masses of ruin of fallen amphitheatres and mausoleums, now buried under the foundations of mediæval palaces. Hardly anywhere is modern Rome built on the virgin soil; it is reared over the rubbish of ages; this may account for the fact that in Rome a shower does not freshen the air, but releases unwholesome vapours, so that the natives always close their windows against them during and after rain. The original level of the Forum was in places forty feet below the present level, and the ancient level was very slightly above that of the Tiber. This was why there was a swamp in it, into which Curtius plunged with his horse, in accordance with a widespread superstition that a fathomless bog can only be given a bottom by the sacrifice of a human life. It is a mistake to suppose that the gulf into which he leaped was an earthquake chasm; such would have filled with water, so low is the level, directly. He plunged into a swamp, and this swamp remained, reduced indeed, but still a swamp, to the last days of Imperial Rome.

All this portion was difficult to drain because surrounded by hills, which poured their water down into it; but the Cloaca Maxima, the main drain, was carried under it; and from that ramified many lateral channels. This Cloaca Maxima in Imperial times was so large that a wagon laden with hay could be driven up it. This is no longer the case; a boat could but enter it, so little is the crown of the arch above the level of the Tiber at its usual height. This alone shows how the bed of the river has risen; and with the rising of the river-bed, the drains cease to work with their former freedom. The silting up of the bed of the Tiber has also much to do with the unwholesomeness of the Campagna, which cannot be drained into the river for this reason, and to drain which, fresh channels would have to be cut into the sea. And here it is that one feels the vast advantage there is in the tide. This periodical flux and reflux of the ocean helps to purify our cities lying on tidal rivers; not only so, but the ebb of the tide gives opportunity for low lands to discharge their drainage into the sea,

and the returning tide shuts the sluices, the water is held back till the next ebb, when the weight of the accumulated water from off the land opens the sluices and pours away. But the Mediterranean is tideless, and the consequence is that low-lying districts such as the Maremma, the Pontine Marshes, and the Campagna, cannot be effectively cleared of stagnant water, and are and must be—unless steam-pumps be employed—for ever fever-nests. Now, the Campagna lies outside the very gates of Rome, nay, the very Forum itself is a hardly-reclaimed bit of fever-swamp. The germs of low fever breed over vast tracts of country close outside Rome, and are wafted in with every air of summer.

It is true that to the east is a tableland, well elevated, from which the historic hills strike out as spurs; but this elevated land gradually sinks again to the Tiber or into the Campagna.

In patches here and there, in groups of a score or a hundred, the Eucalyptus has been planted; but the Campagna needs much more energetic handling. If it cannot be drained except at such a prodigious cost as to make the attempt beyond the means of the present government, burdened with military and naval charges, the Campagna might be planted throughout, and a forest of trees would rise up and render innocuous the moisture which now stagnates and exhales poison. Not only so, but great forests of trees would pay the expense of planting. Fuel in Italy is very expensive; a box of olive sticks that will not keep a fire in for a day costs one shilling and three-pence; there are hardly any decently-grown trees in Italy, except a few stone-pines, and some evergreen oaks in villa gardens. It was otherwise in the times of Imperial Rome; then woods were abundant, and then fevers were not so prevalent as at the present day. Forests over the Campagna would prove indeed a grateful addition to Rome, and the inhabitants could safely enjoy the pleasant shade of the trees which absorb the moisture, that cannot now be got rid of save by evaporation.

But other fevers than malarial scourge Rome; if malaria sweeps the plains and low-lying parts of the town, the newly-built, stately ranges of houses, the squares, that occupy the hills, are infested with typhoid. The reason is not far to seek. The communal authorities have built to an enormous extent all over the site of the Ludovisi villa gardens and over the high tableland—the knuckles and back of the hand, that sends down its fingers to the Tiber; and it is precisely in this well-built, well-drained, high-situated part of Rome that typhoid fever does its worst. Drains have been carried from this new portion down to the Tiber, through the old town; or rather the new drains have been connected with the old ones. Now, the gases generated by sewage always rise to the highest point; consequently, the sewage-gas of the whole city seeks to escape through all the vents supplied in the new buildings for the carrying off of their refuse. Here, again, the Tiber creates a difficulty. Owing to the rapid and enormous rise of the waters at certain seasons, after heavy rains, and on the melting of the snows on the Apennines, Rome suffers periodically from floods. Not only is all the low-lying portion of the city covered with water, but the outlets of the

drains are choked. Consider what that means. Just above the bridge of St Angelo is the opening of a drain that carries off the refuse from a large and populous portion of the town. The bottom of this cloaca is about six feet above the level of the river when ordinarily full; the crown of the arch is about twelve feet. But the river has been known to rise fifty-six feet; that means that the mouth of the drain is not only covered, but there is thirty-eight feet of water above it, driving back the sewage and preventing it from escaping. Much the same with all the drains in Rome. Every drain becomes like a squirt or a popgun. The entering flood drives the gas back, and forces it out of all the apertures at the highest level; that is to say, fills the new ranges of houses with mephitic vapours fatal to life. And the same must happen whenever a flood occurs sufficient to fill the mouths of the main drains. The refuse pouring down from the heights cannot escape; it accumulates, ferments, breeds gases destructive to life, and these must escape into the houses whether on the low or on the high levels, but most certainly of all on the high levels.

Now, there are two remedies to this intolerable evil. The first is, that every main drain should have a chimney at the highest point to carry off the foul exhalations that are formed in the drains. This would maintain a circulation of air through them when the Tiber mouth is open; and when closed, would form a mouth by which all these gases might be carried off.

The municipal authorities, aware of the choking of the mouths of the drains by floods, are engaged in carrying all into a main drain to run parallel with the Tiber and discharge at a lower level. This is excellent, but it is not enough. Vents at the highest level should be provided likewise.

But there is a further remedy that should not be neglected. In the Imperial times the Tiber was navigable for sea-going vessels as far as Rome, whilst its tributaries, the Anio, Nera, Chiana, and Topino contained sufficient water for boats and barges to convey goods down them to the city. By this means a busy traffic was maintained by water between Rome and the interior of the peninsula. But all this is completely changed. The mountains were at that time clothed in magnificent forests, that retained the water that fell on them, and discharged it slowly and gradually into the rivers. Now they are barren, every tree cut down, and only here and there some wretched scrub left. The result has been most disastrous. Not only does the ruin that falls rush off at once, and so form inundations, but it breaks down the friable lime and volcanic stone of the mountains, and carries it over wide tracts, producing devastation, and likewise chokes the bed of the river, which by this means is continually rising. The government is spending considerable sums in dredging the bed, and rectifying the course of the Tiber; but nothing is done to strike the evil at its root, by replanting the Apennines, the Sabine and the Alban mountains. The economic importance of trees the Italian Government has yet to learn. On the Baltic coast, the wanton destruction of pine-woods released the sands, which were blown inland, destroying whole tracts of fertile pasture,

and enveloping entire villages. The Prussian Government interposed, and has replanted the sandhills. In Switzerland, the cantons of the Alps jealously guard the forests, and painfully plant the steep slopes, wherever possible, to protect against denudation and against avalanches. But the Italian has as yet not learned the importance of the tree, and till he does, the Tiber cannot be regulated in volume nor the Campagna rendered salubrious.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MY CAPTAINCY.

I AM arrived now at a passage of this singular adventure that will admit only of brief indications of certain features of it. I own that when I look back upon this experience, it offers itself as something so amazing, something so beside the most astonishing romantic incidents of sea-life which my memory carries, that, though I was the chief actor in it, I often at this hour find myself pausing as in doubt of the actuality of the events I have related and have yet to narrate.

Sometimes I wonder whether I might not have brought this kidnapping business—for thus it may fairly be called so far as Miss Temple and I were concerned—to a speedy end by peremptory refusal to navigate the ship to Captain Braine's island. But I have only to close my eyes and recall the faces and recollect the behaviour of the men who formed that barque's crew, to know better; I have only to re-people that now time-worn canvas with the countenances of those seamen, to witness afresh the looks and bearing of the carpenter, to recollect my defencelessness, the helplessness of my companion, whose life was absolutely dependent upon my judgment; to think of the wild greed raised in the men by their dream of thousands, their resolution to get the money, the sense of lawlessness that would increase upon them with the growing perception of their irresponsibility as a crew deprived of their officers by no crime of their own: I have only to recall all this along with my own thoughts and fears and bitter nerve-sapping anxieties, to understand that the course I adopted was the only practicable one open to me, and that what I did no other man situated as I then was but must have done also. But enough of this.

That afternoon, when the carpenter relieved me at four o'clock, I went below and superintended the preparation of the two cabins at the extremity of the cuddy for our reception. The berths were well lighted, with something of taste in their equipment of panel, bulkhead mouldings, and the like. I was very careful to bring up Mr Chicken's pistol and ammunition, and when I was alone with Miss Temple, I said: 'You are not afraid to handle a firearm, I think?'

'Oh dear, no.'

'You shot very well, I remember, with Mr Colledge at a bottle. Who hit the bottle?'

'I did.'

'So I might have thought by your manner of

drawing upon it. Your figure showed nobly, Miss Temple, in your posture as marksman. I remember the sparkle of your eyes as you glanced along the barrel. I should not have cared to be hated by you and in front of you at that moment.'

'I wish I had the courage you feign I have,' said she.

'Well,' I exclaimed, pulling the captain's pistol out of my breast, 'here is a friend that will do more than bark for you, if you should find yourself in want of such help as it can give. I have a double-barrelled concern of a like build in the next room, so that between us we are able to muster three muzzles; artillery enough to enable us to stand a siege, I can assure you, with the ammunition we possess.'

She took the clumsy weapon in her small delicate white hand and toyed with it, levelling and examining it, and so forth. I bade her mind, as it was loaded. She smiled, and going to her bunk, hid the pistol.

'I shall certainly feel easier for having it,' said she. 'You will not always now be next door, Mr Dugdale. You will be for four hours at a time on deck, when you keep your watch.'

'Ay,' said I; 'but there is a skylight; and I'll take care that the cabin lamp be kept burning; and I have a keen ear, too, that will not be blunted through my thoughts, when away from you, always being here.'

Wilkins waited upon us with punctuality and civility. Lush faithfully kept to his end of the ship. He never offered to enter the cabin except to my invitation, when perhaps I would have something in navigation to tell him about. He seemed anxious to keep us at a distance, and picked up the ship's routine, when his watch came round, as I let it fall, with an air of morose reserve. I made several efforts with an assumption of cheerfulness and heartiness of manner to break through his sullenness, with the dream of finding something like a human being of sensibilities behind it, whom I should be able to influence into getting the crew to consent to speak a passing ship that Miss Temple might be transferred to her; but he was like a hedgehog; his quills regularly rose to my least approach. He would watch me with a sulky cursing expression in his eye, or view me with a sour askant regard, and to my civillest speech respond in some ragged, scurvy sentence.

But I did not play an obliging part with him very long. Having come to the conclusion that he was a ruffian of immovable qualities, I recurred to my earlier behaviour, addressed him only to give him instructions in a peremptory manner, or to point out the ship's place on the chart; so, as you will suppose, very little passed between us; yet my putting on the airs of a captain and treating him as the mere fore-castle hand which he claimed to be, influenced his bearing, and rendered him even respectful.

Nevertheless, I knew that he and his mates never had their eye off me, so to speak; that having learnt the course to Cape Horn was so-and-so, the compass was watched with restless assiduity, every man as he was relieved at the wheel reporting the direction of the ship's head to his companions forward, and how she had been steering during his trick; that my behaviour on

deck was critically followed by eyes in the forepart of the ship; that I could never give an order to trim sail during my watch but that it was duly reported to Lush, and weighed and considered by the crew in the frequent councils they held in the caboose. All this I was secretly informed of by Wetherly.

Yet I had nothing to complain of in the behaviour of the men. They sprang to my bidding, and their 'Ay, ay, sirs,' and responses to my orders, had as lively and hearty a ring as any one could hope to hear in the mouth of a crew. They sang briskly when they pulled and hauled with enjoyment of the sound of their own voices, and with a marked willingness in their demeanour to contribute their utmost to the navigation of the vessel.

But outside the actual, essential routine of the ship nothing was done. The decks were washed down at very long intervals only; there was no sailmaking or repairing; the spun-yarn which was mute; the chafing gear was left to rot off as it would; the carpenter indeed saw to the rigging, took care that everything should be sound, for neither he nor his mates had a mind to lose a mast. But there was very little of sweeping or polishing, of swabbing or cleaning.

The rum was kept down in the steerage; every day Wilkins drew as much as sufficed to furnish the men with two glasses apiece. After drawing the stuff, he regularly presented himself with it to Lush or me, according as the one or the other of us was on deck, that it might be seen he had drawn the allowance only. The men seemed fully satisfied. There was never any demand for more grog than what was given to them, and I do not recall a single instance of intoxication.

I was as eager as any man aboard to make an end of the voyage—to arrive at all events in the South Sea, where, let the problem of the island prove what it might, we should have come to the end of our expectations, and be able to see our way to the near future, that might signify a return home for me and Miss Temple; and consequently, I never spared the barque's canvas, but, on the contrary, would hold on every rag to the very last, leaving the white clipper hull to sweep through it at the pace of a comet. The carpenter used the little ship in the same way, and between us both, our runs in the twenty-four hours would again and again rise to figures that might have been deemed almost miraculous in those days of round bows and kettle bottoms, of apple sides, and a beam but a third less than the length.

It came into my head once that we might run short of fresh water before we should arrive at that spot on the chart where the captain's gold was supposed to be buried, and I earnestly hoped that this might happen, since a threat of thirst must infallibly drive us for help to the first port we could manage to reach. I asked the carpenter if he knew what stock of water then was aboard. He said no, but promised to find out, and later in the day came to tell me that there were so many casks, making in all so many gallons—I cannot recollect the figures. To satisfy myself, I went into the hold with him, and discovered that he was right, and then entered into a calculation, which, to my secret mortification and disappointment, expressed a sufficient quantity of water

aboard to last all hands of us at a liberal supply per diem for at least six months.

Now that I had assured myself as to the posture of the crew, and was profoundly satisfied in my own mind that their consuming eagerness to arrive at the island would guarantee a uniformly proper behaviour in them, unless they addressed themselves to the rum casks, or unless I gave them cause to turn upon me, I had no misgiving in suffering Miss Temple to be seen by them. She was therefore constantly with me on deck when my lookout came round, and all the hours I could spare from sleep I dedicated to her society; so that it would be impossible to imagine any young unmarried couple passing the time in an association more intimate and incessant. At the beginning of this run to the South Pacific she showed a spirit that afterwards temporarily failed her. It was two days after I had consented to navigate the vessel that I observed a certain air of determination in her, as though she had been earnestly contemplating our situation, and had formed her resolution to encounter what might come with courage and patience. Then, after a while, her pluck seemed to fail her again; I would find her sitting motionless in the cabin with her eyes fixed on the deck, and an expression of misery in her face, as though her heart were broken. I could not induce her to eat; though, God knows, there was little or nothing to tempt her with. She could not sleep, she told me; and the glow faded out of her deep and beautiful eyes. Pale she always was, but now her face took a character of haggardness, which her whiteness, that was a loveliness in her when in health, accentuated to a degree that was presently shocking to me. When on deck, she would take my arm and walk listlessly, almost lifelessly, by my side, briefly replying to me in low tones, which trembled with excess of grief.

Secretly loving her as I did, though not as yet had a syllable, nay, as I believe, had a look of my passion escaped me, I began to dread the influence of her misery upon my behaviour to the men. She was a constant appeal to me, so to speak, to call the fellows ait, and tell them that the girl was pining her heart away, that she must be put ashore or conveyed aboard another ship this side Cape Horn, though it came to our backing our maintop-sail to wait for one, or that I would throw up my command of the vessel and refuse to sail her another mile. I say I lived in mortal fear of my being forced into this by sentiment and sympathy; for I was advised by every secret instinct, by every glance I levelled at the crew, by every look I directed at the carpenter, that the certain issue of such a resolution as that must involve my life!

I said everything I could imagine that I thought might reassure her, and one afternoon spent two hours in earnest talk with her. I told her that her grief was influencing me, and that it might come to my not being able to control myself in my relations with the crew; and I went on to point out what must follow if I suffered my sorrow for her to betray me into any other attitude towards the men than that I now wore. I had never been very candid in this way with her before, not choosing to excite her alarm and distress, and now I succeeded in thoroughly frightening her. It was enough that

I should indicate the probability of her being left alone among the crew to fill her with horror. I need not give you the substance of my talk with her. So much remains to be told that I can only refer to it. But it achieved the end I had hoped to witness.

When next day came, I found some spirit in her voice and manner. Whilst we sat at breakfast alone, as we invariably were whether in the cuddy or on deck, she exclaimed, viewing me with an earnestness which there was nothing in the faint smile that accompanied it to diminish:

'I have taken your lecture to heart, Mr Dugdale, and I mean to reform. I have shown myself a sad coward; but you shall have no further reason to complain of me for that. I am ashamed of myself. I wonder that I have confidence enough to look at you when I compare my behaviour with yours. You have thought only of me, and I have thought only of myself, and that is the difference between us.'

'It puts a new pulse into my heart to hear you talk so,' said I. 'I want to conduct you home to your mother's side out of this wild adventure, with the same beauty and health that you brought away from England with you. It grieved me to the soul to see you refusing food, to watch your face growing hollow, to hear of your sleepless nights, and to witness in your eyes the misery that was consuming you. Pray keep this steadily in mind—that every day shortens our run to the South Pacific, and that every day this horrible experience is lessened by twenty-four hours. Whether there be gold in the island or not, whether the island have existence or not, the crew must still be dependent upon me to carry them to a port, and the port that is good for them will be good for us; for it will be strange if from it we are unable to proceed straight home. All along I have said it is but a question of patience and waiting, and God alone can tell how grateful I shall be to you if you will enable me to play the part that I know *must* be played if our safety is to be worth a rushlight.'

From this time she showed herself a thoroughly resolved woman. She ceased to tease me with regrets, to distress me with inquiries which I could not answer, to imply by her silence or her sighs or looks of reproach that I had it in my power by some other sort of policy than what I was pursuing to get her safely away out of the barque. With this new mind in her came a subtle but appreciable change in her manner towards me. Heretofore her behaviour had been uniformly haunted by some small flavour more or less defined of her treatment of me, and indeed of all others, saying Mr Colledge, aboard the Indianman. She had suggested, though perhaps without intending it, a sort of condescension in our quiet hours, with a deal of haughtiness and almost contemptuous command in moments when she was wrought up by alarm and despair. I now found a sort of yielding in her, a compliance, a complaisance that was almost tender, a subdued form of expression, no matter what the mood might be which our conversation happened to excite in her.

However, I consoled myself by thinking that our situation hung in too black a shadow over her mind to enable her to guess at what might be

going on in it. Besides, never a word had I let fall that she could construe into a revelation of my passion for her. Had I loved her a thousand-fold more than I did, my honour must have held my emotions dumb. It was not only that my pride determined me to keep silent until I might have good reason to believe that my love would not be declined by this high and mighty young lady of the *Countess Ida* with hidden wonder at my impertinence in offering it; I also was sensible that I should be acting the meanest part in the world to let her guess my feelings—by my language at least: my face I might not be always able to control—whilst she continued in this miserable condition, utterly dependent upon me for protection, and too helpless to avow any resentment, which she would be desperately quick to express and let me feel under other circumstances.

We should be entering the bitter climate of the Horn presently, and she was without warm apparel. Her dress, as you know, was the light tropical costume in which she had attired herself to visit the corvette. What was to be done?

'You cannot face the weather of the Horn in that garb,' said I on one occasion, lightly glancing at her dress, to which her noble and faultless figure communicated a grace that the wear and tear and soiling of the many days she had worn it could not rob it of. 'Needs must, you know, when Old Nick drives. There is but one expedient: I hope you will not make a grimace at it.'

'Tell it to me.'

'There is a good, warm, long pilot coat in my cabin. I will borrow needles and thread, and you must go to work to make it fit you.'

She laughed with a slight blush. 'I fear I shall not be able to manage it.'

'Try. If you fail, hfy to one but that there is some man forward who will contrive it for you. Most sailors can sew and cut out after a fashion. But I would rather you should try your hand at it alone. If I employ a fellow forward he will have to come aft and measure you, and so on; all which I don't want.'

'Nor I,' she cried eagerly. 'I will try the coat on now, Mr Dugdale. I daresay I shall be able to fashion it into some sort of jacket,' she added with another laugh that trembled with a sigh.

I procured the coat, and helped her to put it on. It had been built for an overcoat, and designed to wrap up more than the narrow shoulders for which it had been fashioned, and it buttoned easily over the girl's swelling figure.

'Come, we shan't want a tailor after all,' said I, backing a step to admire her in this new queer apparel.

'It will keep me warm,' said she, turning about to take a view of herself.

'And now,' said I, 'for a hat. That elegant straw of yours will not do for Cape Horn.'

I overhauled the captain's wardrobe, and unearthed three hats of different kinds—one of them a wideawake; another, a cap of some kind of skin, very good to keep a night-watch in in dity weather; and the third, an old-fashioned tarpaulin glazed hat—the sire of the sou'-wester of our own times, though, to be sure, sou'-wester caps, as they were called, were in use at the

beginning of the century. This example of head-gear I returned to the locker in which I had found it, but the other two Miss Temple thought she could make serviceable. She tried them on, stealing glances almost coquettish at me as she peered at herself in the looking-glass which I brought from her cabin.

There had been a time when nothing, I am persuaded, could have induced her to touch those hats. She would have shrunk from them with the aversion and disgust she had exhibited at Captain Braine's suggestions about the furnishing of her cabin in the steerage. Assuredly, old Ocean was working a mighty change in her character. Life real, stern, uncompromising, was busy with her; and just as Byron says of his shipwrecked people that the mothers of them would not have known their own sons, so was I assured of my shipmate Louise that, if it pleased God we should escape from the perils of this adventure, she would emerge a changed woman in every characteristic that had been displeasing in her before.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF THE PATENT ROLLS.

In any work dealing with the whims and eccentricities of the human mind, a copious chapter might be filled with instances drawn from our Patent Rolls. The strangest ideas and most impossible schemes are to be found there side by side with inventions which have left a lasting mark in the history of human progress. Much that is amusing from quaintness of phraseology, or the over-sanguine expectations formed by inventors of the results of their discoveries, is to be met with by the most casual reader. To those who care to look deeper, the Patent Rolls are full of instruction. Many illustrious names are to be found up and down their pages; and in spite of the mistaken views and shattered hopes of many of our early inventors, shrewd 'guesses at truth' are here and there to be discerned, and the true interests of science can be seen all the time making a slow but steady progress. During the reign of Elizabeth, the system of monopolies had become so extended as to form a crying evil. The whole trade of the kingdom was in the hands of a body of men not probably exceeding two hundred in number, and was to a great extent confined to the capital. The following examples will give a good idea of their general nature. Political morality as well as political economy would find their rules constantly outraged by these transactions of good Queen Bess, who certainly had a keen eye to the filling of the royal exchequer, and was not over-nice as to the means employed. For instance, we find her granting 'a license to Thomas Cornwallis only and no other to make grants and lycences for keeping of gaming-houses and using of unlawful games contrary to the statute of 33 Hen. VIII.' And again in the thirtieth year of her reign: 'A patent to Sir W. Rawleigh to make licenses for keeping of tavernes and retailing of wyne throughout all England.' In 1598 a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Ede Schetts had a grant conferred on him and no other 'to buy and transport ashes and ould shoes for seven

yeeres.' On another the right was bestowed 'to provide and bring in all Spanish wools for making of felte hatts for twenty yeeres.' Monopolies embraced a wide variety of subjects, for instance: 'To make spangles,' 'To print the Psalms of David,' 'To print Cornelius Tacitus,' 'To printe all manner of songs in, parts,' 'To make glasses;' and so on.

The abuse of this system produced a popular outcry, culminating, as every one knows, in the impeachment of Sir Giles Mompesson and others. James I. was forced to consent to the Statute of Monopolies, which, while abolishing all monopolies which were grievous and inconvenient to the subjects of the realm, made a special exception of letters-patent and grants of privilege of the sole working or making of any new manufacture to its true and first inventor, but so that it should not be 'contrary to law nor mischievous to the State by raising the price of commodities at home or hurt of trade or generally inconvenient.' Such was the origin of our present system of patents.

Among the early entries is an amusing one granted in 1632 for 'a fish-call, or a looking-glasse for fishes in the sea, very usefull for the fishers to call all kinde of fishes to their nets, speares, or hookes.' Fishes, then, like the rest of us, have their weak points, it would seem, among which not the least is vanity. Fancy a respectable old sole or elderly conger being taken by such a transparent device! No doubt, however, the largest take was among the females, who could not resist a peep. The manufacture of soap might not be considered an occupation fit for a knight, yet in 1622 a special privilege was granted to Sir Edmund Harewell, Sir Cary Raleigh, and others, 'to use within the realme of Ireland the misterie and trade of makinge all manner of soapes, and also of makinge of soape-ashes, pott-ashes, &c.' History does not relate whether Pat took kindly to this new luxury, or whether these worthy knights found the Emerald Isle a promising field for speculation; but the soap-trade, which did not exist in England till the sixteenth century, began about this time to assume a growing importance in our national commerce. The following patent, taken out in 1672, sounds something like a merry-go-round at a fair: 'A special licence to use his new engine teachinge to performe by artificiall horses the usual exercises of a complete horseman generally taught in academies, namely, the running at the ring, throwing of the lance, shooting of the pistoll, and takeing upp of the head.' Tilting at the ring from a hobby-horse certainly sounds rather ludicrous; though we have heard of an artificial horse that went through a series of back-jumping experiments, which were described as infinitely more trying to the seat of the rider than the evolutions of the live animal!

The 'complete horseman,' as turned out by the Riding Academies of to-day, does not come up to this seveneenth-century ideal; but it is interesting to note some of the chief features of the modern military tournament. While on the subject of athletic exercises, it may be well to notice a grant, on the 4th of July 1692, to one Thomas Samborne, of the 'sole publick exercise, use, and benefit of his new invented exercise called "Fives"' (a description of the place wherein

the same is to be used is annexed to the patent, 'which is moderately expensive, and in itself innocent and harmless, and very much conducing to the health and refreshment of such as practise it.' Bravo, Thomas Sanborne! Many a school-boy will doubtless endorse your praise of 'Fives.' Some form of the game was known in classical times, and was also common in England; but this looks like the first mention of it by its modern name of 'Fives.'

The interest taken, curiously enough, in the reign of that merry monarch Charles II. in scientific pursuits—of which the founding of the Royal Society is an example—is well illustrated by some of the patents taken out at that period. For instance, one granted in 1670 to Prince Rupert 'for converting soft iron into steel.' He is also remembered in the annals of chemistry for his discovery of the glass 'drops' which are still called by his name. In 1678, one to Viscount Grandison 'for refining lead ore with coal instead of wood.' A well-known name—that of the Marquis of Worcester—appears on the Patent Rolls, for 1661 for an invention of 'a watch or clocke without spring or chequer or any other kind of windage; upp; alsoe to make an engine applyable to any coach, by which a child of six yeares old may secure from danger all in the coach, and the coachman him-self, though the horses become never so unruly.' What an invaluable 'engine' this would be in the present state of traffic in the metropolis—during the passing by of a 'demonstration,' let us say, or when in the vicinity of brass bands, and on many other occasions which may be left to the imagination of the reader, when horses are wont to become 'never so unruly.'

The idea of a diving-dress and diving-bell has always been a favourite one with inventors. In 1687 a grant was made 'of the sole use and benefit of the new invention of teaching persons to walke and remaine under water for ye space of one, two, or three houres without covering over there head or body, ye water coming both round and near their naked skin, and soe with perfect senses to worke or doe any service in recovering and taking up any goods or merchandises lost under water with greater ease and vigour than hath ever heretofore been found out or practised by any other.' The person who first entrusted himself to the tender mercies of this aquatic Professor must have been of an exceedingly confiding nature, or blessed with unusually strong nerves. He kindly hints the feat to three hours; but we fancy the pleasure would begin to pall after the first of them. What the exact nature of this invention was it would be difficult to say; it is plain it was not a diving-dress. The diving-bell is mentioned by Lord Bacon in the *Novum Organum* as a machine used to assist persons labouring under water upon wrecks, by affording a reservoir of air, to which they might resort whenever they required to take breath. Smeaton is supposed to have been the first to use it for civil-engineering operations in 1779, when the foundations of Hexham Bridge were being prepared. The bell in that case consisted of an oblong box of wood forty feet high, two wide, and three and a half long, and was supplied with air by a pipe fixed at the top. In 1788 Smeaton first employed the diving-bell as we now know it in the

construction of Ramsgate harbour. It was made of cast-iron, and weighed fifty hundredweight.

Passing to another subject, the dress of the ladies in the early years of the last century is amusingly illustrated by the following entry in 1737: 'A grant unto Jane Vanef, widow, and hoop-petticoat maker, of the sole use and benefit of her new invention of a machine or joint hoops so contrived that she can bring an hoop-coat of four yards wide into the compass of two yards or less, for ladies to go into couches and chairs without any manner of trouble or inconvenience.' Sundry pictures of *Punch* in the palmy days of crinolines rise to the mind's eye in reading this account. The danger to life and property in the good old days of the gentlemen of the road gave rise to many inventions calculated to protect them—at least that was the design of the inventor—but personally, one would probably not have cared to make trial of their efficacy. Here is one: 'Watch and note guard, which will effectually prevent pickpockets, from robbing persons of their watches, and will likewise prevent accidents of various kinds which too frequently happen to persons wearing watches and carrying notes in their breeches pockets.' This inventor was evidently a man of observant habits, a philosopher in his way. Again, in 1787 a 'grant unto Edmund Strickland of Birm'ng, in the county of Warwick, mechanick of his new invented machine to prevent housebreaking and fire, and which may be applied to different purposes, and which will be found of never-failing utility for the protection of lives and property.' Here we have no half-hearted measures for the relief of the timid householder, but a machine to prevent his chief dangers, fire and housebreaking. What machine would answer both these purposes it would be hard to say, unless it was an ordinary alarm.

Patents for brewing and distilling processes are pretty frequent, but do not, as a rule, possess any peculiar features. The idea of improving the quality of fermented and distilled liquors by passing a current of electricity through the liquor is rather curious. A patent was taken out for this in 1843.

The following is a good example of old-fashioned political economy, innocent of Adam Smith or J. S. Mill—namely, a grant in 1732 to one Isaac Rowe of his method of 'extracting from blackberries a spirit equally good and wholesome, and as well flavoured as French brandy, the use of which will save His Majesty's subjects very considerable sums of money that are annually sent to France and other countries for brandy.' We have heard of champagne being made of gooseberries, and have probably been deceived by the same, but imagine fine cognac from blackberries!

We are so accustomed to regard the lucifer match as indispensable, that we are apt to forget that its origin is very recent. In 1828 we find a patent for matches taken out by one Samuel Jones. The year before, a man named Walker had brought out some called 'Congreves,' after Sir W. Congreve, the inventor of the rocket of that name. Eighty-four of these were sold for a shilling, and with the box was supplied a folded piece of glass paper. The phosphorus friction match, as we at present know it, was not introduced on a commercial scale till 1833.

Among well-known names appearing on the Patent Rolls we find those of Josiah Wedgwood in 1769, and Ralph Wedgwood in 1796. The latter was granted three patents for 'his new invented method of making earthenware.' Josiah, who is described 'of Burslem, Stafford,' took out his patent for 'ornamenting earthenware and porcelain-ware by an encaustic gold bronze together with peculiar encaustic painting in various colours in imitation of Etruscan and Roman earthenware.' It was in 1769 that he opened new potteries on a large scale in Etruria, in Staffordshire, in partnership with Thomas Bentley of Liverpool. Flaxman and other eminent artists were engaged to design and model reliefs, busts, and other designs for this pottery, which attained such a just celebrity.

The names of the chief pianoforte-makers are also to be seen. 'John Broadwood of Gt Pulteney St, Golden Square,' in 1783, then come the 'Erards'—Sebastian Erard in 1801, and Collard in 1811. The name of Murdoch, famous in the annals of gas, occurs in 1844. It was Robert Murdoch who practically introduced coal-gas as an illuminating agent in 1798. In 1803 the Lyceum Theatre was lighted with gas; and in 1810 a public company for lighting the streets, &c., was formed. In September 1816 the name of George Stephenson appears in connection with a patent for the construction of 'machines and railway carriages.' It was not till 1825 that the first train carrying passengers and goods was started. The idea of obtaining perpetual motion has a wonderful vitality about it. The earliest instance of it on the Rolls is in 1635, 'a special privilege to William Barton, Gent., of the sole license and power to use and exercise certain engines by him invented which (being putt in order) will cause and maintayne their owne motions with continuance and without any borrowed force of man, horse, winde, river, or brooks, whereby many severall kinds of rare works may be performed to the benefit of the common-wealth.' One thing we can be absolutely certain about is, that these 'works' were very 'rare.' We find an invention of a similar kind patented as late as 1836; and even at the present day the idea is by no means extinct.

The patents in connection with medicine are not the least amusing, and will form a fitting conclusion to these extracts. The quacks of former days, like those of our own, seem to have possessed a wonderful command of language and a vast vocabulary. These specific remedies have quaint titles: 'Aromatic Ague Cake,' 'Oriental Vegetable Cordial,' 'Compound Concentrated Fluid Vital Air' (patented in 1799). In 1786 John Thompson was granted a patent for his new medicine called 'Baume d'arquebusade Concentree,' or Concentrated Balsam of Arquebusade, 'which is one of the greatest antiseptic chymical preparations, and the most sovereign remedy externally in the cure of fractures, dislocations, &c., gunshot and other wounds of all kinds; and internally in the jaundice and all bilious complaints, the dropsy, gravel, and worms.' What a nice derangement of diseases! With such a remedy at hand, one would have thought that every ill that flesh is heir to would have been since charmed away. Another ambition led to a patent taken out in

1850 by 'Innocenzo della Lena of Piccadilly for fogistical and fixed earth of Mars, or powder of Mars.' In 1749 one Thomas Smith of Spitalfields, Gent., took out a patent for his 'new invented Medicinal Snuff in curing of disorder of the hypocondriac and meloncolly kind.'

One other extract is too amusing to be passed over, though it has nothing to do with medicine, but rather with a walking-stick, of enormous capacities apparently, which was patented in 1814—and perhaps came in useful at Waterloo—'to contain pistol, powder, and balls, and screw telescope, pen, ink, and paper, pencil, knife, and drawing utensils.' What an invaluable *vaide mecum*—just the thing for a campaign!

THE STORY OF A STORY.

By EDWARD D. CUMING.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'MR MEADOWSON,' said Miss Alicia Malden with a mysterious air, 'I want to have a little chat with you as soon as you have finished your tea.'

Arthur Meadowson hastily disposed of the last fragment of cake, and put his cup down on a knick-knack-laden table near. A *tête-à-tête* with Miss Malden was very dear to him, and hopes of enjoying one for five minutes brought him all the way from his lodgings in Brompton to No. 212 Brook Street regularly every Tuesday.

'Yes, Miss Malden,' he said, as the young lady took her seat on the sofa at his side—'yes.'

'I've got a great secret to tell you,' and she leaned forward to impart it in an impressive whisper. 'Mr Meadowson, *I have written a book!*'

Having unburdened her conscience, she drew back to mark the astonishment she expected the revelation would evoke. But Mr Meadowson, whose opinion of her talents was perhaps biased by admiration, manifested no surprise at all. On the contrary, he merely said that he was perfectly sure anything Miss Malden wrote would be well worth reading.

'It's very good of you to say so,' she answered modestly, 'and you encourage me to ask a great favour.'

Arthur Meadowson blushed with pleasure, and said that she had only to say what the favour was; he would be only too charmed to do anything for her.

'I want you to take the manuscript home with you to-day and read it. Then I shall ask you to give me your opinion of it,' said Miss Malden with her brightest smile.

The young man's brain whirled: that smile intoxicated him, and he scarcely realised that he was being admitted into his liege lady's most sacred confidence.

'I want your candid opinion, mind,' continued Miss Malden. 'I have read the story to Gwen Pollock, my dearest friend, and she is delighted with it; but of course she is no judge.'

In broken sentences, Arthur Meadowson strove to assert his conviction that Miss Pollock's verdict only foreshadowed his own.

'Gwen thinks I ought to get at least two hundred pounds for it,' said the authoress carelessly; 'but of course I don't expect anything. I scarcely dare trust myself to think of the joy of seeing it in print, even.'

'I will do my very best for you, Miss Malden.'
'Thanks. If you will come into the library, I will give you the manuscript.—Oh! I almost forgot to tell you. It's a secret from mamma. I am not going to tell her until the book is printed and published. I mean to give her a surprise.'

'We must find a publisher, Mr Meadowson,' said the young lady as she unlocked a drawer in the library writing-table and took out a bulky brown-paper parcel.

Miss Malden said 'We!' Arthur Meadowson seized the parcel and pressed it to his heart. 'Yes,' he murmured ecstatically—'yes; and I wish I could tell you how—how—how——' But he couldn't; the words would not come; so he looked his feelings instead.

'I did think of asking Mr Wegswood to look at it,' said Alicia; 'but I prefer to give it to you.'

Mr Meadowson slid the package under his arm, caught Miss Malden's hand, and held it while he said a long 'good-night.' He looked upon Augustus Wegswood as his most dangerous rival, and this signal mark of preference raised him at a bound into the seventh heaven.

Mr Meadowson got into an omnibus at Hyde Park Corner. He was a man of about thirty years of age, who had been brought up with expectations that warranted his choosing a life of idleness. When he was twenty-three, the tide of his father's fortunes changed, and fell with rapidity to the lowest ebb; and at twenty-five Arthur Meadowson found himself fatherless and penniless, with nothing but his own unaided abilities wherewith to earn a living. He faced the situation bravely, and fell back on literature; and being possessed of a ready and facile pen, he contrived to keep his head above water by writing for magazines, at which laborious and uncertain vocation he had worked until the time our story opens. And to his consequent knowledge of literary matters and acquaintance with the publishing fraternity he owed in a measure the distinction Miss Malden had conferred upon him.

Miss Malden had been a friend of his mother, and had remained staunch through adversity; her house in Brook Street was always open to him; and since Alicia's return twelve months ago from the Continent, where she had received the finishing touches to her education, Mr Meadowson had fallen steadily more and more deeply in love with her. He was aware that the young lady liked him; but as he could not ask a girl who would inherit some four thousand a year to share the two hundred his pen brought him annually, he was compelled to stand aside, while more eligible suitors thronged round to bid for the prize.

Mr Meadowson left the omnibus at the South Kensington station, and, still hugging that parcel, dived into the maze of streets which lies between the Brompton and Fulham Roads. He bent his steps down one of the less showy respectable, and drawing a latchkey from his pocket, let himself into a house whose lower windows were adorned with cards bearing the legend, 'Furnished Apartments.' His own rooms were up-stairs, and giving his landlady a call, to announce his return, he ran up to open Miss Malden's manuscript. It looked rather formidable when he had taken off

the numerous wrappings that protected it—five hundred and thirty sheets of closely-written foolscap, bearing on the outside, in artistic scroll-work, the title—

AT EDEN'S GATE.

An Idyll, in Three Volumes.

By A. M.

'A good name,' he muttered—'a very fair name. If the story is equal to it, it will do.' The critic was overcoming the lover; for Arthur Meadowson was a man of intrinsic honesty, and meant to deal with Miss Malden's book as impartially as he could.

He hastened over his dinner, and as soon as the cloth had been removed, turned up the lamp, drew in his chair, and set to work. He saw infinite possibilities in the future, for he felt that to secure publication of Alicia's novel would go far to turn mere liking into a deeper channel; and when it became clear that she actually reciprocated his attachment he might—— Ah well; there would be time enough to build these castles in the air when the book was published.

But by the time he had reached the bottom of the very first page, the eager light in his eye had faded; at the end of the second his jaw fell visibly and his face grew blank; and when he paused to turn over the third, the glance he cast at the huge pile of foolscap beside him betokened anything but a whetted appetite for 'At Eden's Gate.'

As a matter of fact, dismay and disappointment were already the feelings uppermost in his mind. The most daring efforts at 'fine writing' were framed in lengthy sentences, whose construction argued the writer's contempt for the elements of English grammar; the simplest ideas were concealed in wordy shrouds of superlatives; and the spelling was varied with a richness that gave orthography a new interest.

'Never mind the diction,' said Mr Meadowson, setting his teeth as he took up chapter two; 'I can rewrite the copy for her. Let's get to the story.'

But at half-past one the devoted man laid aside the twelfth chapter without having detected any thread that all his ingenuity and indulgence combined could call a 'plot.' The chapters were disconnected incidents; the 'characters' had neither life nor individuality; and the conversation, of which there was a great deal, was weak and insipid to the last degree.

'It's a hopeless case!' exclaimed Arthur as he threw down his pen—'utterly hopeless! No editor would read to the end of the first chapter; and I can't imperil my slender reputation by asking any publisher I know to look at it. But to tell her so——' He broke off with a despairing shrug and leaned back in his chair, gazing sally at the untidy manuscript. He recognised now how delicate was the position in which Miss Malden's cherished confidence had placed him.

'She is in love with the thing,' he mused, as he put away the papers preparatory to retiring to bed. 'I saw that when she spoke of it; and no matter how carefully I gild the pill, the result is a foregone conclusion. She will never speak to me again if she can help it. I wish she had given the manuscript to Wegswood instead.'

He spent the better part of the following day in reading the remaining twenty-eight chapters of the 'Idyll,' buoying himself up with hopes that he might yet discover some gem of thought, or happily conceived incident, that would leaven the mass. But he reached the bitter end without having had his attention once arrested by a single line—that rose above the level of deadly commonplace.

It will be readily understood that Mr Meadowson was in no hurry to acquaint the authoress with his opinion of 'At Eden's Gate'; he thankfully remembered that she would not expect his critique just yet, and he had therefore time to decide whether he should convey it by letter or word of mouth. He was keenly anxious to break the intelligence gently, though vividly conscious that however the operation were performed, the consequences to himself would be much the same.

A very depressed and moody Arthur Meadowson wandered up to the Junior Carlton Club that evening. Apart from the prospective breach this matter of the novel threatened to create between the girl he loved and himself, more sordid cares were weighing upon him. His exchequer was low, and he had but few out-standing claims against the magazines; he had no articles in hand which promised to turn out saleable, and no ideas upon which to build others. Altogether, it may be doubted whether any more unhappy young man than our hero walked through the Park and down Piccadilly that May afternoon.

He had been a member of the Junior Carlton since he came of age, having been introduced thereto by his father when money was plentiful and friends were numerous; but though he was almost dependent upon the Club for the society of his own kind, he had latterly been considering the advisability of sending in his resignation; for the annual subscription formed a serious item in his expenditure. He turned in there to-day, telling himself he must screw up his courage to take the step at once; his finances would not stand the tax upon them any longer; but what life would be without this haven of refuge he did not care to contemplate. As he entered the smoking-room he stumbled over a pair of large feet encased in patent leather, whose owner was concealed behind the *Sportsman*. The reader looked up as he apologised, and revealed himself as Mr Augustus Wegswood.

'Evening, Meadowson,' he said languidly. 'Come to dine?'

'Not to-night.—What are you doing here?'

'Loafing, as usual,' replied the brewer, throwing aside his paper with a yawn. He was a stout, red-faced young man, carefully attired in frock-coat and the last fashionable necktie. His habitual expression was one of bored indolence.—'Oh, by the way, Meadowson,' he continued with sudden animation, 'I heard of something this morning that might suit you. Just ring the bell, and have some tea with me while I tell you about it.'

Arthur Meadowson touched the electric button nearest him, and, nothing loth, sat down to hear what the 'something' was. Mr Wegswood was not the man to whom he looked for aid to find him such, nor was he one to whom he cared to place himself under a heavy obligation.

'You had a long talk with Miss Malden yesterday,' remarked Mr Wegswood presently, through a mouthful of buttered toast. 'I was waylaid by Mamma; she kept me at her side the whole afternoon.'

'She was asking me about a book,' replied Arthur indifferently.—'But let's hear what you were going to suggest for me, a few minutes ago. I'll take anything that pays decently.'

'Ah! I was forgetting,' said Mr Wegswood, whose thoughts were somewhat flighty. 'I don't know if you will care about it; but Mrs Malden told me you wanted a post of some kind, and I said I'd bear it in mind.'

'Very good of you,' said Arthur.

'Not at all. This is how it is. Half-a-dozen fellows with whom we have business occasionally, are forming a syndicate—sort of Limited Company, don't you know?—They are going to buy up the properties of a lot of hop-growers in Kent, and they want some one to act as Manager and Secretary. They want a fellow they can trust to look after their interests, don't you know? Not a practical man, who understands hops, but a fellow whom they can rely on to write regularly and tell them how things are going on. That sort of thing suit you?'

'I could do the work, if that's all.—What's the salary?'

'Watson, who told me of the scheme, talked about three hundred a year,' answered Mr Wegswood; 'but of course I told him he could not get the class of man he required for such a pittance as that. I said to him: "It's ridiculous, don't you know, Watson?—ridiculous," I said.'

The brewer's own income, derived from a sleeping partnership in 'Wegswood's Entree,' ran a long way into five figures, so his monetary ideas were naturally large.

'I'll take three hundred gladly, if that is their limit,' said Arthur, after a pause.—'Will my work be in London, if I get this appointment?'

'No,' replied Mr Wegswood with decision. 'You would have to be in B——; awful hole, B——. I go down sometimes to see an old aunt who's got a place there.'

'Any port in a storm,' quoted Arthur with rather strained cheerfulness.

'I may safely say that Watson will give you the berth, on my recommendation. The matter lies in his own hands, and he will do anything to oblige me—the firm, that is.'

Arthur Meadowson thanked him again, and left the Club, carrying a lighter heart than he had brought into it an hour before.

Mr Meadowson was a little surprised to find awaiting him at his lodgings a note from Miss Malden requesting his presence at No. 212 on the following day.

'I'm afraid you will think me very unreasonable and impatient,' she wrote; 'but you would forgive me if you only knew the value I attach to your opinion of my book. If you have finished reading it by to-morrow afternoon, come at three, and tell me what you think of it. I shall remain at home to see you.'

He tied up the manuscript, once so precious, now so hateful, and sat down to consider how he might convey his idea of 'At Eden's Gate' in the least distasteful manner; but he could not do

more than stretch out a general line and leave the occasion to find him taste.

'I'll run down my own taste in books, and the publishers', and the public's,' he decided; 'in fact, I'll abuse everybody and everything but the book itself; and if I can't convince her that the public taste, and not her story, is at fault, I must tell her the truth as kindly as I know how.'

Three o'clock the next day saw him in the drawing-room in Brook Street. The afternoon was sunny and warm, and when Miss Malden, looking her prettiest in a most becoming spring dress, came in, an overwhelming wave of love and sorrow swept over the young man's being.

'Have you read it?' she asked, her eyes sparkling with eagerness.

'Yes, Miss Malden, I have read it all.'

'Then tell me in one word: 'Will it do?'

The lovely face bent so anxiously towards his own drove all plans of disclosure completely out of his head. He laid down the parcel of manuscript, and under pretence of unfastening the string which secured it, strove to delay and collect his thoughts.

'You don't want to look at it now, Mr Meadowson,' said Miss Malden, laying a preventive hand upon his. 'If you have read my story you must have formed some opinion about it. Be honest with me,' she pleaded; 'I must know what you think.'

The earnest appeal of the clear gray eyes forbade shuffling; Arthur threw diplomacy to the winds, and answered her straightforwardly. 'I'm afraid it will not print,' he said.

Miss Malden drew herself slowly upright and played with her rings for a few moments before she spoke. 'Why not?' Her voice was steady, but the colour had left her cheeks and her fingers trembled visibly.

'I hardly know how to tell you,' answered Arthur miserably; 'your writing.'—

'Oh, if it's only the English or the spelling, I don't care,' interposed the young lady, 'because I know you would put them right if I asked you.'

'Had that been all, I should have asked you to let me rewrite it,' he said; 'but I'm afraid it would not do any good.'

'Then where is the fault?' demanded the authoress almost pettishly. 'In the plot? In the story?'

'You have no plot, Miss Malden; no sustained interest.'

'What about the characters?' she inquired with a little ring of triumph in her voice. The most exacting critic must have a good word for Lord Brownsover, Colonel Gansdale, and Lady Helen, she thought. Were they not drawn from real life?

'They lack individuality, Miss Malden. If I may speak quite plainly, they are all exactly alike; you can't tell one from the other.'

This was the last straw. Miss Malden hastily picked up the parcel which lay between them on the sofa, said: 'Thank you, Mr Meadowson,' and fled from the room to hide her tears; leaving Arthur a crushed heap of misery, with scarcely enough mental power to feel himself a heartless, hypercritical brute.

Half an hour later he found himself on the steps of the Club, without any very clear idea

how he had come there. As he pushed open the swing-doors, his arm was seized from behind, and he turned to behold Mr Wegswood smiling upon him with unusual affection.

'I congratulate you,' he said; 'that is, if it is a matter for congratulation, don't you know? You've got it. Three-fifty. I told Watson he must raise his figure, and though he made a favour of it, he did go fifty more. Don't thank me,' said Mr Wegswood, waving a heavily-ringed hand in deprecation of Arthur's expressions of gratitude. 'I'm awfully glad if you are. Only thing is, they want you to take up the billet at once. That's serious difficulty; fellow can't leave town in middle of May; it's impossible.'

'The season does not affect me much, nowadays,' smiled Arthur. 'I can go at once.'

'You are a fellow,' said Mr Wegswood, half in awe and half in pity. 'If you mean to say you could go so soon as, say, Monday?'

'Why not?' asked Arthur shortly, for he had little patience with the affectations of this gilded youth.

Mr Wegswood shook his head solemnly at the idea of a fellow leaving town like that in the 'Season,' but readily undertook to write to Mr Watson; and a few other details having been settled and explained, he got up to leave.

Now that the heavy load of pecuniary troubles in the present and the dark uncertainties of the future were thus satisfactorily disposed, Arthur Meadowson could bring his thoughts untrammelled to bear upon the events of that half-hour in Brook Street. He had muddled the business sadly; a pleading look, an appealing word, had wretched him into telling not only the plain but the ugly truth; and now it was too late, all the pretty phrases in which he might have offered it came upon him at once. Presently, he rose and went to a writing-table, where he sat down, bent on putting forth all his powers in the composition of a letter to the disconsolate Alicia which should soften the blows she had wrung from him. 'I must tell you,' he wrote, 'what I had no opportunity of saying when I saw you. It is that another reader may feel able to give a more acceptable opinion of your book than I have done. I think, knowing you so well, I may have expected too much, and judged too harshly; but I confess I am still convinced that you could produce work of a higher order, if you gave yourself a fair chance and do not attempt too much. The opinion of some one who reads many novels—which I do not—may prove a more reliable guide than mine.'

'I hope that will break the fall a little,' sighed Arthur as he closed a letter full of such judicious insinuations as the specimen we give above. 'I shall see her before I go, I suppose. I must write and tell Mrs Malden that I'm off, and she is safe to ask me up there on Sunday to say good-bye.'

He wrote accordingly, not forgetting to mention that he believed he was indebted to her for Mr Wegswood's exertions on his behalf, and expressed a hope that he should find her at home when he called to bid her adieu.

He received an answer by return of post; but though Mrs Malden's note was couched in terms

of the sincerest kindness, it offered him no encouragement to pay a farewell visit.

'Phew!' whistled Arthur. 'The English of this is that she has told her mother the secret, and Mrs Malden has taken offence' too.—Well, well; I'm sorry, for she has been a good friend to me; it only gives me another reason for cutting Town as soon as possible.'

REMINISCENCES AMONG THE SIOUX INDIANS.

THE Sioux nation of Indians has recently attracted much attention in the United States because of a law enacted by the Senate and Congress authorising a treaty with that nation which provides for the relinquishment by the Indians of a large proportion of that section of Western Dakota known as the Big Sioux Reservation. It is not necessary here to enter into the details of the Act; but it is one which has for a long time past claimed the attention of the entire population of the United States, because it not only opens up to actual settlement a large area of agricultural land, but it gives certain lines of railway a chance to build across a section of country for which they have been waiting since the early settlement of the Black Hills and the cattle-ranges of Wyoming and Montana. It is also calculated to encourage the Indians in becoming civilised, for it provides that each individual Indian shall select one hundred and sixty acres of land on which to make his permanent home; the object, of course, being to eventually render these wards of the Government self-sustaining, instead of being, as they are at present, entirely supported by the Government.

This action by the United States Government has revived many recollections by frontiersmen of the old days, when it was freely admitted by those best entitled to judge that no Indian could be good until he was dead. But those days are gone, never to return, for the reason that the large game which used to roam over the prairies and mountains of the West have been killed off to such an extent that Indians on the war-path would be unable to find enough wild meat to feed themselves with. Take away their sustenance, and you take with it the bravery and desire of the Indians to make war. The buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, and mountain sheep, which used to roam in immense herds over these prairies and mountains, are killed off, and the Indian is tamed, but not civilised. A visit to any of the Indian Agencies at the time of issuing beef-rations from the slaughter-house would convince any one of this fact, for the visitor would to-day see the squaws fighting over the entrails just drawn hot and bloody from the bodies of the dead cattle, and feasting on them in a raw state, uncleaned by water.

Such reminiscences as the massacre in Minnesota in 1862, when a Sioux chief, Little Crow, and band of warriors passed over a section of that State leaving death and desolation in their wake, are recalled to mind. This same old chief has doubtless long ere this been called to the happy hunting-grounds, for when I saw him in 1877 he was very old and infirm. It is a notable

fact, too, that the places of the old fighting chiefs, of which this nation possessed a large number only a few years since, have never been filled, which bears out my assertion that with the departure of wild-game the warlike spirit of the Indians has become tamed.

But there were chiefs only a few short years since whom nothing but death could conquer—of such mettle were Crazy Horse and Spotted Tail. The deeds of these two, both in the battle and hunting-fields, are still recounted by the old Indians, who cannot forget, and still delight in the prowess of such men. The deaths of both of these were violent, as their lives had been. The former—who took a very active part in the campaign of 1876, which resulted in the death of General Custer and three hundred and fifty-five members of the Seventh Cavalry, the flower and pride of the American army, and who was never captured on the war-path, but was compelled by the rigours of winter and lack of sustenance for his band of warriors and their ponies to surrender in the early spring of 1877—was killed, a couple of years later, in the guard-house at old Red Cloud Agency, or Fort Robinson, in North-western Nebraska. His turbulent spirit, which many thought was quelled after his surrender, was only slumbering; and on the first chance which offered he urged a party to take the war path against the settlers on the Republican River, in that State, which flowed through a section of country that had for years been a favourite hunting-ground for the Sioux. But he was pursued and brought back to the Agency as a prisoner, his band of warriors being too small to cope successfully with the cavalry. His position was so galling to his turbulent spirit that he made a desperate attempt to escape, in which he was mortally wounded.

Spotted Tail, the other chief to whom I referred, ranked as one of the highest in the nation, dividing honours with Red Cloud, who has for many years been recognised by the Government as the chief of the Sioux nation. Spotted Tail's band of followers was the most numerous, and, except Sitting Bull's, the most turbulent of all the Sioux tribe. But he possessed more diplomacy than either Crazy Horse or Sitting Bull, and refrained from taking any active part in the Custer massacre, the principal reasons doubtless being his advanced age and the loss of prestige that would ensue with the Government, which had for several years catered to both himself and Red Cloud by building houses for them at the Agencies vastly superior to any furnished to other chiefs, and in many other ways not necessary to mention. He met his death at the hands of a sub-chief or headman named Crow Dog in 1881.

The real motive for the killing of Spotted Tail was undoubtedly a mixture of jealousy and fear. An old feud had existed between the two for some time, and one afternoon, after both had attended a council to decide some question of tribal government, as Spotted Tail was riding in one direction, he met Crow Dog, accompanied by his squaw, travelling in a wagon. Without either uttering a word, Crow Dog shot and mortally wounded the old chief. He afterwards claimed that he fired in self-defence, because he saw Spotted Tail reaching for his revolver, and

knew that if he had not shot first he would surely have been killed. According to the Indian custom, he compromised with the family of Spotted Tail by the payment of ten ponies. But the United States officials arrested him, and he was tried at a term of Court in Deadwood, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced by Hon. G. C. Moody, the judge at that time, to be hanged. I was an eye-witness of the trial and sentence. Afterwards, in the execution of my duty as a deputy-sheriff and special deputy U.S. Marshal, I was instructed to convey Crow Dog to the jail, about a mile and a half distant, and it was during my walk with him that I saw an exhibition of recklessness rarely met with even among savages. We were met by an acquaintance of mine, who inquired what the sentence was; and before I could answer, my dusky companion, who could understand the English language but could not speak it, responded by passing his hand across his throat and partly around his neck, finishing with an upward jerk, to signify the means to be used to execute the sentence, and smiling at the same time, as if he considered it a rare joke. However, the sentence was never executed, because the United States Supreme Court decided that, as he had already complied with the tribal laws and paid the penalty, he must be released. Had he killed a white man or committed any offence against a white man, then he would have been subject to trial by the civil authorities; but in an offence against another Indian he was only subject to the tribal laws of the nation or tribe to which he belonged.

Among others, Sitting Bull has been commonly regarded as a great chief and warrior. Such an idea is entirely wrong, for as a matter of fact he never was a chief, only a medicine-man or wizard; and, although he has always received the credit of leading the Indians in the Custer massacre, he was really not in the fight at all, being engaged at the time in invoking the aid of the spirits on behalf of the savages. The chief who did lead at the fight was named Gaul; he was really in command of what is known as Sitting Bull's band of Sioux. This is the testimony of all Indians who participated in the massacre, and is undoubtedly the truth.

A STORY OF MAZARUNI GOLD.

'THE purser sends his compliments, sir, and says he is very sorry, but he will have to put a gentleman into your cabin, from the lower deck. There's a tremendous lot o' passengers this voyage, sir.'

These words were addressed to me by a steward of the good royal-mail ship *Nile*, as we steamed down the Solent on a lovely evening in July 187-. It is a selfish peculiarity of Englishmen to wish to have everything to themselves—a smoking-carriage, a cabin on board a steamer, a table at a restaurant. I am not free from this selfishness, being an Englishman, and felt a good deal annoyed at the idea of having a stranger thrust on one's privacy. Besides, I had just unpacked a good many things, and arranged them all over my cabin for my fortnight's occupation of it, in my old bachelor methodical style.

However, a visit to the good-natured purser convinced me the request was a reasonable one. After all, I had only paid for one berth, and to stand up for the whole cabin was about as reasonable as demanding a whole railway carriage for a single fare.

'Well, I suppose I may choose my companion?' said I.

'Certainly—any one you like.'

'Then I should prefer that Herr David Balk shared my cabin. He is a gentleman, I believe, and I should think would have none of those habits which render some travellers anything but desirable companions.'

Herr David Balk was a pleasant young Dutchman, of a good family in Amsterdam. I had been introduced to him by a friend of mine who had come to see me off at Southampton.

In the course of two or three days we were the best of friends, for I will always contend that a Dutchman of the upper classes is as fine a specimen of humanity as is to be found in the world. Herr Balk had never visited Demerara, to which colony he was now bound; and as I had been two or three voyages to 'the land of mud,' making some stay each time in the colony, I was able to give him information about the place. He seemed curious about the rivers and river-banks of the colony, and after inquiring about the Corentyne, Berbice, and Essequibo rivers, he began to ask, in what I thought, a cautious, tentative sort of manner, about the banks of the Mazaruni. Had there not been estates there in the old time?—estates not far from the site of the present penal settlement? Were there ruins of any houses? And so forth.

We were soon on the friendliest footing, but still Balk puzzled me. What object had he in visiting Demerara? He moved in the best circles in Amsterdam and at the Hague. My friend had told me at Southampton, Balk's house on the Herengracht was the finest in Amsterdam—a perfect *bijou*. He was neither a planter nor a naturalist. And though not rich, he was fairly well off.

At last, one evening when we were sitting smoking in our deck-chairs, in a remote part of the quarter-deck, and Balk was talking about river-banks and the Mazaruni for the fortieth time, I could stand it no longer. 'What on earth are you always talking about these things for?' said I.

Balk, after a short pause, said: 'I don't mind telling you the object of this voyage of mine. Although I have known you only a few days on this ship, somehow or other I could trust you better than many a Dutchman I have known all my life.'

Then, on the dimly-lighted quarter-deck, with the screw whirring and thumping beneath us, he told me something of his family history. His was one of the oldest families in Holland. His ancestors two hundred years ago had established a coffee estate on the Mazaruni River. The Spaniards in those days were very troublesome, and one David Balk, being a rich man, had fitted out a fighting-ship, sunk two or three Spanish galleons, and acquired a good deal of their treasure. His name became for a time a formidable one in Demerara waters, and even on the Spanish Main. But the Spaniards were not

disposed tamely to submit to a Dutch planter. An expedition was fitted out. Two galleons sailed up the Essequibo, and entered the Mazaruni. No ravages on any estates, which were then numerous on either bank of the river, were made. The commander had but one object in view, and that was to destroy David Balk, his son, slaves, house, and all that was his, and seize his treasure. This they appear to have done only too effectually. Landing in the dead of night at Pla Schepruod, about two miles lower down the bank of the river than where the penal settlement now stands, they killed Balk, who made a gallant resistance, just as many slaves as they could catch to death, laid the whole place in ruins, and, it was supposed, took Balk's treasure with them.

In one object apparently these murderers failed. David Balk's son, a youth visiting Demerara for a few months, escaped. Some slaves who had themselves got away, said they had seen him on the fatal night grasp a sword and swear to the fighting by his father's side. The father in vain urged him to flee. At last, on a sign from the old man, four slaves seized him, and in spite of all his struggles, bore him away. He was got on board a schooner; and soon after returned to Holland, much to the relief, doubtless, of his fellow-colonists, who had by that time become convinced that the name of Balk was a dangerous one to have amongst them.

Here the curtain falls on this little tragedy of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, for I am not quite certain to which century it really belongs, whether to the waning years of the end of the seventeenth or the dawn of the eighteenth.

Some time in the 'seventies' of this present century, my friend David Balk, a descendant of the filibustering, coffee-growing, burgomeister David, of a long-past generation, found his ancestral house on the Herengracht, Amsterdam, in a state of apparently sudden decay, as so often happens with medieval Dutch houses. He moved into another house during the process of reconstruction. Every one knows what piles of rubbish accumulate in a modern house in the course of even a few years. But imagine a house with the accumulations of three centuries! What a 'turn-out' there would be if the Queen were to leave Windsor Castle, or the Duke of Devonshire to depart from Chatsworth! My friend made a big bouffe of a good deal of broken old time furniture, and rags of dresses, with the fair owners of which Egmont might have danced. His temporary house was filled with dingy boxes, into which old songs, plays, and the fugitive literature of many generations had been packed. One day he was surveying these dubious treasures in the garret, fully resolving not to lumber up his newly-restored house with all of them, and yet half shrinking from the labour of sifting the wheat from the chaff. His eye rested for a moment on a small old-fashioned box with rusty iron clamps. It was grimed with the dust and dirt of ages. Mechanically, Balk, he knew not why, began scraping away the dirt from the lid. He came upon part of some old-fashioned Dutch characters originally inscribed in white paint, now yellowed

with age. He now felt some curiosity, and scraped away with interest. At last, he could make out the following: ' . . . s dore Ba k, erren cht, msterlam.' The other letters had disappeared. However, this he easily translated into 'Isidore Balk, Herengracht, Amsterdam.'

This box had evidently never been opened—there was no key; but rust had done its work, and he easily opened it with a chisel. Inside this was a small parcel of something or other, wrapped up in that sweet-smelling Cordovan leather which seems to defy the ravages of time. Undoing the leather he found a letter written in faded old-world characters, and he could just make out it was addressed to Isidore Balk. Now, letters, centuries ago, were seldom written on parchment, that material being expensive, and reserved, as nowadays, for important documents. But this *was* parchment. Not to weary the reader, Balk found, after many hours of perseverance, that the letter was from his ancestor David, who had been massacred on the banks of the Mazaruni River, to his son Isidore. David had evidently feared that he might be suddenly cut off, had written this letter on parchment, and enclosed it in a strong box, addressed to Isidore, hoping he might find some opportunity, should misfortune overtake him, of despatching it. No doubt, on the fatal Mazaruni night he entrusted it to his younger son. But family history related that this young man on reaching Holland found his brother already dead of a putrid fever, then epidemic, and to which he himself succumbed only three weeks after reaching his native land. It was plain, then, the box had been put aside in a garret and forgotten.

The contents of the letter were to this effect: that, considering the perilous condition of the times, and until he had wound up certain business in the colony of Demerara, when he hoped to depart under sure and safe consort for Holland, he had secretly deposited a considerable sum in Spanish doubloons under ground on his estate. That he had also there deposited raw gold (so he termed it) which he had obtained from Cuyuni River. The bearings of the spot were given with the utmost exactness, and the treasure was moreover described as buried under a large greenheart tree. The letter concluded with the following naive words: 'Only six of my slaves helped me in this matter, and know the spot where this treasure lies buried. I believe them all to be trustworthy knaves. Moreover, the treasure would be of no use to them if they had it. However, should I find any of them talk of this buried gold, he that thus talked would soon be buried too.'

'There,' said Balk, as we got up from our deck-chairs, on the now deserted quarter-deck, 'you now know why I am going to Demerara. I intend to have that treasure which my ancestor left there so many generations ago.'

In due time, after seeing Barbadians land in Bridgetown in tall hats, and enjoying a capital lunch at its Ice House, I reached Georgetown. Here I parted from Balk, promising, however, if my business was finished in time, to leave by the same homeward mail.

My stay, however, in the land of mud was very short—only a fortnight. Important business, requiring my immediate presence in London,

called me away. On the day of my departure I received a letter from Balk, dated from Bartica Grove, and saying: 'Everything is ready for the treasure-finding expedition on Thursday—dead of night—muffled oars—quite a romance—come and join in the excitement.'

Scrawling a hasty note explaining that I was going away, and giving my English address, I sailed that evening.

Some months glided by, as the novelists say, and I had half forgotten Balk and his story, when I received a letter from him, dated the Herengracht, Amsterdam. It was a hospitable invitation to come and visit him for as long as I liked.

A week later we were seated one evening after dinner in his quaint, cosy, little smoking-room, each of us with one of those long-stemmed china-bowl pipes, which one enjoys in certain countries of Europe, but somehow never thinks of smoking in England.

'Now, about that treasure,' said Balk, 'which I promised at dinner to tell you about.'

'Did you get it?' said I.

'Every doubloon, my dear fellow,' he answered, 'except a few which fell from the rotten chest, and on which the *bonandars* duly got drunk at Bartica for some days.'

'Well, how did you manage it?'

'Very simply. I took a cottage at Bartica Grove, and people seemed to think me a German naturalist. Naturalists collecting for American museums go there sometimes. I got a boat, and was pulled to the mainland some two miles below the penal settlement. I examined everything—had a path cut, looked at the trees, the creepers, the ground—yes, especially the ground, oh, it was quite plain I was a naturalist. An old chart which I had taken the precaution to consult at the royal archives at the Hague had informed me as to the exact position of the old estate of Schepdroed. Of course, the place was quite overgrown—not even a small terrier could have penetrated some parts of it. I had my compass with me, but did not consult it. I did not wish to raise suspicions. Naturalists do not require compasses. What was my joy, however, at some thirty feet above the river, in a spot where no brushwood was, to stumble over a brick, half-buried in the soil. There were mounds all round—no doubt all house brickwork covered with soil.

'The men with me were not surprised; they merely said: "Plenty estate on dis river in old time—bricks everywhere."

'Here, then, my ancestor David Balk had perished so many generations since.

"Any old greenheart trees?" I asked carelessly of the boatmen.

'They laughed. "You no find any dis side. Settlement people cut down trees of any size—too many years ago."

'The old tree mentioned in the letter had disappeared, then. But I had been almost sure of that beforehand. In the course of nature it must have perished long ago, even if the woodcutters had spared it.

'For one reconnoitre I had done very well. After this, I borrowed a canoe, a good English-built one, and paddled in and out of the shallows and backwaters. One thing I felt convinced of—I must ascertain the exact spot where

this treasure was buried. I could only make one attempt. If that failed, the whole thing would get wind, and all the treasure, if ever found, would not come to me, its rightful owner.

'Well, after carefully examining the chart, and taking and retaking the most minute bearings, I hit upon one certain spot. I cleared away the brushwood myself with a cutlass, and what was my joy to find a huge cavity where trees had evidently once stood. But now one of the most difficult parts of my plan remained. I must let five men at least into my secret, for I should require fully that number to pull the boat and dig up the treasure. And such men to confide in! *Bonandars*, woodcutters, men living from hand to mouth, who-e highest ideal of human felicity was rum and tobacco. I should never have managed these fellows myself; but I went to one who had had much experience with woodcutters and river-men. For a good round sum, when I had confided everything to him, he promised to procure me five trustworthy men—that is, trustworthy as long as they could be kept from drink. Fine big fellows they were, with broad chests and sinewy arms. My temporary friend, from whom I also hired an expensive boat, kept these fellows till the evening in a state of semi-imprisonment. They had salt fish, bread, sardines, one bottle of beer each, and a very small modicum of rum. How they did clamour for more of the latter!

"Now," said I, producing a roll of notes, to show I had plenty of money, "each man, five minutes after we have started to-night, will receive a twenty-dollar note. If I succeed in what I am attempting, then each man will have twenty dollars more; but you won't know what we are going for until after we start."

'It was a dark moonless night as we pushed off silently about eleven o'clock from Carabisee Place, Bartica Grove. I gave each of the men the promised twenty-dollar note. I could see by the feeble lantern light that this inspired them with new confidence. Our boat was well ballasted with shovels and pickaxes; boxes, or what Creoles call "canisters," to hold the expected treasure. They all knew about it now. I had told them all.

'Arriving at our landing-place, and tethering our boat to the trunk of a tree, we commenced our midnight journey. Two men held me up on either side, or I should have fallen again and again as the vines entangled my feet, for the lantern's light was well-nigh useless. As for the men, they seemed to have cats' eyes. The darkness and the light to them were both alike. I am sure I could never have found the spot I wanted alone, in the dark, often as I had been there; but I had painted lines of white paint as a precaution on two trees near the place, and my friends with the feline eyes soon discovered these.

'Now that the search I had come all these thousands of miles to make was about to begin, I felt at once a strange disbelief in it. All the tales I had ever read of vain searchings for treasure which perhaps had never been hidden, flashed through my mind. Perhaps David Balk's letter had been all a hoax, intended to mislead Spaniards and others. Even if true, some one

else might have found the gold generations ago. At that moment, but for making myself ridiculous, I would have gone back to the boat and steamed away for Holland by first ship.

"Eh, sir—wha' yow g'win to do?"
 These words roused me from my dream. The men had put the lantern on the ground, and now looked to me for directions. I pointed out what I thought must be the exact spot, and to work they went like—well, like men who are working for twenty dollars apiece. Shovelfuls of black mould were turned up, representing years upon years of forest leaves; then two or three feet of sand, and at last we got through two feet of clay, and finally reached water. The depth of the hole was now more than six feet, and my heart began to sink, for when the labour had set in, my hopes had risen again. The men were getting dispirited. Their extra twenty dollars seemed fading away before their eyes. They all jumped out of the trench.

"No good, sah; de water rise; no treasure der. Better go home."

"I began to think so too; but just then, as a man held the lantern over the excavation, I noticed a hard substance amongst the clay at the side, some five feet down. To the amazement of the man, I jumped into the hole, splashing the water high in the air. I felt the side of the hole, scraped away the clay. Yes, this was the end of a stone coffer of large dimensions, and the end of our search too.

"Hurrah!" I shouted as the men helped me out of the pit; "we have come on the end of the box instead of the top. A little more digging, my men, just here, and twenty-five dollars apiece for you, instead of twenty, as this is extra work."

"In the course of half an hour the whole of the stone coffer was laid bare. It was too heavy to lift from the earth, and must be emptied. A few blows from a pickaxe, and the lid was broken in pieces. Throwing these pieces away, a much-decayed linen cloth was visible.

"You better raise dis," said the men, getting out of the hole.

"I sprang in, and then there came forth, as I raised the cloth, in the lantern's light the soft gleam of gold—imperishable gold—gold, not to be tarnished like silver, or grow green like baser metals, but ever preserving its yellow radiance from age to age. Yes, there was gold in all its shapes—crude nuggets, and gold-dust from Nature's hand. Moldores, pieces-of-eight, doubloons, and a dozen other shapes into which man's hand had twisted it.

"I, who was moderately rich before, for Holland, was now rich as you English count riches. I stood dumfounded. I was neither glad nor happy. I felt dazed, and fancied myself an avaricious wretch. But this I did in the few moments when I first beheld my treasures by the feeble light of the lantern, beneath the Mazaruni forest trees: I vowed I would make a good use of it in the service of God and man; and I humbly hope I have done so.

"Well, it took some time to fill our tin and wooden boxes and transport the treasure to the boat. When we reached Bartica, I gave the men fifty dollars apiece, and I said if I could ever help them in any way I would, on their applying to

me. I am afraid the money did them no good. I heard afterwards that Bartica Grove was a swamp of drunkenness for some two or three weeks after that night. Some of the men had picked up gold moldores and other coins, and many worthy persons were much surprised at ancient coins coming suddenly to light in such a remote place. As for myself, I left for Southampton by next mail.

"There you have my story," said Balk, filling his huge pipe and lighting it, for it had gone out during his narrative.

"But," said I, "did nothing of this strange treasure-trove adventure get wind in Demerara?"

"Ah yes," laughed Balk. "Of course those drunken bovianders maundered about treasures in the earth, but few believed them. One or two men went and dug—found nothing except the empty stone coffer, which they took to the Grove; but what did that prove as to their tale being true—an empty stone box? The Superintendent at the settlement, an energetic little man, heard the story too. He sent a warder and convicts into the forest. They found a hole. They dug others, and at last they came on a grave. He must have been a swell the Balk who was buried there, for the diggers turned up no end of coffin handles, some of which have been preserved as mementos. The only thing of the slightest value they found was a silver button such as used to be worn on cloaks, with a chain, to fasten the collar. This the Superintendent gave to his wife. Oh yes, there was something more found—a few bones.

"This," said Balk, showing me a small bone inserted in something like a monstrosity, "was sent to me as the relic of an ancestor, and these"—opening a drawer of nuggets—"are, I take it, some of the earliest samples of Mazaruni Gold."

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

WERE all the ways when you went,
 In plenitude of calm content,
 Of old,
 Without my presence, lone or cold?

WERE all the flowers that, year by year,
 You watched, and kissed, and held so dear,
 Less sweet,
 Before God willed we two should meet?

WAS every song and sweet refrain,
 Whereof your lips are now so faint,
 Unsung,
 Or meaningless, without Love's tongue?

FOR now, in looking backward, I
 Discern no light nor melody,
 Nor find
 Any dear memory soul-enshrined;

NOR can I see aught blest or bright,
 Aught of lovable, aught of right
 Or true,
 Until the day that brought me you.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

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THE BERMUDAS.

As Bermuda has been mentioned so frequently lately in connection with the unfortunate outbreak of insubordination amongst the Grenadier Guards, a short account of the island, or, more properly speaking, group of islands, and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, may not be uninteresting.

The Bermudas are a group of islands, of coral formation, lying in the Atlantic Ocean, about three hundred miles eastward of the coast of Florida, and about seven hundred miles distant from New York. They form, properly speaking, an 'atoll'—that is to say, they surround a lagoon, or rather would do so if all the islands were above water; but, as a matter of fact, three-fifths of the islands are submerged. They are thickly covered with stunted cedar trees, and have a certain amount of tropical vegetation and undergrowth.

The principal islands are St George's, which is generally the first land sighted, and is the headquarters of the Artillery and Submarine Miners; Ireland Island, the seat of the Dock-yard, with a fine open roadstead in Grassy Bay for men-of-war to lie in; and Main Island, a group of other islands connected more or less with the two extreme points, St George's and Ireland Island, by causeways and bridges.

The capital is Hamilton, a clean town, with its rows of white stone houses and white coral streets, running along the edge of the harbour. The mail-steamers of the Quebec Line, being specially constructed, are able to make their way into this harbour, and to disembark their passengers, mails, and freight direct; but the entrance to the harbour is too narrow and intricate for large vessels to pass, although there is a great depth of water once the two rocks called the 'Two Sisters,' forming the sides of the entrance channel, are passed.

The first amusing thing which strikes a visitor when the steamer anchors is the cumbrous and lengthy process of making the gangway for

passengers to land. Long beams are first pulled on board by huge negroes; others then work their way along them with cross-pieces of timber to form the platform, which they arrange quickly and systematically, the whole process taking full three-quarters of an hour. Troops are disembarked in gunboats and tugs, the troop-ships drawing too much water to proceed farther than Grassy Bay.

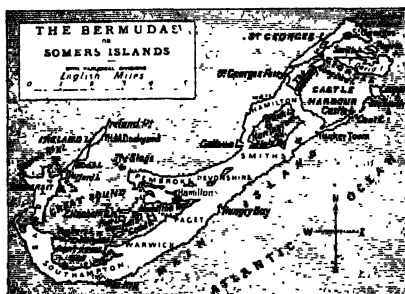
The nearest military station is Prospect, which is situated about a mile and a half from Hamilton, and on higher ground. The barracks consist of wooden huts, whitewashed inside, fitted with sun-shutters and verandas, and roofed with slates, painted white. The object of having white roofs is twofold—firstly, as a protection from the sun; secondly, as a means of keeping the rain-water, which is the sole supply, clean and pure. There is not a spring of fresh water in the island, so every drop of rain-water is valuable, and as much as possible has to be secured. This is managed by clearing away on the sides of the hills all the vegetation and undergrowth, leaving the natural surface of the coral rock exposed, which is then well whitewashed, and down which the rain flows, whence it is caught and stored in tanks. A certain amount is also obtained from the roofs of houses. Water-famines sometimes occur, but from the dreadful effects of these the troops enjoy an immunity, there being large condensers at Ireland Island, with a reserve store of water for use in case of emergency.

The islands are dotted with obelisks, sad memorials to those British soldiers who perished in past years from that dreadful scourge 'Yellow Jack.' Of late years, thanks to stringent sanitary precautions and strict quarantine, the islands have been free from this terrible fever, and with ordinary care can always be kept free. Judging from the inscriptions the 'old 53d' Regiment seems to have suffered the most, many hundreds lying buried underneath, and not a few convicts besides.

To return to Prospect. This used to have the reputation of being an unhealthy quarter;

but whether it was due to the fact of the huts being left so long on the same ground or from the water-supply being bad, could never be determined. Enteric fever was far too common; but of late years much has been done to improve its sanitary condition.

Near the camp is a good cricket-field, almost the only level piece of ground in the island; also some very fair lawn-tennis courts, laid out at the bottom of the valley, which has been levelled, and named, as many other recreation grounds abroad are, 'The Happy Valley.' A bright cheery valley it is too, with its grass courts surrounded with beds filled with colons, begonias, geraniums, and other plants growing in profusion.



Hamilton boasts of two large hotels, run by Americans, which during the winter season are filled with visitors, mostly from New York. Very lively they make the place too, affording the British red-coat many a laugh, coming to life again after dragging through the weary hot season. Their great amusement is to visit the different barracks and see as many parades as they can possibly attend—applauding in great style, much to the commanding officer's disgust, any particular movement which takes their fancy, as if the whole drill was being gone through for their amusement. Their knowledge of military matters is extremely limited; but that does not prevent them from talking as if they knew all about it, and from making the most ludicrous remarks. On one occasion, with their usual patriotism, they gave a large ball at one of the hotels to celebrate Washington's birthday. The officers of the garrison were invited, and those attending were ordered to wear uniform. There were several present decorated with the Egyptian medal. An American lady, on observing this, remarked in perfect good faith to one of them, 'I guess you all belong to the same bicycle club,' forming her opinion from the colour of the medal ribbon being the same in so many cases.

The musketry encampment is at Warwick, a nice spot, with a fine sandy beach for bathing, and a pleasant change from the heat of Prospect. One company is stationed at Ireland Island, quartered in the Casemate Barracks, a huge block of stone

buildings, built in former days by convict labour, and situated just outside the dockyard and not far from the floating dock. The dock—an immense iron structure—was put together in England, and towed out here by three men-of-war. It is capable of holding the largest ship in the North American squadron, and is a wonderful piece of work. It consists of two cases, with a cavity between, each end being fitted with removable caissons. The ship to be docked enters; the water is then pumped out from between the two cases, and the dock consequently rises with the vessel. It is a most unpleasant neighbour to live near to. Owing to the action of the salt water, a crust is formed on the iron, which has to be chipped off. This work is carried on incessantly, and the noise made in doing so is deafening.

The climate is pleasant, except when a south wind is blowing, which produces a vapour, making the island the same temperature as an overheated greenhouse. From the beginning of August till the middle of October is the hottest time of the year. The damp at times is great, a pair of boots becoming covered with mildew in one night, and everything touched feels sticky and clammy. Reptiles there are none, except a poisonous species of centipede—though mosquitoes are all prize specimens.

There is no sport of any description with hound, rod, or gun. One regiment tried the experiment of taking out a pack of beagles and running a drag; but the result was not encouraging. A wretched line of country, rough uneven rock covered with trees and intersected with stone walls, was the only course. So scattered did the field get, that after a little experience, instead of the meet being advertised, the most favourable spot to finish was, and the whole thing was ludicrous in the extreme. Apropos of dogs, the colony certainly has a wise law regarding the license to be taken out by their owners. Half-a-crown is the price to be paid for a dog, whilst a bitch cost ten shillings for its license—an effectual remedy against over-breeding, although cases of hydrophobia are unknown. Besides the usual semi-tropical vegetation, the island is covered with a curious plant (*Bryophyllum calycinum*), commonly called 'the life-plant,' bearing a long stalk covered with bell-shaped flowers. This plant is very prolific; take even a leaf and hang it up with a piece of thread—it will throw out growth all round. The chief crops of the island are onions, potatoes, and tomatoes, all of which find a ready sale in New York; also arrowroot. Acres upon acres of lilies (*Lilium Harrisii*) are cultivated, and beautiful the fields look when covered with bloom. These are all packed in tin boxes and shipped to New York about Easter, and are a very profitable speculation.

The boating is most enjoyable, not only from the pleasure derived from sailing and the cooler atmosphere experienced on the water, but also from the wonderful scenery to be seen down in

the depths of the ocean. Although the water is clear and transparent, it is better to be provided with a water-glass. It is impossible to describe the beauty of the coral rocks, covered with sea-fans of every hue and size, and in every stage of encrustation, delicately-shaped ferns and seaweed filling up the gaps, the whole forming a glorious blaze of exquisite tints deep, deep down; the variety of gorgeous fish to be seen, each inhabiting a different depth, and driving out any intruders from their homes, from the prettily-coloured angel fish to the huge rock-cod, a brilliant red; from the small anchovy, leaping out of the water in thousands whilst being chased by bigger fish into the shallows, turning the sea into a sheet of silver in their flight from their enemies, to the ugly and dreaded shark. The island abounds with fishponds, where the habits of the different fish can be watched, and a change of diet obtained when too rough for sea-fishing.

The Bermudians, both white and black, are born sailors, handling their yachts and dinghies beautifully. Everybody has heard of the Bermuda boat, with its peculiar rig and 'log-of-mutton' sail, able to sail so close to the wind, turn so handily, and weather the roughest storm. Dinghy-racing is most exciting work, requiring great nerve and judgment. In a close race it is wonderful to see the way the boats are managed, and the methods adopted to win—some of the crew sitting well back over the gunwales with the ballast on their chests, others diving one by one from the stern of the boats to try and get a little more way on. The negroes there are much the same as elsewhere, fine strong men, speaking very pure English.

Poverty on the island there is none; there is work for all, the wages paid averaging a dollar a day. The origin of our slang expression, 'That takes the cake,' may not be generally known. Once a year the negroes collect together on some road or other and appoint a judge. Several couples, men and women, dressed in grotesque costumes, go through absurd pantomimes and ridiculous performances. The couple earning the most applause are awarded a piece of cake, which prize is highly valued. The blacks are very neat joiners, making good use of the cedar and calibash growing on the island.

The government consists of two Houses of Parliament, to the lower of which blacks are allowed to be elected; with a Governor, who is also Commander-in-Chief of the troops quartered there, at the head. He has a fine residence at Mount Langton, where great hospitality to all alike is equally extended. Furnishing a guard of honour at the opening of the session will be a novel experience to men accustomed to mount guard at Buckingham and St James's Palaces, to say nothing of the amusement to be derived from watching the bows of the newly-elected members when presented, in the performance of which the blacks are more thorough than the whites, nearly touching the ground. Of society there is next to none, except when the Americans arrive in the winter. With the exception of the Attorney-general and Colonial Secretary, most of the white residents are shopkeepers, though chiefly descended from old Bermudian families.

It takes just a little time to get accustomed to buying meat or a yard of ribbon in the morning, and asking the server for the pleasure of a dance when you meet her in the evening at a party.

Storms are frequent and severe, communication between the different islands which are not connected being often interrupted for days at a time. One officer in command of the guard at Agar's Island, where the magazines are built, was once unable to be relieved through this cause, and his supplies for the next twenty-four hours were reduced to a box of sardines and a half-finished novel: he got through the sardines long before the novel.

Convicts have left their mark everywhere: old hulks lying in the harbour where they were confined at night; weather-worn buildings, now used for barracks, still fitted with the actual rings where they were chained, together with open spaces for the warders to patrol about above; and not a few graves, with touching inscriptions, roughly hewn in the headstones, erected by some fellow-exiles to the memory of their departed comrades. These graves are all enclosed and well cared for, as also are all the other cemeteries.

Birds are scarce; boatswain birds, and pretty red and blue birds about the size of a sparrow, being those most frequently seen. The latter are said to be a great delicacy, but, very properly, are strictly preserved; a guinea a bird, though nicely served on toast, is rather too prohibitive a price to pay for an entrée, even during the hot weather, when supplies are scarce and any variety welcome. No live-stock can be kept longer than a fortnight on the island, so it has consequently to be imported, as the demand may require, from New York.

There is one mail a week during the winter months, but only once a fortnight at other times of the year, arriving on Sunday morning. The laying of a cable from Halifax, Nova Scotia, has conferred a great boon on the islands and improved communication with other places, which ought to open them up and induce more yachts to call there in the winter.

One race-meeting a year is generally held, but never proves much of a success, the course being dangerous and the entries few. It is worth, however, the trouble of getting it up to hear the blacks betting, the odds being laid in tomatoes and onions: 'Five tomatoes to a pound of onions against —,' 'One bunch of bananas to one pound of arrowroot on —.' So many accidents happened, that the course was closed; but it is now reopened, alterations having been effected.

In conclusion, the following summary may be useful. The life is slow and monotonous, but the climate, though trying at times, is not unhealthy, and for six months of the year is decidedly pleasant. The atmosphere is oppressive when the wind blows from the south, and when 'oily' calms are prevalent. Enteric fever is the only thing to be guarded against. Wages being so high, there are no luxuries, such as punkahs, &c., for minimizing the heat; but with ordinary care, even in the hottest months of the year one is able to be out of doors all day long and to take more or less exercise. The nights are the most trying, being close and oppressive, and making it hard to get much sleep. Care should be taken never

to drink any water without having it carefully filtered. May foreign service always take the Guards to such healthy and pleasant quarters as Bermuda.

• MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—I CONVERSE WITH WETHERLY.

NOT to dwell too long on a detail of insignificance, it will suffice to say that by dint of rummaging the wardrobes of Captain Braine and Mr Chicken I obtained several useful articles, and Miss Temple went to work to convert them into wearing-apparel for herself, with the help of a pair of scissors which I borrowed from the carpenter, and needles and thread procured from amongst the men by Wetherly. The occupation was useful to her in other ways; it killed the tedious, the insufferably tedious time, and it gave her something to think of, and even something to look forward to, so blank had been the hours.

I remember coming out of my cabin after a spell of sleep to take sights shortly before noon, and finding her seated at the table with some flannel or fine blanket stuff before her, at which she was stitching—ripped up and violated vestments of either Braine or Chicken, but brand-new, or she would scarcely have meddled with them. She received me with a smile and a few words, and then went on sewing with an air as of gratification that I should have found her at work.

I halted, and stood looking on, feigning to watch her busy fingers, whilst in reality I gazed at her face with a lover's delight. It was hard to believe that what was passing was something more than a dream, astonishingly vivid and logical. Again and again, when in the company of this girl, a sense of the unreality of our association had possessed me to such a degree at times that, had the feeling continued, I might honestly have feared for my head. But never before this moment had that sense been so strong upon me. I forgot her beauty in my wonder. It was sheer bewilderment to recall her as she was on board the Indiaman; her haughtiness, her disdain, her contemptuous insensibility to all presences save that of my Lord Sandown's son, the cold glance of scornful surprise that would instantly cause me to avert mine—to recall this and how much more? and behold her now pensively bending her lovely head and face of high-bred charms over that sordid need of rough sailor's clothes, occasionally stealing a peep at me of mingled sweetness and a sort of wistful amusement, as though she grieved while she smiled at the necessity that had brought her to such a pass. Yet there was no repining; if she sighed, it was under her breath; forced as her light air of cheerfulness might be, it proved a growing resolution of spirit, a development of heroic forces, latent in her till recently.

Secretly, however, I was worried by keen anxiety. What was to be the issue of this voyage? I merely feigned a manner of confidence when talking with her about the result of this amazing ramble, as I chose to figure it. In reality, I could not think of the time when we

should have arrived upon the spot where the dead captain had declared his island to be, without dread. Suppose there were no island! What next step would the men take? The disappointment that must follow their long dream of gold might determine them upon plundering the barque—put them upon some wild scheme of converting her and her cargo into money. Or suppose—though I never seriously considered the matter thus—suppose, I would ask myself, that the island proved real, that the treasure proved real, that the men should dig and actually find the gold! What then? Was I to conceive that a body of ignorant, reckless, lawless sailors, led by a man who was at heart the completest imaginable copy of a sea-villain, would peaceably divide the treasure amongst them, pay me over my share—which, God knows, I should have been willing to attach to Mr Lush's feet on condition of the others throwing him overboard—and suffer me to quietly navigate the barque to an adjacent port, conscious that I owed them a bitter grudge for the outrage they had committed in forcing me and the lady to accompany them?

At long intervals I would exchange a few sentences with Joe Wetherly. Unfortunately, he was in the carpenter's watch, and my opportunities, therefore, for speaking with him were few. It was only now and again, when he was required to keep a lookout for Lush or myself, that I contrived to gather what was going forward amongst the men by engaging him in a brief chat before he quitted the poop. I was so sensible of being keenly observed by all hands, that I was obliged to exercise the utmost caution in speaking to this man. On the poop there was always the fellow at the helm to observe me; and the quarter-deck was within the easy reach of men stirring about the galley, or leaving or entering the fore-castle.

However, it happened one dog-watch that Wetherly came aft instead of the carpenter to relieve me. Mr Lush, he told me, felt unwell, and had asked him to stand his watch from eight to twelve. It was a clear night, but dark, the south-east trade-wind strong off the port beam, and the weather dry and cold, with a frosty glitter in the trembling of the stars which enriched the heavens with such a multitude of white and green lights that the firmament seemed to hover over our mast-heads like some vast sheet of black velvet gloriously spangled with brilliants and emeralds and dust of diamonds and tender miracles of delicate prisms.

Miss Temple had left me some twenty minutes or so, and was now in the cabin, seated at the table under the lamp, with a pencil in her hand, with which she drew outlines upon a sheet of paper with an air of profound absent-mindedness. She wore over her dress a knitted waistcoat that had belonged to the captain; it stretched to her figure, and it was already a need even in the daytime with the sun shining brightly, for we were penetrating well to the southwards, and every score of miles which the nimble keel of the barque could measure made a sensible difference in the temperature of even the shelter of the cabin. It was too dark to distinguish Wetherly until he was close. On hearing that he was to keep the deck until twelve, I determined to have a long chat with him, to get with some thorough-

ness at his views, which, to a certain extent, I had found a bit puzzling, and to gather what information I could from him touching the behaviour I might expect in the crew if there should be no gold, or, which was the same, no island.

The fellow who had come to the wheel at eight bells was Forrest, the supple, piratic-looking young sailor, whose walk, as he rolled along the lee-deck, his figure swinging against the stars over the rail, had told me who he was without need of my going to the binnacle to make sure. Whilst Wetherly talked about the carpenter feeling unwell, I drew him aft, that we might be within earshot of Forrest, and said, as I turned to step to the companion hatch: 'I'll bring my pipe on deck, Wetherly, for a smoke after I have had a bite below. I wish to keep an eye upon the weather till two bells. Those green stars to wind'ard may signify more than a mere atmospheric effect.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' he answered in a voice that made me see that he took my words in their most literal meaning.

I remained below until half-past eight, talking with Miss Temple, eating a little supper, and so on. I then fetched my pipe, and told her that I should be down again at nine, and that I did not ask her to accompany me, as I wished to have a talk with Wetherly. She fixed her dark eyes upon me with an expression of inquiry, but asked no questions. There had been a time when she would have opened the full battery of her alarm and anxiety upon me, but silence was now become a habit with her. It was her confession of faith in my judgment, an admission that she expected no other information than such as I chose to give her. I cannot express how this new behaviour was emphasised by the eloquence of her beauty, in which I could witness the curiosity and the apprehension which she had disciplined her tongue to suppress.

I left her, and went on deck. I first walked to the binnacle, into which I peered, and then in the sheen of it gazed very earnestly to windward and around, as though I was a little uneasy. The floating figure of Forrest swayed at the wheel, and I observed that he cast several glances to windward also. Muttering to myself, as though thinking aloud, 'Those green stars show uncommonly bright!' I went abruptly to the break of the poop, where the dark form of Wetherly was pacing, as though my mind were full of the weather.

'What's wrong with them stars, sir, d'ye think?' said he.

'Oh, nothing in the world,' I answered. 'They are very honest trade-wind stars.—I wanted an excuse for a chat, Wetherly. Forrest has the ears of a prairie hunter. I'm not here to talk to you about the weather. You are the only man on board in whom I can confide. As we approach the Horn, my anxieties gain upon me. How is this voyage to end? By this time you pretty well understand the disposition of the crew. If there should be no island, what then, Wetherly?'

I noticed a cautious pause in him.

'Mr Dugdale,' he answered, 'I'm heartily concerned for you, and for the lady too, and I may say particularly for the lady, who seems to me to

be a born princess, a sight too good for such quarters as them'—he pointed to the skylight with a shadowy hand—'with naught but a dead man's clothes to keep her warm. If I could be of service to ye, I would; but I've got to be as careful as you. Mr Lush has such a hold upon the minds of the crew that there's nothen he couldn't get 'em to do, I believe; and if he should come to suspect that there's anything 'twixt you and me, any sort of confidence that ain't direct in the interests of the fo'c'sle, it 'ud go as hard with me as I may tell 'ee it certainly would with you if you was to play 'em false.'

This speech he delivered in a low key, with frequent glances aft and at the quarter-deck below. I listened with patience, though he told me nothing that I was not fully aware of.

'But what course, Wetherly, do you think these men will adopt if on our arrival at the latitude and longitude named by that unhappy madman as the spot where his treasure lies, there should be no island?'

'Well, sir,' he responded, preserving his cautious tone, 'I can answer that question, for it's formed a part of the consultations the crew is agin and agin abolding. They'll think ye've dished 'em, and that o' purpose you han't steered a true course.'

'Ha!' I exclaimed; 'and what then?'

'You'll have to find the island, sir.'

'But, Wetherly, if it be not there! There is no rock marked on the chart in the place that was named by Captain Braine.'

'They'll keep ye ahunting for it,' said he grimly.

'And if we don't find it?'

'Well, I can't tell 'ee what they'll do. All they've said is, "If it ain't there, it'll be because he don't mean it shall be." But I've heard no threats—no talk of what 'ud follow.'

'If there should be no gold, no island,' said I, 'my opinion is that they will seize upon the ship and cargo, and compel me to navigate her to some port where they will find a market for their plunder.'

'And where will that be?' he asked.

'Impossible to say. Lush will probably know. He has the airs and appearance of a man to whom performance of the kind I suggest would be no novelty.—I may tell you now, Wetherly, and, indeed, I might have done so long ago, that it was the carpenter whom Captain Braine charged with murder.'

'Well, sir, you'll excuse me. I'm not for believing that, Mr Dugdale. That Lush has been a rare old sinner, ye need only watch him by daylight and hear him find in his sleep at night, to know; but, as I said afore, when ye mentioned it—murder—I saw him wag his head by the starlight.—I'd choose to make sure afore believing it on the evidence of a madman.'

'But don't you think the carpenter and, let me add, most of the crew equal to the commission of any crime?'

'Well, I won't say no to that now with this here glittering temptation of money getting into their souls, to work everything that may be evil in 'em out through their skins. I wouldn't trust 'em, and so I tell 'ee, Mr Dugdale; and if this here barque was any other ship than the *Lady Blanche*, and my mates any other men but what

they are, I'd be content to pawn for sixpence all that I've got in my chest.'

I came to a stand with him for a while at the weather rail in feigned contemplation of the weather.

'Wetherly,' said I quietly, as we resumed our crosswise walk, 'my position is a frightful one. Were it not for the cursed lunatic fancy that that shambling villain Wilkins overheard—the completest lie that ever took shape in a madman's brain—I might hope to be able to tempt the crew with a handsome reward to allow me to sail this ship to a port whence the lady and I could get home.—But what could I offer, with honest intention to pay, that should approach the thousands which those fools yonder dream about day and night?'

He made no answer.

'Supposing, Wetherly,' I continued, 'I should determine, in a mood of desperation, to drop my command here, and refuse to navigate the vessel another league unless Miss Temple and I are put ashore?'

'You know what 'ud happen,' he cried; 'ye've said it o'er and o'er agin, hitting upon what's most likely. Clear your mind o' that scheme, sir, if it's only for the lady's sake!'

'But what's to follow upon our arrival in the Pacific?' I exclaimed with an emotion of despair.

'There's nothen to be done but to wait,' he answered gloomily.

'Do you think that every mother's son forward believes in the existence of the treasure?'

'Every mother's son of 'em, sir. The belief mightn't have been so general, I daresay, if it hadn't been for them documents you signed. Ignorant as the men are, they know how to git four out of two and two. First, there's the drawing on that there bit of parchment; then there was the capt'n's yarn of how he come by the gold, as ship-shape to the minds of the men as it they'd seen him fetch it out of the Bank of England; then comes the plot of getting rid of 'em at Rio, with a crew of Kanakas to follow; and then a company of beachcombers atop of them, to carry the barque on. Here alone's a thought-out scheme proper to convince an atheist. But then follows them documents o' yours to prove that you, a born gent of eddication and first-class intelligence, don't doubt the truth o' what ye hear, and, to make sure, provide for your share when the gold's come at and for your security, if so be as the law should lay hold on the capt'n for a-deviating.'

'It is all very true,' I exclaimed, staggered myself by the consistency of the wretched business, and forced to mentally admit the reasonableness of the illiterate creatures in the forecastle accepting it all as an indisputable fact. 'But you know my motive in acting as I did?'

'Well, I do, sir. As I told ye, I was a bit non-plushed at first; but it's a madman's yarn—ne'er a doubt of it. And I'm as wishful, Mr Dugdale, as ever ye can be to be quit of the whole blooming job.'

Again I came to a pause at the weather rail, as though I lingered on deck only to observe the weather.

'Now, Wetherly, listen to me,' said I. 'You

know you are the only man in the ship that I would dream of opening my lips to. You have my full confidence; I believe you to be sound to the core. If you will give me your word, I shall be perfectly satisfied that you will not betray me.'

'Whatever ye may tell me, Mr Dugdale,' he responded in a voice slightly agitated, 'I swear to keep locked up in my bosom; but afore I can give ye my word, I must know what I've got to take my oath on.'

'You misunderstand me,' I exclaimed; 'I desire no oath. Simply assure me that should a time ever come when I may see my way to escape, you will stand my friend; you will actively assist me if you can—you will not be neutral, I mean, merely my well-wisher; simply tell me this, and I shall know that when an opportunity arises, I will have you to count upon.'

'Have you a scheme, first of all, Mr Dugdale?' he inquired. 'There's no good in my consenting to anything that's agoing to end in getting our throats cut.'

'No; I have no scheme. What plan could I form? I must grasp the first, the best chance that offers, and then it may be that I will want you. There are others besides myself whom you would find grateful. Miss Temple's mother is a lady of title, and a rich woman.'

'Excuse me, Mr Dugdale,' he interrupted; 'I don't want no bribe to bring me into a proper way of acting, if so be as that proper way ain't agoing to cost too much. I'll say downright, now, that if I can help you and the lady to get out of this job and put ye both in the road of getting home, ye may depend upon my doing my best. More'n that there'd be no use in saying, seeing that it ain't possible to consart a scheme, and that we must wait until something turns up. If there be an island, and we bring up off it, the sort of opportunity you want may come, and you'll find all of me there. If the island be a delusion, then something else'll have to be waited for. But I tell you as man to man that I'm with you and the lady, that I don't like Mr Lush nor the business he's brought the vessel's crew into, but that I've got to be as cautious as you; which now means, sir—and I beg that you'll understand me as speaking respectfully—that that there Forrest has seen us together long enough.'

'Right,' I exclaimed, grasping his hand; 'I thank you from my heart for your assurance; and Miss Temple shall thank you herself.'

With which I went aft, gazing steadfastly to windward as I walked, and after a final peep into the binnacle and a slow look round, I stepped below.

There was little to comfort me in this chat with Wetherly; it was worth knowing, however, that he regarded the captain's yarn as a mere emission of craziness, for heretofore, in the few conversations I had had with him, his hesitation, his cautious inquiries, his manner, that in a superior person would to a certain extent have suggested irony, had caused me to see that his mind was by no means made up on the subject. This, then, was to the good, and it was satisfactory to be informed by him that he would befriend us if an opportunity occurred, providing his assistance should not jeopardise his life. I was grateful for this promise, but scarcely comforted by

it. I carried a clouded face into the cabin; Miss Temple, who awaited my return to the cabin, fixed an anxious gaze upon me, but asked no questions.

'How good you are to suppress your curiosity!' I exclaimed, standing by her side, and looking into her upturned face; 'you incalculably lighten my burthen by your forbearance.'

'You have taught me my lesson,' she answered quietly; 'and as a pupil, I should be proud of the commendations of my master.' She pronounced the word 'master' with a glance of her proud eyes through the droop of the lashes, and a smile at once sweet and haughtily played upon her lips.

'It will comfort you to know that Wetherly is our friend,' said I.

'I have always regarded him as so,' she responded.

'Yes: but he has now consented to aid me in any effort I may by-and-by make to escape with you from this barque.'

She was silent, but her face was eloquent with nervous eager questioning.

'Moreover,' I proceeded, 'Wetherly is now convinced that Captain Braine's gold was a dream of that man's madness. A dream of course it is. But do you know I am extremely anxious that we should find an island in that latitude and longitude of waters to which I shall be presently heading this ship.'

'May I ask why?'

'Because I think—mind, I do but think, that I may see a way to escape with you and Wetherly alone in this barque.'—She breathed quickly, and watched me with impassioned attention.—'In fact,' I continued, 'even as I stand here, looking at you, Miss Temple, a resolution grows in me to create an island for Captain Braine's gold, should the bearings he gave me prove barren of land.'

'(Create?)' she exclaimed musingly.

'Yes. The South Sea is full of rocks. I'll find the men a reef, and that reef must provide me with my chance.—But,' I exclaimed, breaking off, and looking at my watch, 'it is time for me to seek some rest. I shall have to be on deck again at twelve.'

'I shall go to bed also,' she exclaimed; 'it is dull—and there are many weeks before us yet.' She smiled with a quivering lip, as though she would have me know that she rebuked herself for complaining. 'I believe you would tell me more if you had the least faith in my judgment.'

'At present, I have nothing to tell; but an hour may come when I shall have to depend very largely upon your judgment and your spirit also.'

She met my eyes with a firm, full, glowing gaze. 'No matter what task you assign to me,' she cried with vehemence, 'you will find me equal to it. This life is insupportable; and I would choose at this instant the chance of death side by side with the change of escape, sooner than continue as I am in this horrible condition of uncertainty, banishment, and misery.'

'That may be the spirit I shall want to evoke,' I said, smiling, whilst I held open her cabin door. 'Good-night, Miss Temple.'

She held my hand a moment or two before relinquishing it. 'I hope I have said nothing to

vex you, Mr Dugdale?' she exclaimed, slightly inclining her fine head into a posture that might make one think of a princess expressing an apology.

'What have I said that you should think so?' I answered.

'Your manner is a little hard,' she exclaimed in a low voice.

'God forgive me if it be so,' said I. 'Not to you, Miss Temple, would I be hard.'

My voice trembled as I pronounced these words, and abruptly I caught up her hand and pressed her fingers to my lips, and bowing, closed the door upon her and entered my own berth.

A LONDON TEA WAREHOUSE.

It is eight o'clock of the morning, and a numerous body of workmen are passing into the doorway of a huge barracks-like building some half-a-dozen stories high, and occupying the site of a considerable village of London houses which have been swept away to build it. In quiet, orderly fashion this morning muster-roll of labour is accomplished, and the gangs of men are told off for work. Steadily and well-mannered fellows mostly, but not much resembling ordinary labourers, as currently understood, are these warehouse hands. A most varied lot certainly, with a very general appearance, for the greater part, of artisans out of work, or 'down on their luck,' as they would say. Indeed, many of them look like anything that could be named in a wide range of choice, not excluding the liberal professions and the gentleman 'born.'

There are entering with them clerks, foremen, coopers, and other mechanics of the miscellaneous throng that goes to make up the employed at a London Bonded Tea Warehouse.

A veritable hive of human industry. It is here that the first introduction of the annually imported tea-herb is made to the British public; for it is here that the Indian and China growers really meet, at last, the English buyer.

The great ocean steamers are berthed at the various docks as soon as they arrive in the Thames. What majestic names are borne by the splendid boats! A 'Glen Line' recalls many a famous spot in the Scottish Highlands; whilst a 'City Line' bears names suggestive of oriental splendour or bygone classic renown. Their cargoes are discharged at the principal docks, and immediately dispersed over the port of London in vans by land and barge by water, all of which conveyances are jealously crown-locked by the sleepless Customs officials, who watch this fruitful source of revenue from the first 'hail' at Gravesend until it is finally deposited, duty paid, in the hands of the consumer.

But, primarily, its destination, on being sent from the ship's side, is the Bonded Warehouse in town or by river-side, where the warehouse-keeper gives ample security for its safe keeping, alike to the owners thereof, and to the Crown as having a lien on the goods at first hand.

On arrival at the warehouse the tea is pounced upon by gangs of the handy and civil labourers; and, anon, the chests are whirling in mid-air on their way to loopholes of distant floors near the sky-line, or are being transported thither on

men's shoulders in endless stream, like human ants, up bewildering flights of stairs to similar far-off storage.

Other gangs, *ad infinitum*, there receive them. Squads of coopers hammer them, prune and hoop them, and otherwise amend them. Drawers of samples pierce and tap them. Expert hands carefully assort the multifarious packages into 'chop' and 'bed,' with nice regard to size, quality marks, garden marks—delightfully suggestive these of orient tea-fields—and uniform weight and description. The tea-chests are then ready for the weighing scales, at which Customs officers and warehouse clerks busily ply their pens, entering into account books the gross and net weights of the goods by each ship, in successive importations, as the packages are passed in swift review before them.

Odd things come to light sometimes when the chests are emptied, to be weighed for tare and refilled. 'Uncollected trifles' from far-off homes in Assam are occasionally revealed. White rats, dead and flat, have been seen, and bogus chests are not unknown. A frequent importation by the China tea-ships is the delicious fruit lychees in a dried condition.

But to return to tea. In the history of its progress up to the weighing-point the rigid scrutiny of the revenue officers has been exercised mainly with a view to fiscal and statistical Returns; but at this stage of the proceedings the various teas—Kaisons, Capers, Congous, Pekoes, Souchongs, Oolongs, Assams, Hysons, &c.—are inspected by an officer acting as an official analyst under 'The Sale of Food and Drugs Act, 1875,' who selects samples and subjects them to a searching examination, with, at times, the whole-some result, that spurious or adulterated teas are prevented from entering the British market; and even to the extent of causing such vitiated goods to enter the destruction furnace instead. Large quantities of damaged tea are disposed of in that manner.

Tea is frequently spoilt on the voyage by salt water or other causes, and being thus rendered unfit for human food, it becomes 'prohibited.' It is, however, allowed to be delivered duty-free from the warehouse on condition of its being denaturalised by the effective process of mixing with it a proportion of asafetida and lime. This delectable compound is used in the manufacture of the alkaloid caffeine.

For home-use the tea from China is generally cleared out of bond in the same condition as on arrival in this country. But Indian tea appears to be so much varied in quality and 'make,' even when produced in the same tea province, or district, that it is found necessary, very frequently, to throw it together in quantities, taking care not to blend different marks and importations. This arrangement is termed 'bulking,' and the effect of it is to make the whole bulk of the tea operated on more uniform in appearance and quality. In a large tea warehouse capable of holding perhaps a quarter of a million packages, amounting, it might be, to twenty-five million pounds of tea, the bulking of Indian produce assumes stupendous proportions. Floor after floor will at a busy time be crowded with enormous heaps of the emptied contents of many hundreds of chests. These fragrant mounds are thoroughly 'roused'

by gangs of men, deft-hand varlets with wooden shovels. A faint and balmy odour fills the rooms, and the atmosphere is heavily charged with a very palpable dust of tea, of dull red hue, which settles upon the clothes like down. The bulked tea is refilled into the original chests and again weighed in the presence of the Crown officers, each empty chest having been previously weighed for tare; the merchant paying duty on the exactly ascertained net weight of the tea.

Immense quantities of tea are annually exported from London, noticeably to Germany and the Baltic Provinces. It is also largely sent to the colonies and to South America. The latter trade is peculiar, the tea being prepared in bond expressly to meet certain native demands. Packets as small as four, or even two, ounces are greatly in vogue. These goods are frequently also weighed in French kilogrammes (2 lb. 3 oz. 5 dr.). Great attention is paid to careful packing for the voyage, and subsequent inland transit; and to elegance of design and pictorial display, as to the wrappings and labels embellishing the packets and setting forth the attractive charms of the various judicious blends and mixings. In this particular branch of the trade much latitude is given under the revenue regulations, in bond, as to blending and mixing—practices not allowed to the home trade.

Compressed tea is also occasionally exported from a bonded warehouse. This is tea pressed into brick or cake shape—indubitably tea-cakes! The operation is performed by powerful machinery moving a massive metal disc, which is pierced at regular intervals with oblong holds. Into these moulds the loose tea is poured; and as the iron table slowly revolves, each small parcel is treated in turn to enormous dry pressure from a steel mallet, which infallibly meets the mould with accurate and terrific accord, and squeezes the tea into a solid and shapely lump. In these latter arrangements female labour is greatly employed; the various packing and other arts connected with the system requiring much quick handling of goods and delicate manual skill.

Tea is sold in bond to the dealers by samples which are daily on show; and it is needless to say that the moment the chests leave the warehouse, the price paid is enhanced by the fourpence per pound which goes to swell the annual Budget of Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer. Subsequently, the value is not easily determined. Indeed, it might be said, ethically at least, that it is priceless.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

CHAPTER II.

'I was so glad to hear that you had succeeded in finding a nice appointment for Arthur Meadowson,' said Mrs. Malden. 'You must allow me to thank you for your kindness, Mr Wegswood. I take an interest in him, for his mother was a very dear friend of mine in the old days.'

Mr Wegswood disclaimed the debt of Mrs Malden's thanks. To do anything for one of her friends had given him the greatest gratification.

'He goes to B—, does he not?' inquired the lady.

'Gone,' answered Mr Wegswood. 'Poor beggar! Must have been awfully hard up. Jumped at it when I told him he'd get three hundred a year. Positively jumped at it. But I did get it raised a trifle.'

'I'm afraid he has had a terrible struggle to make both ends meet,' assented Mrs Malden.

It was Mrs Malden's afternoon 'at home;' but the day was wet, and her only visitor so far was Mr Wegswood, who therefore reaped, in the undivided attention of his hostess, the reward of his courage in defying the weather. Alicia was not present; but from the glances her mother and the caller cast from time to time towards the drawing-room door, it seemed that her appearance was momentarily expected.

'I liked Arthur Meadowson,' said Mrs Malden after a short silence. 'But, Mr Wegswood'—and she dropped her voice to nearly a whisper—'between ourselves, I will admit that I am greatly relieved at his departure.'

The young brewer was perfectly well aware of the lady's meaning; but he deemed it politic to invite explanation, which he did by raising his chin and arching his eyebrows.

'The truth is,' answered Mrs Malden, who could pardon slight mannerisms in the proprietor of twelve thousand pounds a year—'the truth is, he was very devoted to Alicia. I only observed it lately, and I hoped he might find employment that would entail separation before mischief was done.'

'You surely don't think—— Fellow without a shilling!'

'I am now certain of it, Mr Wegswood; and I will tell you my reasons. Alicia insisted on remaining at home on Friday last, though I was particularly anxious to take her to Hurlingham. When I returned, I heard that Mr Meadowson had been here; and the same evening he wrote to tell me that he had obtained this appointment at B—. Now, ever since Friday, Alicia has been in a state of melancholy and depression from which nothing seems to rouse her. There can be only one reason for this—namely, his going away.'

'Do you think she really cares—cares—for Meadowson?' he inquired after a pause, looking very hard at his boots as he put the question.

'She always liked him.—Oh yes; I can't doubt that she cares for him.'

Mr Wegswood sighed heavily, and glancing at his watch, rose.

'Going already!' she exclaimed. 'Won't you stay and see Alicia? She will be down directly.'

Mr Wegswood was sorry, but had an engagement. 'I'll look in again soon,' he said. 'Let's see. Fellow has so much to do in Season, don't you know? Really not his own master. It's impossible to know—'

'Come in any day,' urged Mrs Malden with warmth, as the young man hesitated, seemingly lost in the abyss of 'engagements' to which he stood committed. 'You will always find us at lunch at half-past one, if you happen to be in this direction.'

'I do earnestly trust that Alicia has not compromised herself with Arthur Meadowson,' mused the ambitious mother, when the bang of the hall

door told that the visitor had gone. 'Mr Wegswood is by far the most eligible man we know. Twelve thousand a year, and every prospect of a seat in the House of Lords; for his uncle is certain of his peerage when the present government goes out.'

So far from having conceived an attachment for Mr Meadowson, Alicia's feeling for the young gentleman just now was not very dissimilar to that a tigress may be supposed to entertain for the slayer of her cub. Arthur had, if anything, under-estimated the result his frank criticism would produce.

'At Eden's Gate,' had been the loving labour of months; Miss Malden had lingered over it with an affectionate all-absorbed interest which grew in ratio with the progress of her work. Balls, parties, theatres, social amusements of every kind, faded into nothingness beside the delights of novel-writing; and indeed were regarded by the authoress as tiresome interruptions, to be escaped whenever possible. And then, when the very last word had been written, and only a publisher was wanted to launch it upon a career of dazzling brilliancy, to be told in so many words that 'it would not print;' that there was no plot, and that the characters were all alike!

The letter she received from him on the evening of that memorable Friday answered no purpose save to strengthen her determination to bury his criticism out of sight. It did nothing to allay the storm that raged against the candid writer, and his delicate hints at her dormant genius appeared to Alicia only grudging acknowledgments of his own lack of discrimination. Nevertheless, her pride had sustained a shock whose effects were evidenced in her changed demeanour; and as she kept her secret resolutely locked in her own breast, Mrs Malden was perhaps justified in arriving at conclusions which, had she confessed them, would have astonished nobody more than Alicia herself.

Mr Wegswood, on his side, was not seriously disturbed by Mrs Malden's disclosures. Conscious of his eligibility, and serene in an excellent opinion of himself, he found it impossible to believe that a girl brought up as Alicia had been could seriously think of accepting the hand of a poor fellow like Arthur Meadowson while she had the remotest prospect of capturing Augustus Wegswood. She might be fond of him, certainly; she might even love him. But he only regarded Arthur's supposititious success as a temporary check, unlikely to exercise any lasting influence upon his own suit.

Strong in the comfortable conviction that he was the prize to be won by Miss Malden in his own time, he was not inclined to press forward with unseemly haste. He omitted to avail himself of the oft repeated general invitation to 'drop in to lunch,' contenting himself with a weekly visit to Brook Street on the regulation day; and not until he saw that Alicia was beginning to recover her wonted spirits did he seek opportunities of ingratiating himself. Though the reverse of clever, Mr Wegswood possessed a small vein of tact, and one afternoon when the lady had accepted his attentions with less indifference than usual, he endeavoured to lay the foundations of a closer understanding by singing gentle praises of

the absent Arthur. Somewhat to his surprise, Miss Malden pulled him up short in the midst of his eulogy.

'I never knew you thought so highly of Mr Meadowson,' she remarked.

'Isn't he a great friend of yours?' inquired Mr Wegswood with an impressive air.

'Not particularly. And if he were, that would be no reason for any one else liking him.'

Mr Wegswood was about to say that Miss Malden's friendship was the most certain guarantee of moral worth that mortal man could enjoy, but checked himself in time, and diverged into asseverations of the unspeakable pleasure he had derived from being the instrument of starting his friend in life.

'I was very glad to get the post for him, poor as it is,' said Mr Wegswood in conclusion, thinking of the emoluments.

'I was exceedingly pleased too,' rejoined Alicia, gloating over the banishment of the would-be destroyer of her dreams.

'I hope he will get on,' ventured the gentleman.

'I suppose it depends on himself,' replied the lady coldly; and Mr Wegswood retired from the attack in a condition of mystified disappointment.

The kindly Fate who watches over the interests of men without inquiring whether they deserve her aid, solved the difficulty for him the same evening by giving him Miss Gwen Pollock to take in to dinner at the house at which he dined. Mr Wegswood knew his partner intimately, and was well aware that she was Miss Malden's 'dearest friend'; he therefore had no hesitation in asking her assistance to understand the riddle. Miss Pollock was a dark-eyed little girl with a vivacious, engaging manner, whose first article of social faith was the praiseworthy theory that it is a girl's duty to make herself agreeable to all mankind.

When dinner was well advanced, and the roar of conversation around them made confidential discussion possible, Mr Wegswood asked her whether she hadn't always looked upon Mr Meadowson as Miss Malden's close friend.

'She used to like him very much,' admitted Miss Pollock.

'Doesn't she now? I was under the impression that she was very unhappy about his leaving town.'

Miss Pollock confessed that something had happened just before Mr Meadowson left, which gave Miss Malden very good reason for feeling incensed with him.

'Really?' queried Mr Wegswood. 'Didn't hear that, or, by Jove! I'd nevah—nevah have given him that billet.—What's he done?'

Miss Pollock was by no means sure she had any business to tell any one; she always made it a point of honour to keep secrets. But on Mr Wegswood's representations that he knew the Maldens so very well, and might also be regarded as Meadowson's benefactor, Miss Pollock consented to impart the secret, on the distinct understanding that he told it to nobody—not even Alicia herself. She meant, of course, that he wasn't to let Alicia hear he knew about it. Mr Wegswood bound himself by sacred promises; and Miss Pollock, after a little further display

of unwillingness, acquainted him with the facts.

Mr Wegswood listened to the story, interpellating only indignant ejaculations until Miss Pollock had finished. Then he gave rein to his wrath; and it required all the young lady's persuasive power to exact from him a promise not to telegraph Arthur's employers to dismiss him summarily the very next day.

'It would only bring him back here again,' urged Miss Pollock, 'and Alicia would not like that. Perhaps, too, the knowledge that she will never have anything more to do with him is punishment enough.'

'I must consider it,' said Mr Wegswood with awful sternness. 'Fellow who does thing like that musn't escape too easily. Not at all sure that I oughtn't to tell Watson to turn him out—not at all sure, don't you know?'

'I wish I could devise some means of consoling Alicia,' said Miss Pollock, after Arthur had been reprobated as his crime required. 'She is quite disheartened about her book.'

'Wonder if she would let me see it?' remarked Mr Wegswood. 'Tinkleby the publisher is friend of mine; might be of use.'

'I'll tell you what I will do,' said Miss Pollock, who was eager to help her friend, and took natural interest in the work whose development she had watched. 'I'll tell Alicia that you know Mr Tinkleby; and suggest that she should ask you to read the book and arrange for its publication.'

'Capital!' agreed Mr Wegswood, detecting in the proposal a royal road to Miss Malden's good graces. 'See her as soon as you can, and tell her you have learned that I can command publisher. Then, when she mentions it, I'll manage the rest.'

Mr Wegswood went down to the Club for a pool that night in the highest good-humour with the world, not excluding the audacious Arthur Meadowson, who had thus left him the key to Miss Malden's heart. 'How could the man have been such a mull?' he asked himself for the twentieth time as he stepped out of his hansom. 'Deliberately cut his own throat.—Well, I shan't be so foolish; and if money can do it, her book shall come out before the Season is over.'

Miss Pollock was as good as her word. On the following morning she paid an early visit to Brook Street for the express purpose of recommending Mr Wegswood as godfather to the novel. She found Miss Malden brooding over her 'Idyll' in a very dejected frame of mind indeed; and recognising that she stood in urgent need of comfort, she rose to the occasion, and painted the attractions of the new scheme in glowing colours. But Alicia was not to be thus easily led from her vale of despair.

'I don't know, Gwen,' she said with a melancholy shake of the head. 'I am half inclined to tell Ellen to burn it.'

At this dreadful threat Miss Pollock nearly shrieked; but controlling her emotions with an effort, she sat down with her arm round Alicia and subjected her to a severe but kindly examination. Was she to understand that the authoress proposed to pay that Mr Meadowson the extravagantly high compliment of accepting his so-called opinion as final?

Alicia sighed; she really didn't know.—Well, then, to put it in another way—was Alicia going to join hands with Mr Meadowson and condemn the novel because he did?

The idea of 'joining hands,' even in a metaphorical sense, with the brutal critic had its effect on Miss Malden. 'No,' she answered with decision; 'most certainly not.'

'Very well,' pursued Miss Pollock triumphantly. 'You agree with me that the best way to prove your disdain for his judgment is to get the book printed?'

Miss Malden supposed so.

'Then, if you will take my advice, you will ask Mr Wegswood to give it to Mr Twinkleby at once,' saying which, Miss Pollock rose, to signify that she considered she had proved her case.

'He will want to read it,' objected Alicia.

'Yes; I should be surprised if he did not. But you would allow that, wouldn't you?'

'I'd rather he did not see it till it is printed,' said Alicia; 'things look so much better in print.'

'I daresay he would take it direct to the publishers, if you asked him,' murmured Miss Pollock doubtfully; 'but I must say, Anna, it seems a good deal to ask of any man.'

How many men, thought the young lady, finding themselves in possession of a manuscript novel, could exercise so much self-control to refrain from reading it? It was expecting too much of weak human nature.

'I'll see,' said Miss Malden more cheerfully.

'Next time Mr Wegswood comes here, I will mention that you told me of his acquaintance with Mr Twinkleby; and it will be nice about it, he shall arrange the matter for me.'

And having gained this carefully qualified assent, Miss Pollock took her leave, returning home at once to write rows of her achievement to Mr Wegswood.

That gentleman, having retired to rest at four o'clock in the morning, was still recuperating in bed, when shortly before noon his servant entered with a letter.

'Any answer, sir?' inquired the servant, observing that his master showed no intention of opening the missive. There was no more patient man-servant in Dover Street than Mr Barker, but when his employer remained between the sheets till this time of day, he felt that duty compelled him to offer gentle protest.

'Messenger's waiting, sir,' hinted Barker, after an interval of five minutes.

Mr Wegswood growled sleepily, and tore open the note. Then, to the utter dismay of his serving-man, he bounded out of bed like a galvanised acrobat. 'Mail phaeton in half an hour, Barker!' he said with energy. 'Never mind breakfast. Tell Miss Pollock's messenger not to wait.'

'I'll go up to Brook Street at once,' he said to himself as he dragged on his dressing-gown; 'and I'm much mistaken if I don't walk over for the race now.'

An hour later he drew up his horses before Mrs Malden's door. If he felt rather dilapidated after the festivities of the previous night, there was no outward token of it; his customary languid bearing always suggested to the rival

that he had only just got out of bed or was just about to return thither, so rising at noon made no appreciable difference.

'I've come to beg for lunch,' he said as his hostess greeted him. Mrs Malden was charmed; and Alicia, mindful of the fact that she was about to place him under a profound obligation to her, was unusually gracious.

Forewarned by Miss Pollock, Mr Wegswood made no reference to the object of his visit before Mrs Malden; but when she left him to the care of her daughter, which she did as soon as lunch was over, he was requested by the latter to join her in the library, where she wished to obtain his advice on a small matter of business. Alicia found it less easy to take him into confidence than she had Mr Meadowson; but she attributed this to the new method of procedure she adopted. She had asked Mr Meadowson as a favour to read her book; this time she desired to imbue her confidant with a sense of indebtedness by conferring a less delectable privilege upon him. And when she had explained what she wanted and how she had come to ask his assistance, she was not surprised to find that Mr Wegswood saw difficulties in the way. He really did not think he could approach Mr Twinkleby with a book of whose contents he was totally ignorant; of course, the mere fact that the writer was Miss Malden would justify his recommending it; but Twinkleby was sure to ask if he had read it himself. Besides, he must confess that he had hoped Miss Malden would allow him to read the book in her own handwriting; it would be doubly interesting to him in its embryo shape. Miss Malden was somewhat perplexed; but finally she compromised by consenting to read a few chapters aloud.

'Mamma is busy this afternoon,' she said, 'and we shall not be disturbed here; so, if you have no engagements for an hour or two, and have patience to listen, I'll begin at the beginning and read on till you cry "Hold, enough!"'

Mr Wegswood made the necessary reply, and taking the chair Alicia indicated, composed himself to enjoy 'At Eden's Gate.'

Whether that novel was one of those whose intrinsic beauties are only patent when read aloud in a musical voice, or whether Mr Wegswood's perceptive faculties had acquired preternatural acuteness from being sparsely exercised, we cannot take upon ourselves to decide. We can only say that when from sheer exhaustion Miss Malden ceased reading, her listener's enthusiastic admiration was beyond the power of language to express. If the authoress would only allow it, he said, he would return at once to his chambers and devote the rest of the day to the perusal of the remainder. To-morrow he would, with his own hands, take the manuscript to Paternoster Row, and arrange for its immediate conversion into three-volume form.

Miss Malden was not proof against these reassuring assertions; she placed the manuscript unreservedly in Mr Wegswood's hands, and charged him, if he found in the later chapters anything that needed correction, to let her know.

With a confidence in Mr Twinkleby's resources that was touching, Mr Wegswood undertook to arrange for its appearance in the world on that day fortnight. And having caused the Maldens' footman to summon a hansom, he drove home to

his chambers with the manuscript in much the same condition of mind as Arthur Meadowson had nursed it in the Brompton 'bus a few weeks previously.

He sat down with the intention of reading the rest of the book; but before he succeeded in finding the place at which Alicia had left off, Barker interrupted him by announcing the arrival of visitors; and the result was that 'At Eden's Gate' was laid aside unread, to allow Mr Wegswood to fulfil his duties to society.

As he had pledged himself to place the book in Mr Twinkleby's hands on the following day, he was now unable to read it before doing so. Miss Malden's wishes must be considered before his own, and she would be deeply disappointed if he failed to keep his word. So, with rare self-denial, he packed up the manuscript, and took it into the city without having bettered his acquaintance with it by another line. Not that this was of the least importance, as he had made up his mind to give the novel to the world before he had learned its name; we only mention the fact to show how bravely some men can overcome a temptation to which Miss Pollock imagined the noblest must succumb.

He discovered Mr Twinkleby's office with some difficulty, for the purlieus of Paternoster Row were to him foreign ground; and having sent in his card, he was ushered up-stairs into a very small room, lighted from above by a skylight, wherein the publisher sat, surrounded by little heaps of manuscript.

'Halloo, Wegswood!' he exclaimed, nodding at the parcel. 'Has your pen run away with you too? Put it down on that chair, will you; there's no room on the table.'

Mr Wegswood did as he was requested, and proceeded to explain the nature of his mission. A friend—lady—had written a novel; he wished to oblige her, and had brought the manuscript himself, that he might arrange with Twinkleby for its publication. If Twinkleby would kindly take the business off his hands, and turn out the book in the highest style of art, sending in the bill to himself, that was all he required.

Mr Twinkleby expressed his willingness to undertake the matter and put it in hand at once. Since the lady was going to publish at her own expense, all delays contingent on the production of works brought out at the publisher's risk would be avoided.

'How long before it's ready? Two weeks?'

'Hardly. Let's say six weeks for a novel of ordinary three-volume length. I couldn't get it done a day sooner.'

'Well, if that's the best you can do, the delay can't be helped. I'll tell her she must have patience. Want any money against expenses?'

'You can give me a cheque for a hundred on account,' replied Mr Twinkleby, who, on principle, never declined such an offer; 'but if you are going to make yourself responsible, and haven't your cheque-book with you, it does not matter.'

Mr Wegswood wrote the cheque, and as the publisher was beginning to evince unmistakable signs of impatience, stood up to go.

'Oh, by the way, Twinkleby,' he said as he shook hands, 'I almost forgot. Lady particularly requests that no alterations of any kind be made. You'll see to that?'

The publisher promised, and Mr Wegswood took his departure. The same evening Miss Malden learned from his lips that her ladder of fame had been firmly planted.

WEATHER-PERIODICITY.

No cosmical feature more palpably obtrudes itself upon our daily life, and is therefore the subject of more frequent remark, than that which is commonly termed 'the weather.' The mass of mankind, to whom every year is fundamentally alike, regard the rapid and seemingly inconsequent weather-changes only so far as they temporarily affect individual health and comfort, and are unprepared to recognise in those phenomena the regular operation of physical law. Even well-informed newspapers fail as interpreters of weather characteristics. When, during a momentary dearth of engrossing incident, the leader-writer chances to review some striking meteorological aspect, maybe in connection with the crops, it is treated as purely erratic and indeterminate, and as a theme for wonderment. Yet in the entire range of the natural forces there can be no relation of cause to effect more sensitively adjusted, or more readily demonstrable, than that of the impact of primary energy to its final result in heat or cold, rain or drought. Underlying the daily weather fluctuation there is a directive force, working in cycles, which characterises the action of the several classes of phenomena composing our meteorology. Observation of this governing principle in connection with temperature, wind-disturbance, and rainfall, renders it possible to forecast the main meteorological features of groups of years, and to trace a common cycle even through the long train of intermediate influences which peculiarly complicate the weather-conditions in these latitudes.

From a very remote period the moon has been supposed to exercise a mystic influence upon the earth and its inhabitants. But apart from astrological mysticism and poetical rhapsody, there is still a widespread belief that the moon is largely responsible for the eccentricities of the British climate. During a spell of bad weather Paternfamilias consults his calendar for the date of the next new moon, in hopeful expectancy of an agreeable change when the silvery crescent again adorns the sky. It is not, however, the mere phasic change of the moon that influences the weather. Whatever power the moon may exert upon the earth's atmosphere and the aqueous vapour suspended therein, is due to our satellite's position in what are called the nodes, or, in other words, her movements about the ecliptic. The measure of the moon's contributory causation of weather-phenomena is determined by her position relatively to the sun and the earth. It is also dependent on the coincident stage of solar activity. The ordinary periods of greatest lunar influence are the equinoxes, especially if the sun and moon be both in the equator, and the solar energy at the same time approaching its maximum. Such concurrences establish distinctive meteorological bases. They broadly characterise weather-phenomena over succeeding portions of time. In this connection it must be borne in mind that the equatorial and polar air-currents are, as it

were, the main arteries in the meteorological circulation; also, that the ephemeral weather-changes incidental to these latitudes result from intermediate and subsidiary influences.

Were there no positive evidence of lunar potency, it might be inferentially assumed that such a body as the moon, sufficiently powerful to do the principal tide-work and to check the earth's polar counterpoise, must strongly and variously influence the vast play of terrestrial energies set in motion by the solar heat. Our satellite is very far from being a mere inert vestige of creation. In her present evolutionary stage the moon is effective for the modified cosmical function requisite in the changed condition of the earth. Not only the inorganic world, but every form of organic existence upon this planet, is affected by the moon's subtle magnetism.

The chief elements in the meteorological system are the alternately waving and waning solar energy, the aerial ocean in which we live, and the aqueous ocean beneath it. The main results are found in the lighter specific gravity of heated air, the expansive power of heat, and its tendency to equalise itself in space; and in the consequent counter-effort of less heated air to rectify the disturbed equilibrium. Hence perpetual evaporation and condensation, expansion and contraction, causing incessant disruption in the static condition of the atmosphere, and producing temperature variations, wind-disturbance, and rainfall.

In common with every other form of terrestrial energy, our meteorology originates in the sun. Solar radiation is the prime mover. But the sun appears to diffuse two kinds of heating rays, one kind prevailing during the maxima, and the other during the minima, solar periods. Each kind distinctively marks its coincident weather-period. The impact of solar energy falls directly upon the equatorial zone. In the broad ocean-belt of calm, and generally over a considerable stretch of the tropical latitudes, under the fervent rays of a vertical sun, a vast body of heated air, charged with aqueous vapour, is continually ascending to considerable altitudes. When the level is reached, in rarefied atmospheric strata, the attenuated vapour-laden air spreads horizontally. Meanwhile, the partial vacuum below is possessed by the cool and denser currents from the north and south, which are in turn heated, and, ascending with their aqueous burden, maintain the eternal upward and lateral flow. It might be supposed that an enormous quantity of finely-divided watery particles suspended at a minimum elevation of thirty thousand feet, or more, would coalesce and form a misty canopy intercepting the sun's rays. But molecular changes occur, and polarity is induced. During the sun-spot period these water molecules are less transparent to the rays of the sun, and under certain atmospheric conditions the presence of the aqueous vapour is indicated by cirro and cirro-stratus clouds at a minimum altitude of twenty-five thousand feet. This vapour is ultimately precipitated in the form of rain in different zones towards the Pole. When the pressure-gradient of the upper air is abnormally steep the movement is very rapid, and wind disturbance and rainfall result in low latitudes. When the pressure gradient is normal, the move-

ment is slower, and those phenomena occur in high latitudes. At the minimum solar period, the current mainly flows onward towards the Pole, and a larger proportion of its moisture is then deposited about the northern ice-cap. The angle of the pressure-gradient is closely connected with certain diurnal variations in vertical magnetic force, or dip, in the same manner that the quantity of rainfall, and its area of distribution, are coincident with similar diurnal variations in horizontal magnetic force, or declination. The phenomena produced by the action of the upper air-current must be regarded as distinct from those of the lower atmosphere. It is to the correlation of these two forces that the inconstant nature of our meteorology is chiefly due. The equatorial air-current has a preponderating influence during sun-spot periods. Its mean altitudes are then reduced, and its gradients are generally steep. There is strong magnetic direction, and consequent maximum atmospheric disturbance and rainfall. But irrespective of the solar periodicity, the altitude, velocity, and temperature of the vapour-laden upper air-current, particularly at the spring and autumn equinoxes, characterise the weather for considerable periods, and over extended areas.

In order to place this important relation clearly before the reader, let it be supposed that an equatorial air-current, originating in the Pacific Ocean, westward of Panama, flows in a northerly and easterly direction over the American continent, and descends at a more or less steep gradient, causing it to impinge upon the Atlantic seaboard in a zone comprising the fortieth and sixtieth parallels. Such an area would embrace that nursery of cyclonic disturbance formed by the contact of the Gulf Stream with the cold Labrador current. Whatever might be the existing weather-conditions in the North Atlantic, the reciprocal action of the two forces would change them. The influence of the upper air-current, its volume, pressure-gradient, velocity, and temperature, and therefore its cyclonic or anti-cyclonic tendency, would continue to characterise the weather over a vast area, until its effects were neutralised by some modification, possibly in the lower atmosphere, such as an abnormal rise of temperature farther to the south and west.

If the solar energy were constant, the weather-conditions would be also constant, and season would probably succeed season with automatic uniformity. But, as already indicated, the solar energy is subject to periodical change, and the several classes of meteorological phenomena reflect in a common cycle all the features of the solar periodicity. At regularly-recurring periods the glowing exterior of the sun is convulsed with stupendous fiery tempests. The full activity of this wild and terrible commotion constitutes the maximum of solar energy. At such times a peculiar emanation from the sun pervades interplanetary space, and more or less affects every member of our planetary system. The earth reflects this subtle influence in its magnetic storms, exalted auroral displays, and increased electrical activity; and it is not improbable that to an observer on Mars or Venus, a slight glow, conveying some appearance of luminosity, would at such periods be perceptible at the equator and

the Poles. The solar activity gradually subsides, until a comparatively quiescent minimum period is reached. The cycle occupies about eleven years, and the entire period may be grouped as follows: one year of minimum, then two years of mean or intermediate energy, then four years of increasing and decreasing maximum, or sun-spot period, succeeded by the waning term of two years of intermediate, and two years of minimum activity.

It is an accepted fact that certain periodical variations in terrestrial magnetism coincide with the solar changes, and their close analogy to periodical variations in weather-phenomena is no less clearly established. But magnetic fluctuation holds a nearer relation to weather-periodicity than mere coincidence. Terrestrial magnetism is an active principle in meteorology. Whether in auroras, intensified earth-currents, St. Elmo's fire, or any of its many subtle forms, it is both an index and a measure of meteorological phenomena. That fascinating instrument the magnetometer, in revealing every phase of what may be termed solar meteorology, indicates the antecedent principle, and the barometer predicates the final result as exhibited in atmospheric disturbance and rainfall. Every one of those irregular, spasmodic oscillations of the magnet which make up the sum of daily magnetic inequality, has a special meteorological value, and the record should be closely compared with fluctuations in atmospheric pressure and temperature.

It must not be supposed that periodical weather-conditions march to their culmination in unbroken gradations day by day, according to the almanac. While the progressive movement is maintained, there is sometimes a short halt, or a step backwards, or perhaps a hasty stride in advance. Even in the tropical zone, where the weather-conditions are not nearly so complicated by intermediate influences as in zones farther removed from the equator, there are apparent anomalies. The rainfall, for example, may in particular years be premature, or deferred, or unduly protracted. In these latitudes there is a general retardation of final results, which has been aptly described as a 'lagging behind.' But by dividing the solar cycle into three groups, representing the phases of solar activity already described, the rainfall discloses three corresponding averages. The rainfall of every related group of years is the result of its own special determinates, and in a complete zone it is therefore proportional to the daily range of magnetic fluctuation. Wherever the local character of the rainfall fails to disclose its magnetic analogy, the district forms only a subsidiary system, and the complement will be found in a direction transverse to the magnetic meridian. Dividing the whole rainfall of the eleven years' solar cycle into a hundred parts, the following proportions result: There are due to the minimum group of years twenty-nine parts; to the intermediate group, thirty-two parts; and to the maximum group, thirty-nine parts. Dealing in the same way with the mean daily range of magnetic inequality, a similar result is obtained—namely, twenty-nine, thirty-two, and thirty-nine parts respectively. The fractional differences are here omitted, as immaterial. Whether the analysis be drawn from the Cape of Good Hope rainfall of

the past five decades, or from the general average of the Indian monsoon rainfall for the same period, or from the British rainfall during the solar cycle ended in 1887-88, these proportions are maintained, and are therefore constant. Such remarkable coincidence in the range of the two phenomena seems to point to magnetism, or electricity, if that name be preferred, as an important factor in weather-conditions.

Gales, hurricanes, and cyclones, as forms of atmospheric disturbance, are subject to the common periodicity, and are consequently more frequent and violent in sun-spot periods. The direct radiation of solar heat does not completely explain their periodical maxima, for the greatest terrestrial heat occurs about the time when those visitations are least frequent. There is evidence of another kind of heating ray, ever present in solar radiation, but most influential in times of solar activity. True cyclones are preceded and accompanied by electrical perturbation. Their radius, velocity, and, within certain limits, direction, are closely connected with the magnetic forces. They probably originate in a highly-polarised condition of the upper air, and their rotation is possibly set up by the interaction of the magnetic currents circulating round the earth from east to west.

The fact is familiar that cyclones, besides their progressive motion from point to point, have a rotatory motion opposite to the direction of clock-hands in the northern hemisphere, and in the same direction as clock-hands in the southern hemisphere. This difference of direction is only apparent and relative—and only in the sense that an observer at the equator facing northwards will have the east towards his right hand, or facing southwards, towards his left hand. The initial direction of cyclones is, in a way, alike in both hemispheres—from east to west. The really significant feature in the rotation is that in both hemispheres cyclones curve outwards from the equator towards the magnetic Poles, following in this characteristic, as in others, a fundamental principle in electricity.

The anti-cyclone is the reverse action in the lower atmosphere. The centre, instead of being a medium of thermo-electric energy, as in the case of the cyclone, is a compact area of high air-pressure, on the outskirts of which there is a slight outward and gyratory motion. As the waves of the aqueous ocean are shattered by contact with the shore, so are the cyclonic waves of the aerial ocean broken against anti-cyclonic systems. A cyclone sweeping out of the Gulf of Mexico, with expanding radius along the course of the Gulf Stream, and curving back upon the Canadian seaboard, may be shattered by the resistance of an anti-cyclone lying over that region. Such an event, however, usually happens under peculiar meteorological aspects, as, for instance, the one just now passed, when the warm, humid equatorial air-current, quickened by the increasing solar energy, is in strong conflict with the polar air-pressure, yet unsubdued, by reason of the retardation before mentioned, causing a partial overlapping of two distinct periods.

Although no positive indication exists of radical change, it would seem that our climate is undergoing some gradual modification. There

is reason to believe that as the magnetic north in this country more closely approaches the geographical north, and again passes to the east of it, our climate will become considerably modified as far as regards longer periods of well-defined weather, more regular seasons, warmer summers, and colder winters; and possibly the occasional recurrence of the old-time pestilential epidemics, due to the greater influence of easterly weather resulting from change of magnetic direction.

Of this easterly weather and its present effect upon our climate, much that is interesting might be related. The whole subject has a very wide practical interest. But limitation of space forbids further extension. The foregoing references to a few salient features in our meteorology may perhaps assist to indicate why the year 1887 was dry with normal heat, the year 1888 cold with normal rainfall, and the year 1889 characterised by conflicting warm and cold air-currents, producing violent sporadic rainbursts in various parts of the northern hemisphere. They may also serve to explain why a period of increased wind-disturbance and rainfall and higher winter temperature may be anticipated, now that the solar energy is advancing to its maximum.

WHAT GREAT MEN THINK OF WORK.

GENIUS is rare and simple. No doubt an enviable gift; ordinary men stand in the valley and, in an attitude born of innate hero-worship, gaze with awe upon the favoured of the gods as they tread the mountain heights. But genius needs a backbone—a very decided backbone—in order that its waywardness might be useful, and its daring flights something other than meteoric. A sensitive and passionate heart allied to a vivid and powerful imagination are undoubtedly the elements which go to make the poet or artist; but to accomplish anything worthy his endowments, the favoured individual must have these gifts of his resting upon a sure foundation of common-sense and reason—in short, he must have an early and definite knowledge of the importance of work. And anything like happiness to himself can only accrue from the carrying of such knowledge into daily practice.

Instead of preaching on this subject ourselves, using up as we go along this or that attractive saying of some notable man, all the while altering a word here or a phrase there, and so making in fact a plagiarised hash which we would like others to think our own—instead of this, we are content that each clear truth or brilliant saying shall be—what it should be—a star in its author's crown. So here are a few of the utterances of great men on the subject of work.

'No matter,' says Emerson, 'what your work is, let it be yours; no matter if you are a tinker or preacher, blacksmith or president, let what you are doing be organic, let it be in your bones, and you open the door by which the affluence of heaven and earth shall stream into you.' Again, he says: 'God will not have His work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and

gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt, his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.'

'There is one plain rule of life,' says Stuart Mill, 'eternally binding, and independent of all variations in creeds, embracing equally the greatest moralities and the smallest. It is this—Try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered; and then do it.' Ruskin, on being told of a man who was a genius, immediately inquired: 'Does he work?'

'I find,' observed Dr Livingstone, 'that all eminent men work hard. Eminent geologists, mineralogists, men of science, work hard, and that both early and late.' Mr Blackmore, in *Alice Lorraine*, has told us how 'Mabel Lovejoy waited long, and wondered, hoped, despaired, and fretted; and then worked hard and hoped again.' And the late President Garfield said: 'The worst days of darkness through which I have ever passed have been greatly alleviated by throwing myself with all my energy into some work relating to others.'

'Between vague wavering 'Capability,' wrote Carlyle, 'and fixed indubitable Performance, what a difference! A certain martingale Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us, which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the Spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible "Know thyself;" till it be translated into this partially possible one, "Know what thou canst work at." Again: 'Lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee," which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.'

'Dear to the heart of Carlyle,' says Paxton Hood, 'was that motto of the old monks, "Labour is worship." We have met with some few men, and with women too, who could not comprehend it, and to whom it was a dim, occult, mystical saying; they wanted an explanation of it. Poor things! and we had no explanation to give, for this is one of those sayings for which no explanation will suffice; it must be felt to be true; no amount of commentary can else make it appear reasonable. To work is the human mission; he who shrinks from labour shrinks from the purpose of his existence. It is sad that to so many thousands of persons nowadays it should be necessary to say this. Labour is everlastingly noble and holy; it is the source of all perfection; no man can accomplish, or become accomplished, without work; it is the purifying fire, burning up the poisoning and corrupting influences emasculating the manhood of the soul.'

In George Eliot's *Silas Marner* we have this of the solitary weaver: "'Yes, sir, yes," said Marner meditatively; "I should ha' been bad off without my work; it was what I held by when everything else was gone from me."

Goethe says: 'Fortune is the goddess of breathing men; to feel her favours truly, we must live and be men who toil with their living minds

and bodies, and enjoy with them also.' Again: 'He who is born with capacities for any undertaking, finds in executing this the fairest portion of his being.'

'Those,' said the great painter Joshua Reynolds, 'who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of inspiration, as a gift bestowed upon peculiar favourites at their birth, seem to ensure a much more favourable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air, than he who attempts to examine coldly whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired, how the mind may be strengthened and expanded, and what guides will show the way to eminence. It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the cause of anything extraordinary, to be astonished at the effect, and to consider it as a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired; who see only what is the full result of long labour and application of an infinite number and infinite variety of acts, are apt to conclude, from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them.'

One of the most decided and characteristic utterances on the subject of work is that of George Henry Lewes. It sounds like a veritable trumpet-blast to summon young dreamers from a too long straying in flowery paths and moonlit groves. 'There is in the present day,' he says, 'an overplus of raving about genius, and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common-sense. Common-sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the real men of genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers, not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a frenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind shared with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success the things they undertook unless they devoted their whole energies to the task. Would Michael Angelo have built St Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse?'

"Use the pen," says a thoughtful and subtle author; "there is no magic in it; but it keeps the mind from staggering about." This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every artist. Use the pen or the brush; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you can do

you will do: inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint; act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings; because the failure is absolute, it is precise, it stands bodily before you; your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with; you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rhyme is there or not there; but in the other case you not only *can* juggle with yourself, but *do* so, the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so; as long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible accurately to say what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one object. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and repress the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin; necessity goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret? Simply this; they have had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them, they have done what they *could* do.'

Of course Charles Lamb with his sly and delightful humour must needs look at this matter in another and altogether different light. 'I wish,' he says in a letter to Wordsworth, 'that all the year were holiday; I am sure that indolence—indeffensible indolence—is the true state of man, and business—the invention of the old Teaser, whose interference doomed Adam to an apron and set him a-hoeing. Pen and ink, and clerks and desks, were the refinements of this old torturer some thousand years after, under pretence of "Commerce allying distant shores, promoting and diffusing knowledge, good," &c.'

ACROSS THE SEA.

Smooth o'er the yellow sand the waters spread
And deepen, till the bay is one rich glow
Of emerald light, while murmuringly low
Falls the sad rhythm of old Ocean's tread.
Oh sea, thy song! When parting tears are shed,
When the sails gleam and favouring breezes blow,
When in moonlighted mist, the rough 'Heave-ho!'
Loosens the anchor, and farewells are said—
Thy song breathed inland from the moaning shore,
Its deep wave-chorus wakening wild and free,
Will hush us into sadness, o'er and o'er
Sounding Æolian strings of memory—
A voice—an echo—murmuring evermore
Of one true heart that beats across the sea.

C. A. DAWSON.

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BUSHRANGING YARNS.

EVERY country has at some time or other had its own type of what the Yankees call 'road-agents.' Italian banditti have long held a place in story as romantic scoundrels, whose picturesqueness went far to atone for their sins, though sceptics have not been wanting to insinuate that they did not always pursue their avocation in the 'green velvet jacket with a two inch tail' in which Mr Tupman distinguished himself. A glamour of romance hung round the 'gentleman of the road' who 'stuck-up' our ancestors in such a courteous, polished, and gentlemanly manner that it must have been quite a pleasure to be robbed. Dick Turpin, too, and Robin Hood, the king of outlaws, when will they be forgotten? Never, surely, while the English language lasts.

This universal tendency to canonise into a hero every one that rides a horse and robs, has thrown a halo over even the Australian bushranger. Some people—generally town-dwellers who have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance—consider him a splendid fellow, cruelly treated by the police. What the police think, is quite another thing; but then they are prejudiced, perhaps, by being so frequently shot, the gentlest of bushrangers never missing a chance at a 'bobby.' It is a case of no quarter on one side at least; and as the other side is frequently hampered by red-tape and uniforms, chasing bushrangers is not always an unmixed bliss.

It is easy to see how bushranging arose in convict settlements in the early days. A prisoner escaped, made for the bush, and having nothing to live on, was forced to steal. He never got home-sick, for convict life in those days was by no means 'all beer and skittles,' especially for a runaway; so, though sure of a warm welcome from his old friend the cat, he restrained his longing and stopped away. Old prisoners to a man were his friends, warning him of danger, and putting pursuers off the track; good offices,

in return for which the bushranger made a point of never robbing one of the convict class; still further keeping up his popularity by being generous at other folk's expense, a plan common with 'knights of the road' in all ages, and which has often prevented or delayed their capture.

Tasmania has produced bushrangers of a rather too thrilling type, whose exploits would hardly make nice reading, it is said; and as some of the police were old convicts, it was often some time before these bushrangers were caught. South Australia, not having been a convict settlement, has not experienced much exciting work on her own account, only a few half-hearted attempts being made; partly, perhaps, because her mounted police had a nasty way of capturing a man first and asking his name afterwards, which was disconcerting to bushrangers, and sometimes to other people too. For instance, an inspector and some troopers were hunting for escaped Tasmanian bushrangers in Kangaroo Island. Seeing three men come out of a hut, they rushed upon them, knocked them down, knelt on their chests, and holding pistols to their heads, demanded their names. 'P——' gasped the inspector's captive; and this being the name of a well-known settler, the three representatives of the law had to get up and apologise. The foregoing proceedings may seem rather unceremonious, but it should be remembered that if a policeman asked a bushranger his name, the chances were that he did not live to receive an answer.

The South Australian police have always tried to give their quarry as little chance of escape or retaliation as possible; while others who preferred to make sure of the identity of their man often died of their success. Two Tasmanian policemen knocked at the door of a hut one night with the words, 'Open to the police.' The door was opened at once, and they were both shot down; one falling dead on the threshold, while the other managed to drag himself away in the darkness. It does not do to be

too straightforward with men of that stamp; a pat on the shoulder 'in the Queen's name' by no means meets the case, and any one who tried it would not be likely to repeat the experiment. A police magistrate and a trooper were once in hot pursuit of Morgan, the well-known bushranger. He made for some young timber, and disappeared. They followed till they came to his camp, where they stayed, in the hope of his return. Most incautiously, they lighted a fire. Morgan came back, made a rustling to attract their attention, and when they came to the door to look out, shot them both dead. One would think that a few affairs of this kind would cool the ardour of the warmest admirers of the noble bushranger; but then the sufferers were policemen, who are popularly supposed not to feel ill-treatment, or to mind being killed now and then in performance of their duty. Perhaps a personal experience of sticking-up might be more effectual, especially if their hero, besides relieving them of all spare cash, required them to swap horses, greatly to their own disadvantage, an engaging little way he has sometimes.

It must be a disagreeable shock to a lonely traveller to find himself covered by a revolver, perhaps two, and to have to stand by with his hands above his head while the robbers proceed to appropriate his valuables. 'Bail-up!' too, the words with which bushrangers demand submission, simply add insult to injury, for a 'bail' is a contrivance somewhat on the principle of the stocks in which a cow's head is fixed while she is milked.

A notable example of pluck was drawn by a woman in Queensland. She was alone when she saw some men approaching, whom she rightly guessed to be bushrangers. There was a considerable amount of money in the house, and for a moment she did not know what to do. Fortunately, it was in notes. She rolled them into a ball, and slipped them inside her dress and under her arm just as the men, who were masked, came in. What her feelings were when, after searching the house, they proceeded to search her, may be imagined; but she kept her own counsel, and saved the money, for, being a woman, she was not required to hold up her arms.

Pluck and cheek are the two most striking characteristics of bushrangers, and it is perhaps the latter which commands most admiration. There certainly is something very impressive in the cheek of a handful of men who 'stick-up' not only a station or a bank, but a whole town, as the Kelleys did. But, then, Ned Kelly had gained a wonderful hold on people's minds, and did things with a high and lory air, as, for instance, when he politely returned a very valuable horse on being informed that it belonged to a lady. He seemed invulnerable too;

bullets passed harmless, and people began to think he bore a charmed life, till they found that he wore armour, made from ploughshares by a friendly smith. He even wore a helmet, and would, in fact, have been more at home when armour was the rule. Had he been born in the days of chivalry, he might have been a famous knight, and his feats of arms sung by poets, and handed down to his descendants as a proud inheritance; but as he had the misfortune to stumble on the nineteenth century, when it is not the thing to ride about killing people and appropriating their property, he was not appreciated, but, after a long chase, was caught and hanged.

Such a very mild instance of bushranging that the sufferer—the manager of a run—described it as 'being stuck-up in a friendly sort of way,' occurred in South Australia between forty and fifty years ago. He had been warned that three men had stuck-up and robbed a man's hut and fired at his wife, so had kept watch all night. The shepherds went out early in the morning, leaving him alone; still no one came. When the shepherds returned to breakfast, three other men were with them; but they had often called in, in passing from their work, and though they carried guns, Mr M—— thought nothing of it, till one marched in and demanded 'tucker,' while another stood gun in hand at the window, and the third mounted guard at the door; then it dawned upon him that he was unmistakably stuck-up. He asked them if they had taken to the bush, and receiving a cool affirmative, said he would give them nothing; they must take what they wanted. 'Well, we don't want much,' said the spokesman. 'To begin with, where's the damper?' Being told that there was only one baked, he said: 'Well, I won't take all,' and cutting it in two, took half. After taking some tea and sugar, he asked for meat. Finding that there was none cooked, but some in the pot boiling, the men decided to wait, their leader meanwhile appropriating half of the manager's ammunition. After patiently waiting till the meat was ready, he produced a bottle of brandy, and insisted on every one taking a drink as a parting compliment, then took himself off with a friendly 'Good-morning.' These were but raw beginners in the bushranging line, and were not destined to achieve greatness therein; for a few days later they stuck-up a bush public-house, got tipsy, and were most ingloriously caught in consequence.

But Morgan, already mentioned, brought it quite to a fine art, showing a good deal of grim humour too. As a Red Indian tortures his victims and gloats over their pains, so Morgan aggravated his, and thoroughly enjoyed their discomfort; in fact, he became quite an artist in aggravation, and while he stole people's money, or, worse still, their horses, he took

special pains to do it in the most provoking way. The following are a few of the yarns told about him.

The overseer of a run was visiting one of the shepherds' huts; on entering, he saw a man lying on the bunk. 'What are you doing here?' he said. 'Turn out of this!'

The next thing he knew, a revolver was unpleasantly near his head. 'Throw up your hands or I'll put daylight through you,' remarked a drawing voice in a by-the-way sort of manner. 'Bail-up in that corner.'

Mr — obeyed. Morgan then bound him, and mounting, led him ignominiously to a post. Having tied him up securely, he went on to the head station, where he found the owner sitting down to dinner. 'Can I have some tucker?' he asked.

'Oh yes; go to the kitchen and they will give you some.—I didn't much like the look of the fellow,' said Mr G—, in telling the story, 'so I turned my head to see if my gun was in easy distance. It was loaded with ball, as I intended to shoot a bullock. On turning round again, I saw a five-barrelled revolver close to my face, while I heard the words, "Oh no, Mr G—; that game won't do. You bail-up in that corner and keep quiet." Well,' said G—, 'I had to do it, while the rascal, coolly placing a revolver on each side of his plate, proceeded to eat my dinner. He then took my gun, and bailed-up two or three people I had on the place, took about seventy-five pounds' worth of property in the shape of horses, saddles, bridles, and rations; and then in the afternoon mounted his horse and took his departure, saying at the last moment, "Mr G—, you had better look after that overseer of yours. He's tied to a corner-post at the other end of the horse paddock. I s'pect he's most dead by this time."'

Not long after this Morgan stuck-up a station both the owners of which were quite young fellows. The elder brother was drafting cattle in the stockyard when Morgan rode up. 'Bail-up, all you fellows in a row alongside that fence there,' was the bushranger's first order. The men obeyed; but young K— demurred. 'Hand over one of those pistols and light me fair,' he said.—'No, no; that don't suit me,' was the answer. 'Bail-up, or I'll put a bullet through you.' Such an invitation was not to be gainsaid. Just then the younger brother looked out to see what the matter was, was instantly covered by Morgan's revolver, and ordered to 'Come out there, and bail-up alongside those men.' Having got all his prisoners together, Morgan set one of his men to keep guard, and proceeded to take possession of the two best horses and destroy all arms and ammunition.

Morgan's next was to stick-up a wool-shed at shearing-time, and order the overseer, against whom he had a grudge, to come out and kneel down to be shot. The man's wife rushed out and threw herself before her husband, imploring Morgan to shoot her instead. He told the man he might 'clear out,' which gracious permission did not need to be repeated. He then amused himself by standing over the owner and making him sign cheques for all the shearers, and finally

a large one for himself—a proceeding which had the double advantage of increasing his popularity while it specially vexed his victim.

It will be seen that he was getting quite artistic in aggravation. The feelings of men forced to stand by and see their dinners eaten or their horses stolen were unenviable enough; signing cheques for a man one detested might perhaps be worse; but for 'pure cussedness,' as the Americans would say, the following stands unexcelled. We quote word for word from an account written by a well-known Australian near whose run the affair took place. Morgan had met the manager of a run riding through the bush. 'The manager rode with him a short distance, when he said to him, "By Jove! where did you get that horse from? he's got my brand on."—"Ah, just you tumble off your nag, or I'll put daylight through your carcass," said the bushranger, pointing a loaded revolver at his head. The argument was unanswerable, so B— had to dismount. "Now," continued Morgan, "pull off your clothes, all of them." This was done, and B— stood under *veritas*. The day was scorching hot. "Now make tracks for home;" and off started poor B— to walk nine miles in the burning sun.'

Morgan's last appearance was in Victoria, where he stuck-up a station, assembled all the people in one room, and made the daughters of the house play the piano all night. In the morning, as he was walking between the owner of the run and a neighbour, carrying as usual two revolvers, a station hand caught up a gun, took aim at forty yards, and shot him through the back.

Such are some of the yarns told about old-time bushranging. The great severity exercised towards convicts may be said to have started it, by making men desperate and predisposing people to sympathise. For it is not every one who would care to hand a fellow-creature over to the treatment which, if all accounts be true, the convicts suffered then. Among the later generation the men have, as a rule, been wanted for horse or cattle stealing, and have taken to the bush to avoid the police. Others, again, have taken to it from a love of excitement or a craving for notoriety. It is not safe to be positive about anything, but the days of bushranging seem nearly over. It is more than ten years now since the Kelly gang were dispersed, and as yet they have had no successors, save for a few spasmodic attempts from the would-be-hero type, which hardly count, the 'heroes' as a rule being only too glad to sink into private life again. The country gets more settled year by year, and though there are rough men and rough times on gold rushes or new mining towns, the revolver does not flourish with such wild luxuriance as in the 'Wild West,' and the bowie-knife is fortunately unknown. As soon as a rush is started, wardens are on the ground to settle disputes, and the law is represented by mounted troopers, so there is no chance for every one to 'do as seemed good in his own eyes,' as appears to be the practice in frontier States, unless American writers have cruelly misrepresented their countrymen. So the bushranger of the future, if he ever appears, will have to be very wide awake, and a smart man altogether, to carry on his trade at all, and the game would be scarcely worth the candle. There may be openings in the burglary line or in other sophis-

ticated forms of stealing—mining swindles, for instance; but the day for that picturesque straightforward form of robbery called bushranging is past.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—CAPE HORN.

It was on one of the closing days of the month of December that I brought the barque's head to a west south-west course for the rounding of Cape Horn. It was happily the summer season in those parts, their midsummer, indeed, and I was glad to believe that the horrors of this passage would be mitigated by a sun that in the month of June shines for scarcely six hours in the day over the ice-laden surge of this, the most inhospitable, the most bitterly dreary tract of waters upon the face of the world.

Down to the latitude of the Falkland Islands we had sighted, from the hour of my taking command of the barque, but four sail, so vast is the ocean, and so minute a speck does a ship make upon it. But whilst the loom of the land about Berkley Sound was hanging in a blue and windy shadow, with a gleam as of snow upon it away out upon our starboard beam, we fell in with a whaler, a vessel rigged as ours was; a round-bowed, motherly old craft, jogging along under a load of boats suspended over her sides from the extremities of thick wooden davits.

She had been visible at daybreak right ahead, and she was showing clear upon the sea over our bow, when I came on deck shortly after eight bells to relieve Lush, who had had the watch since four o'clock.

'What have we there?' said I, bringing Braine's old leather telescope out of the companion and putting my eye to it. 'A squab old whaler, as I may suppose by her boats: Cape Horn topgallant-masts; a saved-off square sea-wagon after the true Nantucket pattern.'

'I've been awaiting for you to come on deck,' said the carpenter. 'We don't want to run her down. We've got nothin to say to her, and so 'ud better keep out of hail.—Shift the course will you, sir?'

There was nothing in the *sir* to qualify the offensive tone of command with which he addressed me. I looked at him fixly, taking care, however, to keep a good grip on my temper.

'What are you afraid of?' I asked. 'Are any of the crew likely to hail her if we pass within speaking distance?'

'I'd like to know what man there is amongst us as 'ud have the courage to do it,' he exclaimed, his face darkening to the thought, and his eyes travelling up and down my body, as though in search of some part on which to settle.

'Why wait for me to shift your helm, man?' said I.

'The navigation's in your hands,' he answered sullenly; 'if your calculations don't turn out correct, it mustn't be because of any man ameddling with the course whilst you was below.'

Miss Temple at this moment arrived on deck and joined me.

'A pity to run away,' said I; 'we're sailing

three feet to that chap's one, and will be passing him like smoke. There's been nothing to look at for a long time. It'll be a treat to our shore-going eyes to see a strange face, though we catch but a glimpse. You don't think I'll hail her, I hope?'

'I hope!' he responded with a coarse ironical sneer and a rude stare of suspicion.

'By Jove, then,' said I, with an effusion of temper I instantly regretted, 'since you have forced this command upon me, I'll take what privileges it confers, and be hanged to it! My orders are to keep the ship as she goes. If you disobey me, I'll call the crew aft, and charge them to observe that any miscalculations in my navigation will be owing to your interference.'

The fellow scowled, and looked ahead at the vessel, and then at a knot of sailors who were standing at the galley, and I could see that he was at a loss; in fact, a minute after, never having spoken a word, during which time he frequently sent his gaze at the craft over the bow, he abruptly crossed to the lee side of the deck and fell to patrolling, coming now and again to a stand to leeward of the sailor at the helm, with whom he would exchange a few words, whilst he swayed on his rounded shanks, with his arms folded upon his breast, occasionally stooping to obtain a view of the whaler under the curve of the fore-course.

It was his watch below, and at another time he would have promptly gone forward. His remaining on deck signified an insulting menace, an impudent threat to watch me, and to guard his own and the crew's interests against me. But I was resolved not to seem to notice this behaviour, nor even to appear conscious of his presence.

The men observing that Lush kept the deck, came out of the galley and forecabin, and with abrupt shifting motions gradually drew aft to the line of the quarter-deck rail, which they overhanging, feigning to watch the ship we were overtaking, though nothing could be more obvious than their real motive in drawing aft in this fashion. Wetherly alone kept forward. He stood leaning in the galley door, smoking a short pipe in as careless and unconcerned a posture as you would look to see in a lounging fellow sailing up the river Thames.

'The brutes are terribly in earnest,' said I to Miss Temple, as we stood together under the lee of the weather quarter-boat for the shelter of it. 'If ever I had had a doubt of the wisdom of my conduct in this business, the presence of that group yonder would extinguish it for good and all.'

'Forgive me,' she exclaimed; 'but were you well advised in not altering the course of this vessel?'

'The fellows must not know that I am afraid of them, or believe me to be without some resolution, of character.'

'What would happen were you to attempt to hail that ship there?' she asked, with her eyes enlarging to the fear that accompanied the question, and her lips quivering as they closed to a blast of wind sweeping in a long howl betwixt the rail and the keel of the boat.

'I do not intend to hail her,' I replied; 'and we will not, therefore, distract our minds with conjectures.—Let us rather wonder,' I went on,

forcing a light air of cheerfulness upon me, 'what those whalemén will think of you when they catch a sight of your figure? Will they take you to be captain or chief-mate?'

She smiled, and slightly coloured. Indeed, at a little distance, with the rail to hide her dress, she would very well have passed for a young man, habited as she was in Captain Braine's long pilot coat and his wide-awake, which entirely hid her hair to the level of her ears, and which she kept seated on her head by means of a piece of black tape passed under her chin. But shall I tell you that her beauty borrowed a new and fascinating freshness of grace from the very oddity of her attire? For my part, I found her more admirable in the perfections of her face and form, grotesquely clothed as she was, than had she come to my side but now from the hands of the most fashionable dressmaker and the most modish of hairdressers and milliners.

The name of the old whaler lifted clear in long white letters to the leave of her square stern off the spread of froth that raced from under her counter: *Maria Jane Taylor* was her title, and I remember it now as I can remember very much smaller matters which entered into that abominable time. The green and weedy and rust-stained fabric, heeling to the pressure of the wind, and making prodigious weather of the Pacific surge as she crushed into the violet hollow with a commotion of foam such as no whale which ever her boats had made fast to could have raised in its death-agony, swarmed and staggered along with frequent wild slantings of her spars, upon which her ill-patched sails pulled in disorderly spaces. A whole mob of people, black, orange-coloured, and white stared at us from under all kinds of singular headgear over her weather rail, and a man swinging off in the mizzen shrouds, apparently waited for us to come abreast to hail us. As our clipper keel swept in thunder to her quarter, scarcely more water than a pistol-shot could measure, dividing us, Lush came up from to leeward and stood beside me, but without speaking, simply holding himself in readiness—as I might witness in the sulky determined expression in the villain's face—to silence me if I should attempt to hail. I glanced at him askant, running my eye down his round-backed muscular figure, and then put on a behaviour of perfect insensibility to his presence.

'How touching is the sight of a strange face,' said I to Miss Temple, 'encountered in the heart of such a waste as this! Rough as those fellows are, how could one take them by the hand! with what pleasure could one listen to their voices! Would to God we were aboard of her!' And I brought my foot with a stamp of momentary poignant impatience to the deck.

Our own crew staring at the whaler over the quarter-deck bulwarks were incessantly bringing their eyes away from her to fix them upon me with a manner of angry suspicion that it was impossible to mistake. The noise of the roaring of the wind in her canvas was loud in the pouring air; the blue waters foamed viciously to her tall catheads, and her green and rusty bends showed raggedly amid the frothing, foaming and seething curves of the boiling smother rushing past her; here and there aft was the muddy glint of a disc of begrimed window amid the line of her seams,

out of which all the calking appeared to have dropped. We were passing her as a roll of smoke might.

'Barque ahoy!' bawled the long slab-sided man in the mizzen rigging in the nasal accents of the 'longshore Yankee.

Lush at my side stood grimly staring. Several of the crew on the quarter-deck were now watching me continuously.

'What barque air you?' came in a hurricane nasal note out of the whaler's mizzen shrouds.

There was no reply from us.

'Barque ahoy, I say!' yelled the man with a frantic gesture of astonishment: 'where air you bound, and what ship might you be?'

The *Lady Blanche* rushed on; nevertheless, were we yet so close to the whaler even when we had her on our quarter that I could easily distinguish the features of the man who had hailed us as he hung motionless, as though withered by some blast from the skies, in the mizzen rigging with his mouth wide open, whilst an expression of inimitable amazement was visible in the rows of faces along the bulwark rail, white and coloured alternately, like the keys of a piano-forte.

On a sudden the man sprang out of the mizzen shrouds on to the deck; his legs were immensely long, and he was habited in a short monkey jacket. He started to run for the fore-castle, and his prodigious strides made one think of a pair of tongs put into motion by some electrical power. He gained the fore-castle head, where for one moment he stood surveying us, then bringing his hands to his face, he made what is known to schoolboys as a 'long-nose' at us, turning a little sideways, that we might clearly observe the humiliating derisiveness of his posture. In this attitude he remained whilst a man might have counted twenty; after which, with the air of a person whose mind has been relieved, he leisurely made his way aft. A little while later the old whaler was plunging amid the white throbblings of her own churning a long mile astern; and in half an hour she looked to be scarcely more than a gleam out in the cold blue air, where there seemed a dimness in the atmosphere as of the glowing of crystals off the melting heads of the high seas.

It was not till then that Lush left the deck.

This little incident was as stern a warrant of the disposition of the crew as they could have desired to make me understand. It proved their possession of a quality of suspicion, of a character so ungovernably insolent and daring, that I might well believe, were it transformed into passion by disappointment or insincerity on my part, there was no infamy it would not render them equal to.

I do not know that I considered myself very fortunate because of the fine weather which attended the barque in her passage of the Horn. Far better, I sometimes thought, than the strong southerly breeze, the flying skies of dark winter blue, the brilliant rolling and foaming of long arrays of billows brimming in cream to the ivory white sides of the little ship, and adding her headlong flight with floating buoyant liftings and fallings that timed the measures of her nimble sea-dance with her waving mastheads as the baton of a band conductor keeps the elbows of his

fiddlers quivering in unison—far better might it have been for us, I would often think, had the month been the mid-winter of the Horn, with heavy westerly gales to oppose our entrance into the Pacific Ocean, and fields of ice to hinder us yet, with some disaster on top to force us to bear away as the wind might permit for the nearest port.

The rounding of this giant iron headland was absolutely uneventful. A fire was lighted in the little stove in the cabin, and by it, during my watch below, Miss Temple and I would sit exchanging our hopes and fears, speculating upon the future, endeavouring to animate each other with representations of our feelings when we should have arrived home, and amid safety and comfort look back upon the unutterable experiences into which we had been plunged by so trifling a circumstance as a visit to a wreck.

Thus passed the time. Every day I obtained a clear sight of the sun, and then striking the meridian of 76° west, I heeded the barque on a north-north-west course for Captain Braine's island, the declared situation of which I calculated would occupy us about three weeks to reach.

It was on the afternoon of the day on which I had shifted the barque's helm, that Wilkins came to me as I sat at dinner with Miss Temple with a message from the carpenter to the effect that he would be glad of a word with me. I answered that I was at Mr Lush's disposal when I had dined, but not before. This did not occupy another ten minutes in accomplishing; my companion then withdrew to her cabin, having with much eagerness expressed a number of conjectures as to the carpenter's motive in soliciting an interview.

The man came off the poop by way of the quarter-deck and entered the cabin with his skin cap in hand.

'I observe,' said he, 'that you've altered the vessel's course.'

'That is so,' I rejoined. 'Wetherly was on deck when I left my cabin after working out my sights, and I believed he would have reported the course shifted to you.'

'No; it was Woodward [one of the sailors] that was at the helm. He calls me over and points into the binnacle and says: "Ye see what's happened?" The men 'ud be glad to know if it's all right?'

'If what is all right?'

'Why, if this here course is true for the island? They'll feel obliged if ye'll let 'em in here and show 'em the chart and 'splain the distance and the course and the likes of that to 'em yourself.'

I hardly required him to inform me of their wishes, for I had but to direct my glance at the cabin door to spy them assembled on the quarter-deck awaiting the invitation the carpenter had come to demand; all hands of them, saving Wetherly and the fellow that was steering, called Woodward by Lush.

'Certainly: let them enter,' said I; and at once fetched my chart, which I placed upon the table, and went to the other side, ruler in hand, ready to point and to explain.

The body of rough men, a few of them with their mahogany lineaments scarcely visible amidst

the whiskers, eyebrows, and falls of front hair which obscured their countenances, stood looking upon the chart with Lush in the thick of them, and Forrest's mutinous, dare-devil, rolling face conspicuous over the carpenter's shoulder.

'Now, men, what is it you want to know?' said I.

'We're a steering by the compass up above nor-nor-west,' answered Lush; 'will ye be pleased to tell us how ye make that right?'

I had to fetch a pair of parallel rulers to render my answer intelligible to the illiterate creatures who stood gaping at me with an expression of dull struggling perception that would come and go in a manner that must have moved me to laughter at another time.

'What part of this here paper is the island wrote down upon?' demanded Forrest.

I pointed with my ruler, and the whole knot of faces came together as they stooped with a sound as of a general snore arising from their vigorous breathing.

'How far is it off from where we are?' inquired one of the men. I told him. Several questions of a like kind were put to me; a growling ran amongst them as they hummed their comments into one another's ears.

'Well, men,' exclaimed the carpenter, 'there ain't no doubt to my mind. It's all right; and I'm bound to say staving here, that considering that Mr Dugdale guv' up the sea a good bit ago, he's managed uncommonly well down to this here time.'

There was a murmur of assent. I thought I would take advantage of this momentary posture in them of appreciation, perhaps of concession.

'Since you are all before me,' said I, 'two excepted, let me ask you a question. You are aware of course that from the very beginning of this business I have regarded your whole scheme as the effect of a madman's dream.'

Lush stared at me with an iron face; Forrest, with an impudent grin, shook his head; two or three of the fellows smiled incredulously. I proceeded, eyeing them deliberately one after the other, and speaking in the most collected tones I could command.

'I want to know this: If Captain Braine's island should have no existence in fact, what do you men propose to do?'

'No use putting it in that way!' exclaimed the carpenter, after a brief pause, and a slow, sour wagging of his head; 'the island's there. Tain't no dream. Ye'll find it right enough, I'll warrant.'

'It was described to me,' I went on, 'as little more than a reef. This is a big sea, men. A reef is easily missed in such an ocean as this.'

'You have its bearings,' exclaimed Forrest defiantly; 'if you put the barque in the place on the chart where the captain said the island is, how are we going to miss it, unless all hands turns puppies and keeps a lookout with their eyes shut?'

'But,' said I, preserving my temper, 'may not this hope of obtaining a large treasure have rendered you all very considerably over-confident? Suppose there is no island. Reason with me on that supposition. Imagine that we have arrived, and that there is nothing but clear

water. Imagine, if you will, that we have been sweeping those seas for a month without heaving into sight your late captain's reef. What then, I ask? What next steps have you in your minds to take? I have a right to an answer, even though I should address you only in the name of the young lady whose protector I am.'

The fellows glanced at one another. Their low, suspicious intelligence manifestly witnessed some strategic fancy underlying my question.

'Look here, Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed the carpenter, 'there's no use in your aputting it in any other way than the way we want, and the way we mean to have.' He accompanied this with a violent nod of the head. 'Though we're plain men without e'er a stroke of book-learning amongst us, we ain't to be made fools of. The island's where 'ee can find it, if ye choose, and to that there island we're bound, sir;' and he bestowed another emphatic, malevolent nod upon me.

I gazed at the fellows in silence. One glance at the array of mulish countenances should have satisfied me that there was nothing in anything I could say to induce in them other views than those they held, or to render endurable to them a discussion that must be based upon a probability of their being disappointed.

'We've stuck to our side of the bargain, sir,' said one of them.

'Ay,' cried the carpenter; 'I allow that let the gent strive as he may, there's nothen he can find in the treatment him and the lady's met with from us men to complain of.'

'I do not complain,' I exclaimed; 'have you on your side any reason to complain?'

'No, sir, and we don't want none,' the fellow responded with a look that rendered his words indelibly significant.

'You are satisfied, I hope,' said I, 'with the explanation I have given you as to the situation and course of the *barque*?'

'Yes,' answered the carpenter, with a look round.

'Then there is nothing more to be said,' I exclaimed, and picking up the chart, I carried it into my cabin.

AN ETRUSCAN CEMETERY.

THE person to whom graves and the dead are distasteful subjects had better keep aloof from Corneto. After a day spent in the Etruscan tombs, one begins to have something of a fraternal feeling for the mummies of the Pharaohs. There is nothing for it but to think of one's own latter end; and to contrast a nineteenth-century sepulchre of civilisation with the ornate and spacious tombs of these dead-and-gone ancients. The result of such a comparison is not cheering; and so the mood of lachrymose pensiveness is induced, and one is impelled to reiterate those antediluvian wails about the vanity and shortness of life, the omnipotence of Death, and the hollowness of all things.

Melancholy apart, however, this old cemetery is well worth a visit. So also is the town of Corneto itself, to which the graves are adjacent. It stands on a little hill about fourteen miles north of Civita Vecchia, and five or six miles from the coast; and it bristles with tall quadrangular

towers, as if it fancied that the arts of mediæval warfare would still, in its hour of need, suffice to protect it. The road ascends through vineyards and olive woods until the town walls seem to impend over us. Then the diligence which has carried us from the station frolics through the town gateway, and comes to a stand-still in the paved market-place immediately upon the other side of the gate. A longish, narrow, dark street runs from the square; and the street is somewhat crowded with wayfarers, who one and all seem to turn towards the coach to see what the train has sent them in the way of novelty.

There is a famous old Gothic *palazzo* close at hand, which not so long ago was the inn of Corneto. It is now degraded into worse uses. This is a thousand pities, for it were difficult in a day's search in this part of Italy to discover anything of the kind more attractive than its arched and rose windows with twisted columns, and its delightful inner courtyard—a maze of pillars with engaging capitals, and with two or three tiers of balconies looking down upon it. However, the *Locande Grassi*, its successor on the opposite side of the street, is not despicable, for a country inn. The landlady is a peculiarly hearty, plump, old soul, and she ushers the stranger into a bedroom with a rainbow ceiling, the notion of which he by-and-by regards as a plagiarism from the Etruscan. There is word about dinner; the wine of the country is brought forward to be tasted; and the maid of the inn, a gray-eyed, pretty little creature, unlooses her tongue for a brisk course of gossip while we smoke in the large upper room that looks upon the street. A couple of bullocks' horns, mounted in wood, and set perpendicularly upon the mantel-piece, remind us that we are in a land of charms and wonders. Anon comes the celebrated Frangioni, the custodian of the tombs, to talk over the programme of the morrow. He is a courteous gentleman, with recollections of distinguished visitors; and he tells tales about Mr Dennis, of Etruscan notoriety, and his liking to lodge while in Corneto in a house full of pretty girls—tales which go far to explain why the author in question has devoted a clear hundred pages of his famous book, *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, to a consideration of the cemeteries of Corneto alone.

Meanwhile, dinner is over: the juice of Montefiascone is approved; and a stray firefly flickers now and again up the dusky street. Frangioni has shaken our hand with a solemn promise that he will be with us the next morning at seven o'clock, so that our work may be well begun ere the heat of the day; and then we wander forth with a cigar to view this placid old town by moonlight. There is no knowing what the municipality would have said had they heard of this rash proceeding. For it is evident that Corneto is a town the citizens of which are all abed ere the hour of curfew. It lacks lamps; and the Corso itself catches but a faint glow of illumination from the half-open door of a *café* in which sundry revellers are playing billiards on a dilapidated table with cushions of cast-iron. And so we stumble along an uneven alley, steering for a point in the city walls, and at last break from the darkness upon an uneven bank of flowers and grass, having a tower pierced with windows rising

stark from the soil eighty feet high on the one hand, and the walls adja-cent on the other. The moon shines on some water in the valley far beneath us. It is the river Marta; and the broad back of hillock on the opposite side of the river is the site of Tarquinia, the Etruscan city of which the Monte Rossi on which Corneto stands was but the cemetery. The moon sparkles on some white blocks which seem to be-crest Tarquinia's hill. The fancy sees walls, temple bases, and what not. But in truth they are only unchiselled masses of the limestone which crops through the soil and scrub of Tarquinia. According to Betham's Celtic-Etruscan reading, the word Tarquinia means, 'the oldest settlement in civilisation.' It is odd that citizens should christen their city with such a phrase; but we need not be hypercritical about derivations. There is nothing of the city left except its cemetery.

Hist! While we stand musing about Tarquinia, tracking with the eye the course up the valley of the silvery Marta, listening to the untimely bray of an ass in a field of the farm at the base of Corneto's rock, and wondering what the Etruscans would have thought of us and of our interest in them, a stealthy step is audible behind. A boy emerges from a second alley, black as a pit's mouth, with something struggling in his hands. He rushes to the nearest part of the wall, and with a passionate, 'Now you are going to die!' hurls the 'something' over the battlements. There is a cry like that of a child, the subdued sound of collision with the jagged nether cliffs, and finally a rustle among the bushes.

'What have you done, boy?' we demand eternally, with a hand upon the startled urchin's shoulder.

'No, no!' he cries; 'not a *bambino* at all, only a cat. It scratched mamma, and so we have killed it.'

The released assassin disappears in the gloom whence he had come, and a wakeful jackdaw in the tower asks what is the matter. But we leave the bird to solve the riddle for itself, and grope our way back to the Corso. By this time the dissolute café is shut. All Corneto is, or seems to be, asleep. The melodious clock of the white church in the market-place chimes ten as we ascend the stone stairs to our bedroom in the *Locanda*.

The next morning we have dressed and breakfasted by seven o'clock, and await the gentlemanly custodian. At eight o'clock a messenger is sent to arouse him from his bed. It is nine o'clock ere he appears, smoothing his sleek beard, and looking fresh and much at ease. He begs pardon a thousand times; the engagement had slipped from his mind. To atone for his negligence, he peremptorily orders a carriage to be ready for us in ten minutes. It is but ten minutes' walk to the first of the tombs, he says, in inconsequent comment upon the hire of the conveyance. 'As for the cost, it will be but five or eight francs additional.' A man of immense *savoir-faire*, this Frangioni. His father-in-law was custodian of the tombs for thirty years, and he has already held the keys for half as long. He is more like the head-keeper of a Scotch deer forest than a guardian of sepulchres. And it may be doubted if his heart is in his work. But he is the authority of Corneto on things Etruscan. The massy

gold ring of an archaic mode upon one of his fingers, and the various leaden weights and bronze *fibule* pendent from his watchchain, are the insignia of his profession.

We drive through the city gates, and soon find ourselves upon a bleak, treeless tongue of upland, of which, in fact, the rock of Corneto itself is the north-western extremity. Belcw us, to the right, are the vineyards and grain-fields and olive groves of the seaboard; the glittering Mediterranean; and the headland of Monte Argentario. To the left, across the valley, is the hill of Tarquinia. They are carrying hay from its lower slopes. Beyond, towards the interior, we see the dull shapes of the Apennines. There is not much beauty in any part of the prospect. A man must be replete with sensibility, imagination, and archaeological lore to be able to refashion the Monte Rossi and Tarquinia thoroughly to his contentment.

At a signal from Frangioni the carriage is now arrested. We are by the first of the tombs. The land is thick with asphodels gone to seed, poppies and thistles in fervent bloom, mint, wild thyme, and gorse. Having alighted, we force a way through this perfumed tangle to the iron-bound door which lets upon the sepulchre. With some effort the door is opened; a staircase cut in the rock is disclosed; this we descend, and at the foot of it is another gate. We light candles, open this second gate, which is green with mould, populous with slugs and snails and other creeping things, and are in the empty sepulchre.

One's first Etruscan tomb comes like a revelation to one's intelligence. It is on a par with the other important stages of development in life: first balls, first loves, and the like. There is something bewildering about it. To think that these ancients our inferiors, we flatter ourselves, in nearly everything—should be able to design and execute such laborious and elegant chambers for their dead!—apartments by the side of which the mortuary chapels of the fashionable cemeteries of civilisation are tawdry and unpleasing! A visit to Corneto is more educative in a classical sense than a whole year devoted to Livy, Florus, and such other writers as make mention of the Etruscan people.

The tombs of Monte Rossi are so numerous that the more important of them are scheduled, furnished with white triangular entrance portals, and numbered, like the houses in Italy, on little enamel discs. But they are known distinctively rather by the subject of the frescoes which adorn their walls than by their number in the city of the dead. You do not go to see tomb No. 4, but the Grotta del Tifone, so called from the remarkable figure of the Etruscan Lucifer upon one of the columns which support it. The tombs that have been discovered are reckoned by hundreds; but little by little the colours of the frescoes fade, are corrupted by the damp and the loathsome slugs which slime them; and so they lapse into ruin, and are eventually filled up and forgotten. One has to be careful in rambling without a guide about this hill of the dead, for the brambles and scrub grow with a beguiling denseness over the mouths of abandoned tombs, into which the unwary investigator may easily enough be precipitated.

Frangioni is voluble of archaeological lore during

the hours we spend in these fascinating vaults. But really the drawings on the walls tell their own tale sufficiently well. What spirited studies in red, black, and green they are! dancing-girls, merry-makers, the dead and the dying, hunters and fishermen, birds, beasts, and fishes, galore! These chambers of the dead are a gallery of pictures of the domestic life of the Etruscans. Nothing could be more vivid. The lamps and vases and ornaments of gold and bronze with which the Corneto Museum is crowded might have served as the models for the details of the frescoes. Such sepulchres are worth libraries of descriptive literature. Frangioni is evidently pleased at enthusiasm in his clients. He dilates on the laudable conduct of his German visitors, who spend entire days in the tombs, heedless of rheumatism, the bloated toads under their feet, and the spiders suspended over their heads.

The heat of the day is over when we turn our back upon Tarquinia's cemetery. We meet a funeral procession coming out of the gates of Corneto. The modern necropolis is a walled enclosure, over a part of the old necropolis. Only the other year, indeed, a grave was dug so deep that, after the burial, the corpse broke through the ceiling of one of the Etruscan tombs. This incident gave a ghastly touch of realism to the experience of the visitors who were the first to enter the sepulchre after the disaster. For my part, however, I should be sorry to carry away any such sensational reminiscence of Corneto. It takes rank with Baalbec as one of the unique places of the world. It is a pity its unique attractions are not also as durable as those of Baalbec.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

CHAPTER III.

As Mr Wegswood rightly guessed that the terms on which he had secured publication of Miss Malden's book would not be gratifying to her pride, he considered it prudent to omit all mention of the part his purse was to play in the transaction. And the young lady was given to understand that Mr Twinkleby, after glancing through the manuscript, had been so impressed with it that he consented to push on its production without loss of time. She was, we need hardly say, absolutely ignorant of such matters, and saw nothing singular in the apparent quickness with which the publisher had formed his opinion; his trained eye had, of course, detected the excellence of the story in a fraction of the time required by an amateur critic.

The thought that her novel had been thus accepted upon its merits restored all Alicia's natural amiability, and dissipated her resentment against the purblind Arthur Meadowson. Prospective fame made her generous; and now that her own views had been so irrefutably confirmed, she could spare time to remember that she had begged hard for his candid opinion, and that it had been given with manifest reluctance. Her wrath, never very lasting, died away, and the only feeling that now qualified her old liking for the young man was one of slightly contemptuous pity for his lack of discernment. She was tempted to write and tell him how completely

wrong his judgment had been; but desisted. She intended to bestow forgiveness with reproof, and decided that the best way of doing this would be to send him a copy of 'At Eden's Gate' 'with the kindest regards of the authoress,' when the book burst upon the world six weeks hence.

To Mr Wegswood's self-indulgent eye, it appeared that his master-stroke had produced all the results anticipated; and it was undeniable that, from the day of his visit to Paternoster Row, Miss Malden's bearing towards him was more friendly. Had he only known it, he was receiving neither more nor less than the measure of gratitude his services had earned. It was a pleasant delusion, and it led him to imagine himself very much nearer the goal than he was. He considered his engagement to Miss Malden as good as accomplished, and spared the young lady the task of enlightening him by once more adopting his old attitude of pursued instead of pursuer. He had resolved to put the momentous question on the day that saw the great novel make its debut; that occasion would be peculiarly appropriate; and he had no inclination to cut short the present sweet dalliings, which derived not their least attraction from the undisguised interest with which they were watched by his friends.

For Rumour, coupling his name with that of Alicia Malden, had risen from her lair in the Unknown, and was spreading the news with the certainty of infection. There were lamentably few 'alliances' that season, and this one was a real boon to afternoon tea-tables. The knowledge that his name was in every one's mouth as the future husband of the beautiful Miss Malden was nectar to Mr Wegswood; and if he did not actually encourage the rumour, he did nothing to allay it.

Had the brewer's cerebral cavity been large enough to contain more than one idea at a time, a conversation he held with Mr Twinkleby, about a week after his visit to Paternoster Row, would have aroused some misgivings as to the farsightedness of his policy in respect to Miss Malden's novel, and made him less serenely confident of success. He was strolling up St James's Street one evening, on his way to his chambers, to dress for dinner, when the publisher suddenly appeared from a side street and button-holed him, with obvious purpose.

'I'm glad to meet you, Wegswood,' he said. 'I intended to write, but was called out of town and quite forgot it. I wanted to communicate with you about that manuscript you brought me.'

'Manuscript?' queried Mr Wegswood, wrinkling his brows and frowning into vacancy. 'Ah yes—remember—lady asked me to give it you. Dining with her to-night, by the way. Suppose I may tell her it's all right?'

'Well, I'm sorry to say that is just what it's not.'

'Eh?' exclaimed Mr Wegswood, startled into temporary stunty.

'The plain truth is that I can't publish it. I wouldn't put the firm's name on such a production.'

The last remnant of Mr Wegswood's languor vanished, and his rubicund countenance grew pale. 'Can't publish it?' he echoed incredulously. 'You said you would.'

'I did. But I never for a moment suspected what the contents would prove to be. I gave it to one of my people to estimate length and so on, and didn't think any more about it. Well, the next day, the reader to whom I'd given it burst into my private room without knocking, almost in a fit, and asked if I had looked at the stuff. When I inquired what he meant, he made me read a few specimen passages. I've had to wade through some baldish books in my time, but'—Mr Twinkleby recollected that the novel under discussion was the work of a friend of Mr Wegswood, and considerably refrained from further criticism. 'The upshot of it was,' he concluded, 'that I resolved to decline your commission; and I'll send the package and your cheque back to-morrow.'

Mr Wegswood wiped the perspiration from his brow, and seized the publisher by the arm, unconscious that his tightly rolled umbrella had fallen from his grasp and was lying in the turbid runlet of the gutter.

'Twinkleby!' he exclaimed in a hollow whisper, 'you don't know what depends on that book. All my happiness in life hangs upon its being published. Twinkleby, for any sake—don't refuse to print it; don't send it back. Name your own figure, make your own terms: do *anything*; but oh! don't say you won't publish it.'

Mr Twinkleby stared, as well he might; his petitioner's anguish was so very real and intense, that it piqued his curiosity. When Mr Wegswood brought him the manuscript he had let fall nothing that could lead any one to suppose he possessed any interest in it; and now the information that it was unworthy the honours of print threw him into a fever of agitation. The publisher was before all things an obliging man, and he began to waver in his decision.

'Really, Wegswood,' he answered reassuringly, 'I had no idea you attached any importance to the publication of the book. I understood that you were simply executing an errand for a lady, when you brought it me. I don't want to pry into your private affairs, of course; but if you have any sound reason for wishing me to do the business, I'll reconsider it.'

'I can't tell you—exact reason, Twinkleby,' gasped the unhappy lover; 'very private indeed, but most important. Just name your price for doing it; I'll pay you anything in reason.'

'I don't want to take advantage of you, my dear sir. The thing that puzzles me is, how on earth to make a book of it. If you remember, you said the lady particularly wished no alterations made.'

'No,' said Mr Wegswood, beginning to recover himself; 'you must not mutilate it on any account.'

Mr Twinkleby could not repress a smile at the thought of 'mutilation'; but, recollecting his 'reader's' assertion that no manipulation would improve the story, let the matter pass.

'Well, Wegswood,' he said after a little consideration, 'I'll have the book set up as it stands, after correcting the English and spelling. I must do that; I don't think it need distress you, for the authoress is not likely to recognise the changes in print.'

'Correct the spelling,' assented Mr Wegswood gravely, so profound was his respect for Alicia's

commands, 'and if you must, the English as well.—But, Twinkleby, I can't consent to your cutting out a line of it. She would throw me over in a minute if I let you spoil her book, and I'd rather—rather'—Imagination failed to suggest an alternative; he fell back a pace and gazed at the publisher in eloquent silence.

'All right, Wegswood; don't alarm yourself. I'll stretch a point, and do the job in your own way. But I warn you that I shall charge pretty heavily for it; a rising house like ours has a reputation to make.'

'I've given you a hundred, Twinkleby. How much more do you ask?'

'Another hundred and fifty. It's a lot of money, I know, but'—

'My dear fellow,' interposed Mr Wegswood in tones tremulous with grateful emotion, 'it's nothing compared to the end in view. I'll send you a cheque this evening.'

He pressed the publisher's hand warmly, and continued his walk to Dover Street. Never in the whole course of his life had he passed through so agonising a quarter of an hour. 'At Eden's Gate' was leading him like the *ignis fatuus*; he was blind to the dangers of the chase, and the thought that the guiding light had been so nearly blown out made him shiver.

'Merciful powers!' he exclaimed as he sank into the deepest armchair in his luxurious rooms and drank off a glass of sherry to steady his nerves, 'supposing Twinkleby had stuck to his refusal and sent it back. What should I have done?' There was no one to suggest that London contained many publishers less scrupulous than his friend, and this simple solution of the hypothetical difficulty did not occur to him. He therefore enjoyed a grateful sense of having escaped danger by the only possible road—namely, paying up.

'It's costing me a good deal, one way and another,' he said to himself as he went to his dressing-room. 'But I was prepared for that. And after all,' he continued with a thrill of devotion, 'what is money but road-metal to pave the way to Her.' After which flight of poetic feeling, Mr Wegswood applied himself to the serious task of choosing sleeve-links to wear that night.

The effects of his interview with Mr Twinkleby had not entirely worn off when he appeared in Brook Street. He was grave and preoccupied, and less aggressively languid than usual; more sparing of personal reminiscence, and altogether a more companionable person than when he essayed to make himself agreeable. Mrs Malden's party was a large one that evening; but he contrived to snatch a few minutes with Alicia after dinner, and repeated as much of his conversation with Mr Twinkleby as he thought judicious. In brief, without distinctly intending it, he impressed her with the opinion that he was keeping jealous watch over the publisher to ensure her wishes being carried out; and he went away, having raised himself several degrees in her estimation.

'Mr Wegswood was very nice this evening,' she observed to her mother, when the last guest had driven away.

'Don't you always find him so?' inquired Mrs Malden with a shade of reproof in her tone.

'Well, no, mamma; I can't say I do.'

'He admires you very much,' said her mother, as though appealing to Alicia's sense of justice to reciprocate the admiration.

'So I believe,' returned Miss Malden calmly.

'You know what Mrs Brotwig told me the other day, Alicia,' said Mrs Malden more gravely. 'People are beginning to chatter.'

The young lady rose from her seat on the fender stool with a gesture of impatience. She knew her neighbour's propensity for gossip, and cordially disliked being the subject of it.

'Mamma, I can't help that,' she protested. 'I can't prevent Mr Wegswood's coming here six times a week; and so long as he does that, we can't be surprised if people talk.'

Mrs Malden put the last touches to the flowers she had been rearranging, and sat down on a low chair near the hearthrug, on which her daughter was standing in an attitude of unstudied grace, with one arm on the mantel-piece.

'Alicia,' she began, entreatingly, 'don't keep your mother out of your confidence, I implore you. Tell me plainly, dear; what are you going to say when Mr Wegswood speaks to you?'

'He hasn't spoken yet, mamma,' answered Alicia evasively.

'I know that, dear; but it would be false modesty on your part to doubt the meaning of his attentions. I shall not live for ever, and the wish of my life is to see you happily settled before I go. Will you not confide in me, Alicia?'

'Really, mamma, I am keeping nothing from you—about Mr Wegswood, at all events,' she added, thinking of the weighty secret now within measurable distance of disclosure. 'I like him, and I confess, better now than I did a month ago; but I haven't even thought what I should say if he asked me to marry him.'

'Keeping nothing from you—about Mr Wegswood, at all events,' repeated Mrs Malden to herself with a sharp twinge of anxiety. The reservation pointed directly to some other man, and who should he be but the absent Arthur Meadowson? To that gentleman himself, she had, as we have heard, no objection—quite the reverse. But when his existence raised an obstacle to the union upon which she had set her heart, he was a very odious person indeed.

Mrs Malden had not been born in Mayfair, but in the more industrious neighbourhood of Clerkenwell. Her late husband had commenced at the lowest rung of the ladder, and had fought his way up to the top by sheer hard work and shrewdness. Late in life, he had taken Sarah Hodding to wife from amongst his own kindred, raising her at a step from poverty to affluence. And thanks to the husband's acknowledged abilities and the wife's unflinching discretion, the pair had gathered a large circle of friends round them long before Death laid his hand on Mr Malden.

It was therefore not wonderful that the widow should regard this heir to a peerage with peculiar favour as a desirable husband for her only daughter. There was much to recommend him, and the worst any one could urge against him was his indolence and conceit. 'Faults of youth,' Mrs Malden had often said to herself ere now, 'due to his training and want of good advisers.

They will disappear in time.' And from the day he allowed her to see his ambition, the marriage had been the dream of her life. Since Arthur Meadowson's departure, she had never mentioned that gentleman's name to Alicia; hoping, as she admitted to the more suitable candidate, that her supposed regard for him was merely a passing caprice.

'Well, Alicia,' she said, rising from her chair after a long and thoughtful silence, 'I won't press you about it. If you have not the feeling for Mr Wegswood which a girl must have for the man she marries, there's nothing more to be said. Position is not everything, of course, and I would not have you buy it at a price. But at the same time, you should remember that there are very few men with Mr Wegswood's advantages. And don't gauge his character by his manner, which I grant has some defects.'

'It has,' assented Alicia, glad to be able to agree with her mother on some point; 'but he is improving, mamma'—with gracious condescension.

Mrs Malden smiled approval, and ventured a step on the ground she had heretofore so carefully avoided. 'I know no young man I would sooner see your husband, Alicia; and I only trust you will not throw away substance for shadow.'

'I am in no hurry to marry any one,' said Alicia, returning her mother's good-night kiss with more than ordinary warmth; 'I am very happy at home with you.'

'She means,' said Mrs Malden, sorrowfully, to herself as she went up-stairs, 'that she is willing to wait for young Meadowson. Well, what must be, must be; but I did hope things would have gone otherwise.'

So the mother, accepting the imaginary inevitable, turned for solace to the thought that her child was at least no disciple of the present school; that having given her love, she would not withdraw it, though it were almost hopeless, and the shadow of a coronet arose to tempt her constancy.

While Mrs Malden mused upon these things in the privacy of her own room, Alicia, sitting in her favourite place on the drawing-room fender stool, was honouring Mr Wegswood with more sober thought than she had ever spent upon him before. He was unquestionably a great match; but she could not discover that his wealth and prospects weighed much in his favour; indeed, she thought, he would be a much nicer man without them, for then he might perhaps think a little less of himself. But he was good-natured, and had really been very kind about her book; he seemed to have taken a great deal of trouble over it. He was improving without doubt; at one time he had always treated her as a child, upon whom intelligent conversation would be thrown away; and if there was one thing Alicia Malden thoroughly hated, it was to be treated as a child, whose proper mental diet was frivolity and nonsense. However, Mr Wegswood had given up that method lately.

From Mr Wegswood, her thoughts flew to her novel and Mr Meadowson. It was odd that a man whose literary tastes were acknowledged to be sound should have dealt so severely with 'At Eden's Gate.' He must have told what he really

believed to be the truth about it, for one of the nicest traits in his character was, that he never said an unkind word when he could possibly say a kind one; moreover, his affection for her would have made him lenient. By the way, it was a little curious that Mr Twinkleby should have snapped so eagerly at the novel, and have said nothing at all of his intentions regarding payment. Probably he would send the cheque when the book came out; not that she cared about the money itself; but it would add greatly to the éclat of the occasion to be able to exhibit the cheque as the earnings of her own pen.

'I wonder how the papers will criticise it?' speculated the authoress as she rose to retire to her room. 'I mustn't forget to ask Mr Wegswood to tell Twinkleby to send me all the critiques as they appear.'

And Miss Malden went to sleep, picturing the *Saturday Review* in throes of respectful laudation.

While these events were passing in London, Arthur Meadowson, at B—, was settling down with the adaptability to circumstances peculiar to him. Ever since his induction to the Secretaryship he had lived in a state of chronic wonderment at the trivial nature of the duties required of him in return for the liberal salary he drew. He had hoped to find in his new sphere opportunity for proving his mettle, and perhaps of opening connections with people who would be able to assist his advancement; but he soon realised that his office was little better than a sinecure. It was a disappointment. Although he left town weighed down with the thought that Alicia Malden was hopelessly estranged, it was not long before he persuaded himself that his offence would be condoned; she was too good-hearted and sincere to bear malice, and he lived on in the desperate hope that something unlooked for might occur to restore him to her side and to her good graces.

He continued to employ his many leisure hours with literary work, and thus maintained correspondence with his publishing friends in London. Among these, Mr Twinkleby, as proprietor and editor of the *Ludgate Hill Magazine*, was the one with whom he held the most frequent and familiar communication, for his business connection with the *Ludgate Hill* had laid the foundation of close personal friendship with the editor.

He had been in B— for little more than a month, when he received one morning a letter from Mr Twinkleby which contained among other items of intelligence, of no interest to us, one that cast a black shadow over his life, and threw him into that condition of blighted misery which darkens existence while it lasts.

'Our friend, Gussy Wegswood, is going to be married,' wrote Mr Twinkleby. 'He brought me a novel for publication the other day, and I have since learned that he is engaged to the lady who wrote it. I should never have suspected Wegswood of rushing into matrimony; but the unexpected is always happening.'

Arthur Meadowson read this over twice, and then laid down the letter with a sick feeling of despair. There could be no doubt of the identity of the lady to whom Mr Wegswood was engaged,

and he felt that Alicia was now lost to him for ever. Arthur felt that he had himself to thank for his position, and the knowledge did nothing to make it less miserable.

MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

To all classes of Her Majesty's subjects a marriage is a topic of absorbing interest. Politicians, formerly the best of friends, but since estranged, owing to their political proclivities, and who, save to glare at one another from opposite benches, seldom meet under the same social roof, are drawn together once more when a mutual friend takes upon him, or herself, to enter into the bond of matrimony, and for a time sink their differences in honour of the occasion. Perhaps the spirit of good-fellowship which seems to permeate everybody on the happy day may even induce the bitterest of foes to forget their wrongs and shake hands in a manner which shows they are both delighted to make it up and little likely to repent of so doing. The business man forsakes his daily task, and nearly everybody in the office gets a holiday; the lawyer returns his briefs, or has them 'devilled' by some lucky junior who has long wanted to find his legal legs; the village turns out in Sunday best to gaze at the array of bunting and triumphal arches; and even the hermit throws off some of his impenetrability at the sound of the marriage bells.

The winning of the bride may have caused many sleepless nights; at one time the fates are propitious, at another frowning; but at last the difficulties and doubts have been overcome, and all troubles left behind, forgotten, when the day comes to crown the lover's patience with what he has so long desired.

But all the trials of satisfying the stern demand for a handsome settlement, overcoming family prejudices, and winning the affections of the lady, are little in comparison with those we read of as having tortured the lover long ago, and even now in distant lands. Hundreds of years before Britain had begun to attract the attention of the bold Roman adventurers, intent on gain and conquests new, we find that men had to take wives unto themselves by force of arms, or by some base subterfuge which went not altogether unpunished in those troubled times. Every school-boy has felt the irksome task of translation relieved by the story of Romulus and his city full of men pining for the company of women, and driven at last by their desperation to their cowardly deception. Who has not heard of the proclamation of games to be celebrated in honour of the god Consus, the invitation of the Latins and Sabines to the festival, during which Romulus and his fiery youths rushed upon them and carried off the virgins, leaving the matrons to escape as best they could?

The Romans were not the only people of the classic age who had such difficulties to overcome, for the Spartan damsels also had to be compelled by violence to submit to matrimony.

But although in very early times a husband had to resort to violence to obtain a wife, we find that when these nations had settled down into comparative civilisation, it became part of the ceremony of marriage that there should be a

show of capture on the husband's part. In Rome and Sparta, among the lower classes, when a marriage was arranged, the bride sat confidently on her mother's lap, and was not at all surprised when her husband came accompanied by his friends to complete his part of the contract by bearing her away from her mother's fond embraces.

Records show that violence or capture was a necessary feature of a marriage in nearly every land at one time or another, and even at the present day among many races the custom is preserved in a modified form. An interesting instance of recent times is given of the Khonds. All the preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, each family contributes something towards adorning the feast which is prepared at the bride's dwelling. The feast is succeeded by dancing and singing well into the night, until it is time for the real business to commence. An uncle of the bride takes her on his shoulders, and an uncle of the bridegroom does the same for him while the dance is at its height. Suddenly they exchange their burdens; and the uncle of the bridegroom disappears with the bride, hotly pursued by her female friends, who are kept at bay by the comrades of the bridegroom striving their utmost to keep them off and cover her flight. She is wrapped in a scarlet cloak; while the young women even go so far as to hurl stones and bamboos at the devoted bridegroom until he has escaped with his bride to the verge of the village. Then the ceremony is complete, and he is allowed to conduct his hard-won spouse to his abode without further molestation.

It has been suggested that in the hurling of the stones we can trace the origin of the throwing of old slippers after the wedded couples of our own land; but it seems a long way to go to Khondistan to derive the origin of the amusing custom over which so much skill is sometimes exercised to ensure the slipper keeping company with them on their honeymoon.

Among the Kalmucks we have a slight variation of the programme. It seems that the man who wants to marry any particular girl has to win her by the fleetness of his horse. She is mounted on horseback, and gallops off as fast as she can go. He follows; and if he can catch her she is his wife, and has to return to his tent with him. We are told that there has never been an instance where she has been caught if she has no desire to become his wife; but it would seem from this, that after he has paid her parents the price they agreed upon, she has no option but to avoid the marriage by a successful flight.

It is not unknown to many that until quite recently a similar custom prevailed in Wales. The bridegroom having won the damsel's heart, appeared with all his friends mounted, at her door on the wedding morn and demanded her from her parents. The bride's friends, likewise on horseback, refused to give her up; upon which a scuffle ensued. She was suddenly mounted behind her nearest kinsman and carried off, pursued by the bridegroom and the whole body of friends, who with loud shouts and much laughter gallop after her. It was not uncommon to see two or three hundred people riding along at full speed, crossing in front, and jostling one another, to the delighted amusement of the

onlookers. When they and their horses were thoroughly exhausted, the bridegroom was allowed to overtake the bride, carry her away in triumph, the whole party finishing the day with feasting and festivity.

Sir Henry Piers gave an account of a similar kind of ceremony in the wilds of Ireland, where the interested parties met somewhere between the two dwellings to discuss the matter and make arrangements. If an agreement was concluded, the agreement bottle was drunk, and then the bride's father sent round to all his neighbours and friends to collect the wife's portion, to which every one gave a cow or heifer. These the husband had to restore to their respective donors if the bride died childless within a certain time. On the day of bringing home, the bridegroom and his friends rode out to meet the bride and her friends at the place of meeting. Being come near each other, the custom was of old to cast short darts at the company attending the bride, but at such a distance that seldom any hurt ensued, although we do hear that on one such occasion a noble lord lost an eye, which must have gone far to sound the knell of this quaint old custom.

Another curious instance affording evidence of ancient capture occurs in a certain Arab tribe. The betrothal takes place apparently in a similar manner to that of young English people of the nineteenth century; but the marriage is only rendered complete by the husband bringing a lamb in his arms to the tent of the girl's father and there cutting its throat before witnesses. As soon as the blood falls to the ground the marriage is complete, and he retires to his tent to await his lady. A game of hide-and-seek is played by the girl and by the people of the village, who pursue her as she runs from tent to tent. At last she is caught, and led off in triumph by some of the women to her lover, who, taking possession of her, forces her into his tent.

Perhaps the Bedouin Arabs of Mount Sinai conduct their matrimonial arrangements in the strangest fashion, for when a man desires to marry, he goes to the maiden's father and makes a bid, which may or may not be accepted. Should the father think the offer sufficiently tempting, the sale is completed without the chief person concerned being consulted. When she comes home in the evening with the cattle, she is met at a short distance from the camp by her intended husband and two of his friends, and is carried off by force to her father's tent. If, however, she has time to defend herself, and suspects their errand, she defends herself like a young tigress, biting, kicking, throwing sticks and stones and anything that comes to hand at her antagonists, often injuring them severely, even though she is not altogether averse to the match. The greater resistance she makes the greater praise she receives from her companions, who record it in her favour for ever after. When she is safely in her father's tent, they throw a man's cloak over her, and make a formal announcement of her future husband's name. She is placed on a camel in her bridal dress still struggling with might and main, and has to be held on by the young men. Then she is led round three times, and afterwards taken into her

husband's tent, the ceremony being wound up by the usual feast and presents to the bride.

In comparing these few instances, culled from current authorities upon folklore and kindred subjects, it will be seen how prosaic is the modern English marriage, which, even after a thoroughly romantic courtship, peaceably assures the ardent lover of his victory. There are not many fashionable young men about town who would seek matrimony if it could only be attained at the risk of a broken head or other practical demonstration of his bride's prowess.

PARIS SYNDICATE OF PROFESSIONAL MENDICANTS.

In the autumn of 1888 the special Commission appointed by the Municipal Council of Paris to study the condition of mendicity in the French capital delegated two of their number, Messrs Georges Berry and Piperaud, to visit the establishments frequented by professional beggars. During the second week of December we accompanied these explorers in their plunge into the dark continent where rogues and vagabonds have their seclusion, when we succeeded in obtaining interesting particulars regarding an extensive and comparatively wealthy Association known by the high-sounding title of the Paris Syndicate of Professional Mendicants. The existence of a corporation of the kind had been known to the authorities for some time; but it had never been fully investigated. The first knowledge of it had come from an old man, who one evening was set upon and severely assaulted by half-a-dozen equally impoverished-looking persons in the Champs-Élysées. The assailants escaped; and the only explanation the old man could give was that he had been warned off the hunting-ground by other alm-seekers; and as he had not gone, had been attacked—all, he believed, because he did not belong to 'The Syndicate.' Other details he could not or would not give, and there the matter rested, while the Minister of Police and the Maire of Paris discussed in whose province the matter of unearthing the corporation lay. Mendicants in the streets were under the eye of the police: at home, they were subject to the Municipality; but in view of the coming Exhibition, the Council set to work.

Every observer in Paris knows that there is an incalculable number who daily implore charity in the streets. Out of the two million seven hundred thousand residents, it is calculated that one in eighteen, or one hundred and fifty thousand, live on charity with a tendency towards crime. In London, the proportion is one in thirty. From this number must be deducted a third, who profess to be occupied regularly as cigar-end merchants, rag-pickers or *chiffonniers*, broken-bread collectors, newspaper hawkers—known as *dans la journalisme*—picture and book hawkers, song-sellers, street musicians—who cannot play the trombone or trumpet they carry, but demand coppers, or they will do their best—pavement artists and other *batteurs du pave*. Many of these have their own Syndicates, as that of the cigar-end merchants, who have a regular market in the Place Maubert; or of the *chiffonniers*, whose headquarters are in the Rue

Sainte Marguérite. But there is a good hundred thousand who are nothing but mendicants.

After much wandering through slums and into taverns of the lowest class on the outlying Boulevards, without coming upon any traces of a Union save of the most transient nature amongst the hundreds of wretches we encountered, we were advised to try a place right in the centre of Paris. It proved to be the spot we wanted. It is a large wine-shop, known as 'La Cave,' at No. 36 Rue Montorgueil, a main street running almost due north from the middle of the Central Markets. When we arrived, the place was well crowded, and presented a striking spectacle. In this den, with damp black walls, unplastered, and overgrown with fungus and clouds of cobwebs, a black roof of bare beams, the many recesses filled with sticks and boxes and broken furniture, there was only one large-flamed, smoking oil-lamp, which threw a dim light on a crowd of evil-looking men and women. Here and there was a filthy-topped rotten table, resting obliquely on shaky legs, surrounded by groups of men, women, and children, most of them drunken, and all showing the brands and stains of vice in its various stages. On the ground, the bare earth, were sitting, lying, or huddled together, scores more of women and children or men stretched in the last stage of helpless drunkenness. All had the wrinkled, grimacing countenances of the world's dregs; some were fat and bloated of face and body; most had lean sharp shoulders half-covered with loathsome rags, tangled hair, eyes bleared or glistening with the side-glance of a wolf, legs wrapped in dirty loose bandages, covering real sores or simulating ugly wounds, and bodies swathed in shreds and tatters. We had been in Marseilles when cholera and smallpox were rampant, and the sufferers from these two most loathsome of all diseases had been collected hurriedly in temporary hospital sheds; but the ghastly spectacle was nothing to this. Probably, there was not one person in this den suffering from any ailment calling for medical treatment; but the aggregate of disease there, resulting from the lowest vice and utter animal degradation, was sufficient to have polluted any honest community. The whining beggar on the street may seem individually a harmless unfortunate; but here collectively, without the mask that tickles charity, the gang seemed loosened from the lowest Inferno. As we soon learned, it was not poverty, nor was it crime or criminal tendencies that could be held to account for this accumulation of bestial creatures, but utter sloth and besotted viciousness.

After the first growl at our intrusion, they were harmless animals. They accepted our plea of being provincial artisans looking about Paris, and needed little persuasion to partake of a bottle of superior wine. With three of their leaders we sat in a partitioned corner, and let them become gradually not merely loquacious but arrogantly communicative. It was their day of reunion. Every Wednesday from ten p.m. till twelve, all the members of the Syndicate meet in La Cave for the distribution of the week's funds. Daily they hand over to the appointed President and Treasurer their gatherings. They number several hundreds, and every

man and woman's post has a fixed or approximated value, which must be realised. Should there be any falling-off or any suspected discrepancy, the post is given to a more capable person. There have been cases of what our informant called embezzlement on the part of a collector; but they were always found out and punished. It would be difficult for any member of the Association with subversive ideas to dispose of any sum retained. If he squandered it on the road home, it would be known at once, and he would know what fate waited him in La Cave. If he were suspected of secreting any coins, he would be quickly stripped, searched; and if found guilty, consigned to a more difficult station. He might even be expelled, and then, woe betide him if he went to any of the Syndicate's stations. He would have the treatment dealt to any other outsider who intruded on the reserved hunting-grounds. Poachers are disposed of as in the case before mentioned in the Champs-Élysées, though it seldom requires to be carried to that extreme. A hint usually suffices. The great safeguard, however, is the indifference of the members to anything beyond the satisfaction of the day and the natural recklessness as to the future which brought them to their present state. They get their share in the division. As the stations are allocated, they have no more right to the sums they collect than the others, and there is enough to be made out of the profession legitimately to satisfy their immediate wants. The embezzlers quickly drift into crime, which entangles them with the police; and it was the boast of our informants that there are no criminals in the Syndicate. They are men and women with the deeply rooted idea, which cannot be eradicated by any amount of preaching, that it is preferable to live well by doing nothing than to starve to death by working.

We were carefully assured that those whom we saw were the *varriens* of the Association, *bons enfants* all, but inclined to squander every penny the moment the distribution was made. The Syndicate has a variety of systems in dealing with the collections of its members. In several cases, especially for well-known frequenters of a particular site, it levies contributions of a fixed sum per week, in return for which the Syndicate allows no rival to interfere with the mendicant. The protégé of many regular patrons finds this to his advantage. In general, the sums collected are divided in a very equal proportion, a few receiving an extra percentage, *pro rata*, on their drawings. A certain percentage is retained for the general expenses of the Syndicate and for the reserve fund. There is no sick or burial fund—the sick being best able to beg, and having the free hospitals at their service, and funerals of the poor being a State arrangement. The reserve fund has in part been applied to the purchase of a house where any of the members who choose may lodge at the rate of one franc (tenpence) a week, and the remainder—amounting, we were led to believe, to a considerable sum—is invested in the purchase of shares and bonds. It is safe in the hands of a small Committee; but a difficulty of the Syndicate has all along been the inability to secure able financiers. The present treasurer was once a great man in the financial world; but,

as we could understand, his faculties are not what they were, and his disinclination to plod over figures had led to frequent disputes. There was some talk of setting up a regular bureau, but it had got no further. It would not be very surprising to hear of its being established, of its issue of shares, of its being quoted on the Bourse, and of its cashier levitating by the night-train across the frontier into Belgium, all in the regular fashion. Stranger things than that have been matters of notoriety in the Paris commercial world. The more reputable members, who had gone home immediately after the distribution, had, many of them, very considerable savings. All of these are lodged in the Syndicate's funds. The members, even when they had their own little household, were not supposed to dwell in such localities as might include a safe for their documents, so that the rule of the Syndicate did not involve any hardship, while it enabled the management to keep an eye on the different banking accounts. Any member could withdraw his savings and retire when he had amassed sufficient for any likely object. The usual desire of the economical mendicant, like that of all Parisians, is to get together enough to enable him to buy a small cottage in the country, and live thereafter on an annuity; or, preferably, rank as a *rentier* or independent person retired on a competency.

Considering these points, we were inclined to give some credence to the stories regarding the possible profits and purposes of the better class of mendicants. We were allowed no sight of the official books; but an accident enabled us to draw out some fuller details as to figures. While we were talking, an old man whom we all knew by sight as a habitual seeker of charity on the Boulevard des Italiens in the evenings, and on the Place de la Bourse in the forenoons, came in, and stood at the zinc counter counting out some money to the proprietor there. He then came over to where we were sitting, and received two louis and some silver amounting to over another louis—about two pounds ten shillings in all—from one of our companions. That was his share for the week, and he grumbled at it. He drank one or two glasses of wine and left us. The man who had paid him told us the old fellow was always discontented, though he was one of the richest members of the Association.

From this we got into statistics regarding the value of the best posts. They argued no small knowledge and experience of human nature as embodied in France. The alleys in the Champs-Élysées, it appears, are good for picturesque-looking old men. On a good day, from ten to a dozen of these mendicants should each collect from thirty to forty francs, or an average of thirty shillings. This seemed exaggerated; but we were assured it was not. The number of persons allowed on the 'beat' is kept carefully limited, and intruders are speedily cleared off. To a tall thin person endowed with long white hair and beard, really or artificially patriarchal and starved-looking, who can stoop effectively, yet with an air of departed grandeur, and smile pathetically, a post on the Champs-Élysées brings in thirty or forty fifty-centime pieces and a pocketful of coppers every day. One old gentleman who was well known for many years, and bore the reputed distinction of

an effete Marquise—one of the oldest in France—we were assured cleared close on two louis a day, or about ten pounds a week. He had been a member of the Syndicate, which of course guarded him against all competition; and out of his drawings he received two pounds plus twenty per cent., from five to eight pounds, and fifty per cent., on all beyond. His share amounted to over three pounds ten shillings a week nearly all the year round. He is now in honourable retirement in the neighbourhood of Bougival. The mendicants allotted to the Champs-Élysées hand over their drawings twice a day to collectors, in case the police should take a fancy to inspect them, and are in addition pretty well watched and followed by fellow-members, lest they should dispose of any sum to a confederate.

The Bourse is another spot which can be depended upon for a pretty regular amount. The mendicants there enjoy the relics of a reputation they never possessed as quondam millionaires who lost all at spine grand crash in hypothetical stock. Third on the list come the principal churches, the Madeleine and Notre Dame; but they are far from being so profitable. Pictures of charity at church doors are archaic. The real centre of the practice is where it may serve to foster the self-gratification of women and children, or weigh down the balance in the game of 'beggars my neighbour.' The Syndicate's objection to church people is that they support their protégés privately, or give alms in the smallest doles as a duty. Every beggar revels on New-year's Day, for then no Frenchman or Frenchwoman runs the risk of a beggar's malediction by refusing to pay for a *bonheur* for the year. The Syndicate complains grievously that on that day innumerable outsiders join the profession, on account of its exceeding lucrativeness for the first twenty-four hours.

The 'money-losers' form a recognised branch of the profession. These are usually children or young female recruits from the country, who bemoan pitifully a supposititious half-sovereign which a big man knocked out of their hand as they were going a message. The crowd collects, and aids to search the gutter. When the weeping damsel begins to talk of a hard-hearted mistress and suicide in the Seine as all that is left for her, the crowd becomes practical, and one effusive blue-bloused workman gives out of the sweat of his brow the first silver coin to make up the lost amount. Then the crowd disperses, patting itself on the back for its tenderness of heart towards the afflicted.

The courtyard vocalists are in general a transient portion of the Association. They should clear at least two francs out of each block where there are from a dozen to twenty tenants of varying orders, and get over ten to fifteen places in a day. Their average weekly drawings are from four to five pounds. Every courtyard is marked in a Bottin, the Paris Directory, and its value carefully reckoned. There should be no discrepancies, or the vocalist hears of it.

From La Cave we went with one of our informants to another resort of the begging fraternity in the Rue St-Martin, beyond the Boulevard Sevastopol. This den is one of the sleeping haunts almost exclusively patronised by members of the Syndicate. It is little more than a

covered-in alley, from fifty to sixty yards long, twelve or thirteen feet wide, and little more than seven feet in height. Down the middle of the room is a passage about two feet broad; and on either side, about a foot above the level of the ground, rising slightly towards the wall, is the long planking from end to end on which the sleepers lie with their feet towards the centre-way. The place was very dimly illuminated by small jets of gas turned low; and here crowd together nightly, or rather twice a night, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons of all ages. When we looked in, the place was packed, many crouching on the ledges and huddled on the passage. 'No matter how many are in,' said the doorkeeper, 'there is always room for more.' The rule of this and other establishments of the kind is that for one penny the visitor is entitled to lie down till two o'clock in the morning. Then all are wakened up, and go out. At four the place opens again, and for another penny the visitor may stay for the rest of the night. The entrance-way is a bar, at which the visitor is supposed to take a *consommation* or drink of some kind before going farther. This, however, is not always enforced. The reason of the break from two till four is that the place is nominally a restaurant, and must conform to the police regulations, which compel public-houses to close at two, and not open again before four.

A few doors farther along, at No. 116 in the same street, is another den of the Syndicate without the bed arrangements, but with tables and benches to be utilised instead. Here also were scores of debauched wretches; but a glance round sufficed. It is possible to sup of horrors even to satiety, and though we had gone to all the dens which our informant of the Syndicate mentioned as patronised by his fellow-members, we could have learned no more.

The Municipal Council has resolved to tolerate the existence of the Syndicate. Wiping it out would be of no public benefit, and all that can be done is to enforce more stringently the ordinances against open mendicancy. The Association is only a drop in the bucket, and not necessarily an unwholesome one.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

'Mid waving grass the broken headstones lie;
The carved cross-bones show, the blades between,
And half-effaced, the once-known names are seen
'Neath bright-hued mosses, clinging tenderly.
No flower-decked mound here chains the passer-by;
The dead sleep lost below the exuberant green;
None cares to read what once their lives had been;
Their words, their deeds, have passed from memory.
It hurts our tender vanity to know
That time may bring us to the same cold plight,
When we and all we love have passed from sight,
And o'er our heads the untended grasses grow.
The daily tide of life may ebb and flow,
But we shall rest within oblivion's night.

c. a.

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IN A CASTLE GARDEN.

ROUND the massive parapet of the Castle courtyard runs a broad stone bench, and, under the shadow of the gray old keep, there could be no quieter resting-place, no better-chosen spot for a reverie. In the scented silence here, 'far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,' lingers the memory of deeds that have shaken thrones. Lichen-ed and weather-stained with the rains of many centuries, are tower and bench and parapet; the gravel of the ancient courtyard has been worn by the footsteps of historic generations, and the heavy antique masonry is dark with the warmth of forgotten summers. Overhead, not a feather of cloud drifts in the soft dim blue of the heavens; and amid the rich flower-splendour of the garden below, the hot silent air seems all but asleep. Fragile passion-flowers are leaning their starry blossoms from the foliage of the terrace wall beneath, a wall that needs to frown defiance no longer upon a threatening foe. And beside these blossoms hang delicate white bells of fragrant jessamine and sun-loving petals of golden honeysuckle.

From end to end the great walled garden flames, a blaze of colour, relieved here and there by quaintly-clipped hedges and trees of sombre yew. Beds of famous roses, crimson and cream, glow there, with heavy-winged butterflies of brown gold rising and falling among them. In the distance, in the month of June, the rhododendron trees were heaving rich pink masses of bloom against a milky background of hawthorn foam. And still nearer hand, the flower-beds,* cut in quaint patterns after a bygone fashion, and enamelled brilliantly in blossom-colours of citron, silver, sapphire, and flame, glow, a triumph of gardening of the days of Queen Anne. The border of scarlet geraniums blazing royally yonder in the sun might be a picture of the thin red Highland line of Balaklava; while the purple squares of pansy-bloom above might be the squadrons of Russian cavalry gathering for the charge. The bank of queenly white irises farther off

might represent Guinevere and her ladies pavilioned again at Camelot; while the knights of the Round Table, crimson-jerkined champion and white-plumed pinks, muster thickly once more in the lists below. A thousand fancies might be drawn from these trim arrangements of walk and parterre, and their vivid contrasts of living colour. No painter's palette has a tone as bright as that of the scarlet poppy-banners flaming there in the sun; and the hot blood of youth is not more red than the rich clear tint of the peony farther away.

Happy, surely, must be the blackbirds, the merles of medieval days, whose rich notes ever and again float from the well-kept thickets. Are there not cool fountains in the garden's shady nooks wherein they may wet their golden flutes for fresher warblings? And do not close hedge-trees and secluded paths afford retreats enough amid which to rear their fluttering young?

And the sweet scents of the flowers wander about terrace and parterre like the place's memories of bygone times. For it has pregnant memories, this gray old Castle of the Fourth James. Quiet as is its courtyard now, and fair as is its garden, they have rung long ago to the tread of armed heels, and many a piece of statecraft and more than one red map of war have been planned within their precincts. Many a footstep weighty with the cares of state has passed under yonder low-browed doorway. Gray old warrior-politicians and doubled cavaliers of France, noble and stately dames and the mothers of kings—all have woven here their webs of ambition or desire. A storied old place it is, hoar with the frosts of many a winter; a stronghold that has outlived at least one dynasty of kings. Day after day and month after month through the centuries the shadow has gone round the face of the carved stone dial in the middle of the garden. No less steadily than to-day, doubtless, did that dial-stone mark the time when the lord of the Castle marched away in the fatal '45 to join the fortunes of his house to the failing Stuart cause. And year after year the roses of the garden have

burst forth into glorious bloom, have faded and been forgotten, like the hopes of the lovers, long since dust, who wandered generations ago among them. For great dames and noble have had their love-time here. One can imagine them, still young and sweet and fair, sitting in some such nook as this of the gray battlement, listening with pleased and trembling heart to the soft whisperings that all maidens love, while their eyes, dreamy as the blue forget-me-nots, gazed far off through the great stone gateway yonder, seeing, not the stabled deer trooping under the beech-trees of the lower park, but a future fair and glowing as the flower-garden beneath.

Here, a bride in her time, once came a haughty and ambitious Baroness, who presently was to become one of four famous rulers of Society—the all-powerful four who a century ago decided the invitations to the balls at Almack's, and whose disfavour could close irrevocably to timid debutantes the portals of the fashionable world. One wonders whether most of love or of ambition were the thoughts of such a dame as for the first time she stepped within the gateway here, mistress of these broad lands and of their ancient title.

Somewhat of a contrast to the thoughts of these forgotten lovers are the reflections of the nineteenth-century man of science who may resort here now sometimes to rest for a breathing-space on these old-world battlements. The dreamer of a century ago, listening to the pleasant hum of bee and fly among the blossoms, called it the music of insect life. He marvelled at the petal splendour of terrace and parterre as a matchless flower-tapestry of Nature's colouring. And the faint bloom-perfume drifting on the air was to him the incense offered by the flowers to Heaven. The student of evolutionary science of to-day, however, takes another meaning from his surroundings. The ceaseless hum of the insect world reminds him of the struggle for life—the dire battle for existence amid the surging waves of circumstance, from which he knows that only the fittest and strongest races, insect or human, will survive. For him something of the splendour and perfume of the flowers cannot but have faded with the knowledge that these are but bribes offered to bee and butterfly, that they may carry pollen from blossom to blossom, and so perpetuate the frail plant-life—an evidence of that competition in which countless less attractive flowers have already become extinct. Even the enjoyment of the garden's sunshine has become fraught to the mind of science with a foreboding thought; the sun's light and warmth, alas! are fast dissipating caloric, whose exhaustion must at some time leave dark and lifeless the golden eye of day. And the thin silver disc of the moon growing clear there in the evening sky has become only another sad reminder; for the lovely satellite, it is known too well, is a world already cold and dead.

Such is the sadness that has come with the fruit of the tree of knowledge; and though it is

doubtless well to know all truth, one may be pardoned for looking back sometimes with something of envy to the simple old-time enjoyment of life and its loveliness.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—LAND!

OUR progress was slow. For some while we carried strong winds, which swept us onwards into the softer climates of the Pacific; they then failed us, and were followed by a succession of light airs, as often ahead as astern.

But not to linger upon this time—though I could tell much of my incessant intimate association with Miss Temple—dwell with delight, untinctured by recollection of the miseries and anxieties of this passage. It was the 18th day of February, as very well indeed do I remember. On this day at noon, having worked out my calculations, I discovered that the distance to Braine's island, as I may call it, from the then situation of the barque, was to be traversed, if the light air held as it was, in about twelve hours; so that it would be proper to keep a lookout for it at about midnight.

I gave Mr Lush this piece of news; he received it with a flush of excitement that almost humanised the insipid coarseness of his dull, wooden, leather-bound, weather-hardened visage.

'Ye may calculate upon our keeping a bright lookout, sir,' said he with a grin that disclosed his tobacco-coloured fangs, and that might fairly be called sardonic, since the eyes bore no part in this disagreeable expression of satisfaction.

I watched him walk forwards to convey the information to the men. They went in a whole body on to the fore-castle, and stood staring about them, as though the ocean wore a new countenance to their gaze, now that they believed Braine's island to be a short distance past the slope of it. The carpenter pointed, and was full of talk; there was much lighting of pipes, expectoration, puffing of great clouds indicative of emotion, uneasy, impatient, flitting movements amongst the men, some of whom presently broke up into couples and fell to pacing the fore-castle like marines on sentry; talking, as I did not doubt, of the money they were going to dig up, what they would do with it when they had it, and so on.

I had the watch that afternoon; and when Miss Temple and I had eaten our little mid-day meal, I drew chairs into the shadow of the short awning, and we sat together, I, pipe in mouth, occasionally quitting her side to take a look outside the edge of our canvas roof, along with a brief stare ahead, for I could not be sure of Captain Braine's chronometer, nor of the exactness of my own calculations, and if the mad-man's island was where he had declared it to be, it might heave into view off either bow or

right ahead at any moment, for all I could tell.

Miss Temple stood in no need now of Captain Braine's overcoat. She was habited in the costume of the *Countess Ida*; somewhat soiled it was, yet the perfect fit of it continued to atone for its shipwrecked airs. Her dark eyes glowed under the shadow of the straw hat she had had on when she left the Indiaman. She needed but her jewelry, the flash and decoration of her trinkets, to show very nearly as finely as she had on that day.

Hitherto, that is to say for some weeks past, she had exhibited a resigned, calm, resolved behaviour, as of one who was constantly schooling herself to prepare for an issue of life or death. She had long ceased to utter a complaint; she would even detect a sigh in herself with a glance of contrition and self-reproach. Again and again had I complimented her upon the heroic qualities which her sufferings of mind and body had fructified in her; but this afternoon she was feverishly impatient and restless. The old fires of her spirit when alarmed were in her eyes. I would observe her struggling in vain to appear composed. As we sat together, she exclaimed, as she brought her eyes to my face from a nervous sweeping gaze at the horizon over the bows: 'By this time to-morrow we shall know our fate.'

'Perhaps not. Yet I pray it may be so. If I were sentenced to be hanged, I would wish the hour come. But what is to be our fate? Nothing in this life is so bad or so good as our fears or our hopes would have us think. If there should be no island— Well, those villains will find me on the alert for what may come along in the shape of chance, and you must be ready.'

'I am ready,' she exclaimed; 'only tell me what to do. But this expectation!— Her lips trembled, and her white fingers clenched to the agitation that possessed her. 'The misery is, Mr Dugdale, you have no scheme.'

'That will come,' I exclaimed; 'be calm, and remain hopeful. I might, in the language of the heroes of novels, hope to reassure you by promising that if we are to perish we will perish together. I am not a hero, and I talk with the desire and the intention of living. There may be a few more adventures yet before us; but your hand is in mine, and I shall not relinquish it until I conduct you to your mother's side.'

Of course I talked only to cheer her; yet I hoped even as I spoke, and my hope gave a tone of conviction to my words that seemed to animate her, and she smiled whilst her wistful eyes sank, as though to a sudden reverie.

During the rest of the day the crew were ceaselessly on the move, passing in and out of the galley and in and out of the fore-castle, pacing the planks with impatience strong in their rolling gait. The sturdy figure of the carpenter was conspicuous amongst them. When he came aft, he would look as though willing to converse with me, but I walked away abruptly

on his approach, and if I chanced to leave the cabin when he was on deck, I kept to the lee side, contriving an air that even to his unintelligent gaze must have conveyed the assurance that I wished to have nothing to do with him.

When the night descended, it was moonless, and through the pleasant blowing of the wind, of a singular sweetness and freshness such as I could not imagine of darkness in any other ocean. The water was now streaming in a line of whiteness along either side, and the murmur under the counter was as constant as the voice of a running brook heard amid the stillness of a summer night. The carpenter had the watch from eight to twelve; but for my part I could not find it in me to go to my cabin. Such was my feverishly restless condition, that I knew I should close my eyes in vain, and that the inactivity of a recumbent posture would speedily grow irksome and intolerable. Miss Temple entreated me to lie down upon the locker in the cabin. I answered that I should be unable to sleep, and that without sleep the mere resting of my limbs would be of no service to me.

'But you will have to watch from twelve to four,' she exclaimed, 'and at this rate you will get no sleep to-night.'

I smiled, and answered that Braine and the carpenter between them had murdered sleep; and then took her on deck, where we walked and conversed till the hour of eleven—six bells. I then returned with her to the cabin. She declined to enter her berth; she begged me, and her eyes pleaded with her voice, to suffer her to remain at my side throughout the night. But this I would not hear of: I told her that such a vigil would exhaust her, that her utmost strength might have to be taxed sooner than either of us could imagine; that she must endeavour to obtain some repose upon the locker, and that if anything resembling land showed during my watch, I would call her. I saw a look of reproachful remonstrance in her face; but compliance was now a habit with her, and in silence she allowed me to arrange a pillow and to throw a light blanket, that I fetched from her bed, over her feet. I sat near her at the table, leaning my cheek on my elbow, and from time to time exchanged a few words with her. There was hardly any movement in the sea. The wind held the canvas motionless. The seething alongside was too delicate to penetrate, and the silence in the little cuddy was unbroken save by the ticking of a small brass clock under the skylight, and by the measured tramp of the carpenter overhead.

A little before twelve I looked at my companion, and perceived that she was asleep. On the eve, as I believed we were, of God alone knew what sort of events, the spectacle of the slumbering unconscious girl, whose beauty was never so affecting as when softened, and I may say spiritualised by the expression of placid repose, moved me to the heart. What a strange association had been ours! How intimate had we become! what confidences had our common suffering caused us to exchange! what condition of shoregoing life was there that could have brought this girl and me together as we had

been and still were? How I loved her, I was now knowing; I could dwell upon my passion with delight as I looked at her, though on the threshold of a future that might prove terrible and destructive to us both. What was the secret of her heart, so far as I was concerned? I gazed at her lips with some unintelligible hope of witnessing them shape the syllables of my name; then the clear chimes of eight bells floated aft. With a sigh and a prayer, I dimmed the cabin lamp and went softly to the companion steps.

On my emerging, the carpenter came up to me.

'It's been blowing a steady air o' wind,' said he: 'allowing for this here improvement in our pace, what time d'ye reckon the island'll take to show itself?'

'If it exists,' I answered, 'it might be in sight now. The captain's description showed that there was no height of side to make a loom of. If you're going forward, see that a couple of hands are stationed on the fore-castle, and tell them to keep a bright lookout. We don't want to run the reef down, if it's there.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' he exclaimed in the rough off-hand voice of a sailor receiving an order, and left the poop.

The time crept away. There was a light burning in the galley; and the shapes that flitted in and out through the open door, throwing giant shadows upon the hazy square of illumination on the bulwark abreast of the galley entrance, satisfied me that most if not all of the men were awake and on the lookout.

All this while Miss Temple lay soundly sleeping below.

It was wanting about ten minutes to four when the quarter-deck was suddenly hailed from the fore-castle. The voice rang loud and startlingly upon the ear used to the continued stillness of the night.

'Hallo!' I cried.

'There's something dark right ahead,' came back the answer.

I whipped the glass out of the companion, and walked swiftly forwards where all the crew had run to the first cry, and where I found them standing in a huddle of shadowy shapes at the rail, some pointing, and all looking in one direction.

'Where away is the object reported?' I exclaimed.

'Yonder,' cried the carpenter, stepping out of the little crowd and projecting his arm almost on a line with the jib-boom end.

I instantly perceived it! It was just a streak of shadow, low-lying, like a line of cloud beheld by night lifting a few fathoms of its brow above the sea-line. I pointed the telescope; and the lenses, without revealing feature, resolved the length of airy obscurity into the firm proportions of land.

'Is it the island, sir?' demanded the carpenter in a voice hoarse with excitement.

My own astonishment—the wonder raised in me by yonder prompt settlement of the incredulity that had possessed me from the first minute of hearing the captain's story—the conflict of emotions which followed on my con-

sidering that the land ahead must inevitably be Braine's island, since the chart showed clear water to the distance of the latitude of Easter Island, which the low stretch over the bows most assuredly was *not*, the loom being little more than that of a reef—rendered my ear deaf to the carpenter's inquiry. He repeated his question.

'If not, then I know not what other land it can be,' said I. 'How far distant will it be, think you?'

The men gathered about us to hear what was said.

'Three mile about,' he answered.

'More like five,' grumbled out a seaman.

'Five in your eye!' cried another—'more like *ten*. If ye'll stay your breathing, you'll hear the wash o' the surf.'

'Better shorten sail and wait for daylight, Mr Lush,' said I.

'Ay, ay, sir,' he answered; 'that'll be the proper thing to do;' and instantly fell to bellowing out orders.

The uproar of the excited crew clewing up and hauling down, yelling as they pulled at the ropes, and springing about with an alacrity that made their darting figures resemble those of madmen, awakened Miss Temple. I stood alone on the poop, endeavouring to obtain a view of the land by leaning over the rail, when she came up to me.

'What is it, Mr Dugdale?'

'Land!' I exclaimed, instantly turning to her.

'The island, you think?' she cried, suppressing astonishment until she should have received my answer.

'I have no doubt of it. The shadow indicates that it is little more than a reef. Its bearings, according to my computation, accurately correspond with those given by Captain Braine.'

She projected her head over the rail, but was some time before she could distinguish the mere dash of gloom that the land made upon the horizon.

'If it should be the island!' she cried. 'That you should have steered this ship straight as an arrow for it, and that it should be there—no madman's dream, as we have both believed it! If one part of the story be true, the other part should be so.'

I was too astounded to converse. I could do no more than ejaculate. To be sure, as my companion had said, if the story of the island was true, the story of the gold might be equally true. There would be the treasure, then, for the men to possess themselves of! And afterwards?

My brains seemed to whirl like a teetotum in my skull.

Meanwhile, the sailors had reduced sail till the barque was now under topsails only, the rest of the canvas hanging from the yards in the grip of its gear. The carpenter arrived on the poop.

'Mr Dugdale,' he exclaimed, in a rough, congratulatory voice, 'you've done wonderfully well, sir. I don't think there's e'er a navigator would have struck it true as a hair as ye have. Ye've got no doubts now left, I allow?' and I

saw his face darken with the wrinkles of the grin that overspread his countenance.

'What's to follow?' I demanded, thinking to take advantage of his mood.

'Why, the gold,' he answered, 'the money, sir; what we've been awaiting for; and what I suspect we'll most of us know what to do with when we gets it.'

'And then?'

'That'll be a matter for consideration,' he answered, drawing off and going to the rail and staring ahead.

'Back the topsail yard and bring the ship to a stand, Mr Lush,' said I, 'and get a cast of the lead, will you?'

These orders were immediately obeyed. The lead ran out to the whole scope of line without touching bottom. There was nothing now to be done but to wait for daylight. A whole eternity seemed to pass before the dawn broke. Then to the sifting of the dull gray faintness over the rim of the eastern sea, the land came stealing out, till, to the sudden upsoaring of the sun into the clear blue sky of the Pacific morning, it flashed out into its full proportions and distinctive features not a mile off our port beam as we then lay with our maintop-sail aback.

The crew, neglecting all discipline and ship-board habit, were assembled in a body on the poop; and thus we all stood looking, I a little distance away from them with Miss Temple at my side. It was a small coral island, apparently of the dimensions that Captain Braine had named. To the northward the smooth water brimmed to a long shelf of coral grit, lustrous as snow in the sparkle of the early sunshine. There was a small rise, green with vegetation, in the centre of the island; how far distant, I could not imagine. Almost abreast of us, the land went in with a semicircular sweep like to a horseshoe, and was exactly the lagoon as had been described by Captain Braine. In the centre of it, just as he had marked the thing down upon his chart, rose a coral formation of the appearance of a very thick pillar, and at the distance from which we surveyed it, it might easily have passed for a monument of white stone erected by human hands, the decorated summit of which had been rudely broken off by a tempest or some volcanic shock. On a line with this pillar, some little distance up the bench of the lagoon, were several clumps of trees. There was a deal of a sort of stunted vegetation going inland from the margin of the little bay, coarse grass, as my telescope made out, tangles of bushes, and so on.

The carpenter in the midst of the men stood with the parchment chart in his hand, pointing out how the outlines corresponded with those of the land, amidst a hubbub of eager comments and exclamations of excitement. For my part, I could not credit my senses; I disputed the evidence of my own eyes; I brought them away from the island to fix them with an emotion of profound bewilderment upon Miss Temple.

'Can it be real?' I cried. 'After the weeks of conviction of the utter madness of this quest, am I at last to be persuaded that the wretched suicide was not mad, that his island is a fact, and his gold an absolute reality too?' I turned my back upon the crew to press my hands to my eyes to ease my brow of an intolerable sense of swooning in it.

'Three cheers for him, men!' I heard the carpenter roar out. Volley after volley of huzzas rang from the deep sea lungs of the sailors. They were cheering me. I turned to find them all looking my way. They tossed their caps and flourished their arms like madmen in the exuberance of their delight.

'Now, sir,' sung out the carpenter, 'hadn't we better see to our ground tackle?'

'As you will,' I answered; 'there is your island; I have kept my word with you; now, Mr Lush, the crew will proceed as they think proper. When you require my services again as a navigator I am ready;' and so saying I seated myself on the edge of the skylight, and with folded arms continued to view the island with such astonishment and incredulity as made me fear for my head.

'Is it all for the best, do you think, Mr Dugdale?' said Miss Temple, who had seated herself beside me.

'I cannot tell—it may be so. If they find the money, the wretches' delight and good temper may render them willing to comply with my wishes to make for the nearest port. I am in a dream. Give me a little time to recover my amazement. You know it ought to be impossible that that island should be there.'

She glanced at me anxiously, with something of alarm indeed, as though there was even a greater strangeness in my manner than in my language. Long hours of anxiety, long hours of sleeplessness, the continual apprehension of what was to follow if this island was not discoverable, these things, and how much more? had done their work with me; and now on top was come the shock of the discovery of the truth of what I had all along been convinced was the dream of a madman—the lie of a crazy head! I felt a moisture in my eyes; my limbs trembled; my breathing grew thick and difficult. In silence, Miss Temple hurried below and returned with a tumbler of cold brandy grog. She put it into my hand, and I drank it off; and I have very little doubt that the strong stimulant—such a dose as might have made me boozy in an hour of ease!—rescued me from an attack of hysterics, man as I am who tell this!

The carpenter had now taken command. He came aft whilst Miss Temple and I nibbled at some breakfast which Wilkins had brought us on deck, and ordered the maintop-sail to be swung, and stationed a hand with a lead-line in each of the main-chains. The wind was about south, and allowed the barque with her yards braced fore and aft to very nearly look up for the lagoon. We crept slowly along; the lead on either hand went in frequent flights towards the bow, but no bottom was reported. This went on till the yawn of the lagoon was upon our starboard quarter, with the trend of the land covered with bushes opening out as it ran into the south-east, and then came a shout from the port main-chains. The water now shoaled rapidly; a man stood forward ready to let go the anchor; down thundered the topsail yards to the cry of the carpenter to let go the halliards; the barque lost way; the sharp clank of a hammer rang through the vessel, followed by a mighty splash, and the roar of iron links torn in fury through the hawse-pipes.

In a few moments the *Lady Blanche* was at rest, with the western spur of the lagoon within half a mile of her.

(To be continued.)

FRUIT-GROWING.

UNTIL within a very recent period, the subject of Fruit-growing would not have come within the scope of a popular journal. Fruit of all kinds has in the past been looked upon as a luxury rather than as a food, and our forefathers, for whatever reasons, did not regard the consumption of fruits as one of the requirements for the maintenance of health. The strenuous advocacy of vegetable food only, by the extremists who glory in the title of vegetarians, has perhaps produced the effect of drawing attention to the value of fruit as a food, and the possibility of health being maintained without the assistance of animal substances. One thing, however, is certain, that the cultivation of fruit—mainly thereby meaning such solid varieties as apples and pears—is rapidly coming to be considered a branch of agriculture in its broad and national sense.

For many years the industry of fruit-growing in England dragged on what may be called a routine if not a miserable existence, productive of only bad or very mediocre results. That no steps were taken to improve upon that state of affairs would appear to be attributable to that peculiarity with which British people, and particularly the British farmer, are credited by outsiders, of allowing matters to take their own course, happy in the belief that what was good enough for their predecessors required no improvement or alteration at their hands. In the meantime the orchards not only became old, but bore their years badly in the bargain, suffering from lack of attention at the hands of their owners. With increased population came an enormously augmented consumption of fruit, for which the British orchardist ought to have been, but was not prepared. To supply it, therefore, there came, and come to this day, very large importations of foreign fruit. It is now about fifty years since apples were first sent to this country from America; whereas it is barely seven years since the fruit-grower in the United Kingdom began seriously to realise his situation or the opportunities he had for ameliorating it.

At the present time a wave of enthusiasm is passing over the country in connection with the question of fruit-growing in England; and a number of its advocates have now rushed to the opposite extreme, and appear to be as unreasonably sanguine as they were a few years ago unreasonably lethargic and silent. There can be no doubt that the seeds of the movement were sown by the Royal Horticultural Society at their first Apple Congress in 1883; while the wide attention drawn to it by the words and personality of Mr Gladstone has played a hardly less important part in its growth. About the same time, too, apples commenced to arrive here from Australia, and the fact of their importation from such a distant and unexpected quarter may have served in a very great degree to rouse the grower here to face and to think about amend-

ing his absurd if not somewhat contemptible position.

It must not be imagined from the foregoing that apples are the only kind of fruit proposed to be grown. Such is not the case, although the apple is the general favourite. From the apple or the pear to the soft fruits, particularly gooseberries and currants, is but a short step from the grower's point of view; for in planting an orchard of the harder fruit he will also plant between those trees rows of the softer ones named. By this means he will obtain marketable returns in two years from the latter kind; whereas from trees such as apples, three to five years is the soonest he can expect a healthy crop of any size or importance.

It is not at all generally known here to what a science the growth of apples is carried in Tasmania, nor in what perfection that fruit is there produced. The British public have, however, during the last two years had some opportunities to pronounce an opinion upon it, as the trade between the two countries has during that period assumed larger proportions than has previously been the case. The great encouragement with which the importation has been met on this side is thoroughly merited by the, generally speaking, sterling quality of the fruit sent, an encouragement which in no way jeopardises the position the English grower holds or hopes to attain, as the apples do not arrive at a time to compete with any English fruit. The whole of the imports arrive and are sold during a period of about two months, say, from the middle of April to the middle of June, when the season for American apples is over, and before the soft fruits make their appearance to any extent. The apples are brought from the colony in the refrigerating chambers of the large ocean steamers, and attention being given to the fruit during the voyage, it is turned out here in prime condition. Great credit is due to the growers for the care and skill exercised in the packing, a subject upon which a few remarks will be made hereafter. Those who read the above references to the fine quality of Tasmanian fruit, and cannot already testify to their accuracy, will doubtless take the necessary steps to taste and report upon it when the proper time arrives.

The bare idea of England importing fruit from Australia is no doubt at first sight a startling one; and the foregoing facts will show that it is now an established trade, and are introduced here with the object of demonstrating what success might have attended the English grower had he taken the bull by the horns at the proper time. At any rate the Australians can grow good fruit; and a glance at their mode of culture may prove both interesting and profitable, for their system is not adopted to any extent, if at all taking it as a whole, in this country. In recent communications to the leading London journal, the treatment referred to was briefly described somewhat as follows: The apple-trees are obtained from the nursery when one year old, and are found to be healthiest when consisting only of one upright stem, having no shoots. They are properly planted in holes, which are dug two feet square and a rod apart. Each tree is then subjected to its first pruning, which is done by

cutting off sufficient of the upper part of the tree to leave about twelve inches above the soil, the portion remaining in the ground possessing at least five or six live buds or eyes. Although this treatment may appear rather harsh to those who do not advocate the free use of the knife, it is productive of very good results, as extensive experience shows. The result of the first year's growth of a healthy tree will be that each eye left upon the short trunk referred to will throw out a shoot or branch of four to six feet in height. These in the following autumn should be cut off to within, say, five buds of the trunk, which buds, during the second year of the existence of the tree in the orchard, become branches, to be pruned in their turn. If the branches be always cut immediately above an eye pointing outwards, the trees will during the third year already resemble an inverted half-opened umbrella. It should at this time be kept quite free from shoots growing inwards. From that time onward the pruning must be left entirely to the judgment of the skilled cultivators, having in view the shape which it may be deemed desirable to maintain. So far as the development of the tree is concerned, this may be reckoned to be full at about ten years, having then probably attained the height of about twelve feet. It must not be supposed that the fruit will be difficult to pick without ladders at this height, for the branches, particularly the outer ones, can be easily drawn down sufficient for the purpose and without fear of breakage. Indeed, the fruit upon the branches, if present only in moderate quantity, will very often by its own weight place itself within reach. Although the trees are placed as a rule a rod apart in the Tasmanian orchard, it is no uncommon sight to see there an avenue, or rather a tunnel, formed by the branches of the trees, in two separate rows, overlapping by reason of the weight of fruit upon them.

Since fruit, however, is the sole object, every atom of nourishment which is diverted to the growth of wood beyond what is required to give it sufficient powers to support the fruit, is absolutely lost. One of the replies to severe pruning is that the balance of nature is lost; that she is outraged, and vents her spleen by throwing the force which would have gone into the branches into the roots, which do not bear fruit. This is so in the case of trees, such as the crab, which have a decided disposition to grow wood whether in the form of branch or root. The remedy, however, is simple: root-pruning. As a rule, trees which grow an excess of root throw their strength into one tap-root, which, unless cut, will penetrate very deep into the earth. When cut, a piece of slate or flat stone placed immediately under it will cure the mischief. Under many trees in any orchard of importance, properly kept, will be found such pieces of slate or stone; and in one instance an orchard was referred to as being 'paved with stone' a few inches beneath its surface. If the bewildered grower who halts between the different opinions of the 'masters' wishes to grow the pyramidal trees, he is advised to use the knife severely, and somewhat on the lines already indicated, being those upon which the present writer, following the example of his neighbours,

proceeded upon his own land in Tasmania. By that method the central trunk is virtually extirpated above the height of about twelve inches.

Of apple-trees planted at the distance of one rod apart, as already described, there will be one hundred and sixty in an acre. At five years from the time of planting the Tasmanian grower may rely, if the orchard receive proper attention and treatment during that time, upon each tree, on an average, yielding from two to three bushels of apples. Calculated at only two bushels per tree, a crop of three hundred and twenty bushels per acre will be obtained, which at four shillings per bushel—a fair net return—will give in money about sixty pounds per acre. From this must be taken, say, four pounds for cost of trees (one hundred and sixty at sixpence each); and for planting, cultivating, rent, &c. (the latter two for five years), say, at the outside sixteen pounds; in all, twenty pounds, or a net return to the grower of forty pounds per acre. It will be noticed that in this calculation the fifth year's crop is made to bear all the previous five years' working, as well as the initial expenses. The seventh year's crop may be fairly estimated at four to five bushels per tree; take the yield at only three bushels per tree—four hundred and eighty bushels per acre, or (at four shillings) ninety-six pounds. Allow as much as sixteen pounds per acre for cultivating and expenses, and the net result to the grower, of eighty pounds, must be considered a very handsome one. If the yield be taken at the larger quantities named, which may fairly be done, the profits will, of course, be greatly increased; and if that superior crop be obtained in countries where Nature is very sparing of rain, why should not the same crops be grown here, where the grower is more favoured? If the secret lies in keeping the ground round the trees constantly moved, let that system be adopted, since the results thus secured are more than commensurate with the expense. In any case, the foregoing figures will show the approximate results the grower may expect from apple-growing pure and simple; they cannot be said to be exaggerated, and have been purposely somewhat understated, to avoid any chance of misleading the would-be orchardist.

The natural and weighty objection which is at once raised to apple-growing is founded upon the length of time which must elapse before the grower can reap the benefit of his labour during that period. This is partly overcome by planting, between the rows of apple-trees, gooseberry and currant bushes, strawberry and raspberry plants, and in some cases cherry and plum trees, the former of which come into bearing quickly enough to ease the burden referred to. There is no doubt, however, that the fruit-grower must know how to wait.

Gooseberry and currant bushes are propagated from cuttings taken in the autumn from the old trees, upon which are a number of buds proportionate with the size of bush desired. Supposing these kinds are planted between the apple-trees referred to above as being one rod apart, there will then be eight feet between each tree or bush, and four hundred and eighty bushes in each acre. A fair crop from these may be said to be one ton of gooseberries and fifteen hundredweight of currants; the former valued at eight pounds per

ton, and the latter fourteen pounds per ton, net to the grower. This cannot be called very lucrative; and if an early and more considerable return is indispensable, the English dwarf-apples may be planted at the distance of one rod apart, in which case there will be room for two soft-fruit bushes between each apple-tree; and when the latter come into bearing, the former may be substituted by fresh apple-trees. If, however, the grower can 'rub along' with the proceeds of the soft fruit for five years, the apple-trees, one rod apart, with one row of soft-fruit bushes between, as first described, may be recommended as producing the best results in the end. Gooseberries and currants may be said to do best on a moderately dry rich soil; and when ground is devoted entirely to them, should be planted about five feet apart, giving one thousand seven hundred and fifty to the acre. When the soil and aspect are suitable (the latter should not be east), both these fruits are very profitable, the gooseberry perhaps being the favourite, the crop being more certain and the cost of labour less. The cost of these bushes one year old is in this country about one penny three-farthings to twopence apiece. The expense of laying out an orchard can thus be gauged according to the number of bushes required per acre. If they are planted by themselves, fourteen pounds per acre would cover the cost of trees and planting. In pruning currant bushes it must be remembered that red currants grow best on old, and black on new wood; gooseberries also on the new shoots.

Raspberries are also largely grown in some places. They are propagated from suckers, and are planted at a sufficient distance apart to permit of keeping the land clean without injury to them. A not too dry soil is preferable for this fruit: in the colonies it may be seen in rather low positions growing to seven and eight feet in height, and fruitful. About a ton and a half per acre, also valued at about eighteen pounds per ton, is an average return.

The ancient custom, which is at the present time greatly in vogue, and in favour of which prejudice still exists, of growing grass in orchards close up to the trees must be strongly deprecated. The trees are prevented from 'breathing,' and the soil beneath, where the roots are, is dry. It is simple and saves trouble, but it does not do the fruit-trees justice. It does not appear to be generally accepted now, as it must become later, that far better results will be obtained from orchards when the soil is kept continually moved. The weeds must be kept down and the cultivator continually at work; and as the trees grow older, or the instrument named cannot get close to the trees, the ground round the trunk should be hoed through the summer and dug every autumn. The result, as regards moisture, between the soil which is worked and that which is not, can be easily seen by leaving a portion of the land uncultivated for the season; when the earth, a few inches from the surface, will be found to be dry; whilst in the case of soil which has been continually moved, it will be found quite moist. When the trees reach the age of seven or eight years, the soft-fruit bushes should be taken out, and the whole of the orchard should be given up to them, and neither grass nor any other crop should be allowed to extract nourishment from

the soil. From the time of planting, however, to the age of maturity, when the young trees do not call heavily on the soil for their requirements, the space can be utilised by soft-fruit bushes, as already described.

The question of packing and preparing the fruit for the market is one which appears to have been somewhat neglected or not very successfully studied by the grower. Careful selection and general preparation in a manner to attract buyers cannot be too closely attended to; in so many cases at present, unfortunately, fruit is bundled into baskets or other receptacles and packed off to market, no attempt being made to select or to establish and maintain a brand which would in time become well known and sought after. Many orchards now yielding fruit for our markets are composed of so many varieties, that such a practice would be quite impossible; but there are many contrary instances. It may not be out of place to suggest the introduction of a box of a standard size or capacity, the fruit to be sold only in such boxes. The grower can then, at the time of picking early soft fruits, cart the boxes into the orchard and pick the fruit into them direct, each box being properly branded, and even, under supervision, nailed down in the orchard. This suggestion would apply principally to apples and gooseberries. The late fruits can at the proper time be packed in similar boxes. This would probably tend very greatly in the direction of sorting and branding, which in its turn will gradually lead to higher prices being obtained and a general improvement in the fruit sent to market.

The foregoing remarks have chiefly referred to apples as being probably the favourite and most popular fruit. The quality of fruits now generally produced in this country are, it must be admitted, of a very low order; but the standard during the next few years will no doubt be considerably raised; and if it is to be so, it can only be by the grower studying the demands of consumers and doing his utmost to meet them. The Englishman is too apt to think that buyers must come to him to buy, and not that he must go to the buyers to sell. Business nowadays, whether it be fruit-growing or any other business, must be pushed energetically, the consumers' requirements thought over, and no stone must be left unturned to satisfy them. When the English fruit-grower meets with that success which every one wishes him, he will find that attention to this portion of his duties will have played a not unimportant part in placing him in his enviable position.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

'WHY, bless my heart! if she hasn't published it after all!' Thus Arthur Meadowson exclaimed, as he opened a package which he found upon his breakfast table one morning in July. He had not expected ever to see or hear anything more of Miss Malden's novel; and lo! here it was, in three neat volumes, tastefully bound in dark green, with the title stamped in rustic gold characters upon the covers, as inviting a book to look at as any that ever gathered its deserved shroud of dust upon Mr Mudie's shelves.

He picked up the topmost volume and glanced through it; the paper and print were of the best, and the whole workmanship reflected the highest credit on Twinkleby & Co., whose name was visible on the back. The book had been got up regardless of expense; and recalling a remark in Mr Twinkleby's letter, Arthur guessed the secret of its splendour while he feasted his eyes upon it. 'Wegswood's doing,' he said, with a bitter little laugh. 'What a grand thing it is to be a moneyed man!'

He sat down to breakfast, and having poured out his coffee, unfolded the newspaper as usual; but after casting a careless glance over the summary of news, put it aside, and took up 'At Eden's Gate' again. This time, something prompted him to look at the fly-leaf; and as he read the few conventional words Alicia had written there, he grasped their intention, and felt the blood rush to his face. She had forgiven him; and lost to him though she was, the thought gave him an unreasonable degree of pleasure. He cut a few pages of the book, and propping it against the sugar-basin, began to read, eating mechanically the while. He was curious to see how Twinkleby had handled the story; whether he had allowed it to run its own wild course, or had laid a kindly restraining hand on its vagaries. A very brief examination showed how sparingly censorship had been exercised; the spelling had been corrected, and here and there he found a passage elucidated which he remembered as having baffled his understanding in the manuscript; but not one of the superabundant adjectives had been deleted, nor a single inconsequent phrase cut out; and on every page italics and inverted commas broke out like a rash. The faithful publisher had reproduced the melancholy original in all its crudity. It had looked bad enough on foolscap; but now, exposed to the unflattering glare of print, its weaknesses were deplorably manifest. Arthur turned back to the title-page with a shrug.

'Ah! she has been content to let it go with only her initials,' he muttered. 'I rather think she will have reason to be thankful she did.'

Having finished breakfast, he put away the book, and set out for his office, pondering over the terms in which he should acknowledge the presentation. He did not want to mar her enjoyment of success; but he knew that a double motive had led Alicia to send him the novel, and was not inclined to admit that its public appearance had caused him to alter his opinion of it. So he wrote, expressing his gratitude for the mark of forgiveness, which had given him sincere pleasure. He praised the refined taste displayed in the binding and general appearance of the book; and added that his having read it in manuscript would in no way qualify the interest with which he should peruse it again; which Delphic utterance he had no doubt would be accepted in its more flattering interpretation.

He could not bring himself to congratulate her on her approaching marriage to Mr Wegswood, for he felt that felicitations from himself would be too transparently hollow; he therefore omitted all reference to the subject, quieting his conscience by the reflection that, as the news had only reached him by a side-wind, she would take

his silence to mean he was in ignorance of her engagement.

Miss Malden did not answer his letter; but as it had contained nothing that called for reply, this gave him no disappointment. He was beginning to forget the matter, when one day, a fortnight after receiving the book, the evening post brought a note from her which gave him not a little astonishment.

'I am most anxious to ask your advice about something,' she wrote. 'If you could possibly escape from your work for a day, I should be so grateful if you would come up and see me. I shall be at home any day and hour you may appoint; but I earnestly hope you will be able to come soon.'

Mr Meadowson thought he could make a very fair guess at the purport of this summons, but did not delay to speculate upon it. He despatched a reply at once, saying she might expect him at noon the following day; and he spent a sleepless night, making half-hearted efforts to convince himself that the hopes which would insist in springing up again were foolish and vain. Nevertheless, his heart beat very fast when he found himself once more confronted by the familiar face of the butler at No. 212. Mrs Malden was not at home, but Miss Malden was, and had given orders to show Mr Meadowson into the library when he came. Thither he was accordingly conducted; and there, seated amid a litter of newspapers, wearing an expression of the most abject misery, he found Alicia. She sprang up as he entered, and before he could ask what distressed her, betrayed the nature of her trouble with her first words. 'Oh Mr Meadowson,' she cried, 'I wish I had taken your advice.'

'About your book?' asked Arthur, though he had grasped the situation already.

Miss Malden did not answer. She withdrew her hand from his, threw herself into a chair, and hid her face in her handkerchief. Mr Meadowson did not distress her with further questions. He put down his hat and took up the nearest newspaper: it was a copy of the previous day's *London Courier*, and he turned to the column headed 'New Novels,' never doubting what he should see; a blue pencil-mark halfway down showed him what he sought.

'At Eden's Gate. (By A. M., 3 vols. Twinkleby & Co., London.) A silly, hysterical, and rapid example: obviously the work of a very young person indeed. It is quite impossible to deal seriously with such a production; we can only recommend the parents or guardians of "A. M." to keep writing materials out of the child's reach for the future. The book is daintily got up.'

Arthur Meadowson lowered the paper and stole a compassionate look over the top at the unhappy authoress, who met his gaze with red eyes.

'They're all like that,' she sobbed out—'every one. Oh, I do wish I had believed what you told me.'

'Who sends you these things?' demanded Arthur indignantly, throwing aside the paper.

'Twinklebys. I asked them to send me all the critiques as they appeared; and'—here poor Alicia completely broke down—'they—they've—been coming in—by every post for—days.' She pointed to a corner by the window as she spoke;

and there Arthur saw an untidy heap of journals, some of which bore traces of rough handling.

'What am I to do!' sobbed Alicia. 'Some of the things they say are simply awful.—I'll show you,' she continued, choking back her tears and going over to the heap of papers. 'The *Northern Celt's* the worst; just listen to this.'

But before she could begin, Arthur Meadowson took the paper gently from her hand. 'It only pains you to read such things,' he said; 'and you surely can't imagine it gives me any pleasure to hear how your work has been ridiculed or abused. Nobody believes all a reviewer says. Besides, who is to know the book is yours? You kept it a profound secret, and only your initials are on the title-page.'

'But it is not a secret now,' she said. 'I have sent away copies to quite a dozen people, and they are sure to tell every one they know. And it will be in all the libraries besides,' she continued in a quivering voice. 'I shall never be able to show my face anywhere again. Fancy meeting one's friends after they have seen *those*!'—with a shuddering gesture at the newspapers.

'But they won't see them, Miss Malden. They may perhaps see what their own paper says, but it's more likely they will not. Moreover, such exaggerated, sarcastic censure as that I read will evoke sympathy for you rather than derision.'

Alicia drew a long breath, and looked up at him gratefully. 'Do you really think that?' she asked. At this juncture a loud double knock at the street door made her start. 'The post again!' she ejaculated with a long sigh.

The post brought three more newspapers for Miss Malden. She would have torn them open at once, but Arthur Meadowson quietly took possession of them.

'You are not going to see these until I have looked at them,' he said, stuffing his capture into his pocket. 'You sent for me to ask my advice, and I'm going to take what steps I can to save you further annoyance. If these critiques are of a nature to give you any pleasure, I'll give them to you; otherwise, they go into the fire.'

Alicia yielded. Her book had been condemned with such exasperating unanimity that curiosity was almost strangled by this time; nevertheless, she devoured every review as it came, in a forlorn hope that she might find a good word for some other part than the covers. All the papers praised the binding; and the majority drew satirical comparisons between that and the contents.

'Now, Miss Malden,' said Arthur, taking up his hat, 'this kind of thing must be stopped. I am going into the City to see Mr Twinkleby at once. I shall be back in a couple of hours, and will see you again before I return to B—.'

'Do,' replied Alicia; 'and don't be longer than you can help.' She felt that his presence gave her heart to face her trouble. He had not once hinted that he had 'told her so,' as another person might have done; and she nursed a vague idea that his visit to the publisher might somehow stem the current of hostile opinion.

Mr Twinkleby was in his office; and when Arthur explained his mission, he had no hesitation in informing him how the novel had come to be published.

'I did not tell Wegswood in so many words

that it was all twaddle,' he concluded, 'because I knew the authoress was a friend of his, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings. But when I declined to send it out, he was so upset that I consented to do it for him. I never thought Wegswood was so human; he was fearfully agitated at the idea of my sending back the manuscript. He offered to pay any sum I chose to name for doing the work.'

'He asked you to send all the critiques to the authoress, didn't he?'

'I believe he wrote about it. I was away, and my partner Tweek would have opened the letter.'

'Well, I've just seen the lady who wrote the book,' said Arthur, 'and I've come over to ask you not to send her any more of them. Wegswood pressed for publication under some misapprehension, and the authoress is very much annoyed and distressed about it.'

'I can quite believe it,' answered Mr Twinkleby dryly. 'I'll give orders on the subject at once.'

'Thanks. Pray, do.—I suppose you have not sold many copies of the book?' remarked Arthur, rising to go.

'Barring those distributed for review and a batch we sent the authoress, nearly the whole impression is down-stairs. It was a very small one, and I don't think I've now got a dozen copies ready bound. I suspect the account will give Wegswood a shock.'

Arthur Meadowson fervently hoped it would, but did not say so; and he travelled back to the West End, wondering how any sane man could have been guilty of such monumental imbecility as this.

'I know he confines his studies to the sporting papers and *Ruff's Guide*,' he said to himself as he turned into Brook Street; 'but surely he must know that it's customary for newspapers to review novels; and why on earth he insisted on having it published in the face of Twinkleby's advice, passes me altogether.'

'It seems my fate to have awkward tasks thrust upon me,' he mused. 'Now I've got to tell her that she has to thank the man she's going to marry for her trouble. I only hope I get out of it better than I did the last difficulty.'

He found Alicia eagerly awaiting his return; and in answer to her inquiries told her that she would see no more critiques, and that only very, very few copies of the novel had been sold; so she might set her mind at rest about the danger of her friends obtaining it at the libraries.

'Of course you told Mr Twinkleby on no account to sell any more?' said Alicia.

'I could not do that, Miss Malden. You see, Mr Wegswood published the book at his own expense, and no one has any right'—

'Mr Wegswood did what?' demanded the young lady with flashing eyes. 'What do you mean?'

'Another fiasco,' said Arthur *sotto voce* . 'No help for it.'

'Please explain yourself, Mr Meadowson,' commanded Alicia.

'It's rather a delicate thing for a man to do,' he said awkwardly, 'to interfere between—I believe I ought to have congratulated you—your engagement—Mr Wegswood; he got out the words with an effort, blushing purple as he did so.

The fluency of Alicia's reply took him utterly aback. 'I'm not engaged to Mr Wegswood,' she said angrily. 'It's too bad, the way people talk.—Who told you such an untruth?'

'Mr Twinkleby.—I understood that his information came direct from Mr Wegswood; but may be mistaken.'

Alicia bit her lips with suppressed anger, but said no more on the subject.

'Please explain about the novel,' she said, pointedly reverting to the topic.

A crushing weight had been lifted from Arthur's heart by Alicia's flat contradiction of her reported engagement, and he addressed himself to his now greatly simplified task of explanation without further hesitation.

Alicia heard his story in silence, listening with downcast eyes and hands tightly pressed together; nor did she speak when he had finished. She was comparing the truth with Mr Wegswood's circumstantial mendacity about his interview with the publisher, which she had so implicitly believed. He had made a fool of her, flattered her vanity with pretty stories, blind to the results his idiotic behaviour would bring upon her.

Several minutes passed before she awakened from this train of thought, which Arthur Meadowson did not interrupt. At length she looked up, and with a long-drawn sigh dismissed the matter from her mind in favour of more prosaic affairs.

'I never asked you to have some lunch, Mr Meadowson,' she said. 'I told the servants to keep it on the table for you; so come into the dining-room. I'm not going to bother you with my worries any more now; I want to hear about yourself.'

On hearing that Mrs Malden was expected to return at any moment, Arthur consented to stay, and he ate his lunch, tended by Alicia.

'I suppose it is not quite conventional for me to entertain a young man by myself,' she remarked; 'but I owe you a great deal for all you have done to-day.'

Arthur's services had not been of a very practical nature; but Miss Malden gauged their value by effect. She had been unutterably wretched for the last day or two—ever since that storm of newspapers had broken—and his method of dealing with her trouble had been, as she told her mother later, particularly 'nice.'

Although he lingered until late in the afternoon to see Mrs Malden, she failed to appear; and at four o'clock he bade Alicia good-bye, and set out for Victoria, after the longest and most confidential talk he had ever had with her. If his run up to town had brought comfort to her, it had been productive of infinite joy to himself. Not only had he re-established their old friendship on the firmest basis; he had learned from her own lips that her engagement to Mr Wegswood was a myth.

It was a myth, but not wholly without foundation. Mr Wegswood had carried out his project, and on the day which brought Alicia the copies of her novel from Twinkleby's, he had laid his fortunes at her feet. The occasion was well selected. Alicia was too blissfully happy to inflict pain upon any one that day; and as she could not say 'Yes,' sought to spare his feelings by procrastination. She was not prepared to

give him an answer, she said, and hoped he would not press her to do so. She would suggest that they should continue to be friends only, for the present. To this, Mr Wegswood, albeit not a little astonished at the lady's unreadiness, had acquiesced, and stated his intention of renewing his proposal on some future day. Alicia did not realise that in thus temporarily disposing of the subject she was riveting her chains upon him; and we fear that she gave it very little thought afterwards. Mr Wegswood, seeing the situation in his own light, accepted it with more philosophy than might have been expected; she meant, of course, to marry him eventually, but wanted to impress him with a proper sense of her value by repelling the first attack. Mrs Malden, to whom he confided the result of his proposal, was only too willing to confirm him in this theory; and mother and lover, therefore, patiently lay on their oars to await the turn of the tide.

This was the position at the time of Arthur's visit in connection with the critiques. Mr Wegswood was not in town just then, it is to be noted; some domestic calamity had taken him away to his mother's place in Berkshire, a few days after 'At Eden's Gate' appeared, and he knew nothing of the annoyances his publication of that work had inflicted upon the authoress.

What course events might have taken had Miss Malden not been enlightened as to the means Mr Wegswood had employed to publish her book, it is no part of our business to conjecture. What did happen, an hour after Mr Meadowson had taken his departure, the sequence of our story requires we should here relate. Alicia sat down, and indited to Mr Wegswood a temperately worded but very frank expression of her views on the subject; concluding with a request that he would be good enough to inform her what sums he had disbursed, that she might immediately refund them. The effect of this letter was to bring the recipient back to London by the first available train. He came to Alicia to explain, apologise, and sue for pardon, with an energy of humiliation which proved his sense of the injury he had done his cause; but he soon understood that any chance he might have had of winning the lady's hand was fatally wrecked. Alicia admitted that her eagerness to see the novel published might have misled him; she quite believed he deeply regretted the results of his short-sighted zeal, and these she would have overlooked. But she could not and would not forgive him for having practised upon her credulity as he did; he had misrepresented and concealed facts which would have convinced her, as they should have convinced him, that the book was not good enough to publish. He had consistently deceived her about it; he had treated her like a child, telling pretty stories simply to please her; and she had only found him out by accident.

And Mr Wegswood, standing before her, limp but not languid, received this flagellation in submissive silence. When it was over he begged Miss Malden to say what reparation he could make; he would do anything in the world to recover her good opinion and friendship. Alicia was sorry, but he could do nothing, save render an account of the expenditure he had incurred,

and direct the publishers to act upon her instructions in respect to the unsold copies of the book; Mr Meadowson had been up in town yesterday, and had done everything for her that could be done.

The mention of his rival's name made Mr Wegswood turn pale; he forgot the unlucky book, and in a hungry whisper implored Miss Malden to say that he might still—hope.

'I scarcely thought, Mr Wegswood,' said Alicia gravely, 'that you would ask me to speak more plainly than I have done. I cannot respect any one who tries to please by double-dealing. The truth may be disagreeable to hear, and I did not like it, I confess, when it was told me about my book. But I honour a man who has the courage to say boldly what he thinks, regardless of the consequences.'

She could not refrain from firing this last oblique shot, when she remembered what she had suffered; and it answered its purpose by bringing the unpleasant interview to an immediate close. Mr Wegswood said no more; he raised her hand to his lips, and left the room, creeping down-stairs and out into the street with a meekness of deportment which obscured his identity.

This phase of his disappointment, however, did not remain for long in the ascendant; the thought that Arthur Meadowson had brought this disaster upon him, rankled in his breast; and such black ingratitude from a man who might almost be called his private pensioner made him vindictive; he had no scruples about gratifying his thirst for revenge, and he lost little time in doing so.

Hence, a week after our hero's trip to town, he received an official communication from Mr Watson briefly advising him that his services would be dispensed with at the end of the following month; or, if he found it convenient to leave at once, no obstacle would be thrown in his way. Arthur Meadowson was not altogether unprepared for some display of his patron's ire; but he had not anticipated that he would wreak his vengeance so spitefully as this. He was somewhat surprised at his employer's subservience to the young brewer, knowing nothing of the financial secrets of the syndicate. He received his dismissal with dignity, elected to take a month's salary in lieu of notice, and in a very few days was once more installed in his old lodgings, engrossed in his literary work.

We need not linger over the sequel to this veracious history. Mr Meadowson resumed his visits to Brook Street with Mrs Malden's full concurrence. She had learned from Alicia what damaging results the young man's services to her had brought upon him; and her sympathy was not decreased by the indignation she felt against Mr Wegswood. The revelation of Alicia's great secret had not disabused her mind of her old theory—that Arthur Meadowson and her daughter had long loved each other; and as Alicia had given Mr Wegswood the congé he deserved, she gave up her dream of becoming a peer's mother-in-law with perfect unselfishness, and watched the young author's progress with equal interest. Before the Maldens left town that year, Alicia discovered that to respect

a man is a step towards loving him, and she soon took the next. As her mother promises to smooth out pecuniary difficulties, we have every reason to suppose she will shortly take the third, and 'obey.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A KNOWLEDGE of the use of fire and artificial lights has always been regarded as distinctly human, and as marking a definite separation line between man and the lower animals. It would appear from a paragraph in Stanley's new book, *In Darkest Africa*, that this distinction can no longer be claimed, for on page 423 of the first volume of that work the author says that among other natural history notes which he gleaned from Emin Pasha was the following: 'The forest of Msongwa is infested with a large tribe of chimpanzees. In summer-time, at night, they frequently visit the plantations of Msua Station to steal the fruit. But what is remarkable about this is the fact that they use torches to light the way! Had I not witnessed this extraordinary spectacle personally, I should never have credited that any of the Simians understood the art of making fire.'

Another interesting note in the same work is that referring to the Dinka tribe and their reverence for pythons and all kinds of snakes. A Soudanese officer who killed one of these reptiles had to pay a fine of four goats for his presumption. The Dinkas, indeed, make pets of the snakes, domesticate them, and allow them to crawl out of the houses for prey, and to return for rest indoors at night. They even go so far as to wash the pythons with milk and to anoint them with butter. It would be interesting to know whether the snakes show any affectionate regard for those who lavish such attentions upon them, or whether they behave like the traditional serpent taken to one's bosom.

This year is supposed to mark the tercentenary of the invention of the microscope, and there has been some talk of an International Exhibition to commemorate the event. The invention is credited to Jansen, an optician at Middelburg, Holland. We may regard the discovery of the microscope, like that of the telescope, as a thing which was bound to come sooner or later when the properties of lenses came to be understood.

Ocean-going steamers are often in great danger from the presence of icebergs, and even in the summer-time these dangerous obstructions are sometimes found in the track of steamships crossing the Atlantic. Some of these are one hundred feet above the water, and are often many hundred yards in circumference. Sir E. Palliser, commenting upon the dangers to shipping caused by these vagrant bodies, has recently

suggested that a time may come when England and the United States will find it incumbent upon them to organise a fleet of patrolling vessels to wage a scientific war upon these monsters, and, if possible, to destroy them. He suggests that as it is practicable to split a large block of ice by stabbing it with a pricker, an iceberg might yield to the persuasion of a steel projectile from an eighty-ton gun, and he advocates experiments in this direction. But Sir E. Palliser apparently loses sight of the well-known fact that the part of an iceberg which is above water is only about one-tenth of its total bulk, so that even a successful hit with a solid shot would merely split off a comparatively small piece, while the main body of the iceberg, relieved of so much top-weight, would rise in the water, and present as serious an obstacle as it did before any attack was made upon it.

At the recent International Medical Congress, the tenth of its kind, a number of interesting papers were read by those who are regarded as authorities upon the subjects discussed. Perhaps the most important was that by Professor Robert Koch dealing with the Germ Theory of disease. He showed how recent investigation, helped by the marvellous efficiency of the modern microscope, had proved that certain maladies had their origin in micro-organisms, among them being the terrible tubercular disease commonly known as consumption. For many years he has been looking for a remedy which will prevent or cure this insidious complaint, and his method of working has been to cultivate the tubercle bacilli, and to try the effect of various drugs, &c. upon the organism. In this way he has found that certain ethereal oil, mercurial vapours, aniline dyes, and metallic salts, stop the growth of the artificially cultivated bacillus, but do not seem to be effective when the organism has found its home in the animal body. But he announces—and a truly important announcement it is—that he has found substances which when injected into a guinea-pig—which, by the way, is an animal peculiarly susceptible to tubercular mischief—will stop the disease. This remedy he will presently make public; and if his surmise be correct, consumption will no longer be included in the list of diseases which are incurable.

It has been asserted by physiologists that married couples after living together for a number of years, and having thoughts and occupations in common, become not only like one another in mind, as might be expected, but that they also begin to resemble one another in facial appearance. With a view to the elucidation of this point, the Geneva Photographic Society has taken a number of pictures of husbands and wives, which are said to give the following results: Of the seventy-eight couples photographed, twenty-four were found to resemble one another to a greater degree than if they had borne the relationship of brother and sister; while in thirty cases the resemblance was as great as if they stood in that relationship. We are inclined to think that the results arrived at cannot be considered as reliable unless the investigation was conducted in a certain way. If the photographs were handed to an artist who was accustomed to the study of the human face, and he, without knowing the originals, succeeded in pairing the

husbands and wives by their likeness to one another, and did so correctly, the experiment would be most significant. But if they were already paired, the desire to find a likeness between them would most surely give rise to a false issue.

An architect writing to an American trade journal points out the great value of photography in building operations, and more especially when a building is being erected close to other buildings of smaller size. The greater weight of the new building and its settling is apt to crack the contiguous walls, and a claim is often made for compensation by the owner thereof. If, before the contemplated building is commenced, the existing house property be carefully photographed from every point of view, the pictures showing every mark of crack or other dilapidation, such photographs will constitute valuable evidence by-and-by, should a dispute arise as to the amount of damage done by the pressure or settling of the new work. The owner of the old premises may assert that a certain crack has made its appearance since the new buildings were erected; but if the crack appears in the photograph, it is clear that he is mistaken.

The keeper of the lighthouse on Fire Island, which is generally the first land seen by vessels from Europe bound for New York, has made an interesting statement with reference to the number of birds which commit involuntary suicide against his lantern and its lenses. The thick lenses are chipped in places by the ducks and geese striking them with their heavy bills, after flying through the glass (one-eighth of an inch thick) which covers the outside of the lantern. Frequently, he says, he has found one or more ducks or geese flying about in the lantern chamber, wounded with the cut glass, and sprinkling lenses and floor with their blood. As many as sixty dead ducks have been picked up on the ground about the base of the lighthouse on a single morning; and sometimes more than a hundred birds of various kinds have been found; while the large metal ball which crowns the lighthouse has been bent and nearly twisted from its position by flocks of wild-geese coming against it. A great deal of the interesting and valuable information published by the United States Agricultural Department on the migration of birds is gathered from information such as this, which is furnished by lighthouse keepers at various stations.

A new system of dredging, which is said to have given good results in other localities, is about to be tried at Swansea Harbour, with a view to deepen the entrance channel there. This method is the invention of Mr Tydenman, and consists in injecting powerful jets of water upon the silt and mud deposited in the bed of the channel, so that the matter is thoroughly loosened and stirred up, and is carried away by the outgoing tide. For this purpose a frame studded with jets, which are in connection with steam-pumps in a vessel above, is sunk to the bottom; and water at a pressure of twelve hundred pounds on the square inch is forced through the nozzles with the result already stated. It will be observed that by this system the soil deposited is not actually lifted out of the water and utilised, as in the case of older methods, but

is simply removed to be deposited elsewhere. The reduced cost of working by this system will doubtless cause it to be employed in situations where complete removal of the solid matter is not a thing of first importance.

A Report recently published by the Foreign Office deals with the comparative value of raisins and fresh grapes as materials for wine-making. Whilst the beverage from fresh grapes is undoubtedly the best, that made from the dried fruit is by no means unpalatable, and is very much cheaper. The mode of manufacture is the same in both cases, except that in the case of raisins and currants, the water which has been driven off in the drying process has of course to be restored. It takes something more than three pounds of raisins to make one gallon of wine, which cannot be distinguished from ordinary fresh grape wine by chemical analysis, for both have the same constituents. Wine-making from dried fruit is new to France, and was almost unknown until the advent of the Phylloxera, and the consequent defective harvests; but already several factories are at work, Paris alone having nearly twenty.

A Pneumatic Dynamite Gun, which has been constructed in New York for Australia, has recently been put to trial, and has been found to give good results. The shell containing the dynamite was, according to the contract, to weigh two hundred pounds, while the gun was to have a range of two miles. In the trial just referred to, a shell weighing five hundred and twenty pounds, but filled with sand instead of explosive matter, was thrown nearly three miles. This result is remarkable, seeing that the propelling force is not gunpowder, but compressed air. The weapon, indeed, is in principle the same as that of a pea-shooter, only the pea is a weighty one, and the tube through which it is puffed is fifty feet long and weighs thirty-three tons.

M. Cailletet, a physicist who has already distinguished himself by some noteworthy experiments in which he succeeded in liquefying oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen, which had hitherto been called permanent gases, is about to extend his researches in the same direction. He proposes to take advantage of the Eiffel Tower as a ready means of obtaining an enormous pressure upon the vapours with which he intends to experiment. A column of mercury carried up to the top of that building is calculated to give a pressure below of four hundred atmospheres, which is equal to six thousand pounds on the square inch.

Dr John Murray has recently brought before the Scottish Meteorological Society some interesting information regarding the Sahara, which he has lately visited. With an extent of three and a half million square miles, it represents a vast area of inland drainage, where the evaporation exceeds the rainfall, and where, therefore, there is no surplus water to be carried off by rivers. The temperature will reach one hundred degrees during the sunlight hours, to sink to freezing-point at night, and, as might be expected from this condition of things, the wind blows into the desert during the day and out from it at night. But these winds bring with them no moisture to the thirsty land, for any moisture they may carry is precipitated as rain in the hilly country by which the desert is surrounded. Dr Murray

differs from the general opinion of geologists that the Sahara is an old sea-bed, and does not think that any part of it has been covered by the ocean, at any rate since the Tertiary period. He inclines rather to the opinion that much of the region has once been a fresh-water lake. The sandy nature of the region he attributes to atmospheric denudation, the alternate expansion and shrinkage of the rocks with the ever-changing heat and cold to which they are subjected, disintegrating them where they lie. It seems quite incompatible with all our preconceived notions of this scorching desert to hear that there is a range of hills in the Sahara which for three months of the year is covered with snow.

Metchnikoff, a Russian physiologist, who has for some time been working in Pasteur's laboratory in Paris, has recently made certain observations with regard to the action of minute organisms in the animal body, which, if confirmed by further investigation, must represent one of the most extraordinary discoveries of the age. He has sought to prove why it is that the deadly microbes which are found to exist in the mouth and in other parts of the body can do so without injury to that body, which continues to show every sign of good health. By the aid of the microscope this investigator has traced the impotence of the organism to the action of certain cells contained in the blood of all the higher animals, which are termed phagocytes, and which are identical with the white blood corpuscles. These tiny corpuscles are not only endowed with independent motion, but they are believed to pursue, overcome, and devour any bacilli with which they may come into contact, clearing them off and annihilating them whenever they attempt to attack the system. It is when these phagocytes become from any cause inert, or sluggish in their action, that the opportunity of the invading hosts of bacilli arrives. Then they assault the body with success, and either destroy it by mechanical lesions or by poisoning it.

The question of a suitable material for our city roadways is of first-class importance, and is one which has led to discussions in every civilised country without yet finding a solution. One kind of paving seems to be the best so long as the weather remains dry; but the least trace of moisture turns it into a surface which is almost as slippery as ice to the shoes of the poor horses. Another description of paving acts in precisely the reverse way; while a third is equally objectionable because of some other vagary which it possesses. And so the municipal authorities are at their wits' end to know what to try next. These functionaries at Brussels are about to try a new form of paving, which is called Caoutchouc Macadam, and which is a compound consisting of various kinds of selected stones, which are ground up and mixed with caoutchouc in the presence of heat. The composition is said to possess wonderful merits, refusing to become soft in the hottest sun, and remaining free from cracks in winter-time. But it would be more satisfactory to know that it gave a firm foothold to a horse's foot.

Ten years ago, naturalists were much interested in hearing that a fresh-water Medusa—somewhat like the elegant parasol-shaped creature which

is found in such numbers in the sea—had been discovered in the Victoria Regia tank at the Botanic Gardens, London. Since that time, year after year in the summer months this curious creature has appeared; but the most remarkable thing in connection with it is that nowhere else in the wide world has it ever been found. Last year, the old tank was broken up, and as the Medusa had not put in an appearance during that year, it was believed that at last its death had come, and its place would know it no more. A large tank and house have taken the place of the old one, and to the surprise of every one, the Medusa has once more been found swimming about in its new home as merrily as ever.

Our contemporary *Iron* describes a curious mass of rock-salt which is known as Salt Peak, and which is situated at Louisiana. The rock is on an island which rises from a salt marsh, and this island, which itself is one hundred and eighty-five feet high, presents the only solid land for many miles round. It contains three hundred acres of excellent land, and in its centre rises Salt Peak, a dazzling mass of pure rock-salt, which is estimated to weigh ninety million tons.

Southend, near the mouth of the Thames, is almost too near that estuary to be regarded as a sea-side resort, and the river reminds the visitor of its presence by the deposition of quantities of silt and mud where there should be only clean sand. This necessitates a pier of more than a mile in length, which stretches out into the wide water-way in order to find sufficient depth for the small steamers which bring visitors to the place. An electric railway has now been carried along this pier, and forty passengers can be accommodated at each journey. This is a great convenience, besides which the place is so near the metropolis that numbers of persons who are interested in electrical traction will have the opportunity of seeing the system actually at work.

HEARD AND OVERHEARD:

JOTTINGS FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE reporters on a daily paper are sometimes forced to echo Wendell Holmes's complaint and protest that they 'dare not write as funny as they can,' or sometimes as fervidly and pathetically. They are not expected to feel any emotion, and they are allowed to deal only with news. Now, the best and most interesting parts of the events of every day cannot be regarded as news; they belong to the perennial qualities of human nature, or else they are matters of personal experience, which have no little bearing on the great social and political questions with which, in the absence of exciting murders, newspapers are supposed to deal. They are so amusing, they make even the reporters smile—and your veteran reporter is not easily amused—but they are not 'copy,' unless, indeed, they fall from the lips of a famous politician or a noble lord. One of the grievances of the press is that a good speech must give place to a bad one if the latter be delivered by a person

of note. Take, for example, H.R.H. the Duke of Aldershot. He is the worst speaker that ever opens his mouth in public, yet addresses of the most eloquent and interesting character are cut down to lines, or omitted altogether, that the Duke of Aldershot may be reported verbatim, or nearly so, for no journalist would be so rash and cruel as to set down all his Royal Highness's hesitations, stammerings, repetitions, and marvellous grammatical involutions. His debt to the press is enormous. Only those who have heard him speak know the irritating effect of his utterances; those who read the report find a simple speech, commonplace enough, but not stupid or ungrammatical.

The result is that, looking over my note-book, I find set down a number of things grave and gay, which, though absolutely useless for the columns of a daily paper, are to my mind more interesting than a great deal of the statistics and arguments I have recorded. Here, for example, is a story which Sir John Lubbock told against himself not long ago. The Bishop of London had been talking of the difficulty a self-taught student often met with when he first encountered contractions which a master could have explained in a moment; and his remarks recalled to Sir John an error into which a contraction had led him. A friend who was travelling round the world sent him some specimens of unfamiliar marine animals, which he studied carefully and published an account of. One of these was quite unique; Sir John had never seen its like before; but unfortunately his friend had in his notes said nothing of its habitat, and he was anxious to give this information. At last he thought he found it; for the label on the bottle in which the animal had been preserved and sent home was inscribed ' $\frac{1}{2}$ S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.' 'Evidently,' thought Sir John, 'this means that the animal was captured in a spot half a degree west longitude, and half a degree south latitude.' This statement he published, and rested content till his friend came home, and accosted him with: 'My dear fellow, what on earth made you say I found that animal in the latitude and longitude you mentioned? I was never within five hundred miles of the place.' Sir John was surprised, but produced the bottle and pointed to the label. 'I took the information from this,' he said. 'What else can " $\frac{1}{2}$ S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W." mean?' 'Mean!' was the reply—'why, it means that the animal is preserved in a mixture half Spirit and half Water.'

The following anecdote I heard from the President of a learned Society whose name I think it better to withhold, as there may still be those alive who, in the days when he was a publisher's reader, had manuscripts returned by the firm he worked for, and their vengeance, though late, might be terrible. It certainly indicates that the author may sometimes have a grievance against the reader, though occasionally he owes him a debt of gratitude. Many years ago a friend was visiting him who had been asked to look over an historical work and report on it for a publisher. It was high summer, the two friends were in a lovely part of the country, and the manuscript remained unread. After several

weeks the publisher wrote to ask what the verdict was. The gentleman to whom the book had originally been entrusted said to his companion : 'You know as much about this work as I do ; look over the copy and tell me what you think of it.' The President accepted the task ; but having a turn for laziness, left it unperformed. In a month the publisher wrote again, pressing for a verdict. On this the two friends thought the matter over, looked at a page or two, and returned the manuscript with a recommendation that it should be published. And so the *History of the Dutch Republic* was given to the world.

The next story I find in my book is of a more serious stamp. It was told by Mr John Burns to an assembly of friends not long after the end of the Dock strike, and throws a flattering responsibility on Mr Walter Crane. In Tornbee Hall, Mr Burns met a stevedore who had by some chance wandered in there, and who was looking at Mr Crane's picture of 'The Golden Bridge.' This picture, as those who saw it at the Grosvenor Gallery a few years ago, will remember, represents mankind at all ages—Shakespeare's seven many times subdivided—crossing the bridge under which flows the river of life. The infant is laid by an angel's hands on the shore on one side of the stream ; on the other, the aged man is helped into Charon's boat. Some critics found fault with the picture for technical reasons ; so did Mr Burns's stevedore, but on other grounds. 'I wish I hadn't come here,' he said. 'My house'll seem a deal more squalid and empty now that I have seen a picture like this.'

It is rather strange to find an amusing note in one's records of a religious conference ; but when the speakers at the conference are chiefly American, a touch of humour will lighten up the most solemn subject. Our cousins are certainly our superiors in this, that they do not regard all wit as profanity. Thus it happened that at a recent meeting of Sunday-school teachers, the Rev. A. Schauffler, of New York, gave a specimen lesson the like of which, I will venture to say, was never given in any Sunday school on this side of the Atlantic. He chose for his subject a little-remembered miracle, the healing of the man who was brought to Christ borne by four friends, who, unable to push their way through the crowded doorway, made a hole in the roof and lowered the sick man through it. With wonderful vividness did Mr Schauffler picture the scene—the struggling of the bearers, the impatience and obduracy of the crowd, that at last made the weakest of the four—'My brethren,' said Mr Schauffler, 'in every four there will always be a weak brother'—say : 'It's no use ; we can't get in.'—'But,' the speaker went on, 'the strong brother—in every four there will be a strong brother'—said : 'I'm not going to give in. If we can't get in by the door, let's make a hole in the roof and lower him down. It's not a very firm roof ; we can easily do it.'—'But who is to pay for mending the hole?' says the weak brother.—'Oh ! I will,' cries the strong one. And so it is agreed.—'My brethren, in every four you'll find one brother willing to pay, and three brethren willing he should.'

The blunders of schoolboys' answers to examination questions might fill a volume ; I find a few recorded in my notes of a lecture by Dr Lant

Carpenter, in which he pleaded for the teaching of science in Board Schools, and gave a few examples of the average pupil's grasp of simple scientific facts : that at night the sun is still in the sky, but you can't see it because it's dark ; that the moon appears 'when people forget to light the lamps ;' that the stars are 'the nails that hold up heaven,' are simply common enough examples of the untrained intellect of the nursery explaining the phenomena of Nature according to its experience. But there was a taint of misapplied erudition in the reply of the boy who, being asked why the days were longer in summer than in winter, said : 'Heat expands all bodies, and in summer it's warmer.'

Y O L A N D E.

A PASSING shower beats on the castle wall,
And from the staring gargyle's stony lips
The summer rain into the courtyard drips,
Where, idly watching the warm raindrops fall,
Within the doorway's gloom, white-robed you stand,
Gold-haired Yolande.

And I, a modern knight, have come to woo.
In bygone days, amid the tourney's fray,
I would have fought for thee ; but in our day
These things are changed ; yet, dearest, I am true ;
Oh wear this ring for ever on thy hand ;
Be mine, Yolande.

Oh fairest daughter of a mighty race,
Love comes to-day as it came long ago ;
Though customs change, no changes it can know ;
Ah ! do not hide the sunshine of thy face,
But come with me through the enchanted land—
Say yes, Yolande.

She smiles, and leads me slowly through the hall ;
Torn banners droop along the architrave
Above the dinted armour of the brave,
And pictured knights gaze on us from the wall ;
Then hearts are cold—they cannot understand
Our love, Yolande.

In the soft quivering light the pale moon throws,
The castle tower looks dim and far away ;
Across the terrace silvery moonbeams stray ;
We part ; but as she tosses me a rose,
My jewelled circlet sparkles on her hand,
My own Yolande.

J. H. SYMES.

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POSSESSING ONE'S SOUL

BY MRS LYNN LINTON.

THERE is a patience that is servile and a patience that is noble—a submission to injustice that takes the pith out of a man, and a recognition of superior force which shows his clearness of vision for the one part and his strength of self-control for the other. The slave exemplifies the first—the philosopher the last; and between slavishness and self-control there can be no hesitation which to honour. In all the untoward circumstances of life there is but one of two ways—to break or bear—to fight with might and main and do all that is possible to overcome the enemy and attain freedom from distress or to bear the inevitable with dignity—to yield to the unconquerable with that noble self-possession which makes defeat itself as grand as victory. Wrench the dagger from your assailant's hand and turn it against himself if needs must; but if you are worsted in the struggle, and wounded, cover yourself decently in your cloak and bear your secret without vain regrets or screeching lamentations—accepting your fate with that patience which in the Christian is resignation to the will of God, in the philosopher is recognition of the inevitable.

Every man worthy of the name of man should know how to possess his soul—bearing with patience those things which energy cannot change and the evil of which impatience only increases. Nothing is more pitiable than to hear of the childish irritability of men of light and leading, the grandeur of whose intellect is dwarfed by the smallness of their moral control—whose leadership of other men's thoughts does not include the possession of their own souls. The frantic lamentations because of the untimely crowing of the challenging cocks—the furious onslaughts against the inevitable noises of the streets and the as inevitable noises of the railway—the inability among them to bear, to endure, to resist depressing influences by the grand power

of patience—this it is which gives cause to the enemy to blaspheme and makes the Philistine's contempt for intellect only too intelligible. It is, of course, a mistake to suppose that intellect should necessarily mean possession of the soul as well as the nimble or the profound use of the brain. But it is a natural mistake, and can plead a certain amount of moral harmony in its favour. This patient possession of one's own soul stretches far and wide; it covers all the domain of social life—all the tract of inter-relation with others. It means patience with every kind of outside annoyance that cannot be removed by vigorous exertion. It does not mean patience with removable nuisances, or curable evils which want a big broom and a strong hand to make a clean sweep of them before the sun goes down. But there are both nuisances and evils which cannot be swept away in this high-handed fashion, which can only be removed by patient endeavour and unwearied repetition; and then the possession of the soul comes in as a faculty akin to the grand creative and transforming powers of Nature—working bit by bit and inch by inch silently, patiently, 'without haste or rest.'

Take as an example the ignorance of children, and of the untrained and uneducated generally. Which is best here—the nervous irritability which 'flies' when the eyes, as yet unopened, do not see, and the feet, as yet unaccustomed to the right way, stray into the wrong—or the self-possession of patience which gently, firmly, 'unweariedly' repeats and repeats again the lesson which has to be taught before it is learnt, and learnt before it is practised? How many a childish life has been made miserable and all the mature future darkened and distorted by the brutality, the impatience of those who acted as if knowledge came by intuition, and the gradual evolution of the moral sense, as well as the gradual development of the intellectual faculties, was but a fond fable devised to excuse the wilfulness of negligence! To these impatient souls the young and ignorant should make but one bound from darkness to light. No faltering steps of stumbling

advance, now halting, now retreating, but in the main going forward for them, these irritable souls—these impatient tempers. No unwearied repetition day after day of the same precept, till the dull brain and clumsy hand have finally been impressed and directed. They do not possess themselves. Their impatience, their nerves, their irritability possess them instead; and when they are angry they blame the stupidity of those they instruct, and not their own want of self-possession—the ineptitude to learn of the learner, and not the unfitness of the teacher to teach.

This same quality of patience, which is but another word for the possession of one's own soul, is of primal importance in all one's dealings with the young and ignorant. We make the mistake, in general, of judging both the inexperience of youth and the mistakes of ignorance from our own platform of experience and better knowledge. We have to be patient with the follies, the very vices of youth, always striving to straighten the crooked path and to substitute good grain for those wild-oats. If we do really possess our own soul we shall be able to look all round the thing we deplore; and, looking all round to find reasons why; and, in finding reasons why, to see also excuses, and therefore softening of judgment. For things are not absolute but relative to the condition of those who do them; and the child of two years old who surreptitiously takes a bit of sugar is not on the same plane as the accomplished penman who deliberately forges his friend's name to a bank bill. Yet each action is a theft; and the respective magnitude of each issue does not modify the wrong. It is in the ignorance of the one and the knowledge of the other where the real guilt lies. And this holds good for all the indiscretions and follies of youth—in due proportion of patience with ignorance—possessing one's own soul while seeking to enlighten and direct that of another. If parents and masters—and above all mistresses—would but remember this, how vastly lessened would be that river of tears which humanity sheds daily for sorrows that are remediable and anguish that need never have been! How that cloud of sighs going up to heaven would be lightened—how those prayers of futile misery, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' would be reduced—translated instead into glad and humble little *Te Deums*! It is one of the saddest of all sad thoughts to remember how much we suffer unnecessarily in a life where we needs must suffer by the inevitable—how much we are afflicted by each other in the tyranny, the oppression, the injustice, the impatience that need not be, and would not be did we but possess our own souls!

Good breeding teaches us the outward semblance of this possession, and to bear complacently with bores is the practical outcome of the lesson. People who interrupt you while you are talking, and will not let you finish your sentence in their impatience to contradict you—to cap your story with a personal experience of their own—to break off the conversation and lead it into another channel—people who take the words out of your mouth and supply the adjective or noun, as if you had aphasia and they the gift of divination—people who tell you for the tenth time the same old anecdote, the same old adventure, or

who repeat the same complaint and the same confidence—people who have panaceas and can settle the Irish difficulty and the Bulgarian question—who could discover Jack the Ripper as easily as a cat could find a mouse, if only they had a free hand and the police at their command—people who, whatever the topic of conversation, lead it round to themselves, and make the general theme a personal one and the discussion of first principles a peg for their rampant egotism—people who contradict you for the sake of contradiction, and people who agree with all you say, knowing nothing of the merits of the matter, but backing you up vigorously notwithstanding—all these and more of the same breed politeness demands that you should entertain with patience; and the possession of your soul in a drawing-room is one of the first things required. We have indeed to possess our souls in all sorts of social coils and knots. When some of our guests are late and ill-humour is beginning to hover over the others—when the dinner is bad and the cooking-butter has been rancid—when the companion to whom we are assigned is stupid or cross-cornered—when we are not included in a coveted invitation—when we are asked to a disagreeable house and for politic reasons cannot refuse—when a favourite friend marries an unsympathetic acquaintance and we are snubbed where formerly we were caressed—when the Hanging Committee rejects our picture, the press cuts up our book, the 'boss' editor rejects our article, and the actors gag, misinterpret, and forget—then we have to possess our souls in patience and to refrain from letting fly. When graver catastrophes happen there is no more use in shrieking out our woes to men and the winds than there is in flounce and fury over the smaller annoyances. Shrieks, flounce, fury, despair—nothing of all this helps. The only help there is to be found is in tiding over the bad moment with patience and building up a something out of the wreck. If we cannot build up a mansion we may have a cottage, and if not a cottage then at least a screen between ourselves and the blasting wind. Out of all wreck and ruin that something is left, and we can make it available if we have the mind.

We must possess our souls in pain. Impatience makes those pangs sharper and more severe. Hysterics of all kinds, indeed, make all pains more severe; and to lose our self-control is to open the flood-gates and let the whole country go to waste. In the petty vexations of domestic life, as in the large disappointments which sadden and impoverish our after-years, it is needful to 'hold on to ourselves'—to possess our souls—to have patience—to accept the inevitable with serenity and dignified reservation of force. It is all in the day's work—all in the training of life—and he who learns his lesson best has most of this noble self-respect, which forbears to howl, to whine, to rage, to bluster, to complain, to resist where resistance is in vain. The tumultuous grievances which the screeching race of sufferers pour out in floods of mingled tears and wrath, lose their pathos by the process. Those who pity themselves so profoundly get few to echo theirthrenodies. Those who do not possess their own souls are not apt to stir the souls of others. If, indeed, we want to be masters of others, we must first be masters of ourselves,

and in this art of self-mastery patience comes first—that patience which is but the sweeter term for the old Stoics' more manly severity of self-discipline and self-control.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Week of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XL.—THE ISLAND.

THE men now went to work to get tackles on to the yards, in order to hoist the long-boat over. When they had her alongside, they passed water and provisions and several gallons of rum into her, with other matters of this sort, of which I hardly took notice. They also handed down the shovels used for the little stock of coal that was carried in the fore-peak, and several crows, hand-spikes, and whatever else they could lay their hands upon that would enable many of them at a time to dig up the soil.

Whilst all this was doing, I remained seated on the poop with Miss Temple. I was now feeling better and stronger again, could think rationally, and astonishment was worn out.

'It is most unmistakably the island that Captain Braine named,' I said to the girl, speaking with my eye at the telescope. 'I remember he spoke of a clump of trees at the foot of which the treasure lies hidden. Yonder are several clumps. Which one of them will it be, I wonder? and will the money be there? What an astonishing romance will it prove, should those sailors fall in with a booty of nearly two hundred thousand pounds!'

'What are they going to do, do you think, Mr Dugdale? Are they not taking a deal of provisions with them?'

'They may mean to make merry. After months of shipboard life, the touch of the land will feel grateful to the soles of their feet. Let them find the gold! their transports will know no bounds; there will be some wild skylarking amongst them before they come off, or I am greatly mistaken. I wish they would make themselves drunk, that I might run away with the ship.'

'Cannot that be done when they are on shore?' she cried with an air of exultant entreaty in her sudden leaning towards me as she spoke.

'Yes; were an off-shore gale to come on to blow, I might contrive to slip and let the barque storm out to sea before it. But in this weather! They would be after me in a jiffy in their boat, and then God help me when they got hold of me!'

A shade of paleness overspread her face, and she regarded me with a look of consternation, as though violently affected by the fancies my simple sentence had put before her. I sprang on top of the hencoop to sweep the sea-line with the telescope, but could nowhere discern the least shadow of land. As I put down the glass, the carpenter came off the quarter-deck, where, at the gangway, he had been busily shouting out instructions and overseeing the work of preparing the boat, and approached me. He held Captain Braine's parchment chart, at which he stopped to look for a moment when he was yet some paces distant.

'Will ye tell me what's your opinion of the weather, sir?' he exclaimed, in a voice whose natural gruffness and surliness were not to be sweetened by the satisfaction that was merely visible in a small symptom of respectfulness in his bearing.

'I do not know, I am sure. This cloudless sky should be full of promise. The mercury in the captain's cabin promises fair weather.'

'What do 'ee think of letting them sails hang?' said he, sending his malevolent gaze aloft; 'or shall we tarn to and roll 'em up afore we go ashore?—though it'll be a long job,' he added, directing his eyes thirstily at the island.

'The ship is in your hands,' said I.

'Oh well,' he exclaimed, as though gratified by my admission, and sending a slow look round the sea; 'we'll let 'em be as they are for the present. The anchor's got a good grip, I allow; if so be as a breeze should come along, we can send some of the men aboard to furl the sails.'

'He' thought I, as I regarded him in silence.

'My sight ain't what it used to be,' he continued; 'yet I can see enough of that there island!—and here he began to fumble with the chart he held—'to guess that this here's a first-rate likeness of it.—This,' said he, pointing with his square thumb at the mark in the middle of the lagoon on the parchment, 'is one of the bearings we've got to have in mind to find out where we're to begin to dig, ain't it?'

'I believe so,' said I.

'Didn't ye put down the particulars of the spot in writing?' he inquired, looking up at me from the chart.

'No,' I answered shortly.

'How many feet was the money hid away from the wash of the water?' he demanded.

'It was in paces, I remember,' I returned, 'but the figure is entirely gone out of my head. Wilkins should be able to recollect.'

He ran with a sort of dismay to the break of the poop and bawled for Wilkins. The lad came half-way up the steps. The carpenter spoke to him, and then returned.

'The young scowbanker don't recall,' he exclaimed. 'He believes—a curse on his believes!—that the captain spoke of four hundred feet.—Was that it, sir?'

'I remember enough to make sure that it was not four hundred feet,' I answered.

He picked up the glass and levelled it at the island.

'Which of them clumps of trees was it that the cap'n talked to ye about?' he asked whilst he looked.

'He did not describe any particular clump. It was to be found by measuring so many paces from the edge of the water of the lagoon yonder, the pillar bearing something west, but what I can't tell you. I treated the story as a madman's dream, and dismissed all the particulars of it from my mind.'

'We'll have to try all them clumps, then, that's all,' said he, with a hard face, and a voice at once sharp and coarse with ill-subdued temper. 'We'll get the money, though it comes to having to dig up the whole island.—And now, sir, there's nothen to stop us—the boat's ready—if you'll be pleased to come along.'

'I can be of no good to you,' I exclaimed with

advance, now halting, now retreating, but in the main going forward for them, these irritable souls—these impatient tempers. No unwearied repetition day after day of the same precept, till the dull brain and clumsy hand have finally been impressed and directed. They do not possess themselves. Their impatience, their nerves, their irritability possess them instead; and when they are angry they blame the stupidity of those they instruct, and not their own want of self-possession—the ineptitude to learn of the learner, and not the unfitness of the teacher to teach.

This same quality of patience, which is but another word for the possession of one's own soul, is of primal importance in all one's dealings with the young and ignorant. We make the mistake, in general, of judging both the inexperience of youth and the mistakes of ignorance from our own platform of experience and better knowledge. We have to be patient with the follies, the very vices of youth, always striving to straighten the crooked path and to substitute good grain for those wild-oats. If we do really possess our own soul we shall be able to look all round the thing we deplore; and, looking all round to find reasons why; and, in finding reasons why, to see also excuses, and therefore softening of judgment. For things are not absolute but relative to the condition of those who do them; and the child of two years old who surreptitiously takes a bit of sugar is not on the same plane as the accomplished penman who deliberately forges his friend's name to a bank bill. Yet each action is a theft; and the respective magnitude of each issue does not modify the wrong. It is in the ignorance of the one and the knowledge of the other where the real guilt lies. And this holds good for all the indiscretions and follies of youth—in due proportion of patience with ignorance—possessing one's own soul while seeking to enlighten and direct that of another. If parents and masters—and above all mistresses—would but remember this, how vastly lessened would be that river of tears which humanity sheds daily for sorrows that are remediable and anguish that need never have been! How that cloud of sighs going up to heaven would be lightened—how those prayers of futile misery, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' would be reduced—translated instead into glad and humble little *Te Deums*! It is one of the saddest of all sad thoughts to remember how much we suffer unnecessarily in a life where we needs must suffer by the inevitable—how much we are afflicted by each other in the tyranny, the oppression, the injustice, the impatience that need not be, and would not be did we but possess our own souls!

Good breeding teaches us the outward semblance of this possession, and to bear complacently with bores is the practical outcome of the lesson. People who interrupt you while you are talking, and will not let you finish your sentence in their impatience to contradict you—to cut your story with a personal experience of their own—to break off the conversation and lead it into another channel—people who take the words out of your mouth and supply the adjective or noun, as if you had aphasia and they the gift of divination—people who tell you for the tenth time the same old anecdote, the same old adventure, or

who repeat the same complaint and the same confidence—people who have panaceas and can settle the Irish difficulty and the Bulgarian question—who could discover Jack the Ripper as easily as a cat could find a mouse, if only they had a free hand and the police at their command—people who, whatever the topic of conversation, lead it round to themselves, and make the general theme a personal one and the discussion of first principles a peg for their rampant egotism—people who contradict you for the sake of contradiction, and people who agree with all you say, knowing nothing of the merits of the matter, but backing you up vigorously notwithstanding—all these and more of the same breed politeness demands that you should entertain with patience; and the possession of your soul in a drawing-room is one of the first things required. We have indeed to possess our souls in all sorts of social coils and knots. When some of our guests are late and ill-humour is beginning to hover over the others—when the dinner is bad and the cooking-butter has been rancid—when the companion to whom we are assigned is stupid or cross-cornered—when we are not included in a coveted invitation—when we are asked to a disagreeable house and for politic reasons cannot refuse—when a favourite friend marries an unsympathetic acquaintance and we are snubbed where formerly we were caressed—when the Hanging Committee rejects our picture, the press cuts up our book, the 'boss' editor rejects our article, and the actors gag, misinterpret, and forget—then we have to possess our souls in patience and to refrain from letting fly. When graver catastrophes happen there is no more use in shrieking out our woes to men and the winds than there is in flounce and fury over the smaller annoyances. Shrieks, flounce, fury, despair—nothing of all this helps. The only help there is to be found is in tiding over the bad moment with patience and building up a something out of the wreck. If we cannot build up a mansion we may have a cottage, and if not a cottage then at least a screen between ourselves and the blasting wind. Out of all wreck and ruin that something is left, and we can make it available if we have the mind.

We must possess our souls in pain. Impatience makes those pangs sharper and more severe. Hysterics of all kinds, indeed, make all pains more severe; and to lose our self-control is to open the flood gates and let the whole country go to waste. In the petty vexations of domestic life, as in the large disappointments which sadden and impoverish our after-years, it is needful to 'hold on to ourselves'—to possess our souls—to have patience—to accept the inevitable with serenity and dignified reservation of force. It is all in the day's work—all in the training of life—and he who learns his lesson best has most of this noble self-respect, which forbears to howl, to whine, to rage, to bluster, to complain, to resist where resistance is in vain. The tumultuous grievances which the screeching race of sufferers pour out in floods of mingled tears and wrath, lose their pathos by the process. Those who pity themselves so profoundly get few to echo theirthrenodies. Those who do not possess their own souls are not apt to stir the souls of others. If, indeed, we want to be masters of others, we must first be masters of ourselves,

and in this art of self-mastery patience comes first—that patience which is but the sweeter term for the old Stoics' more manly severity of self-discipline and self-control.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XL.—THE ISLAND.

THE men now went to work to get tackles on to the yards, in order to hoist the long-boat over. When they had her alongside, they passed water and provisions and several gallons of rum into her, with other matters of this sort, of which I hardly took notice. They also handed down the shovels used for the little stock of coal that was carried in the fore-peak, and several crows, hand-spikes, and whatever else they could lay their hands upon that would enable many of them at a time to dig up the soil.

Whilst all this was doing, I remained seated on the poop with Miss Temple. I was now feeling better and stronger again, could think rationally, and astonishment was worn out.

'It is most unmistakably the island that Captain Braine named,' I said to the girl, speaking with my eye at the telescope. 'I remember he spoke of a clump of trees at the foot of which the treasure lies hidden. Yonder are several clumps. Which one of them will it be, I wonder? and will the money be there? What an astonishing romance will it prove, should those sailors fall in with a booty of nearly two hundred thousand pounds!'

'What are they going to do, do you think, Mr Dugdale? Are they not taking a deal of provisions with them?'

'They may mean to make merry. After months of shipboard life, the touch of the land will feel grateful to the soles of their feet. Let them find the gold! their transports will know no bounds; there will be some wild skylarking amongst them before they come off, or I am greatly mistaken. I wish they would make themselves drunk, that I might run away with the ship.'

'Cannot that be done when they are on shore?' she cried with an air of exultant entreaty in her sudden leaning towards me as she spoke.

'Yes; were an off-shore gale to come on to blow, I might contrive to slip and let the barque storm out to sea before it. But in this weather! They would be after me in a jiffy in their boat, and then God help me when they got hold of me!'

A shade of paleness overspread her face, and she regarded me with a look of consternation, as though violently affected by the fancies my simple sentence had put before her. I sprang on top of the hencoop to sweep the sea-line with the telescope, but could nowhere discern the least shadow of land. As I put down the glass, the carpenter came off the quarter-deck, where, at the gangway, he had been busily shouting out instructions and overseeing the work of preparing the boat, and approached me. He held Captain Braine's parchment chart, at which he stopped to look for a moment when he was yet some paces distant.

'Will ye tell me what's your opinion of the weather, sir?' he exclaimed, in a voice whose natural gruffness and surliness were not to be sweetened by the satisfaction that was merely visible in a small symptom of respectfulness in his bearing.

'I do not know, I am sure. This cloudless sky should be full of promise. The mercury in the captain's cabin promises fair weather.'

'What do 'ee think of letting them sails hang?' said he, sending his malevolent gaze aloft; 'or shall we tarn to and roll 'em up afore we go ashore?—though it'll be a long job,' he added, directing his eyes thirstily at the island.

'The ship is in your hands,' said I.

'Oh well,' he exclaimed, as though gratified by my admission, and sending a slow look round the sea; 'we'll let 'em be as they are for the present. The anchor's got a good grip, I allow; if so be as a breeze should come along, we can send some of the men aboard to furl the sails.'

He thought I, as I regarded him in silence.

'My sight ain't what it used to be,' he continued; 'yet I can see enough of that there island!—and here he began to fumble with the chart he held—'to guess that this here's a first-rate likeness of it.—This,' said he, pointing with his square thumb at the mark in the middle of the lagoon on the parchment, 'is one of the bearings we've got to have in mind to find out where we're to begin to dig, ain't it?'

'I believe so,' said I.

'Didn't ye put down the particulars of the spot in writing?' he inquired, looking up at me from the chart.

'No,' I answered shortly.

'How many feet was the money hid away from the wash of the water?' he demanded.

'It was in paces, I remember,' I returned, 'but the figure is entirely gone out of my head. Wilkins should be able to recollect.'

He ran with a sort of dismay to the break of the poop and bawled for Wilkins. The lad came half-way up the steps. The carpenter spoke to him, and then returned.

'The young scowbanker don't recall,' he exclaimed. 'He believes—a curse on his beliefs!—that the captain spoke of four hundred feet.—Was that it, sir?'

'I remember enough to make sure that it was not four hundred feet,' I answered.

He picked up the glass and levelled it at the island.

'Which of them clumps of trees was it that the cap'n talked to ye about?' he asked whilst he looked.

'He did not describe any particular clump. It was to be found by measuring so many paces from the edge of the water of the lagoon yonder, the pillar bearing something west, but what I can't tell you. I treated the story as a madman's dream, and dismissed all the particulars of it from my mind.'

'We'll have to try all them clumps, then, that's all,' said he, with a hard face, and a voice at once sharp and coarse with ill-subdued temper. 'We'll get the money, though it comes to having to dig up the whole island.—And now, sir, there's nothen to stop us—the boat's ready—if you'll be pleased to come along.'

'I can be of no good to you,' I exclaimed with

an involuntary recoil; 'you have hands enough to dig. I'll stop here.'

'No, if you please; we shall want you,' he said, with a stare of dogged determination.

'I must not be left alone, Mr Lush,' cried Miss Temple, with a painful expression of fear in her bloodless face. 'If Mr Dugdale goes, I must accompany him.'

'No, mem. You're safe enough here. We must have Mr Dugdale along with us to show us what to do—No arguments, sir! The impatience of the men 'll be forcing them to taking you up in their arms and lifting you over the side, if you keep 'em waiting.'

'But am I to understand,' I exclaimed, 'that all hands of you intend to quit the ship, leaving this lady alone on board?'

'Joe Wetherly and Jim Simpson 'll remain,' he replied; 'they 'll keep a lookout, and two's enough with us men in hail of their voices.—Now, sir, if you please!'

The crew standing in the gangway were looking my way with signs of irritation in their bearing. I merely needed to give one glance at the carpenter's face to satisfy me that temper, protest, appeal, would be hopeless; that refusal must simply end in my being bodily laid hold of. I was urged by every instinct in me to a policy of conciliation. To irritate the fellows would be the height of folly; to provoke the indignity of being seized and roughly thrust into the boat, the utmost degree of madness. My resolution was at once formed.

'I will accompany you, Mr Lush,' I said. 'Get you gone on to the quarter-deck whilst I say a few words to comfort my companion.'

He walked away to the gesture with which I accompanied this request.

'Miss Temple, pray take heart. Wetherly is one of the two men who are to be left. You will feel safe here with him on board until I return.'

'Until you return!' she cried, with her eyes full of misery and horror. 'I shall never see you more!'

'Oh no; do not believe such a thing. The men imagine I shall be of service to them in lighting upon the spot where the gold is. They cannot do without me as a navigator. They will bring me off with them when they leave the island.'

'I shall never see you again,' she repeated in a voice of exquisite distress. 'Why could they not have left us together here?'

'Now, Mr Dugdale, if you please,' bawled the carpenter from the head of the poop ladder.

I took and pressed her hand between mine, and then broke away from her. What had I to say, what to offer, that she could convert into a hope? I turned to smile and to wave my hand, and found her with her back upon me and her face buried.

Wetherly and the man who was to be left with him stood a little forward of the main-hatch looking on. As I stepped to the gangway I called out: 'Wetherly, and you, Simpson: I leave the lady behind me, she is alone. You will see to her, men, I beg.'

Simpson gazed stolidly, as though not understanding me. Wetherly smiled, and flourished his hand with a significant glance.

When the men had entered the boat, there were

ten of us in all. She was a roomy, stoutly-built fabric, and her oars were almost as long as sweeps. The barque's quarter-boats would have been too small for this service; for the ten of us made a body, and they had handsomely stowed her besides with water and rum and provisions (as you are aware), not to mention the sundries with which they proposed to dig the soil. I rather wondered that they should have supplied themselves so hospitably, till I recollected that Captain Braine had said there was no fresh water and nothing to eat upon the island. The carpenter had no doubt remembered this as a passage in the story which Wilkins had overheard and repeated.

When we were clear of the shadow of the barque's side, I turned to look for Miss Temple, and observed her seated in a posture of utter despondency upon the skylight. I stood up and flourished my hat; but she made no sort of response. She remained motionless, as though stupefied and insensible. I resumed my seat, breathing hard with the wild mood that possessed me; but I was not to be suffered to sit in silence. The carpenter plied me with questions, which he only ceased that the others might have a chance of making inquiries. Couldn't I remember how many paces it was that the captain had said? Would it be one hundred? Would it be two hundred? Would I turn to and think a bit? A gent's eddicated memory was always better than plain men's, who weren't no scholars. If the right number of paces wasn't hit upon, it might take 'em a week to find the spot. And what about the bearings? Couldn't I recollect exactly how the trees bore from that there pillar? Wherever the gold was, it couldn't lay deep hid, for there was but two men to bury it, and them weak with shipwreck, and they wasn't going all the way down to hell to make sartin of a secret nook.

To all this I had to listen and reply as I best could. Yet it was talk to put a fancy that had long haunted me—that had haunted me, I may say, from the time of some of my earliest conversations with the carpenter—into shape, out of which arose one instantly present keen perception: that gold or no gold, they must be kept hunting for it!

It was a cloudless day; the sky a true Pacific blue, a mild breathing of wind off the island; and the sun, that was already at his meridian, flung a wide splendour upon the air that was without an insufferable excess of heat. The long-boat floated into the lagoon, the bottom of which showed like a pavement of white marble trembling through the blue, glass-like translucency. I looked carefully about me, but could see no signs of the hut which Captain Braine told me he had built, and out of which he had crawled to find the Yankee surveying craft hove-to abreast of the island. Neither were there any other relics of his shipwreck visible: such as the bottles, casks, tins, and so on, which, according to his account, he and his companion had landed from the brigantine.

'The Spanish craft 'll have come ashore yonder,' said the carpenter, standing erect, referring to Braine's story, and indicating by an eager nod of the head the position of the stretch of lustrous beach that looked northwards, but that was now

invisible to us. 'Where'll be a good place to land here?'

All hands were staring about them. The fellow named Forrest said: 'There's a bit of a tree there that'll hold the boat secure. Better let her lay afloat, Mr Lush, 'case of a change o' weather and having to shove off in a hurry.'

'Ay, she'll be all right off that tree,' exclaimed the carpenter.—'In ours, lads! Let her slide quietly stem on. I've heard of coral spikes tearing of boats' bottoms out.'

A few minutes later most of us were ashore, the boat lying quietly secured by a line to a small but solidly rooted tree.

The feel of solid land under my feet was a singular sensation. I had now been incessantly at sea for a time that was growing rapidly into six months, and after those interminable weeks of heaving shipboard, the immovability of this coral rock affected me as something in the last degree novel. I sent a hurried glance around; but the eyes I had strained from over the rail of the barque had acquainted me with every material point of the island, and this closer survey yielded nothing fresh.

Everything was landed; the men seized hold of the various implements they had brought with them to dig up the soil; the carpenter flourished a shovel and called to me: 'Mr Dugdale, have ye no recollection of the number of paces?'

'None whatever,' I responded.

'What d'ye advise, sir?'

'Measure a hundred paces, keeping yonder pillar on a line with that clump of trees there, and then dig.'

'Ay, but Wilkins overheard the capt'n say that the money was buried at the foot of some trees,' said Forrest. 'A hundred paces ain't going to bring us near a tree.'

'I remember nothing about the foot of some trees,' I exclaimed.

'What do you recall?' the carpenter shouted to Wilkins.

'I thought I heard something about the foot of trees,' answered the fellow, turning his pale, meaningless countenance upon Lush. 'But Mr Dugdale 'll know best, of course.'

'If the money be here at all,' said I, 'you may take it as lying hidden somewhere in this space,' and with pointing finger I indicated an oblong surface one end of which went a little beyond the fourth group of trees, whilst I defined the other as starting from about a hundred paces away from the edge of the beach where the boat was.

Ten minutes were now expended in heated discussion. Where should they begin? One or two were for leaving it to me and carrying out my suggestions; others were for measuring two hundred paces and starting there; whilst others were for digging at the roots of the clumps of trees, taking them one after another.

'See here, lads,' cried the carpenter; 'we han't had anything to eat yet. Better turn to and get some dinner and grog.—By that time we shall ha' settled what to do and be the fitter to go to work.'

This was a proposal which all hands found perfectly agreeable. They flung down the implements they held, and in a very short time were seated about the grass, sheath-knives in hand, making a hearty meal off salt beef and

biscuit and cheese, and tossing down pannikins of rum-and-water. They invited me to join them, and treated me with all the respect I could desire. Again and again, whilst we thus sat, I would direct looks at the barque as she lay as it might seem almost within musket-shot of us. The figure of a man paced the forecastle; but Miss Temple was not to be seen. Poor girl! and there arose before me a vision of the Indian—a recollection of the proud Miss Temple scarcely enduring to send a glance my way.—But this was a reverie that must be speedily disturbed by the company I was in.

They had hoarsely debated until they had come to an agreement, and having concluded their meal, each man lighted his inch of sooty clay, picked up his shovel or his crow, or whatever else had been brought off from the barque, and marched to the nearest of the clump of trees, at the foot of which they fell to digging. Every man was in motion; they laboured with incredible activity, and with such faces of rapturous expectation as again and again forced a smile from me, depressed, anxious, miserable as I was. With my hands clasped behind me, I paced to and fro, watching and waiting. Now that the island had proved an absolute fact, I could no longer feel certain that the gold was a madman's fancy. Nay, I was now indeed imagining that it was all true, and that Braine had fallen crazy through possession of his incommunicable secret acting upon a mind congenitally tinctured with insanity, and irremediably weakened yet by the horrible sufferings he had undergone before he was cast away upon this spot. Yet never did I glance at the barque without a prayer trembling from my heart to my lips that the wretches might not find the gold. An old scheme, that this unexpected lighting upon the island had quickened and given shape to, was fast maturing in my mind, even whilst I paced that stretch of grass; but the discovery of the money must render it abortive.

I watched the seamen with an interest as keen as their own, but with hopes diametrically opposite. Presently the carpenter, resting his chest upon his shovel, with the sweat falling in rain from his crimson face, bawled out to me: 'How fur down, d'ye think, we ought to keep on adigging?'

'I would give up at two feet,' said I. 'Captain Braine and his friend would not find strength to go much beyond two feet.'

One of the fellows plumbed with his crow, and bringing it out, with his thumb at the height of the level, cried: 'It's more'n two feet already.'

They dug a little longer, nevertheless; then a few curses ran among them, and the carpenter, with a note of irritation in his voice, roared out: 'No good going on here.—Try this clump.' He walked over to it and drove his shovel into the soil. The men gathered about him, and in a trice were all in motion again.

All this while the sky had remained cloudless, and there was no hint visible in any part of its countenance of a change in this softness and tranquillity of weather. The light off-shore draught, however, had shifted into the west, and at this hour there was a cool and pleasant breeze, that brushed the breast of the sea into a surface of twinkling ripples.

The sailors by this time were pretty well exhausted. The expressions their faces wore, so far as they might be determinable amid the purple, and perspiration, and hair of their dripping and fire-hot visages, showed them full of irritability and disappointment. The carpenter addressed them; I did not catch what he said, but as they came in a body towards the part of the beach where I had been pacing or sitting whilst they worked, I could hear them swearing and cursing whilst they grumbled and growled out their surmises as to where the money was hidden, their eyes roving over the soil as they talked. Lush's face was hard with temper.

'We're agoing to send off some men to furl the lighter canvas,' said he. 'Ha'n't got much opinion of this soil as holding-ground, and she'll drag with that weight of canvas loose, and blow away out of soundings, if we don't see to it.'

'A very proper precaution,' said I coolly. 'You don't mean to give up digging yet, I suppose?'

'Give up?' he cried with his coarse sarcastic air, and frowning upon me out of the rage my inquiry excited. 'No; not if we has to dig the whole island up, as I told ye.'

'Very well. I'll go aboard with the men in the boat. The money, if it is hidden at all, will be hereabouts,' said I, with a wave of my arm, 'and I can be of no further use to you.'

'No, no; you'll stop along with us, if you please,' said the fellow. 'Your recollection of the number of paces may come back to ye, and we can't do without you.'

I sent a look from him to the faces of the fellows who stood listening near us, and without another word folded my arms, and with a spin of my heel, started off on a walk to and fro.

THE GROWING DEMAND FOR FLOWERS.

SINCE the days of the decadence of the Roman Empire the employment of flowers has never reached the stage which it has in our own days. So much is this the case, that we might almost be afraid that the turn of the tide of our national upward progress had also been reached, were it not that in other countries, both old and new, the same employment of flowers holds sway. In the United States, flowers are employed with a lavishness which in this country is seldom or never attempted. In the home, the lecture-hall, and the church—at christenings, marriages, and funerals—and at all seasons of the year, the rarest and costliest flowers are used with extravagant profusion. Wealthy Americans visit the nurseries of Europe and buy up the choicest of their inmates for importation to their own homes. At the same time the leading nurserymen of the Old World have representatives travelling in America and disposing of costly plants to fill the greenhouses, which Scotch and English gardeners are eagerly sought for and well paid to manage. But while in America flowers are very much a luxury of the rich, in our land the love of flowers is universal, and confined to no class. It is a passion engrained in the national life. Circumstances may indeed keep it in a dormant condition; but as soon as the means or the

surroundings permit, the passion is certain to be gratified.

The cultivation of flowers as a commercial undertaking has assumed proportions of late years which are somewhat extraordinary. There are no returns, so far as we know, which are obtainable in order to arrive at an estimate of the quantity of flowers grown, now, as compared with the quantity cultivated for sale ten years back. But to those who are at all cognisant of the trade the increase must be enormous. The demand for orchids such as *Cypripedium Insigne*, *Odontoglossums Alexandra*, *Pescatorei*, and *Rossi Majus*, for certain *Dendrobiums*, and for *Cattleyas* and *Laelias*, is always greater than the supply. Daffodils ten years ago might almost be said to have been an undiscovered flower to the general public; but now it is an indispensable article of commerce from January until June. The Dutch import the flowers in quantity. The Scilly Islands may almost be said to be devoted entirely to their culture; and in England and Scotland, large market-gardens, which the owners cropped with strawberries as the paying crop, are to-day stocked with thousands and millions of these fashionable flowers. The Chrysanthemum may be indicated as another flower which as a commercial item has been cultivated to an enormously increased extent. Last year, it was estimated that each of the cultivators depending on Covent Garden, London, for an outlet increased their quantity of this favourite winter flower by thirty per cent.; while the number of growers, especially in the provinces, is annually increasing.

As to who are the purchasers, and the uses to which the flowers are finally put, we can only give a general reply. For many years, at least for the past twenty-five years, flowers have been very profusely used in the homes of the upper classes; but even in their case the process of the flowers has been widening. As a rule, they were content with few or more flowers and plants in public rooms; but now both plants and flowers enter largely into the general furnishing of public apartments; the daily renewing of flowers and bi-weekly or weekly changing of plants forming one of the most important duties of the gardening staff. In dining-rooms it is quite common in good establishments to change the flowers and plants used on the table every day, and sometimes both for breakfast and dinner. Then this taste has increased to such an extent that private apartments, dressing-rooms and bedrooms, are rapidly assuming the same aspect as public rooms. All the material for these and other purposes is, of course, produced on the estate; but no doubt the taste of the upper classes for flowers has had much to do in spreading to a wider circle the same desire for these charming beautifiers of otherwise cold furnishings. We may therefore, we think, take this as the initial cause. During the annual London 'season,' the flowers very often have to be purchased, and so the trade-growers had an impetus given them, other growers at a distance sending to so good a market.

But along with the adornment of houses, personal adornment necessitated a great quantity of flowers being grown; while the practice of decorating altars and pulpits of churches at Easter, widened into the decorations being repeated in

a less lavish style at Christmas, and by-and-by into flowers being used in churches at all seasons except during the six weeks of Lent. The practice of sending wreaths and crosses of flowers as tokens of affection or respect on the demise of friends is a means of consuming an enormous quantity of flowers. Where the circle of friends is large, as in the case of a wealthy person, the money value of the flowers used as mementos will average forty or fifty pounds. This practice is almost universal now.

But another method of employing flowers on these sad occasions has lately come into fashion. The edges and sides of the grave were first rendered less unsightly by means of a lining of evergreen branches. The inevitable followed. Flowers are much prettier than evergreens; and so graves are now being lined and bottomed with flowers, and the coffin itself after being lowered to its place in the tomb is covered with wreaths of the most expensive flowers. There is no doubt that this fashion will spread. The cost is borne by the relatives of the deceased; whereas crosses are the offerings of those outside the family circle; and it is strange how everything that can be done by love to make the aspect of this last service less repulsive is eagerly had under contribution.

Rapidity of transit must also be allowed its due meed as a means of popularising flowers. Roses and other flowers can be sent during winter from Algiers and the south of France. Covent Garden is in direct communication with all the provincial centres, and if flowers are to be had anywhere, they are sure to be there. Then it may not be commonly known that the railway companies have cheapened the carriage of light materials like flowers far below the postal scale. Flowers to the value of many pounds can be sent long distances at a charge of from sixpence to a shilling. Then we have had the printer lending his aid. Horticultural literature for many years was an expensive article, and was directed mainly to the helping of the professional. But a dozen years or so ago a penny paper was embarked, and proved such a startling success that it has been followed by several other penny sheets. The contents of these papers are generally good, and the extent of their bearing on the employment of flowers must have been great. Then for some time some of the popular magazines have been devoting a portion of their space to these matters; and of late years newspapers have found it necessary to follow in the wake of the magazines. The best method has not as yet, we imagine, been found in either of these, but their help cannot be overlooked here.

One of the most pleasing features of floral decoration in this country is its markedly educational effect. In America, judging by descriptions of the manner of employing flowers given in their own press, quantity and costliness is the predominating idea. As a rule, we have reached a point far ahead of the Americans. Formal bouquets are condemned, and in arranging cut flowers, the beauty and naturalness of putting up a few good flowers in a setting of their own foliage is recognised as the only fitting method. Then we don't, as a people, value a flower because of its rarity. We love the violet of the wood just as much as we do the forced Neapolitan in mid-winter.

Indeed, the favourite flowers of the present day are also the commonest. Carnations are to be had in flower all the year round; so is mignonette; so are roses. Lily of the valley is to be had from November until June; and daffodils for at least six months in the year. These all hold their ground. But fashion changes from year to year. Camellias are now no more *bon ton*, and the masquerade of to-day despises the gardenia. One year, Neapolitan violets bring a big price; the next year some other flower will have taken its place. Blush carnations are a standing flower; but last year, General Boulanger set the rage for red ones; and a certain Duchess devoted to pink Malmaisons set up a big demand for these lovely carnations. Some years, the harassed grower may find his white chrysanthemums of less value than yellow; or both, again, have to give place to those of a bronze or a red shade of colouring. Just now, the race of Palms is coming rapidly into notice, after having been set aside for a dozen years. Crotons, with leafage of the most brilliant colouring, are also becoming more fashionable than they have been for many years.

It will be a matter of rejoicing to the patriotic Scotsman to know, that his countrymen have responded to the wants of the times. The gardening Scot has long been recognised as *facile princeps* among fruit; but the market-grower of the London district always claimed precedence among flowers. Now, however, as fine flowers are produced by Scottish growers as by English; and the examples of ferns, of pelargoniums, of hydrangeas, and of other popular plants grown and sold by Scottish florists, are quite as good as those sent from the valley of the Thames.

WILL PROVANT'S REVENGE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

WHEN Will Provant came back to his native town of Scargill—and a very small town it was, not numbering more than between four and five thousand inhabitants—there was not one person of the many who remembered his going away that recognised him again till he made himself known. But that, perhaps, was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that he had left the town a child of five, and that he had now returned, after an absence of twenty years, a strapping fellow, over six feet in height, bearded like a pard, and speaking with an accent never heard in Scargill before, which of itself tended to make him seem more outlandish than he really was.

Will's father, finding times hard and money scarce, had emigrated to one of the Western States of America; but as to how far he had prospered there, his son vouchsafed but scant information. Will's avowed object in visiting his native town was to 'look up' his grandfather, old Peter Doveridge, who lived in a small gray-stone house about a mile away on the Shulcotes Road, with a house-keeper nearly as old as himself for sole companion. Peter had accumulated whatever fortune he might be possessed of by

the slow patient 'industry of half a century as proprietor of the chief shop, or store, in the town, where almost everything might be bought, from the silk for a lady's dress to a packet of blacklead or a child's rattle. It was not forgotten among the older inhabitants that when Peter's only child married Robert Provant against his express commands, he vowed that he would never set eyes on her again, and that he 'washed his hands of her' then and there for ever. He was known to be an extremely vindictive man; and that Master Will would have to smart for his mother's disobedience, those who knew Peter best were most inclined to believe. 'Of course he's been sent over to see how the land lies and to try and "soap" the old man over,' said the quidnuncs to each other over their nightly grog at the *King's Head*. 'But he'll be a rare and sharp, un if he contrives to throw dust in the eyes of owd Peter.'

And indeed the young fellow's reception by his grandfather might well have chilled the heart of any one less sanguine than himself. 'If thou'st come all this long way thinking to get round me, and that mayhap thou'lt come in for my bit o' brass when I'm dead and gone, thou mayst as well go back to where thou came from,' said the old man, after a long silent scrutiny of Will through his spectacles. 'No one of thy name or breed shall ever touch a penny of mine. Thou can have thy bed and victuals here for a fortnight. After that, if thou chooses to stay, thou must pay for them like any other lodger.'

Whatever Will Provant's feelings in the matter might be, he took care to keep them to himself. No one ever heard him whisper a syllable derogatory of his grandfather. He had not been a week in the little town before he was the most popular person in it. There was a sort of open-air, breezy freshness about him which most people found very taking. Among the men he was hail-fellow-well-met, always ready with "a hearty grip of the hand and a song or a story when called on in the bar parlour of the *King's Head* or the *Ring o' Bells* of an evening; and what was perhaps more to the purpose, always seemingly more pleased to treat others than to be treated himself; for, to all appearance, he lacked nothing in the way of means. As for the marriageable portion of the other sex, they were all but unanimous in agreeing that he was the handsomest young fellow who had been seen in Scargill for many a day. He was tall and somewhat gaunt, but muscular and straight as an arrow. He had an olive complexion and thin clear-cut features. He had a smile which came and went with equal facility, and which showed off to advantage his large white teeth. His eyes were dark and brilliant, somewhat overbold, it may be, when bent on a woman, but he could endure them with an expression of pleading tenderness, or Romeo-like passion, whenever it

seemed worth his while to do so. His hair, which he wore long, was, like his beard, a glossy black. He displayed a profusion of showy jewelry; and it was a well-ascertained fact that he always carried a small revolver in a secret pocket. His usual dress was a loose velvet coat over a vest made of the skin of some wild animal; while under the broad turn-down collar of his fancy shirt he wore a silk kerchief of some gay colour with loose flowing ends. His ordinary headgear was a broad-brimmed Panama hat, which, however, he would sometimes exchange for a Mexican sombrero. Small wonder that half the foolish maidens in Scargill fancied themselves in love with him. Little did they dream in their simplicity that behind that semi-romantic exterior, that under that manner so smiling, bland, and debonair, there lurked volcanic passions, only restrained and held in check by a thin crust of conventionality, which might one day burst forth and astonish all beholders.

At the end of a fortnight Will Provant left his grandfather's roof and took lodgings in the town. People wondered and surmised, but to no one did he vouchsafe an explanation. His reasons, however, such as they were, would not have been far to seek. In the first place, even if his grandfather would have continued to board and lodge him for nothing, he was weary of the restraints which a residence under the old man's roof imposed upon him. All his life he had been used to come and go at his own good pleasure, and he found it intolerable to have his meal-times fixed for him to five minutes, and to be told that if he were not indoors by half-past ten he would be locked out for the night.

In the second place, he had fallen desperately in love with sweet Bessie Ford, who was indisputably one of the prettiest girls in Scargill. More than once before had Will suffered from the same complaint, but all previous attacks had been like so many mild outbreaks of nettles rash in comparison with the fierce fever which now consumed him. It was nothing to the purpose that Bessie was already engaged; that fact merely lent an added zest to Will's pursuit of her. He thought far too highly of himself to doubt for one moment his ability to run her sweetheart off and win Bessie for his own. The fellow in question had been pointed out to him—a great hulking, begrimed engine-driver on the railway, Steve Garside by name. Will sniffed disdainfully, and ran his fingers through his glossy beard at the thought of there being any possibility of rivalry between himself and 'Monnseer Smokejack,' as he dubbed Steve contemptuously to himself.

Bessie Ford was a slender, blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl of twenty, whose manners and appearance would not have discredited a far higher position in life than the one she filled; for Bessie's father was, merely the foreman porter at the Scargill railway station, while she herself was an assistant in a shop. The shop in question, which called itself an 'emporium,' was devoted to the sale of periodicals, newspapers, stationery, and fancy articles of various kinds, and had, in addition, a small circulating library attached to it, in which the newest novel was at least half-a-dozen

years old. This shop, which was kept by a widow, and in which the only male employed was a youth of sixteen, began to have Will Provant for a customer most days of the week. It was remarkable how frequently he found himself in want of note-paper, or envelopes, or some other of the numerous articles purveyed at the emporium. And then he began to enter on quite a course of novel-reading, changing his volumes as often as three times a week; and when he happened to have Bessie to wait on him, it was singular what a difficult matter the choosing of a book became. Before long he found out the particular half-hour when Mrs Fountain and the other young-lady assistant went up-stairs to dinner and Bessie had the shop to herself. After that his visits were nearly always timed accordingly.

As a matter of course, Bessie was not long in discovering that she herself was the magnet which drew Provant so often to the shop. There was no mistaking his glances of admiration, which were considerably bolder and more outspoken than anything she had been used to, nor the way in which he tried to hold her hand for a moment whenever she had to give him change, which was very often, till at length she found it expedient to place the money on the counter and leave it for him to pick up. Bessie was but a girl and a pretty one, and dearly as she loved Steve Garside in her heart, she could not help being flattered and pleased by the unstinted admiration accorded her by the handsome dark-eyed stranger, about whom there was a flavour of romance which added not a little to his attractiveness. But Bessie was a prudent girl, and when Will began to haunt the shop whenever she was alone in it, she was careful never to emerge from behind the safeguard of the counter. If he wanted a book at such times, he had to go into the back shop and choose it for himself. Still, she could not turn a deaf ear to him—nor, indeed, had she any wish to do so—when he perched himself on one of the stools in front of the counter and began to chat to her, brightly and pleasantly, about places he had been to and people and things he had seen, and to narrate to her romantic episodes of which he had been the hero, in that strange, far-away world from which he had come, almost like a visitant from another sphere, and to which he would doubtless go back ere long. It was all very fresh and fascinating to the country-bred girl, whose imagination often flew away with her far beyond the narrow limits of her every-day surroundings. And then, having discovered that she was passionately fond of flowers, Will rarely failed to appear without one in his button-hole, of which he made a point of begging her acceptance—flowers, too, of a rarer kind than Bessie had ever seen before, whose names she did not know, and which could only have been procured by some occult process from Squire Denton's hot-houses, where, as was well known, the choicest flowers were grown and sent off by rail to the London market. Surely, Bessie argued with herself, even though she was engaged to Steve, there could be no harm in accepting so simple a thing as a flower from Mr Provant and wearing it in her dress; and although she might not consciously do as he sometimes asked her to do, which was to 'think of the giver,' she could not

help being aware that, while in no way disloyal to her sweetheart, he began to fill a very prominent place in her thoughts.

Still, she was not one whit less unfeignedly glad to see Steve when he made his usual weekly appearance at her father's house on Sunday afternoons, nor did she derive any less pleasure from his society when they went for their customary walk through the meadows by the banks of the Windle. Steve's duties compelled him to lodge at Egginton, a great manufacturing town eight miles away, where were the local headquarters of the railway company, so that it was only on Sundays that he could get as far as Scargill. The engagement between the young people was now a couple of years old, and it was merely the fact of Steve having had a bed-ridden mother to keep which had delayed their marriage for so long a time. But Mrs Garside had now been dead for some months, and Steve was putting away every shilling he could spare towards furnishing a little home for his bride. August was now here, and the young engine-driver had won a shy consent from Bessie to their marriage taking place in Christmas week. Steve was a tall muscular young fellow, with dark gray, honest-looking eyes, a fringe of golden-brown beard, and a by no means uncomely presence. He was still young in years and experience, and at the present time he was employed as driver of one of the local goods-trains: his secret ambition was to rise in his profession till he should one day be entrusted with the driving of one of the main-line great passenger expresses.

Scargill railway station was a good mile and a half from the heart of the town. To those people who wondered why the two had not been brought nearer each other, the answer was that engineering difficulties had stood in the way, and that, as the railway could not be brought closer to the town, the best thing the latter could do was to move itself nearer the railway, which it was proceeding to do, after a fashion, by gradually stretching out an arm, which at no distant date would reach to and include the point in question.

Bessie's usual walk, morning and evening, to and from business was along this rather dreary stretch of road, in which more or less of building operations were always going forward. But there was another and a much pleasanter walk along the banks of the canal, albeit a little longer, by means of which she could get between home and business, and during the summer months that was often the way she took. The walk was screened by a fringe of trees, which shaded it pleasantly from the sun, and gave it at the same time an air of semi-seclusion.

Bessie hardly knew whether to be pleased or annoyed when, one evening as she was on her way home, she encountered Will Provant leaning over the stile which gave admission to the foot-path by the canal. Was he there accidentally, or on purpose to intercept her? was the question she asked herself; but it was one she was unable to answer. In any case, he greeted her with his frank-seeming smile, which displayed his gleaming teeth through the black rift of his moustache and beard, and turned to walk with her, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that he should do so. She could see that his eyes took note of the flower in her belt, which he had

given her earlier in the day, and she was afraid that he might draw certain inferences therefrom such as she was far from wishing him to draw. His talk was easy and animated, as it always was. Presently he brought it round to a topic as to which he had hunted more than once already; to-day, however, he spoke openly. Such a charming girl as Bessie was far too good—"far too rare and precious"—to be buried alive in such a 'dog-rot' place as Scargill, where she was unappreciated and altogether out of her proper sphere. Her true home ought to be in America, more especially in one of the glorious Western States. In Kansas or Arizona, for instance, she would at once be elevated to her proper position—that of a 'Society Queen'—whatever that might be—and have all the 'chivalry' within a circuit of fifty miles 'worshipping at her shrine'—and so on, and so on, in a similar high-faluting strain. Bessie listened in silence, her bosom rising and falling a little more quickly than usual, but finding not a word to say in reply. Will parted from her at the point where she had to turn off for home. As he held her hand for a moment and lifted his soft broad-brimmed hat, there came a flash into his eyes which caused hers to flutter and fall on the instant, and left her blushing and trembling as he turned to go back by the way he had come.

Bessie Ford was not without some of the weaknesses of her sex. It was impossible to resist deriving a species of sweet satisfaction from the knowledge that more than half the young women in the town envied her her undoubted conquest of the 'handsome American,' as Will was called, despite the fact of his being a native of the place. Two evenings later she found Will waiting at the stile again. Again he kept her company to within a short distance of home; but Bessie felt that if this sort of thing were to go on, it could not fail to come to her sweetheart's ears. She and Will had been seen together by more than one person who knew of her engagement to Steve, and gossip flies fast in small country towns. So for the next few evenings she shunned the dangerous path by the canal, and went home by the omnibus which plied between the *King's Arms* Hotel and the railway station.

A week passed without Will troubling her in any way, and then, with the inconsistency of her sex, she began to long to see him again. She missed his bright talk and the flowers he used to bring her. His visits to the shop had made a pleasant little break in the monotony of her life, and the cessation of them affected her like a loss. The fact was, although, of course, Bessie was unaware of it, that Will had been away for four or five days attending a race meeting in a neighbouring county. There came, however, a certain noon when he found his way once more to Mrs Fountain's shop. It was during the half-hour when he knew that, in all probability, he should find Bessie alone. The sparkle in her eyes and the blush that suffused her cheeks avouched to him that she was not displeased to see him again. And how lovely she looked! Nowhere among all the great ladies on the grand stand had he seen a face which in his eyes was at all comparable to Bessie's. He was carrying a bouquet of choice orchids—flowers more strange

and exquisite in their tropical loveliness than any Bessie had ever seen before.

'For you,' he said as he touched the flowers lightly with his lips and then placed them on the counter in front of her.

'Oh, how lovely!' broke involuntarily from her lips. Then, a moment later: 'But indeed, and indeed, Mr Provant, I can't accept them.'

'Can't!' responded Will with a lifting of his heavy brows. 'If you have a reason, I should like to hear it.'

Bessie hesitated, and the colour in her cheeks deepened. How was it possible to explain that there had suddenly come over her a consciousness that she was in some sort wronging the man whose promised wife she was in accepting flowers from another unknown to him? No such thought had ever struck her before. Will was watching her with an amused smile, under which, however, lurked something veiled and sinister. He could give a pretty good guess at the feelings at work in her mind. 'Reason or no reason,' he went on to say, 'I've brought them purposely for you; and if you won't accept them, whiv, I'll just scrunch 'em under my heel and—— But that's nonsense. Take them; they are yours.' Then, without giving her time for any further disclaimer, he said: 'So, you little witch, you have taken to going home by 'bus, eh! One would have thought the footpath by the canal, with the sunlight shining through the leaves, was a far pleasanter road these autumn evenings.'

'I suppose this is a free country, and that I can go home whichever way I please,' answered Bessie with a toss of her head.

'Of course you can, my blue-eyed darling,' responded Will composedly.—Bessie stared at him: he had never addressed her in such a strain before.—'I am not so stupid as not to know your reasons for going home by 'bus; but you won't find it quite so easy to get rid of me as all that.' He hitched the stool on which he was sitting a little nearer the counter, and resting his arms on the latter, fixed his dark glowing eyes full on Bessie's face. 'I think it's about time that you and I came to an understanding,' he said. 'Six weeks from now I am going back to the States, and I mean to take you with me!'

'Oh!' was all the startled girl found breath for.

'Don't misunderstand me. I mean to take you as my wife.—Don't speak just yet. I know what you are about to say—that you are already engaged. But what has that to do with it? Such a girl as you were never intended to be the wife of an engine-driver. I have loved you, Bessie, from the moment I set eyes on you, with a passion, an intensity such as yonder tepid-blooded smokejack never had the capacity even to dream of. What do such as he know of love as we know it in that newer world beyond the sea? You shall be mine, Bessie—the wife of a man who knows how to appreciate you, and who can place you in a sphere such as Nature has fitted you to adorn. I have made up my mind to buy a big ranche way down California and to make you its mistress. It will be a glorious life—a life such as you who have grown up in a one-horse place like this can only faintly imagine. There, for months at a time, no speck

of cloud darkens the sky; there the most beautiful flowers are as common as weeds are here. Your home shall be built in the midst of an orange grove; you shall have servants to wait upon you hand and foot, and as many horses to ride as there are letters to your name. You shall—

But at this point his flight of rignarole came to an abrupt end. A premonitory cough at the head of the stairs warned him of the approach of Mrs Fountain. He had spoken so rapidly and with such impassioned fervour that Bessie had found it impossible to interrupt him. Now, however, there was a moment's chance, for Mrs Fountain was old and came down-stairs very slowly.

'If you knew that I am engaged, as you say you did, you had no right to speak to me as you have,' exclaimed the girl in low but vehement tones. 'I must request that you will never speak to me on such a subject again, and also that you will cease to bring me any more flowers, because I shall certainly decline to accept them.'

For a moment or two Will's lips turned a blue-white, and his eyes became like two points of vivid flame, but it was a spasm of passion which vanished as quickly as it had come, and when he spoke it was with his usual easy, smiling nonchalance. 'Do you know, Bessie, that you look most deucedly pretty when your "dander's rized," as we say in the States? I calculated how you would feel called on to take it just at first, consequently I am disappointed. But if you think Will Provant's going to take No for an answer down on the nail like that, you were never more mistaken in your life. Take time to think it over; my pretty—second thoughts are nearly always best. Listen. The day you promise to be my wife I'll buy you a twenty-guinea engagement ring.' A moment later he was gone, leaving his flowers behind him.

SOME MOORISH MENDICANTS.

THRICE blessed is that beggar whose lot is cast in a country over which floats the green flag sacred to Mohammed: happy in living in a land where mendicancy is the recognised profession for all unfortunates who have failed in other arts and occupations; happy in his climate; happy in the fewness of his needs compared with those of his less-favoured northern brother, whom neither the law nor the weather will permit to go half-clad; happiest of all in his immunity from the nagging attentions of a pitiless constabulary, for of regular municipal police there are none to harshly move him on; or, if he prove refractory, to march him into the dread presence of the stipendiary, and procure him a sentence of fourteen days for daring to loaf about the streets without visible means of support. It would almost appear that in the case of the mendicant there is some approach to a geographical distribution of happiness, for it is incontestable that along the Mohammedan parallel of latitude beggary is better off than elsewhere, enjoying as it does the gracious patronage of the law and the climate.

As for Great Britain, the levy of the poor-rate has done much to deprive the begging profession

of its attractions, by seriously diminishing its lucrativeness; for there is nothing benumbs the charity of an average citizen so effectually as the periodical visits of the rate-collector.

Just contrast, for instance, the shivering, badgered existence of the English beggar with the pleasant life of a Moorish member of the craft. For the *n^a* part of a penny, which the fractional copper coinage of his country supplies him in the shape of *blanquios*, one hundred and fifty to the franc, the beggar of Morocco can keep his rag of soul and his body very comfortably together for the day. The sunshine alone represents meat and drink and clothes and coppers to that fortunate individual. No inexorable 'peeler' bids him move on, for there is no statute in his land to proclaim begging a misdemeanour. There is so much comfort in the sunshine that he does not feel impelled to create an artificial warmth within him at the bar of the nearest house of call when Charity has paused to drop a penny in his greasy hat. Nor, for that matter, has he any greasy chapeau in hand for the reception of penny-orths of compassion from passers-by; and let this be recorded to his credit, that to whatever depth of poverty he may be reduced, he never sinks to the indignity of cast-off clothing; though whether this is to be ascribed to the economical practice followed by well-to-do Moors of utilising their old *jellabs* for blankets when past use as *jellabs*, and when too shabby to be any longer employed as blankets, cutting them up into mule-cloths; or, on the other hand, is owing to some innate nobility of character peculiar to the mendicant of Morocco which prevents him stooping to the degradation of arraying himself in the ex-garments of gentility, we must leave to the charitable interpretation of the reader. And not only in their appearances and appurtenances, but in their business methods, are the beggars of north and south as different as the latitudes they live in; for while the free and enlightened British beggar besieges your back-door or slinks after you to whine his plaintive tale (redolent of rum) into your private ear, the Moor sits cowed like a friar at the mosque door or at the market gate, gravely silent, contemplating the ground at your feet; or if he speaks at all, it is to Allah, to whom he addresses his supplications, to Allah and his prophet Mohammed; and if you are moved to give, he receives your dole as his due, for not only are you therein obeying the behest of the Koran, but you are feeling an advocate to proclaim hereafter, at the Great Session, when it shall stand you in most stead, the good deeds you did upon earth.

In a certain covered alley-way, the name of which in Arabic is *Jama el Kibar*, leading out of the principal street of Tangier, by the side of the great mosque, there is a little colony of beggars established, attracted to the spot by the shelter it affords against the excessive blaze of mid-day sunshine, and by the constant stream of devout Moslems who at all hours shake off their slippers and enter the church by the side-door in the alley, from whom, coming out of the presence of Allah, a need of charity may the more hopefully be anticipated. The alley itself is in a manner sanctified by contact with the holy edifice, and not infrequently, in the course of the day's

religious ceremonial, the voice of the *ilema* within the mosque, wailing the litanies, comes reverberating and resonant into the outer air, carrying with it a strain of lamentation as from a man labouring in spiritual agony. Lying east and west, this tiny roofed street admits the sun into its recesses during certain hours only, that is, before ten in the morning and after three P.M., when he can be trusted to behave himself with propriety and moderation. Here, as into a harbour of refuge, drift the beggarly remnants of decayed mendicants, and coiling themselves up within their *jelds*, only leaving their feet sticking out in some chosen blot of sunshine, sleep away the memory of their woes; and if it do not offend you to stand beside one of these sackfuls of humanity, observe narrowly the protruding feet, and you will see the toes open and shut from time to time, like the claws of lobsters, in the excessive enjoyment of the "warmth and the siesta. Suddenly, provoked at last out of all patience, one of the sleepers wakes and sits up in a fury of resentment, plunges his hand down deep into the folds of his ragged robe, and after a brief but determined resistance on the part of the flea, drags it out in triumph, and having flung it away from him, subsides again into his rags and doze.

Yet even in this sanctum of poverty a small industry has established itself (on a straw buffet) in the shape of stick-carving, and in the person of a cadaverous Moor, of somewhat dilapidated aspect, with a very sharp nose and a rather blunt penknife, which latter is his only tool. The other accessories of his trade consist of a few tiny dishes of coarse red-lead, and indigo *au naturel*, a pot of sand, a bowl of water, a correct eye, some artistic talent, and an inexhaustible fund of patience. With these means at his disposal he will carve you patterns on picture-frames, or illustrate a walking-stick with alternating squares and rhomboids and triangles of red-lead and indigo all the way down in a spiral coil from the crook to the ferrule. From time to time, to counteract the crampedness of his position, he breaks off to solace himself by blowing aimlessly up and down the gamut of a toy melodeon, after which he goes to work again refreshed and invigorated.

It is not so many years ago since the penal code of Morocco included mutilation among its recognised punishments for larceny. Instead of taking away the thief's liberty and keeping him out of harm's way at the further expense of the community whom he had already robbed, it took away his eyesight, and thus deprived him, with merciless directness, of all future power of coveting his neighbour's goods. Not a few of these empty sockets are to be seen in the streets of Tangier to-day. There is one eyeless beggar whose post is on the steps of the mosque, and whose continual cry is upon God and Mohammed. 'Allah-r-bhi! Allah-r-bhi!' he iterates and reiterates in guttural Arabic with pathetic and exhausting insistence, lifting his blind face to the passers-by on which the drops of sweat glisten in the sunshine. After bleating his passionate appeal for some space of time without intermission and without result, he falls into a momentary despair, and drooping his head under the shadow of the cowl he wears, murmurs to himself over the fruitlessness of his supplications. At

nightfall this beggar shifts his quarters to one of the city's gates, where a little company of his fellows, with faces blanched by leprosy, clamour upon Allah till the last passenger and the last mule have gone by, and the Moorish sergeant, with his lantern and musket, comes to shut and bolt the great wooden doors.

No less pathetic, and much more weird, is the figure of the ancient diminutive wizard in cowl and gown who sits rocking himself back and forth ceaselessly in the gutter at the side of the Kasba lane, for all the world like a little toy mandarin on rockers. Asses walk over him, and the world goes by regardless; but for all that he never ceases to cry, over and over, over and over, with breathless haste, the name of Allah in every variety of accent and key.

Much more Saxon than Moor, in appearance at anyrate, is the red-haired blind beggar lad who is generally to be seen hurrying and blundering at a reckless speed through the crowded streets, going nowhere in particular at a headlong pace which, if he enjoyed the use of his eyes, he would hardly dare attempt. It has been suggested, not without some show of probability, that he derives his carrotty locks and Saxon face from some forefather of his of English birth, who in the good old piratical days may have fallen into the hands of Moorish sea-rovers, turned renegade to save his life, and completed his domestication by taking unto himself a Moslem woman to wife. This boy has picked up a trifle of pigeon-English and turns it to account in supplicating aims: 'Givee penny to povero blinde!' If he overhears you conversing in English in the street, he fastens himself on you, lays hold of you by whatever article of attire he can clutch, and will on no account let go till you have paid a ransom for your liberty.

There is another and a smaller boy-beggar who is usually to be found—or rather who usually finds *you*—on that slice of beach hemmed in by the town's battlements between the sea and the Custom-house. Here, as you stroll down towards the stone jitty, a very small boy in an orange-tawny *jeldib* (his only garment) suddenly pops round a stranded boat, 'Sirs' you, and beseeches charity with outstretched hand. With a negative shake of the head and an impatient 'la-la, entche!' you pass on; but, not by any means to be so easily repulsed, he dodges round the boat again, and towing forth a sightless, tottering old man, bears down on you afresh, confident that this time, with so overwhelming a claim on your compassion, he will not be refused.

A little way off, sitting half asleep in the shade on the sand, you come upon a company of three more decrepit mendicants, enjoying a peaceful harbourage while their boy-guides disport themselves gaily on the beach and harass the water-carriers, with whom they exchange a great deal of playful banter and occasional handfuls of pebbles or mud.

Yet, again, there is your holy beggar—your mendicant saint or 'sauto,' who, being afflicted with paralysis or imbecility, conceives himself therefore one of the chosen children of Allah, and levies his tax upon your piety rather than your charity. It is no matter to him that you owe no allegiance to Mohammed; on the contrary, he appears to make a particular merit of fleecing

'Christian dogs' of their *blanquios*. 'Santo!' says he, by way of introduction, tapping himself on the breast, 'una peseta—give me! Santo!' and in further corroboration, produces a string of beads and dandles them before your eyes. Why he is a Saint it would be impossible to predict, judging by his appearance. Perhaps he is considered holy because he is so very dirty; perhaps because the left half of his unprepossessing visage is rendered still less attractive by a stroke; or it may be that he has been thrice to Mecca, and thereby sanctified himself for ever and a day.

But by far the most magnificent beggar in Tangier is that old scamp of an Arab with the keen hawk face and grizzly goat's beard and but one leg, who sits perched royally on a high stool before the rich Jew Nahon's door in Soko Street. Fantastically rigged out with coloured cottons and medals and a great twisted turban, he cuts a rakish figure, and by his warlike air and the long assegai which he carries, gives one to suppose that he must have lost his leg in some desperate tribal conflict; for it is pretty evident that the old fellow has been a fire-eater in his day. Letting the Faithful go by unchallenged, he accosts all strangers, loudly demanding a 'peseta' of each one—not a stiver less—and when you answer him with a stare of amused denial and pass on, the hoary old scamp launches after you some gay impertinences in Arabic, at which the loungers laugh, to your confusion.

A YARN SPUN IN MANITOBA.

You say you would like to know what our life in Manitoba really is like. The best I can do is to send you my diary in the shape of a story. As I did not keep one until Seymour joined me, I cannot give you my first year out here, alone under a tent spread over a barrel; or in the winter, alone in my shanty, which was so cold, that my beef, six feet from the stove, never thawed out till the spring. It was mostly misery, though I didn't know it at the time; anyway, I don't look back on it with pleasure.

It must be nearly seven A.M. But this is a Monday morning in October (1888), and my week for ploughing was out yesterday. Not that we plough on Sunday, but the one of us whose week it is, is responsible for the bulls Moses and Aaron, and for their Sunday capers. Last week I had to get breakfast and then work the bulls; while Seymour did the 'chores' (that is, milk the cows, feed the pigs, &c.), cooked, and did odd jobs. To-day puts us the other way on. I said to myself: 'It feels cold; I won't get up first to-day. I got up first last week and had the fire lit before Seymour stirred. I believe he is shamming to be asleep, and waiting for me. He can wait. I'll have another snooze;' and I turned over to carry out my resolve, when a shower of earth from the unfinished door-frame made me roll back. A hen was looking inquiringly in through the gap, and seeing everything quiet, came fluttering down. I have a prophetic feeling she will land on the grub table, which she does with a little nervous cackle.

Perhaps before going any further I had better give you a notion of our house. It is what is

known as a 'dug-out.' Outside, it looks like a huge grave-mound, with a window at either end, and a ditch running up to a door in the side. On a dark night in winter you might walk over the top of it, imagining it to be a drift. But 'come right in,' as the Kanucks have it, and you will find two sheetless beds, on bedsteads made of poles, with string stretched across them, two tables, three chairs, some rough shelves, a gun-rack, a stove in the middle of the room, and boxes under the beds to act as wardrobes. So much for our furniture.

The floor and the walls for four feet are of mother-earth; then come logs with mud-plaster between. A post, supporting the ridge-pole, bristles with nails, from which hang frying-pans, clothes, a looking-glass, &c.

To return to our hen amongst the victuals. She has already put the teapot and a tin cup on the floor; and after craning her neck over the edge and looking sideways down at them, she looks around for a safe place to put her egg. The open flour-sack seems to have attractions, but the cat is wandering round the bottom of it. She turns her head; Seymour's head catches her eye; just by his side there is a hole in the mattress. With another nervous cackle and flutter, which reminds me of an old country-woman crossing a street in front of a cab, she alights on Seymour's bed. I feel convinced, if he was asleep before, he must be awake now; yet he does not offer to get up. I dozed again, when her rejoicings over the egg awoke me. She has laid it by his side and is pacing his body, in time to her shrieks. He wakes with a start; the egg is no longer of the shape over which a hen would like to brood. She is fluttering against the pane; a cowhide boot is humming through the air; it hits her and carries her through the pane; and now she is on the roof expressing her indignation—while Seymour is expressing his in shorking language below.

We both feel cross as we dress, for it is late and cold, and the wind is blowing through the broken pane. Seymour with chattering teeth shoves a sack in the hole and starts to light the fire; while I go out to milk and do the chores, which done, I come in with a good appetite.

Seymour places in silence a bowl of hot bread and milk on the table. My appetite goes. Bread and milk is very nice; but when you have had it and nothing else from Thursday's dinner to Sunday's supper, it gets monotonous; and this being Monday morning, I had expected duck, as on Sundays we go out to fill the larder, and yesterday we brought in six. I mention 'duck' to Seymour. He only says: 'There was no time to cook one.'

Well, it is all there is. I swallow it and load up my pipe; it has often before now helped to make a satisfactory meal of a poor one, as, when under a tent, it was often the only part of my meal that had seen the fire.

I wash the dishes and start for a new 'dug-out.' I am making for the calves. By eleven A.M. my opinion is, 'Bread and milk is poor stuff to dig on; I'll go and get dinner.'

As I got out of the pit, I noticed a prairie fire, or rather the smoke of it; the wind seemed blowing it our way too. I considered: 'Had we better go and plough some more furrows at the southern fireguard, or have dinner?' My stomach dis-

tinently said: 'Blow the furrows; let's have some duck.'

I didn't waste much time over the ducks. Having made a roaring fire, I singed off all the feathers of two, except for a little stubble in islands here and there. I put them to roast, and potatoes and turnips to boil, waited for Seymour, who, when he came, good-naturedly overlooked the stubble on the duck and the bone in the potato. We hold a council of war, in which it is decided that the occasion admits of a pipe after dinner; as the wind is so light, there's lots of time.

As we go down, we see the first tongue of fire, running as fast as a horse could trot, north-east; but it is two miles to the west of us. We begin burning small patches on the south of the guard, keeping it under with bag and broom. This lasts until sunset, when we see the fire, half a mile off, coming for us from behind a bend in the creek. We go to meet it, as the more of it we can put out, the more feed for the cattle next year. Neighbour Benton having put out his share of fire round his farm, and seen it safely past him, has come with his three sons to our aid, and by midnight all danger is past.

This is Friday; we have to go to Brant, our town, some seven miles off, to get a plough-point. I want some warm felt boots; we both want powder and shot. We strike a bee-line for Brant. I buy my boots; my feet aren't small, and in felts you have to take a size and a half larger than in ordinary boots, which brings me to elevens, as they have not any half-sizes. Seymour grins as he sees me mount for going home. I try to pay no attention; but as we pass the hotel loungers, some wag calls out: 'Come out of them boots! Come out! No use saying you aren't there; I can see your arms hanging out!'—which raises a laugh, in which Seymour joins.

'Well, small things please little minds,' I console myself with replying; but I wish I had held my tongue, for a grim old-timer, who had been silently watching us, exclaims: 'True, true, sonny, and big things please big minds; there's nought mean or little about them boots.'

We don't get home till sunset. Going to Brant always wastes a day. Our mail is generally brought up for us by one or other of our neighbours once a fortnight. We had a budget to-day for Ward, a neighbour of ours, which we delivered on our way home, taking tea there.

Ward is a married man with five children, who is always advising me to marry. 'Why, you have two cows, two ponies, five pigs, some poultry, &c.' 'If I were in your place, I would not be unmarried twenty-four hours.'

So far, I have failed to see why the possession of so much stock should necessitate a wife; besides, Seymour owns half of everything; and even if I were alone, she would want a house, and sheets perhaps, and no more expeditions on Sunday; and possibly the pipe would be tabooed in the house, and— But I quail at the very thought of even these 'ands,' and I can see still more, and fancy further.

Saturday.—The bulls all this forenoon went 'shocking'; Moses, the nigh ox, crowding Aaron out of the furrow. I think I have an idea which will make them walk in the way they should go. Some nails driven through a board, so as to leave

the eighth of an inch sticking through, I hang over Aaron's side, the points towards Moses. I suppose the Society of Cruelty to Animals might object; I only wish they were doomed to plough an acre a day with Moses and Aaron. We start. All goes well for quarter of an hour; then Moses takes a lean-up against Aaron. He is electrified—he is the boss of the two—he stops short, and looks at Aaron, who at once takes advantage of the halt to pass up a cud to chew. Innocence is written in his every feature, as, with half-closed eyes and nose in air, he enjoys this delicious cud. Even Moses is satisfied, for without a word from me he begins his crawl once more. We are nearing the end of the furrow, when he again reclines against Aaron; this time he doesn't stop to consider a moment, his right hindleg is brought up to his ear, and he deals Aaron, who had been hanging back, a kick in the snout; and here things get a little mixed. Aaron recoils to curl his nose in the air and snort through it, as it hurt; but Moses turns on him with his horns, and chases him round the plough, giving him a dig at every chance, at which poor Aaron begins to bawl. They have twice described a circle round the plough, and now are happy: the nigh ox on the off-side, the chains twisted, their heads where their tails ought to be, facing the plough, which is a rod from the furrow; and they gaze at me with half-closed eyes, as they chew the cud of contentment.

I don't attempt to reproach them; I feel too utterly squashed. I can unharness and harness them again in five minutes; but it takes me a quarter of an hour to get them going again. And till Seymour's welcome signal to unhitch, as it's time to start on a duck-hunting expedition, I am pulling at Moses' line and howling 'Haw' in every inflection of tone of command and entreaty that my voice is capable of.

I unhitch, and find Dave Benton and Rule at the house. Dave has brought over lots of delicacies, jam, pies, cakes, &c. We take a frying-pan, eggs and bread, butter and salt, also some wood, as where we are going there is no fuel, which accounts for the tameness of the ducks, as the Indians for that reason never camp there.

It is bright moonlight, and we are having a pipe over a cheerful fire after a good fill, when the dogs begin to raise Cain over something in the long slough-grass. Dave, the only one who has his gun handy, rushes over, and soon fires. There's a cry, and something springs at him. He is a very cool fellow is Dave; he gives a vigorous lunge with his gun-barrels, which makes it swerve a little to one side, and the claws that were meant for his face only tear his coat collar as the brute falls; and he gives it a second barrel, which finishes it. We are with him by this time, and find it to be a full-grown lynx, which is brought to the camp-fire and skinned, while we congratulate Dave, and eagerly clutch at the guns at every noise. At last we turn in, and go to sleep to be awakened at dawn by Rule, who pulls our blankets off, which causes some language; but soon a hot breakfast and pipe sets us in good humour. Thanks to him, we'll catch the ducks at breakfast some five miles off. On our way we pass a clump of willows; something springs up, and Rule, whose turn it is now, fires both barrels in quick succession, and rolls

over a jumping deer, which, after we have dressed it, must weigh about a hundred pounds. It is close season now; until November there is a fine for shooting them; but that wasn't thought of in the excitement of the moment, so we impress on each other to keep it 'mum.'

The lakes at last; the largest covers some ten acres. The ponies are picketed, and we start for the bulrushes which grow all round the edge. Seymour and Dave on the east and south sides begin the butchery, driving them up to Rule and me on the north and west. They are so tame, they don't fly, but just paddle from one of us to the other. I am the worst shot, but have got five duck. It is getting on in the afternoon. Dave and Rule come to me weighed down with some twenty ducks apiece. Dave proposes to start home; we have twenty miles of strange prairie between us and civilisation.

The sun is set. We have duck-soup for supper, which takes our last stick. Our clothes are wet, and the night is cold. They take off their clothes; I, thinking of the morrow, leave mine on, and after some shivering, go to sleep. Morning, I watch them insinuating shivering legs down clammy breeches, and hug myself for my forethought, being comparatively warm. We reach home about twelve, and all have dinner at the Bentons'. After dinner, the ducks are spread on the bare floor to divide up: in all, eighty-one ducks and three geese. We divide evenly, Seymour and I counting as one. We can't eat all our share before it will go bad, so Waid and other neighbours come in for some.

It is December; our diet changes to jack and bush-rabbit, and prairie-chicken, which they say is a grouse.

Seymour has been visiting the Rules a good deal lately. Colonel Rule is a retired Indian officer, younger son of some earl, I think; he doesn't like the Canadians, nor they him. Bob Miller annoyed him very much the other day. Observing the colonel's crest on his carriage, he said, thinking to flatter: 'That's a fine picture on yer buggy, kumel! A man I worked for at the Portage, he had a fine one, too, on his grocery wagon what he peddled with. I've heard they have queer animals in India; is that a picture of one?' The 'picture' in question was some heraldic monster that might have been a cross between a dragon and a nightmare.

Christmas Day, nine A.M., clear and fine. Ten A.M., the blizzard. We were to have gone to Rule's for the day; but it is impossible. Benton also invited us, but Seymour said he would go to Rule's, and I might go to Benton's. Rule has a pretty daughter, called Enid, with rather an uncommon style of face and colouring. She is dark, black hair, violet eyes, straight nose, and pointed chin; her eyebrows are straight and thin, and her cheeks have a healthy flush of red showing through the clear dark skin. She is about nineteen.

The stable is only forty yards from the house, but I can't see it for snow-dust. You can't call it snow; it is as fine as table-salt, and as hard as ice. The wind is blowing a gale; it has blown the heavy wagon-box off the sleighs. I take a piece of string in my hand, the end of a ball which I leave with Seymour, and grope my way to the stable. Although every bit of me is covered

except the eyes, and I breathe through a woollen scarf twice round my face, the wind takes my breath away, and confuses me as much as if it were wood-smoke. My eyelashes keep freezing together, the upper against the lower, and I have to keep rubbing them.

I have twice to come back to the door and start afresh. When I get into the dug-out, I jerk the string twice; and Seymour follows up the string, and we feed the cattle together out of a supply we keep inside against such days—watering isn't thought of.

Eight P.M., bright moonlight; fine, but bitterly cold. There's not a breath of wind. I look out of the door for a few seconds, and feel a bee-like sting on the cheek that shows Jack Frost is busy. I rub it with snow, and am just shutting the door when I see something dark on the snow of the prairie—a wolf, I think. Seymour gets his rifle, and we put on cap, scarf, and mitts, and go out. Seymour takes a shot, and hits the snow some three feet to one side, and puts in another cartridge, when we see with horror the supposed wolf lift up an arm, and the frozen face of a man shines white in the moonlight. He is crawling on all-fours in the snow. We rush to him, and between us, with considerable exertion, get him in to the dug-out; not by the stove, but close to the door, which is left ajar, so that he shan't thaw too rapidly. It is Colonel Rule! Seymour rushes down to the well with two pails for water, while I slit open sleeves, boots, socks, &c., with a knife. Having poured the water into a tub, Seymour throws in some snow; to thaw a frozen member too quickly means mortification of that member. The well-water, being from a spring, though feeling ice-cold in summer, in winter steams in the open air like hot water. We bathe his face, hands, and feet, which are all frozen, and are glad to find, that though the frost has spread all over his face, it has not struck deep. His hands are the worst; they keep freezing the water in contact with them, and we have to keep peeling a crust of ice from off them. At last they cease to form the crust, and gradually get a slight, very slight tint in them. Then the door is shut, and we lay him on a bed. It is awful agony, the thawing out a badly frozen member; but he hasn't even groaned; he whispers something to Seymour, who bends down to listen. Seymour, as soon as he hears it, pulls on his mitts and gets down his snow-shoes, and hurries out, saying, as he snatches up a buffalo coat: 'Emd is in Jackson's cellar!' I stop him, telling him to take some grub with him, and an axe to make a fire with; and I give him a chunk of frozen milk, and a saucepan to warm it in. He takes them, and is gone.

Colonel Rule is in a faint. We have a bottle of whisky in the house; he has had about a tablespoonful, and I give him more. After an hour he is able to sit in a chair and smoke a pipe. Possibly a doctor might object; I don't; and though talking is an exertion to him, I gather that he, with Enid, started for a service at nine A.M., held at a neighbour's west of us; that the storm caught them as they were passing, a mile from Jackson's deserted house. He led the pony into the house, and they went into the cellar. At about sunset, when the wind went down slightly, seeing Enid was shivering with

cold, though she declared she was warm, he thought he would strike for a man who lived two miles off, and bring back some food and matches for Enid. He soon lost his way; and at last merely went on walking to keep warm. The snow took him up to the calves of the legs, which made walking very hard, so that at last, when the wind did go down, and he saw our lumber shanty in the moonlight, his strength failed him. He began to crawl, throwing off his scarf, on account of the ends getting under his knees; and his face without the scarf got frozen. He saw me open the door just as he was getting sleepy, and tried to call, but couldn't make more than a groan. When Seymour fired, he raised his hand as a last effort, and knew no more till he found himself in here.

After a while, I see him to bed; and taking some more things, think I will go to Seymour's help; but as I get outside, I meet Seymour on his snow-shoes, carrying Enid on his shoulder. He has carried her the last half-mile; Jackson's is a mile and a half away. Enid at once cries out to me: 'How is my father?' Being told well and sound asleep, she runs into the house to the bed and kisses him gently, for fear of waking him. Seymour and I sit a short while in the house; and Seymour tells me in an undertone how he found Enid in the cellar, nearly faint, but unfrozen. He made a fire, and warmed the milk, which, with some bread, set her to rights. Here Enid interrupts, to thank me for thinking of the food; Seymour told her he had nearly come without it.

Enid had insisted on starting there and then to see her father. She put on Seymour's snow-shoes, and got tired out with the new exercise at the end of a mile; and then Seymour put on his snow-shoes again and carried her.

We say 'Good-night' to her, and make a straw bed in the stable. The next morning, Colonel Rule, after a hearty breakfast, went to sleep; he is all right, except for one finger, that pains him rather, and a weakness, which will go away with rest. It is pleasant having a woman at the breakfast table, especially if she is nineteen and good-looking.

I leave to go to Rule's son to tell him of his father and sister. Hearing they are safe, Rule says he will wait till after dinner to bring them home. We had an after-dinner pipe, and then started in a jumper with two ponies. The snow is too deep for good sleighing; the ponies can only trot here and there. At last we reach home, very cold. We put the ponies in the calf-stable and come in.

As I enter, I see a grin on Rule's face, and the bearing of Seymour and Enid fills me with alarm. Colonel Rule is smoking his pipe very contentedly, pretending to read an old dictionary, really watching Enid and Seymour. Well, here's a go! My suspicions are true; there's to be a marriage, and I am to live alone in this hole. It's too bad of Seymour! I am also to come to the marriage. I am afraid my face falls, for Enid kindly says: 'Oh, it won't be a swell affair at all. Father will lend you a collar, and your Sunday clothes are good enough.' I thank her for the collar. I did have twelve when I landed in this country; but I have never put one on since I left Winnipeg, and I don't know where they are.

And now I have told you enough to give you some idea of the life of the Erics and Oscars. Isn't it Carlyle who asks for them to come out here with steam-ploughs, &c.? We all imagine we are Erics and Oscars; but we don't run to steam-ploughs and etceteras. It is bulls and Shag-nappie ponies we patronise, and many of us get very sick of them, and hanker for something more exciting, and fancy the original Erics and Oscars had a bully time of it. I confess I have these fits at times; but I generally blame Seymour's pancakes for them.

IN DREAMLAND.

I CANNOT go back to the past, dear,
Nor dream as I dreamed before,
Ere the sunlight had left me for ever,
When you smiled in my dreams as of yore.

I know it was only a dream, dear,
That has passed with the spring-tide away;
It was scarcely your fault if I deemed it
No dream when we played our play.

It was not your fault that I woke, dear,
And the pain of the waking is mine;
It has never brought sadness or sorrow
To that golden head of thine.

For my life was so fresh and so fair, dear,
And you loved me (it was but a dream),
And my life was a poem, made glorious
By a vision which did but beam.

On my path, to make darkness more dark, dear;
And now that all dreaming is done,
With me stays its memory for ever;
It was not your love that I won.

But hers whom I met long ago, dear,
In the far-past days of my youth,
When I wandered for ever in dreamland,
And trusted in honour and truth.

I shall never meet more in this world, dear;
My dream-love you slew long ago,
When you shattered the vision one spring-tide:
She is buried beneath the snow.

If a day it should ever dawn, dear,
In that land where all cure is past,
And we stand face to face in the future,
As once we stood in the past,

It will not be you I shall greet, dear,
But my dream that I loved long ago:
She will rise from the grave where I laid her,
No matter how deep the snow.

'Mid which I laid her to rest, dear,
For in heaven 'twill all be past,
And my dream, with her face like yours, dear,
I shall know her, and find her at last.

FLORENCE PRACOCK.

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BRANKSOME TOWER.

The feast was over in Branksome Tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell.

SUCH are the opening words of that famous 'Lay' by which the name of Branksome Tower was to be made familiar to the English reading public. To readers of Scottish history, and to the later collectors and readers of Scottish ballads, the name had long been well known, as indicating the headquarters of the most powerful and aggressive of all the Border clans; but it required the stirring verse of Scott, the charms of love and chivalry and romance which his vivid imagination wove around the name and the place, to make Branksome as well known on the English as it had been on the Scottish side of the Border.

The tower of Branksome is situated about four miles to the south-west of Hawick, in Roxburghshire, on the banks of the Teviot. Standing as it does on one of the great highways running southwards into England, it is easy of reach; but the town of Hawick affords perhaps the best starting-point. And the fine woods which modern culture has reared in the place of the old native forests which had long before died out or been destroyed, flanking as they do the rising grounds on either side of the Teviot, or bordering the highway, give a warmth and softness to a landscape that otherwise would wear the wild and somewhat solitary aspect which distinguishes in general these upland Border valleys. The place, moreover, is surrounded on every side by scenes that have been rendered memorable in many a Border song and story, and cannot fail to interest, deeply any visitor who is familiar with the literature and history of the district.

This autumn morning does not promise well for the weather. It is cold, and what is worse, it is not clear. A damp chill mist hangs upon the mountain-sides, and spreads its cold gray skirts

along the valley. Everything in nature seems to be conscious that at this season the dun motley of October is your only wear, and is correspondingly depressed. The Teviot is slightly swollen and discoloured by last night's rain, and perhaps the angler is the only living thing who rejoices; for a slight freshet such as this always makes it worth his while to bask the alluring fly. There is scarce a breath of wind, and the trees that border the river look down upon it in sullen silence, their dank garments of fading foliage hanging heavily about them. At first, the general melancholy would seem to prelude a day of rain; but by a happy chance the tide of appearances chose to turn the other way. Things began to look brighter; and as we ascended the valley, became positively cheerful. For a breeze had sprung up. The mists withdrew themselves slowly towards the hill-tops, dragging their ragged skirts behind them, laying bare, point by point, the broken masses of birch and pine, or the long brown slopes of withered bent, flecked by straggling flocks of sheep. By-and-by, too, the sky lightened, till at length the sun began to show itself through a thin veil of mist, hanging its disc of silver over Broadhaugh Hill. A little later, it had flung the veil away, and with undimmed splendour looked out upon the land.

But this was not till long after we had passed the ancient keep of Goldielands, which, although we saw it not, we knew stood up there on the left in gray ruggedness, its battlemented top high above the engirdling trees. We are entering the defiles down which the Teviot seeks its seaward way, and before us we had seen, on the right,

Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand

—and had seen it with regretful eye. For up Borthwick Water was Harden Burn, and on Harden Burn was Harden Castle, and beneath Harden Castle was Harden Glen, where Wat of Harden kept 'Harden's kye.' But Harden, full as it is of attraction to the Border pilgrim, is not

our goal to-day. Like Sir William of Deloraine, our watchword this morning is, 'For Branksome, ho !'

As we pass upwards into the narrowing valley, everything is secondary in appearance to the magnificent trees that flank the highway, and which, in their richly-variegated hues, present ever new vistas of beauty to the eye. Here, the lofty pine lifts itself in dark and stately grandeur, side by side with the spreading chestnut in all its splendour of orange and saffron tints. There, the blood-red beech hangs out its polished leaves, and the oak its wealth of warmer bronzes and browns. The ash, slow to blossom and slow to decay, still drapes itself in foliage as green as emerald ; while the birches, ever fairest among the fair, droop gold-flecked tresses in the morning light. One could stay all day among those trees, feasting the eye upon their endless variety of light and shade, of colour and form, and overshadowed by the beauty of their melancholy boughs.

But here we are at Branksome. Not much, after all, to see—to the outward eye. A white-washed mansion house, still uninhabited, embracing in its design traces of an ancient castellated keep with the meaningless outlines of a commonplace modern country residence. Yet it is a famous place.

The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain-home.

This ancient stronghold, of which we have now but one tower standing, was the seat of a line of chieftains only a little less powerful than their king, and more tyrannical and aggressive at times than kings could safely afford to be.

Of Branksome—or Brankholme, as the Buecleuch family now spell it—we have traces into a remote past of our history. Long, possibly, before it bore the name by which it is now known, it was the scene of contention and strife. For up on the heights to the north will be found numerous round camps or earthworks, of great strength and of considerable size, constructed originally, in all probability, by the Welsh branch of the Celts, who occupied this territory before the Romans came and taught them how to build with stone and lime. And a few miles to the south of it runs the mysterious rampart, 'The Catrall,' also pointing to wars and bloodshed in the distant and unrecorded past. When we do hear of Branksome in the records of authentic history, it is as part of the barony of Ilawick, and in possession of an English family of the name of Lovel. This family of Lovel, like many of the Saxon and Norman aristocracy in Scotland between the time of Malcolm Canmore and that of Bruce, held lands in both England and Scotland ; but when the War of Independence broke out in the end of the thirteenth century, and the Scottish people made it manifest by sword and spear that they intended to assert and maintain their independence as a nation, the equal members of the aristocracy were compelled to choose whether they should remain with the north or with the south country—with the Scotch or with the English. Those who adhered to the Scottish cause lost, as a matter of course, their estates in England ; and those who adhered to Edward and his policy lost equally their lands in Scotland.

From the time of Bruce, therefore, Branksome was no longer the property of the southern Lovels, but was held successively by Baliols and Comyns, by Murrays and Douglasses, down to about the end of the fourteenth century.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Branksome was in the possession of John Inglis, lord of Manor, who in 1420 granted to Robert Scott of Murldestone, in Lanarkshire, the half of the lands of Branksome in perpetual feu and heritage, for payment yearly of a silver penny, in name of 'blench farm,' and this 'if asked only.' But about a quarter of a century later, Inglis of Manor had apparently found that that half of Branksome which remained to him was difficult and troublesome to keep, on account of its being so much subject to inroads and harryings by the thieves of the English Border. Hence, being a man evidently of pacific temperament, and not wishing to be further involved in disastrous feuds and reprisals, he gladly accepted an offer made to him by Scott to exchange the lands of Murldestone for the other half of Brankholme. Scott did not mind the English reivers much. He is said only to have remarked, when this danger was referred to, that the bees of Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale. That is as much as to say, that if the English stole from him, he could also steal from them. In this way the Scotts of Buecleuch and Murldestone became the sole lords of Branksome, and remain so to this day. The Scotts of the neighbouring estate of Harden, from whom Sir Walter Scott loved to trace his descent, were of equal ancestry with the Scotts of Buecleuch ; but the latter sept, by the vigour, courage, and force of character which successive heads of their family displayed, soon made their power felt, and became before long the most distinguished of the Scott clan.

And not only so, but the Scotts of Buecleuch and Branksome soon made themselves felt in the councils of the nation ; and it was due to his great power and influence that Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, in 1526, was desired by the boy-king James V. to take him out of the hated keeping of Angus, upon the attempt to effect which was fought the sharp skirmish of Halidon Hill, near Melrose. It was at this battle that the foundation was laid of the long-standing and bloody feud between the Scotts and Kerrs,

When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buecleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reeked on dark Elhot's Border spear.

Nor, when the English, as a nation, invaded Scotland, was Branksome spared ; for in 1533, 1545, and again in 1570, the tower was burned down and sacked. 'Burning' did not then mean quite what it would mean now, since the upper floors only of these old keeps were formed of wooden beams, the lower of stone vaults or arches ; consequently, to be burned down would mean little besides the destruction of furniture and movables ; and the tower and surrounding walls were easily put in repair again, when the place became as strong for refuge or defence as before.

The part of the ancient tower of Branksome, as it now stands, belongs to the restoration which followed upon its burning, and partial destruc-

tion by gunpowder, in 1570. Traces and evidences of this antiquity are still to be discovered upon it. On an arched doorway is one of those inscriptions in which a rude and rough-living people seem to have been fond of embodying some lesson which perhaps they were at times painfully conscious their lives and actions did not teach :

In. varld . is . nocht . nature . hes . vroucht . yat . sal .
lest . ay .
Thairfore . serve . God . Keip . veil . ye . rod . thy . fame .
sal . nocht . deokay .

Along with this are the names of Sir Walter Scott and his wife Margaret Douglas, with the date 1571. Above these also are the arms of the Scotts and Douglasses, with a further inscription setting forth that Sir W. Scott of Branksome 'began the work upon the 24th of March 1571, wha departitt at God's pleasure the 17th April 1574,' and that 'Dame Margaret Douglas, his spous,' completed the aforesaid work in October 1576. The process of restoration had thus been begun early in the spring of the year after that in which the tower had been blown-up and burned, and was continued through six successive summers. The castle as rebuilt was a place of vast strength, and of great extent within the walls ; though since then it has undergone so many changes and vicissitudes that neither 'Schur Walter Scot, Knycht,' nor his good 'Dame Margaret Douglas, his spous,' would be likely to know it, could they return once more.

But Branksome, when all is said and done, is not sought after for any casual splendour or interest which sober history may shed upon it. 'What's Yarrow,' asked Wordsworth in a mood of pleasant mockery—

What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.

Yet Wordsworth knew that Yarrow was to him as a household word in his home at Grasmere—that its gathered renown of pathos and pain had haunted his imagination and stirred his soul to poetic impulses—and that over and above the material existence and surroundings of that 'river bare,' there was still to the eye of his mind 'another Yarrow.' Not even its 'grace of forest charms decayed,' not even its air of 'pastoral melancholy,' could have so drawn and magnetised the poet's soul, were it not that the very ripple and flow of its river were musical of that past in which the lover bled and the lover died in the 'dowie holms of Yarrow.' And if there was 'another Yarrow' to Wordsworth, there is 'another Branksome' to us. It is not the memory of the fighting Barons of Buccleuch, with their tumultuous raids and unending quarrels, which draws the pilgrim's feet to Branksome's Tower, but the memory of events which the imagination of the Minstrel has conjured up, and which have made for themselves a local habitation and a name.

For have we not here, in the 'Nebisie's Tower' of the present day, the 'old Lord David's western tower' in which the weird Lady of Branksome had that 'secret bower' of hers that was so jealously 'guarded by word and by spell'? And

is not behind us 'Branksome's good green wood,' where the elvish Page held Lord Cranstoun's steed the while his master sat with the Flower of Teviot beneath the 'hawthorn green'? And down in the meadow beneath the castle, have we not the battle-ground of dark Musgrave and the champion of Buccleuch ; and may we not in imagination again see the lists set up—the gorgeously-attired heralds proclaiming the issue—the two steel-clad champions riding forth against each other, with visor closed and lance in rest—the shout of assault, the deadly shock, the prostrate warrior—the sudden appearance of Deloraine, ghastly from illness and pallid with rage—the discovery in the victorious champion of Buccleuch of one long accounted as an enemy of that house? But now, when he is led before the Lady of Branksome as the lover of her daughter, the saviour of her son, she breaks her 'silence stern and stiff.'

'Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me ;
Their kindly influence stars may shew
On Teviot's side and Brankome's tower,
For pride is quelled, and love is free.'
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand ;
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she :
'As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine !
This clasp of love our bond shall be.'

The view from Branksome is necessarily limited, and this morning it is rendered even more so by the cloud of sunlit mist that hangs on the opposite hill. The tower is situated on the edge of a slight ravine which has been hollowed out by a little mountain-stream which here falls into the Teviot. The ravine is thickly clothed with trees. In front is the narrow vale down which the Teviot winds, approaching in one of its long curves almost to the foot of the bank on which the castle stands, then, sweeping away in the opposite direction, it leaves between it and the tower the 'nether lawn' on which the champions fought. The castle itself, in its palmy days, must, from its situation, have admitted of easy and formidable fortification ; but all traces of wall, or bastion, or barbacan are now gone. The green lawn, variegated by beautiful beds of foliage plants, covers the courtyard where the old-world warriors thronged to the muster ; and the 'Dule Tree' is but a great battered and branchless trunk. A splendid ash-tree stands in the centre of the court behind the house, and a very old plane grows fast by the more ancient part of the tower itself. These, and a few yew-trees, seem, with the inscriptions, all that points to a past more remote than a few generations. And yet here three centuries ago were heroic and masterful doings—not seldom also acts of cruelty and tyranny—when Buccleuch stood guardian of the Middle Marches—

Lest Seroop, or Moward, or Percy's powers
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

The vale of the Teviot at this point, and higher up, has nothing to distinguish it from fifty other similar vales in the south of Scotland. There is the same winding of the river, 'cutting me out a huge cantle' here, and laying down a breadth of alluvial meadow there ; the same rounded hills, sweeping down in soft outline to the

water's edge, their broad shoulders covered with bent and bracken, now brown and withered in the October wind. But the river still bears in its song the voices of the past, though now no bale-fires blaze upon its banks, no steel-clad warriors ride along its 'wild and willowed shore.'

J. R.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XLI.—I ESCAPE.

If I had witnessed the idleness of protest and remonstrance and appeal on board the barque, I must have held entreaty to be tenfold more useless in the face of the mortification of the carpenter and his crew, increased as their temper was by the irritation and the fatigue of hard and useless work. I might at once be sure that they had no intention of suffering me to leave the island until they quitted it themselves for good. There would be also distrust; the fear that I might contrive to run away with the ship. Yet I had still to find out what they meant to do; what their plans were for the night. I knew what I wanted, and I remember what I prayed for as I tramped solitarily backwards and forwards upon the edge of the herbage where it came thin to the beach.

Seven men entered the long-boat and shoved off. The carpenter remained; with him was the sailor named Woodward. They flung themselves down upon the ground with an air of exhaustion, and so lay smoking their pipes. After a while, the carpenter called to me. I approached him leisurely. He asked me if I could not remember the number of paces from the beach, and eyed me so surlily as he put the inquiry that I began to think he suspected I could tell if I chose.

'If Wilkins can't remember,' I exclaimed, 'why should I be able to do so—I, whose opinion of this business you well know? I do not recollect the number of paces. I wish I did, for I am more anxious than ever you can be that you should come at this gold, that we may sail away, and end the most cursed adventure that ever a man was forced into.'

The heat and the evident sincerity with which I spoke these words slightly subdued him, and his ugly face relaxed its threatening look. Finding him silent, I said: 'What do you mean to do?'

'Stop here all night,' he answered shortly. 'Stop here, I've told ye, till we've found the money.'

'You will leave some men aboard the ship to look after her?'

'Two'll be quite enough,' he answered. 'How much looking after do she want in weather of this pattern? If we don't meet with the gold afore dark—and there'll be no chance of that, I allow—we must all be at hand to tarn to at daybreak.'

I asked no further questions; and the fellow sank into silence, both he and the other sucking at their pipes, whilst they seemed to hunt with their eyes over the ground as they lay with their heads propped on their elbows.

I saw Miss Temple on the poop watching the approaching boat. Very well could I imagine

the feeling which would possess her when she perceived that I was not among the occupants of the little craft! The boat clumsily drove alongside, and the men sprang on board over a short rope gangway ladder that had been dropped. They went to work at once, as though in a hurry to get the furling job over, that they might return. This done, they descended, and came to a pause at the gangway, as though giving what news they had to the two seamen that had been left behind. They then entered the boat afresh and leisurely made for the island. As they jumped on to the beach, I noticed that the man Simpson had taken the place of Forrest, who had been left to keep a lookout with Wetherly. I felt instantly very uneasy on observing this. There was no other man of all the crew whom I would not sooner have wished to be Wetherly's associate than that impudent, mutinous, bold-faced young seaman. To think of Miss Temple alone with those two men! one to be trusted, as I hoped and believed; but the other as insolent and defiant a rascal as could be imagined of any forecastle blackguardly hand! I gazed eagerly at the barque, and was glad to find that the girl had gone below. I earnestly prayed that she would have the sense to keep in hiding. There was the long night before her, and Wetherly might sleep.

Never since the hour of our losing sight of the Indianan had I felt half so worried, half so distracted with fears and forebodings. I withdrew to a distance from that part of the beach where I had been walking, that the workings of my mind might not be seen in my face; and thankful was I afterwards, when I had somewhat cooled down, that the carpenter did not offer to approach or speak to me; for such was the passion my anxiety for Miss Temple had raised, that I believe a single syllable of rudeness would have caused me to fall upon him—with what result it would be useless here to imagine.

There was about an hour and a half of daylight remaining. When the sailors had secured their boat, they went to supper. In lieu of tea, they drank rum-and-water, and this pretty plentifully.

'Won't ye jine us, Mr Dugdale?' called out the carpenter. 'No call to eat along with us if you object to our company. Ye can have your food separate; but you'll be wanting to eat anyhow.'

'He must be a poor sailor who is not good enough company for me,' I exclaimed, having by this time mastered myself; and forthwith I took my seat amongst them, and fell to upon a piece of salt beef, whilst I got a stronger beat for my pulse out of the pannikin of grog that I drained.

The men's talk was all about the gold. 'If it ain't under them trees,' said one of them, 'it'll ha' to come to doing what the gent told us: starting at a hundred paces from the wash of the water there and digging in a line till we strikes it.'

'What'll them as hid it have wropped it up in?' exclaimed another.

'Canvas,' answered the carpenter shortly.

'Which'll have rotted by this time, I allow, and the money'll be lying loose,' said a sailor.

'Who'll get the first chink of it?' cried Wilkins.

Exclamations of this sort I observed worked a general sense of elation in them; and the rum

helping their spirits, they began to crack jokes, and their laughter was loud and frequent. The scene, to any one who could have viewed it without distress, must have been thought admirable for its character of soft romantic beauty. The western atmosphere was brimful of the reddening light of the descending sun; under it, the smooth ocean lay in dark gold that came sitting out into a cool azure, which then ran with an ever-deepening tint of blue into the clear liquid distance. There was nothing in the wildness and rugged looks of the fiery-faced recumbent seamen to impair the tenderness of this picture. On the contrary, their roughness seemed to accentuate its gentle beauty, as the silence of a calm midnight at sea may be heightened by some gruff human voice speaking at a distance, or by some rude sound that assists the hearing as a contrast.

The carpenter looked towards the sun.

'Don't let's waste no more time,' he cried; 'let's attack that third clump there afore it falls dark.'

They sprang to their feet, seized their several tools, and in a few moments were hard at it, digging, boring, but in silence, for their efforts were too heavy for talk or for laughter. The sun went down whilst they were still toiling. They had discovered nothing, and the first to give up was the carpenter. He sent his shovel flying through the air with a loud curse.

'I'm done for to-night,' he roared, 'Where did them scowbankers hide it?' It'll have to be as Mr Dugdale says. 'Morrow mornin' we'll start at a hundred paces from the beach. We're not here to miss it, and we'll have it if we rip the guts of this island out of her forty fathoms deep!'

He was furious with temper and exhaustion, and stepping to a kettle that was full of rum-and-water, he half filled a hook-pot and swallowed the contents to the dregs, afterwards pitching the vessel from him with an air of loathing and passion. The men, throwing their implements into a heap, came slowly to where the rum and provisions were, cursing very freely indeed, some of them groaning with weariness, smearing the sweat off their foreheads along their naked arms, and stretching their clenched fists above their heads in postures of yawning. Every man of them took a long drink, and then they slowly fell to filling their pipes whilst they continued to heap curses upon Captain Braine and his companion for not having buried the money in a place where it might be easily got at.

My heart was now beating quickly with anxiety. What was the next step they meant to take? Would the carpenter change his mind and carry all hands of us aboard? I observed him light his pipe, and then take a look around with as evil an expression on his face as ever I had witnessed in it. He next trudged with a deep sea-roll in his walk down to the tree to which the boat was attached, and having carefully examined the knot, as though to make sure that the line was securely fastened, he stood gazing awhile at the little craft, as though considering, afterwards sending his eyes in another rolling stare round the horizon as far as it lay visible. I watched him furtively, but with consuming anxiety.

'Tell ye what, mates,' he suddenly sung out, rounding upon the men and approaching them; 'there's nothen to hurt in this weather, and the

barque's going to lie as quiet as if she was laid up. We'll just stop where we are; but a lookout'll ha' to be kept, and the boat must be watched. Better settle the order at once. The lookout will sit in the boat, case'—he added with a sarcastic leer in my direction—'there might be savages about unbeknown to us with a settlement aback of that hill amidsthips there.—What d'ye say, Mr Dugdale?'

'I have no longer command,' I answered; 'it is for you to arrange as you will. Why you desire to keep me here, I cannot imagine. Why not put me aboard, that the young lady may have the comfort of my presence.'

'She don't want no comfort,' he answered coarsely; 'she's all right. The number of paces the cap'n talked of may come to ye by daybreak, and we're all at hand to tarn to.'

I made no answer.

The men roamed about in twos and threes, but never very far. I believed I could trace an uneasiness in their behaviour, as though they had consented to sleep out of the ship in obedience only to the carpenter's wishes, and were now reconsidering their acquiescence with some indecision of mind. I earnestly hoped that this might not prove so, and watched and listened to them with my heart full of wretchedness. The carpenter was seated with another man, and conversed with him in low notes, which trembled to my ears like the subdued growling of a dog. I strolled away to a distance, but was neither followed nor called to.

The time passed very slowly. The men grew weary of moving about, though for some while the mere sensation of the hard soil was a delight to them, now that the air was deliciously cool and they had no work to do and could roam at will. They came in a body together and seated themselves round about the carpenter and his companion, drinking by the starlight, with the frequent glare of the lighting of pipes throwing out the adjacent faces, till it was like looking into a camera obscura. They talked much, but my attentive ear detected a drowsy note stealing into the sound of grumbling that stood for their conversation.

It was drawing on to the half-hour past ten when I stepped leisurely up to the huddle of shadows, and looking over them as they lay in all sorts of postures, I exclaimed: 'Which is the carpenter?'

'Here he is,' answered the voice of Lush.

'Are the men going to make a bedrom of this spot?' said I.

'Ay,' he answered. 'Where else? Ye han't surely come across a hotel in your lonely rambles?'

These words he pronounced without intending offence, though such was the coarseness of the ruffian that he could say little which was not offensive. One or two of the fellows laughed.

'I shall look out for comfortable quarters for myself,' said I. 'I have no fancy for lying amidst all this high grass. There may be snakes about.'

'No, no!' exclaimed one of the men; 'there's no snakes here, sir. I've kept a bright lookout. There's nothen to be afeard of.'

'Ye'll find the grass a soft bed,' exclaimed the carpenter.

'Thank you,' I answered; 'but since I am detained here against my will, allow me at least to choose my own mattress. Should you want me, you'll find me about eighty paces yonder, where there's some clean sand betwixt the bushes.' I pointed to a spot a little distance past the curve of the lagoon.

'It don't signify to us where ye sleep, sir,' exclaimed Lush; 'we shan't be wanting ye till the morning, by which time I hope you'll have recollected the distance Capt'n Braine named. If you should feel a dry in the night, ye'll find a kettle-full of rum-and-water alongside yon breaker that's standing upright.'

'Thanks,' said I; 'good-night.'

There was a rumbling sleepy answer of 'good-night' from amongst them.

The spot I had chosen gave me a clear view of the lagoon, and by consequence of the boat. There was no grass here, and the bushes were small and stunted, as though starved by the sandy character of the soil. Yet they furnished a dark surface, amid which I could crawl on my hands and knees without risk of being seen from the place occupied by the men. I sat down to wait and watch. Over the tops of the bushes alongside of me I could just distinguish the figures of the sailors which one or another of them rose apparently to obtain a drink from the kettle. After I had been seated some twenty minutes or so, I spied one of them walking towards the boat. His dark shape showed with tolerable distinctness when he emerged from the comparative obscurity of the herbage into the dull gleam of the stretch of coral foreshore. He entered the boat, and then I lost sight of him, for the water past him lay in a trembling sheet of gloom, and his outline was absorbed in it. From time to time I could hear the voices of the seamen conversing; but shortly after eleven all was silent amongst them, and then the indescribable hush of the great ocean night settled down upon the lonely rock.

There was nothing in the stirring of the bushes to the wind, in the dim and delicate seething in the lagoon, in the hollower note of surf lightly tumbling at the back of the island, to vex this vast oppressive stillness. I thanked God that there was no moon; yet could have earnestly prayed for more wind and for a few clouds to obscure something of the small fine spangling of the atmosphere by the stars. I could see no light upon the barque; she lay in a little heap of faintness, what with her white sides and hanging white topsails, out in the gloom.

Presently, when I had supposed that all hands saving the fellow in the boat were sleeping, I saw a figure slowly coming my way. I gathered by his posture, as I dimly discerned it, that he was staring among the bushes as he advanced. He slightly lurched as he stepped, and it was not until he was within twenty feet of me that I perceived he was the carpenter. I pillowed my head on my arm, drew my feet up, and feigned to be in a sound slumber. He arrived abreast of me, stood looking a little, and then went slowly back to the others.

The scheme I had made up my mind to adventure was one of extraordinary peril. Yet I was quite certain that the dreadful risk would provide me with my last, indeed my only chance. I was

now immovably convinced that though Captain Braine's story of the existence of the island was a fact, his assurance of a large fortune in hidden gold was a madman's fancy. The men would be finding this out; what they would then do, I could not conjecture; but the menace involved in their lawlessness, their rage of disappointment, their determination (certain to follow) to find their account in the barque and her cargo at all costs, was so heavy, so fraught with deadly peril to Miss Temple and myself, that I was resolved that night to make one prodigious dash for liberty, leaving the rest to fate. Once during that day it had occurred to me to make a rush for the boat and shove off, leaving the men without any means of pursuing me; but a little consideration showed me that the risks of such an attempt were all too fearfully against me. If I valued my life for my own as well as for the girl's sake, I must not fail; and yet failure seemed almost certain. Before I could have liberated the line that secured the boat, sprung into her, lifted one of her heavy oars to shove her off with, the men, who had always been working within a hundred and fifty yards of the beach, would have been upon me. Or supposing I had managed to slide the boat a few fathoms away before they arrived, half of them would have been probably able to swim faster than I could scull the clumsy fabric, whilst my erect figure must have supplied an easy mark for the stones which those remaining on shore would have hurled at me. No! I had mused upon and then utterly dismissed that scheme, coming back to my first resolution, which I now lay waiting for the right moment to execute.

At half-past twelve by my watch, which the starlight enabled me to read, the man who had first entered the boat came out of it, and was replaced by another, whose figure I followed with my sight as he passed across the beach and disappeared in the little structure. For another hour I continued to watch, to wait, to hearken with every sense in me strained to its acutest limit; during which time the island continued sunk in the profoundest stillness of this midnight, saving always the noise of the rippling of waters and of the breezy stirring of the bushes. Then with a few words of appeal to God for courage and support, I started to crawl round past the spot where the men were sleeping, that I might arrive at the beach under cover of the tall grass, which would hinder them from observing my form as I approached the tree to which the boat's line was secured.

The soil ran in a sandy trail through the bushes hereabouts, and I got along pretty nimbly, crawling noiselessly, feeling ready to burst at times, owing to the almost unconscious holding of my breath, forced upon me by my apprehension lest I should be observed or overheard. Presently coming to the trees at whose base the men had dug, I stood up, not fearing detection here, and very rapidly gained the growth of bushes which darkened a space of land to the north, betwixt the place where the men lay and the broad shelf of white beach where, as the fellows had supposed, the Spanish brigantine had driven ashore. I now dropped on my knees and hands again, and in this posture skirted the high herbage that grew down to where the coral grit

provided no soil for such vegetation, until I came to the tree, close up against which I rose, that my shape might appear as a part of the trunk. Then, with an eager trembling hand, I cast the line adrift, and sinking again on my knees and hands, crawled upon the dark surface of the verdure to where it went nearest to the northern horn of the lagoon, where, still crouching, I remained for a little space watching.

In a few minutes the liberated boat, feeling the action of the wind, slowly floated off.

At every instant I was prepared to hear a shout from the shore or from the fellow who was supposed to be at watch in the boat. Yet it soon grew plain that my utmost hopes were to be confirmed by the heavy rum-influenced slumber that had overtaken the watchman, and that lay in lead upon the closed lids of the wearied sailors upon the grass. My heart was loud in my ears as I crouched watching. Presently the boat had slipped to some considerable distance from the shore, and was sliding seawards out to the wide yawn of the lagoon broadside to the ripples and the breeze. Then pulling off my coat and waistcoat and shoes and small-clothes, I crawled down on to the clear gleam of the beach, waded into the water, and struck out for the barque.

I was a fairly good swimmer; of old the exercise had been one of delight to me. The water was cool, but not chilling; I seemed to find a buoyancy in me, too, as from excess of brine in the dark surface, through which I gently pushed at first, lest I should raise a light of phosphorescence about me. At intervals I would pause, faintly moving my arms, that I might keep myself afloat, and hearkening in a very agony of expectation. But all continued silent ashore. Now and again I caught sight of the boat as she went drifting seawards; but the shadow of the night lay thick upon the breast of the sea, and the small structure was sunk in it in a blending that eluded the gaze.

When I considered I had swum far enough to render any such sea-glow as my movements would kindle about me invisible from the island, I put my whole strength into my arms and legs and swam with a vigour that speedily began to tell. The dim heap of faintness which the barque had made grew definable with the stealing out of its proportions. The outline of the hull shaped itself; then I could see the clear line of the yards and spars ruling the starry sky with the vaporous-like folds of the top-sails hanging. I felt no fatigue, no cold; the silence on the land filled me with a spirit of exultation, and the animation of that emotion acted upon me like a cordial of enduring virtue. Gradually and surely I neared the barque; the swim was but a short one in reality, and I needed no rest, though rest I could easily have obtained by floating on my back for a while. Within twenty minutes from my first cautious taking of the water, my hand was upon the lowest rung of the little rope gangway ladder that lay over the side.

I held by it a little, to take breath and to listen. I had seen no figures on the vessel as I approached; but I knew that Forrest was on board, that the very piratical cast of the rogue's character would render him alert and perceptive,

that the moment he spied me he would guess a stratagem, and be upon me; and that it was my business to be before him, or to be prepared for his first spring, armed, as I knew him to be, with the sailor's invariable weapon, the sheath-knife.

ON SOME PHENICIAN BOWLS.

Most people, it may be presumed, have heard of the Phœnicians and their voyages, but very few have realised with what difficulty facts in Phœnician archaeology have been established. Of this there is no clearer proof than the result of the French expedition under M. Ernest Renan in 1860, which, though authorised by government, and directed by the ablest savants, by no means satisfied the hopes of its supporters. Still, it succeeded in conveying at least one valuable lesson—namely, that in dealing with Phœnicia we must reverse the usual process in dealing with antiquity, and not look for monuments on the native soil of the people we are studying. The following remarks are concerned with one especially interesting branch of Phœnician metallurgy, which has been developed by discoveries anywhere but on the once busy Syrian coast. The factories of Tyre and Sidon turned out large quantities of metal bowls—gold, silver, silver-gilt, and bronze—elaborately decorated, and from their numbers evidently extremely popular. Their main interest, however, centres in the discovery that they are indubitably of Phœnician origin, and in the valuable lights they cast on the character and enterprise of this singular people.

The term 'bowl' is perhaps not strictly applicable to these vessels; they are more like our common saucers, though slightly deeper, with an average diameter of eight inches. They have no feet or handles. The method of decoration employed by the artists was repoussé-work, finished off afterwards with the burn and a free use of incised lines. Each bowl is double—that is to say, it consists of two plates welded together; the inner being profusely decorated, and the outer added to hide the roughness left by the repoussé-work, and for strength. Variety was one of the chief aims in the ornamentation, and to this end the inner surface is divided into concentric rings, in number from one to three, encircling a central medallion. This is filled with geometrical patterns, or groups of two or more figures. The bands are occupied by scenes of active or religious life, and by symbols and forms borrowed from Egyptian and Assyrian types, cleverly combined and skilfully executed. For instance, in a broken silver bowl found by General di Cesnola at Amathus, in Cyprus, the first band, next to a central eight-pointed rosette, is filled with winged sphinxes, the second with Assyro-Egyptian figures, and the last represents the siege of a fort, with Assyrian towers and archers, Egyptian woodcutters, and Cypriot horsemen. It is curious to note how the besiegers are as tall as the walls they are attacking, as in the Assyrian bas-reliefs. On other bowls we have similar mixed scenes, picturing lion-hunts, military processions, and religious ceremonies.

But, as has been said above, the interest of

these bowls is not due only to their excellent workmanship and variety, but also to the fact that the Phœnicians were their designers, and that these are the best relics we have of their metallurgy, which, next to the purple of Tyre, was their most famous product. 'We may even venture to say,' observes M. Perrot, 'that of all the products of the Phœnicians' industry the most authentic are these works in metal.' The Homeric poems abound with references to their triumphs, and their name comes up whenever an art-work of great excellence is to be described. The silver crater offered by Achilles as a prize at the funeral games of Patroclus was the work of Sidonian craftsmen, and Menelaus was fortunate enough to have received a similar present from the king of Sidon. At that epoch Sidon was overlord of the Phœnician cities, before the rise of the more famous Tyre. It will be of great interest to many readers to learn that the savants who have tried to restore Achilles's shield, as described in the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*, agree that that masterpiece must have been arranged in rings, as above described, and that the scenes depicted are evidently of Assyro-Egyptian origin. Their peculiar shape has assisted the preservation of so many of the saucer-like bowls; being almost flat, they have run less risk of being crushed, as has been the fate of most of the more elaborate vessels we know the Phœnicians made, from pictures of them in the tomb of Rekhmarah, in Egypt.

The bowls have been found in most quarters where Phœnician commerce is known to have flourished. They have been unearthed at Cære, Salerno, and Paestrina (Praeneste), in Italy; at Curium, Amathus, and Idalion, in Cyprus; at Camirus, in Rhodes; and above all, at Nineveh. As is the case with most Phœnician remains, there is a more marked deficiency of them in Syria than anywhere else; the constant series of foreign invaders, Crusaders, Arabs, Turks, &c., has destroyed architectural relics, and bodily removed all metal and other portable 'finds.' How, then, do we know that the bowls are Phœnician at all? At first, they were not known to be so, excepting in cases where Phœnician characters, presumably of the maker's name, appeared engraved upon the metal. Layard more than suspected that his 'finds' at Nimrud were of Phœnician manufacture, arguing from the mixture of Egyptian types in the designs and Assyrian handling of the figures, coupled with the well-known metallurgic fame of Phœnicia, and its relations with Egypt first, and afterwards with Assyria. The specimens stamped with the Syrian letters proved to be of very similar character to those found at Nimrud (one of which also was inscribed) and elsewhere. In fact, the real criterion lay in their peculiar style of decoration, the mixture of Egyptian and Assyrian patterns, and the frequent use of both without regard to their true significance—that is, only for decorative purposes. For instance, hieroglyphics have been found which, when translated, made nonsense. The conclusion was assisted by the fact that similar vessels, when of known Egyptian or Assyrian manufacture, were quite simple, not much made, and both nations a great deal too conservative to borrow so extensively from each other. Now, the Phœnicians were purely a

trading people, and much less influenced than their neighbours by considerations of nationality and religion. They manufactured to sell, and found that a judicious combination of various national and religious emblems pleased everywhere, and obviated the necessity of having to originate patterns for themselves. Anything Egyptian, with its bizarre character, in some ways resembling China or Japan at the present day, was sure to take, especially when cheap and appearing in useful guise.

The workmen must evidently have used pattern-books with their favourite Assyro-Egyptian models—to take a few instances, the scarab, lotus-flower, lion-and-bull encounter, long-robed Ninevite priest, &c., which recur so frequently. The general handling of the figures may be said to lean rather to Assyria than to Egypt; this is seen in the strict attention paid to details, and the vividness and accuracy of the lion-hunts and other natural scenes. Even the Egyptian types become less rigid and lifeless in Phœnician hands: the eyes, for instance, are treated with greater fidelity to their size and position in the head, and the attitudes are often much less strained. Curious examples of haste on the part of the workman are sometimes found, legs and arms being missing in some of the engraved figures. Such carelessness in otherwise excellent execution is probably to be explained by the enormous trade in these bowls, and the consequent pressure on the artificers. How popular they were in Assyria is shown not only by the numbers found there, but also by their frequent recurrence in the sculptures. They reappear in the *phalae* and *patere* of the Greeks and Romans, the forms of which they almost certainly suggested. In fact, the discoveries at Nineveh and elsewhere have disclosed to the world a hitherto unsuspected ancient industry, and one of the many ways in which Phœnicia systematised and cheapened the inventions of earlier races. In metal engraving, as in many other things, she made the West acquainted with the East, and though not an originator herself, fairly earned her name as the pioneer of civilisation.

WILL PROVANT'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER II.

BESSIE'S fears that the attentions paid her by 'the handsome American' would reach her sweetheart's ears proved to be well founded. One of Steve's friends, who was engaged to Bessie's fellow-assistant in Mrs Fountain's shop, happening to be over in Egginton one day, encountered Steve on his way from work, and did not fail to enlighten him as to everything which had come to his ears, thereby raising a little tempest of jealousy in the young engine-driver's usually placid breast. It was not often that Steve went over to Scargill between one Sunday and another; but at nine o'clock the following evening he knocked at Denny Ford's door. Bessie, who knew his knock, admitted him, and her first glance at his face warned her that something was amiss. Scarcely did he give her time to shut the door before he began. 'What's this I hear,

Bessie, about your letting that American chap go walks with you, and about his making you presents of flowers and I don't know what beside?' demanded Steve in what for him might be called a white-heat.

Bessie could not keep back the tell-tale colour from her cheeks, and for a moment her heart sank within her. 'He's never walked out with me but twice, and then it was by no choice of mine,' she answered. 'He met me as I was coming home by the canal; and if he chose to walk by my side and talk to me, how was I to help it? After the second time, I took to coming home by the bus, on purpose to keep out of his way.'

'But he must have been on pretty familiar terms with you, or he would never have taken to meeting you of an evening,' remarked Steve shrewdly.

'Indeed, then, he was nothing of the kind,' answered Bessie with spirit. 'He used to come often to the shop, and he got to know me in that way.'

'And used to time his visits so as to have you all to himself when the others were at dinner.'

This Bessie was not prepared to deny. 'How was it possible for me to tell him when he should come and when he should stay away?' she demanded.

'But you needn't have accepted flowers from him time after time, and worn them in your dress. If you had been engaged to the fellow you couldn't have done more.'

'If I had seen any harm in it, I shouldn't have done it.—And, pray, where was the harm?' she added next moment.

'When did you see him last—I mean, see him to speak to?' asked Steve without heeding her question.

'To-day,' answered Bessie, looking at him a little defiantly, and with a bright spot of colour on either cheek. 'He came into the shop when I was by myself and—and he asked me to marry him.'

Steve sprang to his feet, muttering something under his breath. Then he sat down again. 'Perhaps you won't mind telling me what answer you made him?' At that moment he looked for all the world as if he would like to strangle Mr Will Provant.

'I told him that I was already engaged, and could have nothing to say to him.'

'Are those some of his flowers?' demanded Steve, indicating by a nod of his head a vase on the chimney-piece in which were the orchids Will had that morning left behind him.

Bessie quailed a little under her lover's scornful gaze. 'He brought them for me this morning; but I refused to take them. Then he forgot all about them, and left them behind.'

'And you brought them home to cherish and look at and keep you in mind of the gayer!' exclaimed Steve passionately. 'Curse both him and his flowers! So long as you are engaged to me, you have no right to take presents from any man. Let his flowers go where I would jolly soon fling him if he were here,' he added as he rose, crossed the room, and snatched the orchids out of the vase. He was on the point of throwing open the window, when Bessie sprang to his side and arrested his hand.

'You shall not, Steve—you shall not!' she exclaimed indignantly. 'What have the poor flowers done that you should treat them in that way? They were forgotten and left behind, as I told you, and it would have been both childish and stupid of me to fling them away.'

Steve let her take the flowers unresistingly, but he turned very white as she did so. 'Oh, well, if you set such store by them, you must care something for the man they belonged to,' he said in his quietest tones. 'In that case, there's no more to be said. It seems to me that I'm not wanted here, and that I was a fool to come. The best thing for me to do, Miss Ford, will be to wish you good-night, and to trust that your dreams may be pleasant ones.' He had possessed himself of his hat while speaking, and he now turned and left the room without a word or a look more. A second or two later the front door clashed behind him. Bessie had made no effort to detain him.

But both Stephen Garside and Bessie Ford were far too fond of each other not to be made unhappy, after the fashion of lovers' unhappiness, by their little misunderstanding. Steve blamed himself for his foolish jealousy, feeling assured in his mind that Bessie's love was all his own; while Bessie blamed herself for her tacit encouragement of Will Provant, and for having taken his flowers home after the scene between them in the shop. When Sunday came round Steve found his way to Denny Ford's house as usual, but it was with somewhat of a sheepish feeling at his heart that he knocked at the door. As soon as he was inside, Bessie held up her mouth to be kissed, which Steve accepted as a token that everything was to be forgiven and forgotten on both sides. For any mention of his name that day there might have been no such person as Will Provant in existence.

A week passed without Bessie seeing anything of Will, and she began to hope that he had taken her words to heart, and that she would be no more troubled with his attentions. Sunday had come round again. After calling on Bessie, Steve set off for Warley, a village three miles away, to visit a friend who was dangerously ill. It was arranged that he should come back by the footroad which wound along by the banks of the Windle, and that Bessie should go part of the way to meet him. It was a favourite walk with her lovers.

The September sun was hanging low in the west when Bessie set out. She had got more than half-way to Warley without seeing anything of Steve, and had reached a point where the path she was following crossed the river by means of a high wooden foot-bridge with a flight of ten or twelve steps on either side of it. Bessie, busy with her thoughts, had climbed the steps and reached the level of the bridge before she was aware of Will Provant advancing from the opposite direction. Her first impulse was to turn and go back, but next moment she asked herself what she had to fear; still, it was with a heightened colour and a fast-beating heart that she went forward. They met midway across the bridge, which was only just wide enough to allow of their passing each other. Then Will came to a sudden halt so as to block the way.

'Good-even, fair damosel. Prithee, whither

away so fast?' he demanded, in the mock-heroic style he sometimes affected, as he swept her an ironical bow.

'Good-evening, Mr Provant.—Be kind enough, please, to let me pass.'

'Anon—anon. You have not responded to my question.'

'I am going to meet a friend.—Will you please make way for me?' She saw that he was smiling, but for all that there was something in his expression which made her blood run cold.

'To meet a friend!' he sneered. 'Why not speak the truth, and call him by his right name? You are on your way to meet your lover—the man who smells of oil and wipes his hands with greasy rags. Faugh!'

Bessie's temper flamed up at this insult to her lover. She gave a quick glance round, but not a creature was in sight. 'Will you let me pass, or will you not?' she demanded, staring Provant defiantly in the face as she did so.

'Not till you have paid the toll—not till I have stolen a kiss from those dewy lips,' he replied as he made a step forward and put out his arms to seize her. A cry broke involuntarily from Bessie, which was answered in a way the most unexpected.

Steve, when about a quarter of a mile from the bridge, on his way back from Warley, had seen and recognised Will Provant in the distance, and half a minute later had made out the figure of Bessie as she advanced along the footpath on the opposite side of the river, evidently on her way to meet him as arranged. Acting on the impulse of the moment, and without asking himself why he did so, Steve turned off into a belt of broken shrubbery which skirted the river a little farther inland than the footpath. Here he was invisible to any one at a distance, and thus it was that Bessie failed to see him when Will met her on the bridge and barred the way.

Steve, advancing quickly through the shrubbery, could hear the sound of voices even before he reached the bridge. For one moment a flaming thought shot through his brain that, maybe, the two had met thus by appointment, only to be dismissed the next as utterly unworthy of the girl he loved. Besides, had they been so minded, there was nothing to hinder them from meeting times out of number when he himself was out of the way. Still, as he came to a stand at the foot of the bridge, his heart seemed to cease beating, and all the landscape became blurred before him, as he strained his ears to catch the words of those who were so close to him while yet unseen. The first sentence he could clearly make out was Bessie's question: 'Will you let me pass, or will you not?' A great torrent of rage surged through Steve's heart as Provant's answer fell on his ears, and he was half-way up the steps before Bessie's cry broke from her lips. Then it was that, an instant later, Provant felt the grip of a mighty arm round his neck, his head was wrenched violently back, following on which came a blow, as of a sledge-hammer, between the eyes, so that it seemed to him as if a ball of fire had suddenly exploded inside his head. With a yell of rage he let go his hold of Bessie and turned on his assailant, whose name he felt that he had no need to ask; but strong and wiry though Will Provant might be, he was no match

for the stalwart engine-driver, who was noted as one of the best wrestlers in the country-side. Despite his desperate struggles, his arms were presently pinned to his sides and there held as in a vice; then he was twisted round, his back was jammed up against the hand-rail of the bridge, and his body bent over it till he felt as if his spine must surely snap. Then his feet were suddenly knocked from under him, and while his legs described a semicircle in the air, his assailant let go his grip, and Will Provant, falling clean backward into the water running fifteen feet below, sank out of sight as if he were a stone. The struggle had not lasted more than a couple of minutes.

'Oh Steve, he will be drowned!' cried Bessie with ashen lips. She had been watching the encounter as though it were some scene in a nightmare which she was powerless to interrupt.

'No fear,' responded Steve grimly. 'The man that's born to be hanged won't be drowned.' Steve had occasion to remember his words later on.

As a matter of fact, Will was a capital swimmer. After coming to the surface, he dashed the water out of his eyes, and then striking out, swam slowly down stream till he reached a point where the shelving bank allowed of his landing without difficulty. After hastily wringing some of the water out of his clothes, he plunged into a plantation of firs close by and was lost to view.

About eight or nine days later, as Bessie was on her way home in the dusk of evening, she was aware of stealthy footsteps coming up behind her, which some instinct told her were those of Will Provant. A moment later, a voice which seemed to tremble with concentrated passion whispered in her ear: 'There's many a ship 'twixt cup and lip, my proud Lady Disdain. I wouldn't order my wedding gown yet awhile, if I were you.' Then the footsteps turned abruptly down a side street, and Bessie, without daring to turn round, hurried trembling home.

Scargill is situated on the Egginton and Swallowfield branch of the London and West-Eastern Railway. About three-quarters of a mile beyond Scargill station, going towards Swallowfield, the line crosses the Windle by means of a wooden bridge. Here there is a narrow gorge, some forty or fifty feet deep, at the bottom of which runs the little river on its way to join a much larger river a dozen miles farther on. The foundations of the bridge at the date of this narrative consisted of huge bunks of timber, some of them driven into the sloping sides of the gorge, and others into the bed of the stream itself, while substantial cross-beams, clamped with iron, helped to hold each of them in its place and to make of the whole a homogeneous structure, which the trains had traversed in safety for something like a quarter of a century. As a rule, the Windle was as well behaved a little river as one could find anywhere, innocent of all vagaries, and running placidly on its way to join its elder sister; but now and then there came times and seasons when even its best friends would hardly have recognised it. Two or three miles south of Scargill ran a semicircular range of hills, an outlying spur of the 'backbone of England,' as it is often called; and after any lengthened spell of rainy weather,

the Windle, fed by countless streams from the Hoybeach uplands, was liable to swell to four or five times its normal size, and transform itself for the time being into a turbid, raging torrent, which, after flooding the low-lying lands on either side of it, when it reached the Scargill valley, the farther end of which was spanned by the railway bridge, rushed through it with a force and velocity which seemed as if they must carry everything before them.

As it fell out, the autumn to which our story refers proved to be an extremely rainy one; not for a dozen years had the Windle been known to rise so high and then to keep at that height for so long a time. Then a whisper went about that the railway authorities began to have some doubts as to the stability of Grimside Bridge, and it became known that experts had been sent from headquarters to examine it as far as it was possible to do so in the flooded state of the river.

About twenty yards from the Scargill end of the bridge was a signal-box, which necessitated the services of two men, who went on duty turn and turn about. With one of these men, Seth Gedge by name, Will Provant had become extremely intimate, owing, probably, to the fact that Gedge had spent several years of his early life in the States. They met on an evening at the *Ring o' Bells*, and when Seth's time came to go on duty, Will often kept him company as far as the box.

The river was still nearly at its highest, although there had been no rain since morning, when one night about dusk Bessie Ford took it into her head to walk as far as the Grimside Bridge to look at the flood. She had been rendered somewhat uneasy by a rumour that the passenger trains were to be sent round by Pettywell, but that the goods-trains, one of which was driven by Steve, were to keep on running as usual, and still more so by something she had overheard her father say to a cronny of his the evening before as he leaned over the garden-gate smoking his after-supper pipe.

'Whether th' owd bridge is safe, or whether it isn't, is, n'rappen, not for the likes of me to offer an opinion about,' Denny had remarked; 'but this I will say, that when I was fishing in the scare last spring, th' water being very low at the time, I couldn't help seeing how some of the balks looked as if they were rotted half-way through, so that I could scale thick shivers off them with my thumb and finger. But, there; if the gents as came over specially from Egginton say it's all right, why in course it must be all right; but in that case an ignorant chap like me might like to know why they've taken to sending the passenger trains round by Pettywell.'

These words had not failed to make a deep impression on Bessie.

So now, to-night, she felt as if she were drawn towards the bridge by some inward compulsion, which she could not have overmastered without an effort.

After passing the station a little way, Bessie crossed a stile which brought her to a footway through the fields running alongside the fence which bounded the line, and leading directly to the signal-box and the bridge. When a little way from it, Bessie diverged to the left, and crossed the grass to where a hand-rail had been

placed for the protection of pedestrians at a point where a landslip had at one time taken place. Here she came to a stand, and resting her arms on the rail, gazed down into the gorge. Surely, surely the old bridge, which had breasted so many floods in safety, would stand the strain of this one!

Presently she took out her watch—a birthday gift from Steve—and read the time. It wanted twenty minutes to nine, and at five minutes past the hour 'No. 5 Down Goods,' which Steve was driving, was due to pass the junction on its way to Egginton. She would wait and see it pass, she said to herself. Perhaps she might catch a momentary glimpse of Steve.

The place where she was standing was about thirty yards from the signal-box. She was putting her watch away, her eyes being fixed absently on the box, when she became aware of something which brought back her wandering thoughts to the time and place where she was. She felt nearly sure that she could distinguish the figures of two men in the signal-box! She knew how imperative was the rule laid down by the railway company that no signalman should allow any stranger to enter his box; she knew, too, that it was not the hour for the interchange of duties between Seth Gedge and his 'mate.' It was just possible that the second figure might be that of Mr Wilson, the station-master, or of some other official whom some business errand had taken to the box, but at so late an hour that was far from likely. Bessie's curiosity was strongly aroused.

On the open ground between herself and the box grew a few tangled bushes of bramble and blackberry. Gliding from one to another of them, Bessie presently reached a point which was not more than six or eight yards from the box. That there were two men in it she was now more firmly convinced than ever.

Half a minute later, Bessie would have been gone, but at this juncture the signal-box door was opened, a man came out, and, shutting the door behind him, descended the steps. Bessie drew her hood closer round her face and crouched behind the bushes. At the foot of the steps the man paused for a few moments, as if to look round and listen. As he did so, Bessie, peeping through the tangle of creepers, saw, with a gasp of surprise which was not unminged with fear, that the man was none other than Will Provant!

HOW OUR BLUE JACKETS ARE FED.

THE statement that one pound of meat, one pound and a quarter of biscuits, one pint of cocoa, and one pint of tea, is the regulation daily allowance for each man, tends to impress one with the idea that there is something decidedly monotonous about the bill of fare aboard ship. It will be found, however, that although their tables do not 'groan under ponderous dishes piled with choice viands prepared in the most *recherché* style,' the food supplied to our sailors—from the time they enter the service as boys on a training-ship—is of a wholesome and substantial character. The quality, quantity, and—except under certain circumstances—the variety of their fare are such as might well

make the majority of working-men feel that they are not so well off as our 'jolly jack-tars.'

Dinner being the principal meal, we will start with that. It must be understood that the seamen, &c. are divided into messes, each mess numbering from eighteen to twenty men, half of whom belong to the port watch, and half to the starboard watch. Usually, the odd-numbered messes form the starboard watch, and *vice versa*.

A sailor is not called upon to decide as to sauces, entremets, ragouts, or any of those gustatory perfections and triumphs of culinary skill so pleasing to the epicure; he must be satisfied with 'boiled' or 'baked.' By the following arrangement he must perforce take each in turn on alternate days or—go without. Supposing to-day the starboard watch have a bake—'sea-pie' generally—the port watch must be content with a 'boil,' and the satisfaction of knowing that to-morrow this will be reversed.

One seaman is appointed from each mess as mess-cook for the day, and each man has to take his turn. His duties include making the pie or preparing the stew, taking it to the ship's cook, laying out the table, washing up, &c. Should it be the day for a stew—generally termed 'copper rattle'—the mess-cook prepares the meat, vegetables, oatmeal, and any other ingredients they are lucky enough to procure. This is handed over to the ship's cook, and 'called for'—in more ways than one—when dinner-time arrives. This is eaten together with biscuit; and of course it depends in a great measure on the skill of the mess-cook as to whether the seamen enjoy their dinner. Some have been so sarcastic and 'funny' as to advise the cook for the day not to fetch hot water from the galley as usual for washing-up purposes. 'It would be a waste of time, because he could find nothing more suitable than the copper-rattle, now the meat and vegetables are taken out.' This does not say much for the richness of the stew in that particular case.

This calls to mind an amusing incident which occurred on foreign service. The vessel had arrived in port on Christmas Eve, and hams being cheap and plentiful, many of the seamen 'clubbed' together and bought one each for their particular mess. As chance or ill-luck would have it, early on Christmas morning the ship's cook met with a serious accident, and the cooking of the hams devolved on an Irishman, who had not had any great experience that way. Thinking to simplify matters, Paddy decided to cook the hams—numbering some twenty or twenty-five—together in a large 'stock-pot.' Unfortunately, owing to the festive season, or the importance of the 'greatness thrust upon him,' or both, sad to relate, Paddy got 'half-asas over.' Not so bad, however, but that he had an eye to his business. Being determined the men should not have to wait for their dinner, and, like a 'good and faithful servant,' taking to heart the injunction that everything should be 'well done,' he had the hams boiling over the fire in what he termed 'ochins of time, me bhoy.'

This is a sample dialogue—one of many—which occurred at the dinner-hour. Enter mess-cook for his dinner.

'Well, me bhoy,' says Paddy, 'what's the number of yer mess?'

'No. 11.'

'No. 11 is it?' Looks at a paper on which he had been for some time previously making an evidently difficult calculation; then turning to one of the assistants, Paddy exclaimed: 'Two bones and three ladlefuls for No. 11.'

He had stewed all the meat off the hams!

'Bearing in mind' this anecdote, it will be plainly evident that the difference between good and bad fare depends to some extent on the ability of the cook.

With regard to the variety of the fare, the regulations will not afford us the slightest grounds to base any calculations upon. In these we find that one day the sailor is supplied with salt beef (junk) and pudding (duff); the next, salt pork and pea-soup; and the following, tinned meat (commonly called 'Fanny Adams' or 'Harriet Lane') and preserved potatoes. This, at anyrate, does not say much for variety. We must, however, remember that these are rations served out only when at sea. When in harbour, fresh meat is allowed in lieu of salt meat, and in many ways the seaman obtains delicacies and relishes without 'touching his pocket.'

Take, for example, a vessel in harbour. In a mess numbering, say, eighteen, the chances are there are at least three or four who will not be present to take their allowance at dinner-time. Therefore, instead of 'taking up' eighteen pounds of meat—the regulation allowance of one pound each man—only twelve or thirteen pounds are drawn. This leaves the mess with five or six pounds 'to the good,' with which they are credited at the rate of fourpence per pound. By leaving a certain quantity behind, which if 'taken up' would only be wasted, the tar is supplied with the 'needful' for purchasing vegetables, &c., without drawing on his pay. These vegetables and other 'extras' are supplied by the canteen—in the event of there being no canteen aboard, by the bumboat men. The 'plus' mess-money is paid over at the beginning of each month, and the 'private' bill of each mess must then be settled.

Of course, in many cases the 'extras' will amount to a larger sum than the allowance of plus mess-money, sailors, like ordinary mortals, not troubling themselves as to whether 'both ends meet' or not until they are called upon to make them do so. Under these circumstances, the caterer posts the bill in such a position that all the mess may see it. On this notice appear the amount of allowance, the amount expended, and the sum required from each man to 'square accounts.' When settling-day arrives there must perforce be some grumbling, owing to the 'happy-go-lucky' way of doing business which is characteristic of Jack. Some individuals in the mess have enjoyed all the delicacies, while others are troubled because they have had comparatively nothing for their money. For example, take the man who has the 'last trick at the helm.' When he is relieved and goes below, he immediately rushes for the cook of the mess to know where his breakfast is, to be met only with the remark that 'not knowing he was at the wheel, none was "put up" [put by] for him.' If he is of a 'philosophic turn of mind,' he will take matters

calmly, and 'make for' the biscuit barge. Even then, as he lifts the lid, he may hear one of his messmates shout: 'You'll have to ship your beak'—this being the expression used, in sailors' parlance, to notify there is nothing but dust left in the barge. He has now nothing to satisfy his hunger, except grumbling, until dinner-time.

When cruising in 'foreign parts,' or stationed abroad, seamen enjoy many delicacies denied to their brethren at home, for they usually obtain 'something of everything' the port they stop at is noted for. Imagine the numerous kinds of fruits, &c., which they have the means of enjoying, and which are always easily and cheaply obtained. Then, again, while vessels stay at Ascension Island, some of the men are usually put on duty as 'turtle-turners,' and are allowed about fourpence—in addition to their regular pay—for every turtle 'turned.' It is at such times as this that the ordinary seamen may be observed regaling themselves on 'real turtle,' having what they term a 'blowout.' It is also on foreign service that cheap liquors are met with. This is a matter which can scarcely be mentioned as a benefit, for when intoxicants are so easily obtained, the temptation to 'overstep the mark' is harder to resist, and consequently, by 'having his fling,' Jack in many cases, unfortunately in too many, makes a 'beast of himself.' The 'cheap' drinks, for the most part spirits, are strong and fiery. Our tars not being accustomed to them, are soon overcome, and afterwards suffer for their indiscretion in health or pocket, sometimes both.

This brings us to the grog question. Each seaman is allowed half a gill of ship's rum daily; before he gets it, however, this is 'lowered' to what is facetiously termed 'three-water rum'; that is, the half-gill is made into half a pint of liquor by the addition of the requisite amount of water. Interrogate ordinary seamen as to the strength and quantity of their grog, and it will be found that the prevailing opinion is, that although the regulation half-pint of grog is served out, it does not contain the proper proportion of rum. The reasons given for arriving at this opinion are generally as follows. The steward—in the presence of an officer—stations himself at the grog tub at six bells, and adds—or, rather, is supposed to add—the requisite amount of water to make it three-water rum. He is assisted by the 'Grog Tub Staff,' which consists of the duty petty officers for the day, a sergeant of marines—and very often a corporal—the steward's assistant, and the cooper ('Jimmy Bungs'). Standing in the rear will be found the marine lamp-trimmer, ready with a cloth to 'swab up' any mess that may be made.

The Grog Tub Staff claim as a perquisite any grog that may be left after the men are served, and—a most extraordinary occurrence, either due to miscalculation or something—there is always a quantity of 'overplus' grog. Sometimes the quantity left is so large that the officer on duty may 'smell a rat' and order it to be thrown away. Whether this is true or not, it is of course difficult to determine; the fact remains, however, that in nine cases out of ten our 'jolly Jack-tars' are strong in their belief that their grog may be four, five, and even six—but three watered rum, never.

It would scarcely be fair to our blue-jackets to conclude this article without mentioning one great mistake made in their present system of dietary. From tea-time—about half-past four in the afternoon—nothing in the way of food is served out to Jack until the following morning at seven o'clock, when he obtains his breakfast. If he should require anything in the meantime—and who would not?—he must perforce pay for it or go without. This is not only a great mistake; it is a 'scandalous shame'—an evil for which a remedy should be found at once. Here we have men sent on duty—on night-duty, by-the-way, when the greater necessity for food will be at once apparent—so far as the responsible authorities know or care, with that weary languid feeling which always accompanies hunger.

The writer once heard it remarked by a man who had apparently tried it, that the hardest work he ever did was carrying an empty stomach about all day. Our wealthy and charitable country, who has to thank Jack for the high and secure position she now holds, allows, nay, forces her gallant defenders to remain without food to satisfy their natural cravings at a time when they are expected to keep a 'brighter lookout' for a period of fourteen or fifteen hours at a stretch.

THE GIRL IN ENGLAND,

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

'LOOK, father; there he is.—Quick! to the right.'

'That young fellow in gray?—No, my dear; I cannot say I remember him. But I respect him for not getting himself into aggressively mountaineering dress. Carlyle lays it down as a maxim that a man—'

The speakers disappeared round the corner of the house, and passed beyond earshot, and the young man referred to leaned back in his chair with a sigh of great content. It was a hot August day, and the whole of the Grindelwald village lay parching in the brilliant sunshine that poured with pitiless intensity alike on white dusty roads and snowy mountains. This welcome and apparently unique stretch of shade in which he was resting, and in which some half-a-dozen young chestnuts were flourishing apace, was cast by the angle of the big rambling 'Hôtel de l'Ours,' in which he had taken up his quarters, and being early in the afternoon, it was well-nigh deserted by its usual throng of occupiers. Every one was either sight-seeing, or taking calm siestas in the little gaily-painted bedrooms which were boxed away so coolly behind their green 'persiennes.'

Adrian Lane shifted his meerschau from one corner of his mouth to the other, and, picking up his pen, went on with the half-finished letter that was lying before him.

'... I have seen her again, and she recognises me. There's fame for you! She and her father—the visitors' book gives his name as Sir Leonard Villiers, but I have not got hold of her name yet—crossed the courtyard a moment ago, and she pointed me out to him. He is a pompous old fool, who seems given to making her remarks a

peg on which to hang his preachments; but she doesn't seem to mind. Perhaps she does not listen.—Have I described her to you? I forget, and I am too lazy to turn back and see. Well, she is something like the heroine of that novel of mine, "Lady Diane," which was to have taken the world by storm, only somehow or other it never got written. Do you remember how you used to bring your endless darning into my room sometimes, and sit and rate me for my abominable laziness, in the most diffident sweetest little way in the world? I remember it so well.

The writer paused a moment, for he heard a murmur of voices, and fancied Miss Villiers might be coming back again. With this idea he bared his head and stroked his red-gold moustache into yet more immaculate precision; being given to various harmless small vanities, and amongst them an insatiable desire to present a good figure, both moral and physical, in the eyes of any woman with whom he might be brought into contact. So, when Miss Villiers reappeared, and began a struggle with the obstinate latch of a door near him, he rushed to her assistance with rather an overshoot of alacrity, and won a grave bow and a 'Thank you,' before returning to the reminiscences which meant so little to him, and so much to his correspondent, a girl in England.

'I remember the first day of all, when I had just moved into my new lodgings, and found your step-mother a sort of feminine Micawber, aggravating if forgivable, and certainly not the stuff of which a model landlady is made; and about a dozen children, more or less, sprawling on the stairs; and my rooms untidy, and matters generally in a very unpromising state. And then there suddenly arrived upon the scene a slip of a girl in a straight black gown, with big steadfast eyes, which would have made her face too determined for its age, had not her lips quivered like a troubled child's as she apologised for the state of affairs and promised to right them at once. That was you, you dear little friend; and all the many times you have cheered me up when an irate publisher has thirsted for my utter demerolism, and all the sage timid counsels in those April half-lights, count as nothing in comparison with the great help you are to me now by letting me write to you. I hope I don't bore you.'

Here he laid down his pen with a second sigh of self-satisfaction, for few things are more consoling than to run one's self down with the full consciousness that it is perfectly futile to do so. He knew she would not be bored.

Meanwhile, Miss Villiers had come out again—for such a reposeful-looking person she seemed in a singularly restless mood that afternoon—and stopped short with an exclamation of annoyance. Then she looked at Adrian. It was a straight comprehensive sort of look, with nothing of the coquette in it, and she called to him from where she stood: 'Can you speak German?'

'Fairly. Enough to be of service to you, if you will let me.' Adrian Lane went over to her. 'What is the matter?'

'I want tea out here, and the French and English waiters are not to be found. I do believe they are all asleep! The only man I can find is German, and apparently he could not understand what I meant. She laughed. 'I am afraid that is not very astonishing.'

Adrian was all readiness. He went off at once, and being evidently in luck's way that afternoon, he came across the German waiter, tray in hand, and piloted him to the table she had indicated.

'He did understand, after all, you see.—And now, if you will allow me, I will go and tell your father that the tea has finally arrived. I saw him in the smoking-room as we passed it.'

Adrian was off again before she could answer, and Miss Villiers glanced after him with an amused smile. He was rather an officious person, she thought, but he was a gentleman, which always counted for something; and as they were leaving Grindelwald on the morrow, it really did not matter if in the meantime her father struck up an acquaintance with him on the ground of mutual friends. Sir Leonard was apt to make himself amiable to any passing stranger who would consent to listen to his rather meaningless dissertations; and dismal experience had taught his daughter that for some reason, which the two interpreted differently, men of Adrian Lane's type generally did so consent. So she was not much surprised when a few minutes afterwards they appeared together, and Sir Leonard introduced his companion as a great friend of the Courtenays.

'You were right, my love. We must have met Mr Lane in Portland Place,' said the old gentleman, placidly sipping his tea. 'Dear, dear! how small the world is! One meets friends in every quarter of the globe.'

Adrian had broken off a bunch of the chestnut leaves, and now stood silently watching his hostess, to whom he had given it. Had she been the Lady Diane to whom he had likened her, he knew he should have written that she made a pretty picture in her cool white draperies, with the sunlight glinting through the trees above upon her dark red hair. But as he was not writing, he knew the word 'pretty' would not describe her accurately. Why, the girl in England was pretty, with her big wistful eyes, and the fitful flush coming and going in her white cheeks. But this woman, whose slow delicious movement of hand and wrist as she waved her green leaves to and fro simply enthralled him—she was perfection itself.

'True, sir; that is very true,' he murmured in response to Sir Leonard's comment; and then, rousing himself with the recollection that the talking must be done by somebody, 'You have found it so?' he added interrogatively.

'Yes, yes. I remember it was at Hurlingham this season I met Barnes—"Mutiny Barnes," as they call him, and I said'—

The measured voice went on and on; but it might have been in an unknown tongue for all that Adrian could have vouched to the contrary. The dreaminess of her strangely light eyes? her utter disregard to his presence? He knew not what it was that so piqued and fascinated him.

'I know the Courtenays well,' he said to her when Sir Leonard's rounded periods had wound themselves out; 'but I have not met you there. I could never have forgotten.'

'Oh, but you have, for I recognised you. But the rooms were crowded; I daresay you did not notice me.' She spoke slowly, almost indolently. Not the vainest man on earth could have flattered himself upon her avowed recollection.

Adrian risked it; anything seemed to him better than a stupid silence. 'It was good of you to trouble to recognise, I think,' he said softly; and Miss Villiers fixed her eyes upon him for the moment before replying.

'I have an excellent memory for faces. I remember even dogs,' she said briefly.

This was, certainly annoying, and so wrote Adrian in his neglected letter, for he had received an additional snub that night at the table-d'hôte, and felt sufficiently sore about the subject to add a couple more pages to the girl who might be less *crème de la crème*, but who was at all events more sympathetic.

'... She is distractingly beautiful; but you will see by what I have just said that sympathy is not her strong point. I hate an ungracious woman. You used to say that, thanks to your father marrying "Mrs Micawber," you had sunk too much in the social level to know what "real ladies" did; and you cried once, you silly little thing, about this very point. But I assure you such things are innate. You never spoke to a man in your life as Miss Villiers spoke to me to-day; and when I think of the work you used to get through, and your patience with those great lumbering boys, and of the way you used to brighten me up when I came home tired and depressed, it begins to dawn on me that I was an ass to come so far afield in search of the "one woman" you once said I needed to make me a more thorough man.'

This feeling, however, was of scant endurance, for a week later he wrote off a glowing account of recent events. The Villiers' idea of leaving Grindelwald the day after Adrian had succeeded in making their acquaintance, was balked in a summary fashion by Sir Leonard shipping in his endeavour to climb into the *banquette* of the diligence which was to carry them on to Interlachen, and breaking his leg. It was a clean break, and a doctor was fortunately close at hand, so circumstances, as the patient philosophically observed, were as favourable as they could be, but that could in no way shorten an enforced rest of some six or seven weeks. At Grindelwald he was, and at Grindelwald he must stay, and Adrian's arrangements were made in accordance as speedily, as though he also were the victim of fate. He instantly decided that he would stay too.

At that early stage of the proceedings it was manifestly impossible to explain at length to Miss Villiers herself his exceeding delight at the way matters had fallen out; and as sympathy was about as necessary to Adrian's well-being as the actual air he breathed, he wrote off at length to the girl-friend who never wearied of his confidences.

'Here we are in mid-August, and simply baked to death if we dare show ourselves out of doors. Luckily, this one is a good specimen of Swiss hotels, and there are plenty of big bare rooms where it is deliciously cool and solitary, when one feels like a friendly chat and smoke, and with green leafy nooks around the house, where the screening chestnuts not only shut in one's privacy, but shut out the cries of the coachmen and the general confusion of travellers coming and going, until the whole world seems blended into one great melodious contentment, which

centres in one's self and one's companion. Is this tall talk? I can't help it: I feel as if I were living the part of hero in one of my own novels.'

The pen lay limply between his idle fingers while his thoughts flew back to the lodgings in which he had lived until lately, and he wondered what its occupants were doing at that particular moment. There were not many to wonder about, he knew, for several of them were away holiday-making. The worthy lady of the house had gone for a week's change to Southend. She was never anything but kindly to the step-child, whose delicate features and little refinements of thought and speech were so different from those of her own sturdy brood, and had she cared, the girl could have gone with her. But she did not seize the chance. 'I suppose my relations aren't good enough for the likes of you,' her step-mother had suggested tartly; and so she was staying on in the stuffy London house, with the younger children to 'see to,' and with a lodger to satisfy, who was neither so friendly nor so sweet-tempered as Adrian had been.

Thinking over these facts, that young gentleman was tempted for the moment to write the poor child some account of the scenery, which he knew would delight her beauty-loving eyes, or of the amusing nothings of hotel life, which might lift her for the moment from the dreariness of Bloomsbury surroundings. But after all, it was scarcely worth while, for she did not know sufficient to be able to follow his descriptions easily. And so he left it; and a fanciful little rhyme, which was pretty enough in its way, about the hardship of a young girl's life being cooped up in town while the meadows and lanes cried vainly to be graced by her presence, and which came out a few months later in one of the magazines, was the sole result of the kindly lazy thought, which died at its birth. But time after time he wrote her pages of other matter in its stead, for of course it was necessary to explain to some one how foolish he had been in jumping to the conclusion that Reine Villiers was an ungracious woman.

'On the contrary she is, to me, the embodiment of fascination. ... She stays with her father for part of the day, as of course do I. But the old man is an omnivorous reader, and as long as I can keep him with books and, above all, early readings of his beloved *Times*, he much prefers being left to himself. These leisure hours Reine and I spend together. You ask me if she cares to be with me as much as I do to be with her; I do not know; but I think she likes me.'

'I think she likes me!' It was to this humility Adrian Lane had grown some three weeks after Sir Leonard's accident; and it was just three weeks from that same event that Reine Villiers, who, if not quite possessed of all the virtues with which her lover credited her, was at any rate honest with herself, awoke to the knowledge that the promised testimony of her father's recovery had proved a mere phantom as far as she personally was concerned. She told Adrian so one still September evening, when the invalid had so far recovered as to be able to limp about with the aid of a stick and the younger man's ready arm, and the three were sitting under those self-same trees, through which the sunshine had glinted

upon that memorable day, when Adrian had first stood feasting his eyes upon her fresh warm beauty.

'I do not know what we should have done without you, father and I,' she said to him in her musical measured tones. Her eyes were shining brilliantly: was it the distant starlight or some feeling which was moving her?

'But yet you did not like me when we first met. Confess it.'

'Adrian's voice, despite his easy words, sounded a little unsteady. Sir Leonard, a few paces deeper into the shadow of the house, was heedless of them both.

'I liked you.—No; I am not sure.' She glanced up at him as he stood beside her, and gave a little daring laugh. 'My Lord Conceit! You cared too much for yourself,' she said.

'And now I care for—you!'

A light breeze sprang up suddenly, and swept the murmured words from off his lips. It stirred Sir Leonard from the brown-study into which he had fallen, and he looked anxiously at his daughter. 'Reine, my love,' he said, 'I am wrapped up; but I fear you will take a chill. Will you not go into the house, or else walk about?'

'You will walk,' whispered Adrian.—'She will walk, sir,' he added aloud.

Sir Leonard sat up, and rubbing his eyes, peered out through the darkness at the receding figures. Perhaps the brown-study had not been so very deep after all, and the old man was thinking now of his own wooing and of his girl's mother.

There had been a long lapse in the letters which once had been written so steadily; but the outcome of that starlit walk was sent off at length, and in due time arrived at its destination in Bloomsbury. It so chanced that its recipient had the house to herself that afternoon, for the children were away on a school-treat, and their mother was drinking tea with a cronny next door. When the letter was put into her hand, she had hungered for it so long that she resolved to play with her pleasure, and thus prolong it a little. So she clad herself in her poor best, and pinned in her dress a posy she had bought from a passing barrow, for it was her birthday, and she had a childish undefined longing that some sort of honour should be paid to her seventeen years.

'So you have come to have a chat with me, have you, Mr Lane?' She curtsied to the letter which lay upon the table before her. Then she slit the envelope. It was only a note, and so bright and cheery that the rest of the household might have read it at the same time without connecting it in any way with her suddenly whitened cheeks, and pitiful little gasp of tears she was too proud to shed.

'Are yer there, miss? Yer ma is 'ome, and callin' for yer like mad!' The servant's voice brought her back with a start to every-day duties and trials.

'He will be happy with her—God bless him!' In her earnestness she had spoken aloud, and if her voice quivered somewhat, the prayer itself was strong. 'God bless him; I mean—God bless them both,' said the girl in England.

INCH-CAILLIACH, LOCH LOMOND.

(The island burial-place of Clan-Alpine, resembling, from Rossdhu, a reclining body with folded arms.)

No more Clan-Alpine's pibroch wakes
Loch Lomond's hills and waters blue;
'Hail to the Chief' no longer breaks
The quiet sleep of Roderick Dhu:
Enwrapped in peace the islands gleam
Like emerald gems in sapphire set,
And, far away, as in a dream,
Float purple fields where heroes met.

Inch-Caillach—'island of the blest'
Columba's daughter, passing fair,
With folded arms upon her breast,
Rests soft in sunset radiance there;
A vision sweet of fond Elaine,
And floating barge of Camelot,
Upon her brow no trace of pain,
And on her heart 'Forget me not.'

Forget thee, saintly guardian? Nay,
From distant lands across the sea
To this lone isle I fondly stray
With song and garland fresh for thee;
I trace the old inscriptions dear,
Fast fading now from mortal ken,
And through the silvered lichens peer
To read MacAlpine's name again.

My mother's name, a sacred link
Which binds me to the storied past;
A rainbow bridge from brink to brink,
Which spans with light the centuries vast.
Two hundred years 'Clan-Alpine's pine
Has struck its roots in other lands;
My pulses thrill to trace the sign
And touch the cross with reverent hands.

All ruin here!—the shine is dust,
The chapel wall a shapeless mound;
But nature guards with loving trust,
And ivy twines her tendrils round
The humble slab, more fitting far
Than gilded dome for Scotia's line;
The open sky and northern star
Become the chieftains of the pine.

The light streams out from fair Rossdhu
Across the golden-tinted wave;
That crumbling keep, that ancient yew,
Still mark a worthy foeman's grave;
But warm the hearts that now await
Our coming at the open door,
With love and friendship at the gate,
And beacon-lights along the shore.

Dear Scotia! evermore more dear
To loyal sons in every land;
Strong in a race that knew not fear,
And for man's freedom dared to stand:
Ay, dearer for thy songs that float
Like thistle-down o'er land and sea,
And strike the universal note
Of love, and faith, and liberty.

WALLACE BRUCE.

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OUR CHIMNEYS.

WHEN the soot in a flue catches fire, we say the chimney is on fire, thereby inferring that the flue is the chimney. However, in point of fact our chimneys must be allowed to consist of three parts of equal dignity and use: the chimney-piece with its fireplace; the flue; and the chimney-stack, with its chimney-pots, or chimney-cans as they are called in some parts of the country. Not to take from the right of the flue to the first consideration, which colloquy may have conferred upon it, it may be mentioned that change and progress have made their marks on this item of domestic construction, as in much else. Instead of the wide squarish ascending passages our ancestors made for the egress of the smoke from the great wood-fires they kindled on their level hearths, we have gradually contracted these necessary outlets, especially since the general use of coal. And since the invention and adoption of the sweeping-machine, we have made their form as nearly cylindrical as possible, so that the operations of the circular brush should be effectual. We may add, too, that with the prohibition of chimney-sweeping by means of young boys climbing up them, a dark and heavy page of cruelty and hardship has been, happily, torn out of the book of life for ever.

On the chimney-piece has been lavished all that art has to give—colour, form, and proportion. Heraldry, too, with its mottoes, has lent it adornment; and even Holy Writ has been displayed upon it. Our old castles and manor-houses and peel towers, and ancient burgages, have handed down to us many fine old chimney-pieces. The 'Jew's house' in Lincoln gives us a very early example. In some very ancient specimens whereof the flue is in the thickness of the wall, there are semicircular hearths receding into the thickness of the wall with semicircular mantels projecting over them, the two semicircles thus forming a completed circle. But the chimney in the old Norman house in Lincoln,

known as the 'Jew's house,' projects beyond the wall, beginning with the floor of the first story, and rests upon an arch over the opening giving access from the street. There is another interesting 'early' chimney-piece now falling to pieces in a ruined peel tower on a moor at Edlingham. Instead of the one huge stone we generally find, there is a row of small stones little more than a foot square stretching across the opening for the fireplace from jamb to jamb. Each stone in this row has its two side-edges cut into a pattern so arranged, alternately, that the edge of one dovetails into that of the next, thus forming the series into a compact mass. On either side of the fireplace is a square recess in the masonry, which may have been an ambry or a niche for the reception of lights. There are traces of the stone groining of the roof and of the windows, from which we may gather some impressions of the aspect of the old life left in the place before it was unroofed and unpaved, and before weeds were growing in every chink, and grass covering up each mound of ruin around. In the long winter evenings, near this chimney-piece, the knight who lived in this tower would gather about himself not only the members of his family, but his household, his husbandmen, and such strangers as desired his hospitality. Here, all would partake of the evening meal, recount the incidents of the day, or give an account of their toil, and relate those legends for the general amusement that we now collect with so much pains.

The chimney-pieces of a later period, such as those in the manor-house, South Wraxall, a few miles from Bath, have mottoes and posies on them. One of these says, 'Death seizes all.' But brevity has not been always considered necessary. A mantel-piece only recently uncovered in an up-stairs room in a house in Tewkesbury was found to have the following long inscription painted upon it in black-letters with red initials: 'Three things pleseth boeth God and man: Concord between bretheren: Amytie

between neighbours: And a man and his wife that agreeeth well together. Fower things hurt much the sole of man: Teares, smooke, wynde, and the worst of all to see his frends unluckye and his fose happye. These fyve things are rare sene: A fayer younge woman with ought a lover. A younge man with ought myerth, an old usseror without money. Any great fayer with ought music.' As a rule, however, the inscription was as short as that which Lord Armstrong has caused to be placed on the chimney-piece on his dining-room at Crag-side: 'East or west, hame is best.' Nearly every chimney-piece in the chief rooms of Elizabethan mansions will be seen to be thus embellished, or with heraldic sculpture. One, in the manor-house at South Wraaxall, mentioned above, has four figures on it: Prudence, Justice, Arithmetic, and Geometry. A little later, festoons of flowers beautifully carved in marble or oak ornamented many chimney-pieces, whilst more ambitious sculpture adorned those in the highest places. Panels of marbles of various colours, and columns of varied coloured marbles, have been also freely used to produce richness of effect for some centuries. We must conclude that some of the inscriptions had a superstitious origin; for in Bailey's Dictionary there occurs this definition: 'Arse-verse—a spell written on an house to prevent it from burning.'

As we approach the old residences of our forefathers from a distance, the chimney-stacks and gilded vanes and tapering gables give us our first impressions of their grandeur and antiquated repose. Over the tops of the trees in the long avenues or wide parks they rise in their well-poised groups, noticeably. Approaching Callaly Castle, for instance, 'Callaly Castle, built on a height, Callaly Castle down in a night,' we see the grouped chimney-stacks against the fir-clad hill-side before we see its palatial front and extended wings; or, approaching 'Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall,' we must first admire its Elizabethan stalk-like stacks. The same fact is to be noted nearly everywhere, and certainly in the instance of the grand old mansion Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh built close to Stamford; for over the low-lying green meadows, over the winding river, over the chestnut trees in the great park, stand up these crowning efforts of the architect, with vigilant scanning outlook. The chimney-stacks at Hampton Court, too, are a fine study of graceful and intrepid combinations. Shake-pere must have called to mind some such cluster when he made Henry VI. say, as a sign of ill-portent attending the birth of Gloster, 'The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top'; and Smith, the weaver, avers of Jack Cade, 'Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.'

In the Tennis Court Lane, for instance, there are groups of chimneys that can but evoke delight in the minds of those who are versed in the laws of construction and possess an eye for the picturesque. They rise from the ground on a wide and massive base thrown out boldly from the lines of kitchens and offices to which they belong, and as they rise, stage upon stage, they are gathered together, narrowing and narrowing, sometimes with stepped gabling,

sometimes with sloped weathering, sometimes with embasured parapet work, till the stacks rise high out of the mass clear against the sky; and on each stack are the richly-wrought chimney-pots of the Tudor period, each of a different design, zigzag, hexagonal, spiral, or interlaced, all capped with the same mouldings and other details, which last touch gives uniformity to the rich variety.

And as we approach our modern manufacturing towns, it is the tall chimneys that first point out their locality. Many of these chimneys are four hundred feet high, and some of them are still higher. One, in Glasgow, is four hundred and thirty-five feet high, and tapers from a base measuring forty feet to a summit of thirteen feet and a half, only. These fabrics require a particular skill and caution in their erection; for not only has their weight upon their foundations to be calculated, but the pressure of the winds and the effects of heat and gases have to be taken into consideration. When there is a foundation of rock to be dealt with, matters are simplified; but when there is clay, marl, gravel, or sand, various expedients must be used to ensure stability, and prevent subsidences that would result in 'leaning towers.' Sometimes iron and timber piles are driven in to secure the requisite solidity; and sometimes wide well-like excavations are filled with concrete for the purpose, and then heavy ramming and heavy weighting are brought to bear. In a rough sort of way it is reckoned that the foundation of a tall chimney-shaft upon compressible ground should be not less than about a quarter of its height. Being so smoky and grimy, we are not accustomed to associate them with any ideas of beauty; yet, in the smokeless atmosphere of an Italian town, structures of a similar tall and slim outline are generally allowed to be picturesque. And thus we get at the fact that it is the smoke and its effects that dis-associate them with those things of beauty that are joys for ever. When the efforts are successful of those ardent spirits who are aiming at making the consumption of smoke compulsory, a very little expenditure would make our tower-like shafts as pleasing in effect as those of Pisa and Bologna. As it is, standing on the High Level Bridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and looking either up or down the river, its banks studded with hundreds of tall tapering chimneys two and three and four hundred feet high, wreathed in gray clouds of smoke, its waters burdened with countless black and white ships, with people looking like specks moving about on the mysterious wharfs and flat quays, and vehicles that are toy-like in their minuteness plying about, one must allow the nineteenth century has wonders of its own. Again, crossing the green country with its woods and wolds, and hills and dales, and coming within sight of marvellous Manchester, almost palisaded with masses of tall chimneys that lift up their heads veiled in gray haze to the invisible sky, we see a sight our ancestors never saw.

Charles II. levied a tax on chimneys in 1663. This was considered very burdensome, especially as it was enforced by persons who had an interest in collecting as much revenue as they could. There is an old contemporary ballad

setting forth the dislike the housewives of the day had to the domiciliary visits of the collectors of the tax:

There is not one old dame in ten and search the nation through,
But if you talk of chimney-men will spare a curse or two.

After a run of six-and-twenty years the obnoxious levy was abolished by William III. The mention of the circumstance is sufficient to bring to mind the cosy ingle-nooks, the stately mantel-pieces, the glowing embers on the wide hearths, of those old times, whereof the returning taste for ingle-nooks and mirrored overmantels is but a reflection.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XLII.—WE SAIL AWAY.

It did not take me long to recover my breath. The swim had, indeed, comparatively speaking, been a short one; there was no tide that I had been in any degree sensible of; and I had lost nothing but breath, thanks to my eagerness, to the riotous tumult of spirits that had nerved my limbs with steel and rendered me unconscious of fatigue. I crawled up the ladder and peered over the rail. The gloom lay heavy upon the quarter-deck and waist, and objects were hard to distinguish. All was motionless, however, there and on the fore-castle; but I could now discern two figures walking on the poop on the port side. The spanker-boom and mizen-mast and the several fittings of skylight and companion, and so on, had concealed them from my observation whilst I swam, approaching the ship as I had on the starboard side. Their shapes showed tolerably clear against the stars that sparkled over the rail and betwixt the squares of the rigging, and I stood staring with no more of me showing over the line of bulwarks than my head till they had come to the rail that protected the break of the poop, and I then made out that one of them was Miss Temple.

This convinced me that the other must be Wetherly, for it was not to be imagined that the girl would seek refuge from even a more frightful loneliness than hers was in the society of young Forrest.

At that instant I heard a long wild halloo dimly coming through the steady breeze from the shore. The cry was followed by another and yet another, and then it seemed to me that it was re-echoed from off the water some distance ahead of us. I sprang in a bound on to the deck, and in a breath had armed myself with an iron belaying-pin; and now if that man were Forrest with whom Miss Temple was, I was ready for him! In a moment I had gained the poop. The cries ashore had brought the pair to a dead halt, and they stood listening. Now that I was on the poop I perceived by the build of the figure of the man that it was Wetherly, and rushed up to him. The girl recoiled with a loud shriek on seeing me, as well she might; for, having partially undressed myself, I was clothed from top to toe in white; I was dripping wet besides, which moulded my attire to my

figure and limbs as though I had been cast in plaster of Paris, and my sudden apparition was as if I had shaped myself out of the air.

'Is that you, Wetherly?' I cried.

'Gracious, mum, it's Mr Dugdale!' he roared.

The girl uttered another shriek, came in a bound to me and flung her arms round my neck.

Now the hallooing ashore was incessant, and the wild cries sounding through the wind were as though the islands had been suddenly invaded by an army of frenzied cannibals.

'My dearest!' I cried, letting forth my heart in that moment of being clasped and clung to by her whom I had long loved and was risking my life to save, 'it is I indeed!' But release me now, my darling girl. We must get the barque under weigh instantly. — Wetherly, where is Forrest?

'Dead, sir.'

'Dead!' I cried.

'Shot dead by Miss Temple's hand, sir,' he exclaimed.

The girl let fall her arms from my neck, essayed to speak, struggled a little with her breath, and fell against me in a dead swoon.

'Your coat, Wetherly,' I shouted; 'off with it, man, and make a pillow for the lady's head. Quick! If the long-boat sculls ashore and the crew enter her before we can slip, we are both of us dead men.'

He instantly slipped off his jacket; and tenderly, but swiftly, I laid the girl down, first freeing the collar of her dress and no more, for there was time for no more.

'Jump for the cabin lamp, Wetherly,' I cried; 'don't stop to ask any questions. We must knock out a shackle, and let the chain go over-board. That is what is now to be done.'

He rushed off the poop, I in his wake. The lamp was very dimly burning, but it enabled us to find what we wanted in the carpenter's chest; and whilst I held the light to a shackle that was just forward of the windlass barrel, he let drive, and the cable went with a roar through the iron hawse-pipe.

'We must now get the topsail on her and blow away,' I cried.

The conviction that the men would view him as my confederate and have his life if they got aboard, put an incredible activity into his limbs, which were habitually slow of motion. We fled to where the topsail clewlines were belayed, and let them go, and then hand over hand dragged home the sheets, which, being of chain, travelled through the sheave-holes very readily.

The light breeze was off the starboard quarter. I at once starboarded the helm, and, to my infinite delight, found the barque responsive to the turn of the spokes, proving that, snail-like as might be her progress, she at least had steerage way upon her. This brought the land upon the starboard beam. I then steadied the helm, quite sure that the craft would steer herself for a few minutes.

As I ran forward I witnessed Miss Temple in the act of sitting upright. I sprang to her side and lifted her to her feet, and held her for perhaps a minute with her face upon my shoulder until she should have recovered herself.

'Sit on this skylight,' I exclaimed, 'until you feel equal to assisting us, and then come to our help, for we greatly need you.'

She understood me, but was too weak and dazed as yet to be of use. The shouts from the shore were incessant. The men must have heard the chain cable as it rattled through the hayse-pipe, and I judged they were yelling to the ship, as though hailing Forrest; but they were too far distant for their syllables to reach us. I spent a breathless moment in sweeping the sea towards the mouth of the lagoon, and on a sudden saw the boat like a drop of ink on the star-touched shadow of the water; but I heard no sounds of her being sculled—which would be the fellow's only chance of getting ashore—nor could I catch the least sign of his figure.

My immediate business now was to get the foretop-sail mast-headed as best we could. There was a little winch just abaft the mainmast, and by this means we contrived to hoist the foretop-sail, though not, as will be supposed, to a 'taut leech,' as sailors call it. Yet the cloths showed a wide surface to the wind, and already the nimble frame of the little barque, yielding to the summer pressure aloft, was sliding along very nearly as fast as the men could have urged the heavy long-boat through the water, supposing them to have recovered her and to be in pursuit.

Catching up the girl's hand, which I pressed to my lips before speaking, I asked her to accompany me to the wheel, that she might hold the helm steady and keep the barque straight before the wind.

'There is no time,' I exclaimed as I hastened aft with her, 'to utter more than the few syllables necessary to effect our escape. We must heap all the canvas we can manage to spread upon the ship. We must contrive to blow away out of sight of that island before the breeze fails, or the men will be giving chase in the long-boat.'

She grasped the spokes in silence. The binnacle lamp was unlighted, and the card lay in gloom. I bade her take note of a star that stood like a jewel at the extreme end of the starboard main-yardarm, and swiftly directed her how to move the wheel, if that star swung from the end of the spar, so as to bring it back again to its place. I then sprang to the main-rigging, and completed the work I aimed at. When this was done, I raced aft to the wheel and put it down. But I could do no more. My strength had failed me, and I was incapable of further exertions.

'Hold the wheel, will you, Wetherly,' said I. 'I am pretty nearly spent. I must rest a bit. Thanks be to God, we are safe now, I believe; and so saying, I sunk wearily upon the stern gratings.'

Miss Temple went hastily to the cabin, carrying with her the lamp with which Wetherly had kindled the mesh in the binnacle. In a few minutes she returned with a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which she put to my lips. I swallowed the contents greedily, for I was not only parched with thirst, but my nerves sorely needed the stimulant. I took her hand and brought her to sit by my side, and continued to握 her hand, scarcely equal to more just then

than a few rapturous exclamations over our deliverance, the delight I felt in being with her again, the joy in believing that I should now be able to redeem my promise and restore her in safety to her mother. Her replies were mere murmurs. Indeed, her own emotions were overwhelming. I could hear her sobbing then and see her by the starlight smiling; but she kept her eyes fixed on my face; soaked as I still was to the skin with salt water, she leaned against me, as though she needed the assurance of actual contact to convince her that I was with her once more.

But by this time the island had melted into the scintillant dusk of the sky. Nothing showed but the liquid sweep of the indigo line of horizon. Another hour of such sailing as this would convey us out of all possibility of reach of the long-boat, supposing the men should recover her; for she was without mast or sail; the utmost exertion of the rowers could scarcely get more than three or three and a half miles an hour out of her; then again I had shifted the barque's course, and would shift it again, presently.

'Tell me now about Forrest?' I exclaimed, breaking a silence of fatigue and emotion that had lasted some few minutes.

I felt the shudder that ran through my companion in the clasp of her hand.

'Did I understand that you shot him?'

'It is too dreadful to speak of,' she said in a low voice.

'It was like this, sir,' exclaimed Wetherly. 'Forrest and me had agreed to keep a four hours' lookout. He was to stand from eight to twelve. I lay down on the fore'sle, believing the lady safe below, where she'd been pretty nigh ever since you and the men went ashore. I was awoken by a noise that sounded to me like the report of a gun. It was then about six bells, sir. Well, as I reached the quarter-deck the lady came out of the cabin. The light was burning dim, just as you found it when you came aboard. She held a pistol in her hand, and she says to me quite coolly: "A man came into my cabin just now. I heard him trying the handle of my door, and I took up this pistol, and when he walked in, I said: "Who are you? What do you want?" he answered; and I pointed my pistol at him and fired. I believe I have killed him. Will you go and see?" I thought she was walking in her sleep, so cool she talked. I went to her cabin, and saw Forrest lying upon the deck. I turned him over, and he was stone dead; shot through the heart, I reckon. I dragged his body into your cabin, where it's aying now. The lady then asked to keep company with me on the poop; and so it was you found us awalking together, sir.'

'Brave Louise!' I murmured, moved to the utterance of her Christian name, though this was the first time I had ever given it her, close and caseless as our association had been.

But what she had done was a thing not to be referred to again now. I felt the piteousness of her distress, shame, and horror in her silence; by-and-by she would be able to speak of it collectively, if there were need indeed to recur to it at all.

'No fear of the boat overhauling us now, I think, Wetherly?' I exclaimed.

'Oh, no, sir; without e'er a sail to spread either.—That swim of yours was a bold venture, Mr Dugdale. Ye must ha' managed the job in first-rate style. Wasn't no lookout kept?'

His questions led me into telling the story. Miss Temple listened eagerly, our hands remaining locked; again and again she broke into an exclamation with some cry of alarm, some ejaculation of sympathy. 'You called me brave just now,' she said; 'but how is your behaviour to be expressed?'

'D'ye think there's any chance of the men recovering that boat?' inquired Wetherly. 'The chaps told me when they came aboard to furl the canvas that there was nothen to eat or drink upon the island saving what they'd taken. If they should lose the boat, it must go hard with them, sir.'

'They will not lose their boat unless the fellow who was in charge of her lay dead drunk in her bottom: an improbability; for I saw him walk on steady legs to her. My one chance lay in his being asleep. Make your mind easy: he was awakened long ago by the yells of the men, and by this time the boat lies snug at the beach of the lagoon.'

'Mr Dugdale,' he answered, 'I shall be desperate glad, I shall, when this here voyage is over. I should only just like to see my way to getting enough out of it to set up for myself ashore, for this here's been a job as has properly sickened me of the sea, and so I don't mind telling ye, sir.'

'There'll be the salvage of this craft,' said I; 'you can have my share, and I'm sure Miss Temple will give you hers.'

'Oh, certainly,' she exclaimed.

'Then there'll be your own share,' I went on. 'We have to carry the ship in safety to a port first of all. If we can't pick up hands as we go along, we three will have to manage as best we can. I don't doubt we shall contrive it; and then you will easily see your way to a few hundreds.'

I saw him grin broadly by the mingled light of the binnacle and star-shine. It was proper to fill him with hope, and to present to his limited understanding something very definite to work upon.

The breeze seemed to freshen as we drew away. The barque was now heeling prettily, throwing the water in a white curl of sea off her weather bow, and her wake ran far into the liquid gloom astern, into which I would again and again send a glance, governed yet by an agitation of spirits and an animation of alarm which my judgment pronounced ridiculous. But I was wet, through; and now that we were safe, the vessel gliding with swiftness through the clear shadow of the night, my shipmate Louise tranquil in the full realisation of our sudden and complete deliverance, I could find leisure to feel a little chilly. So, leaving her with a promise that I should shortly return, and telling Wetherly to keep the barque steady as she was going, I picked up the cabin lamp, that was still feebly burning upon the deck, and descended the companion steps. I paused to look around me upon the familiar interior in which Miss Temple and I

had passed so many hours of distress and wretchedness with an exclamation of gratitude to God for his merciful preservation of us, and then went to my cabin to habit myself in such dry garments as I might find in Captain Braine's locker. I opened the door, but recoiled with an involuntary cry. I had forgotten Forrest! and there lay the dead body of the man right in front of me. I entered the cuddy, hung up the lamp and went on deck.

'Miss Temple,' I exclaimed, 'will you kindly hold the wheel for a few minutes?'

She rose and grasped the spokes. Wetherly understood me, and followed me below in silence.

'We must toss the body overboard,' said I; 'there can be no luck for the ship with such an object as that as a part of her freight, and Miss Temple must be helped to forget the horror of the night that's going.'

Between us we picked up the corpse, very quickly conveyed it through the companion hatch, went forward with it where the darkness lay heavy, and dropped it over the bulwarks.

'That's how they would have served you, sir,' said Wetherly.

'And you,' said I.

'Yes, I know it!' he answered in a voice of agitation.

We returned to the wheel, which Wetherly took from Miss Temple, who seated herself with me just behind it on the gratings, and there we held a council. Our business must be to get to a port as soon as possible. Should we head away for the islands of the Low Archipelago bearing north-west with a chance of falling in with a vessel cruising amongst them who would lend us two or three men to help us in navigating the barque, or should we steer a due east course for Valparaiso, that lay about two thousand six hundred miles distant?

Our resolution was rapidly formed. The islands might yield us no help; we ran the risk of running ashore upon the hundred reefs of that then little-known navigation; abundance of the natives of the groups were man-eaters, and we certainly had not delivered ourselves from the perils we ran through enforced association with the carpenter and his crew merely to ingloriously terminate our adventures by serving to appease the appetite of a little population of blacks.

No; it must be Valparaiso. There we should find a city with every species of convenience: a consul to advise and assist us; shops where Miss Temple could make all necessary purchases, a choice of large ships for the passage home. As we conversed, talking with exultation of our escape, the day broke; the stars died out in the east; the pale green of dawn went lifting like a delicate smoke into the shadow of the zenith; the light broadened fast, and the sun soared into a flashing day of cloudless heaven, of dark-blue ocean wrinkled by the breeze. With a telescope in my hand I sprang on to the grating and slowly circled the sea-line with the lenses. The water brimmed bare to the sky on all sides.

'We are alone,' said I, dismounting, and taking Miss Temple by the hand whilst I looked fondly into her face. 'When we were on the wreck, it was our misery to hunt the ocean with our gaze

and find ourselves alone; and now, though we are still at sea, loneliness is delightful—for it is escape, freedom, the promise of home.'

Her eyes filled with tears.

JUNGLE NOTES IN SUMATRA

It has been my fortune to spend some two years in the island of Sumatra, so little known generally to Englishmen, and containing so many strange and eccentric species of bird, beast, and tree. Unfortunately, I am not a scientific man, and my occupation, that of a tobacco overseer, did not leave me much leisure for observation, but some odd experiences in natural history came under my notice.

One of these was a crocodile duel on the Batu Bara River. Our estate was situated a long way up one of the tributary creeks, and about every month one or other of the overseers, or 'assistants,' had to go down to the *kedda*, or mouth of the river, to receive from the Singapore steamer the cash with which the coolies subsistence money was paid. I used to embark early in the morning in a little dug-out sampan paddled by a couple of Javanese, and descend the creek, which wound its tortuous way for some miles between lofty walls of the densest possible jungle, and suddenly opened out into the broad swirling muddy river with its border of rustling nipapalms, springing from the water's edge like vast ferns. Here and there were a few Malay habitations, where two or three women in blue jackets and brick red sarongs, like dingy parrots, came out to stare curiously at the *tuam* (sahib). Then mangroves would replace the nipas, and at length our destination was reached, a huddle of thatched huts on the left bank of the river, with a crowd of sampans beached in front of them, two or three small junks at anchor, and beyond, a bright white sandy beach and the shallow muddy sea. Insignificant as it looked, however, a very considerable trade is carried on from this port, its staple product being a species of cockle, which is found in vast quantities in the sand of the beach, and when rather high, is considered by Malays and Chinese as great a delicacy as pheasant with 'rice' among certain Europeans.

On this particular occasion, after waiting in vain all night in a lighter, moored some half mile from the shore, the steamer at length arrived, and delivered the box of dollars. Now, four thousand dollars in one box weigh about two hundred weight, and when it was balanced in our sampan, and myself and the two paddlers were aboard, there was barely two inches freeboard. As soon as there was a strong tide making, we pushed off, and went rapidly up the river. I was very drowsy, and was nearly asleep when a cry of 'Crocodile!' brought me to a sitting position, and about fifty yards ahead I saw a mass of foam and spray surrounding some black object, which in a few seconds was apparent as two immense crocodiles in deadly combat. The bowman let his paddle go in his fright, and we were drifting right down upon the struggling monsters, a touch from which would have sunk us, when the steersman, by desperate efforts, managed to alter our

course, so that we cleared them by a few feet only. An ugly sight it was, the huge jaws, with their hooked ivory tusks, interlocked, the foreclaws deeply anchored in each other's sides, the stiff armour-clad bodies writhing like a lizard's, and the hideous stony green eyes seeming to start from their sockets. It was not a moment for accurate estimate, but I am sure that either of them must have been considerably longer than our sampan, namely, sixteen feet. Just as we passed, one of them succeeded for the moment in forcing his antagonist under water, and as he did so, struck such a blow on the water with his tail that it sounded like the report of a duck gun, and completely drenched us with spray, so that I thought for the instant we were swamped. The strong current, however, carried us quickly clear, and for ten minutes we watched them rolling over and over in a cloud of foam, now deeply reddened, until they suddenly sank, and we saw them no more. The men's nerves were so shaken that they saw many crocodiles in every log, and finally upset the canoe about a mile from home, luckily in only two feet of water.

I once witnessed a very comical incident on an estate in the Lumkat district. I was superintending the cutting of a 'plum tree' through dense swamp jungle, when I heard a great hubbub compounded of shouting and laughing of men and chattering of monkeys. On arriving at the spot I found a crowd of coolies, Chinese, Malays, and Malays looking up into a lofty *demar* tree, in the branches of which about a dozen of the common black malay monkeys were leaping about in a state of great excitement, while one of their number who appeared in some way to be fixed to the trunk of the tree, was uttering the most doleful outcries. What had happened to him was it once apparent. He had espied the entrance to a tempting looking cavity, which he rightly judged to contain eggs or nestlings, and it once inserted in exploring paw. Unluckily for him the nest was that of a hornbill, and the lady of the house being at home, the would-be burglar was in a most unpleasant sense 'brought up' before the beak. None of the other monkeys, who had by this time increased to about twenty, attempted to go to his assistance, but contented themselves with raising a chorus of yells, which, joined to those of the delighted coolies, were perfectly deafening. Suddenly there was a rushing sound overhead, and the male bird returned. Finding in the situation at once, he made straight for the tree, and seizing the prisoner by the hind leg in his huge mandibles, gave such a hearty tug at it, that the next instant bird and monkey came headlong down, but while the former let go his hold and flew up, the latter fell with a sounding thump on the road and there lay. A Chinaman, on monkey-stew intent, laid hold of him, but the animal recovering himself, made his teeth meet in his captor's leg, who thereupon added his howls to the general uproar. The male bird sat on guard outside the nest for about an hour, when the monkeys, having exhausted their stock of abuse, gradually dispersed, and the original cause of the riot 'went to pot' the same evening.

These hornbills are very remarkable birds. I can't imagine any system of natural selection

which could have developed those preposterous-looking beaks. Was it because those with the largest beaks could best defend their families against monkeys and snakes? But what size of beak did they start with? If they were so persecuted a race, would not their enemies have exterminated them before they had time to develop their weapons? You can't, I suppose, allow much less than five thousand years for the process, and if they had to begin again with a beak the size of a fowl's, the monkeys alone would 'wipe them out' in ten years.

The most common species of hornbill is the 'rhinoceros bird.' This uncouth fowl is about the size of a small turkey, of a sooty black colour, with white bars across the under side of the tail. The beak is as much as fourteen inches in length by two and a half inches deep where it joins the skull, and on top of it, like another beak reversed, is the casque or helmet. Both beak and helmet, though strong, are very thin and light, being made up in a series of air-cells of thin horn. The whole appearance of the bird is most weird and uncanny; but in spite of his looks, he is a harmless individual enough, devoted, as has been seen, to his mate and family (the Malays say that they pair for life). Unfortunately, he has by no means the same tenderness for the families of others, and should he chance upon the nest of some smaller bird, has no scruple about taking the whole brood in successive gulps like so many pills. The flight of these birds is strong but slow, and the peculiar rushing sound of the wings can be heard a long distance. Their cry, which they utter only when flying, is startlingly like the braying of a donkey. They are very easily tamed, and I knew of one that would follow his owner from tree to tree round the estate, regularly presenting himself at meals, and disposing of such quantities of bananas that it was almost incomprehensible where he could find stowage-room for them. The greediness of 'Piet,' however, brought him to an untimely end, for he choked himself with a lawn-tennis ball.

There is another species, the great hornbill, an equally large bip', of a mottled gray and brown colour, whose central tail-feathers are nearly four feet in length, so that the bird when flying forms a perfect cross against the sky. If the early Spanish and Portuguese discoverers had noticed this bird, they would have named it the 'bird of the Santa Cruz.' The bill of this species is much smaller than that of any of the others, but a much more formidable weapon, being shaped like a miner's pick, of solid bone, hard as ivory, and weighted with a solid helmet of the same material. The Malay name for this bird is 'telang mentuah,' or 'feller of mother-in-law.' This extraordinary name is accounted for in the following way. There was once a man who, having a grudge against that much-abused relative, went by night to her house and chopped down the piles on which it was supported, causing it to fall and kill her. As he stood laughing at the success of his feat, he was changed into this bird, and to this day you may hear him repeating the 'chop,' 'chop,' and the laughter. The fact is that the sounds are a call to its mate; and I have several times watched the bird alight on some lofty tree, strike several resounding blows against the trunk with the front of the casque (not the bill), and

burst into a shout of unceasing laughter, far louder and more human than that of the 'laughing-jackass.' In a minute or so the sound would be repeated from a distance, and then the mate would come slowly sailing across and settle on the same tree. It is a curious proof of defective power of observation, that old residents have told me the sounds were caused by a monkey.

Of the latter, the commonest species is the afore-mentioned black macaque; but another, almost equally plentiful, is the pig-tailed macaque, the 'brok' of the Malays. This monkey is about the size of a bull-terrier, and at a distance is not unlike one, from its habitual walk being on all-fours and its general dog-like carriage. This is, I believe, the most artful and intelligent of all monkeys, and is the one trained by the Malays to gather cocoa-nuts and durians. But, like all their race, they are spiteful 'unchancy' brutes, and never safe to handle. You can never trust a monkey, however tame he appears, as the late Frank Buckland found to his cost on more than one occasion. I have several times seen a monkey, which after being some time in captivity had made an excursion into the jungle, set upon by his wild relatives, and ignominiously hunted back to the abodes of men. I don't know how to account for this. Did they think that his morals or manners had deteriorated in the society of the anthropoids who couldn't climb trees, and didn't know how to screech?

Then there are the gibbons, those marvellous trapeze and horizontal-bar performers, with their almost bird-like flights from tree-top to tree-top, and their chorus of melancholy hootings at morning and evening. I only once saw a specimen of the siamang in captivity at the house of a Malay chief at Sirdang. It was about three feet high, but the stretch of its arms was over five feet. A sad-looking depressed creature it seemed, as it moved awkwardly about the floor, tripping itself up with its own arms; but once among the rafters of the roof, it moved with the agility of a spider. Of its gigantic relative the orang-utan, I am able to give but few particulars. But I may at least observe that it is rather ludicrous to any one who has a smattering of the Malay tongue to see him so frequently styled orang-utang, which signifies literally 'a man in debt,' utang being in Malay 'debt,' while 'utan' is 'forest' or jungle. But I always found this name incomprehensible to the Deli Malays, whose name for the animal is 'mowas.' The Sumatran species appears to be totally different in its habits from that of Borneo, which approaches human dwellings, and even plunders gardens. In Deli, at all events, it inhabits only the densest rattan swamps, of such a nature that any attempt at observation of its habits would be impossible; and it makes off instantly at the approach of man. It is certain, however, that it attains an enormous size, fully equalling the much-debated African gorilla. Those specimens which have reached Europe alive are mere pignuis. I have seen skins in the possession of natives (Bataks) whose original owners must have been something terrible to behold; one, indeed, could not have been less than six feet high and two across the shoulders, though the arms and legs had not been preserved. The hair on this skin was eighteen inches long.

I also saw at a Batak house a skull of a woman,

evidently a very old specimen, whose teeth and jaws were no whit inferior in strength to that of a tiger. I tried to buy it, but the owner would not part with it, and told a long story as to how it came into his possession. From his want of front teeth and his defective Malay, he was almost unintelligible, but I made out that it had been slain either by his father or grandfather, after a desperate encounter, and indeed the deep cuts in the bone must have been done by a strong arm and a heavy weapon.

One or two small specimens I saw in captivity, but they seemed to have less intelligence than any animal I ever saw, and reminded me in all their actions of Chinese coolies after an overdose of opium. It is very possible that their captors may have 'housed' them with that or some thing similar to keep them from escaping. There is a belief among certain of the Sumatran natives of the existence of a creature half ape, half demon, which feeds on human flesh, and decoys its victims into the jungle by imitating the laughter of women. What foundation there is for this I don't know, probably none, except the cannibal practices of the Bataks, but it is not at all the kind of thing to remember in the depths of those gloomy, miasmatic, swamp jungles, with only two or three chicken heated Javanese in company. At such times the sudden appearance of a full sized *manus* would be highly calculated to 'fizz the har' for the moment, if not longer.

The tiger is plentiful enough but is not held in much dread. They are much more frequent in the older settled districts than in virgin jungle. One reason for this is that in Deli proper, where tobacco planting has been carried on for many years, the fields which have been planted, and, as is the practice allowed to be fallow for six or seven years, have become covered with a dense growth of *lallang*, or sword grass, thus affording just the cover that the tiger likes. But though their tracks may be found thickly on the roads immediately surrounding the large town of Medan, they very seldom attack human beings, and are not very destructive even to cattle. I do not remember half a dozen cases of man eating in two years. But they have a very strong penchant for dog flesh, so much so that a dog left outside the house at night will most certainly be carried off. In one instance, two Germans were sitting in the veranda of a house in broad daylight about four p.m., with one of the great useless mongrels so much affected by Germans lying on the top of the wooden steps. The house faced a road on which parties of coolies were coming and going every five minutes. Suddenly, a tiger, which had been lying concealed in the deep road side ditch, dashed up the steps and disappeared into the *lallang*, dog in mouth, before the astonished men could rise from their seats. I remember a fine young half-brown tiger trapped a few years ago in Langkat whose stomach contained a large number of frogs—in odd diet for a tiger.

Tiger hunting, as understood in India, is impracticable in Sumatra, or at any rate in the coast districts, from the impenetrable nature of the jungle and the extremely unhealthy climate, and game of all kinds, though retreating before the tobacco plantations, is little molested. The work

on a tobacco estate is so heavy and continuous, that Europeans have no leisure for sport, and the Malays as long as they can get rice and fish, will never trouble themselves about the game, much of which is forbidden them by Islam. But the pagan Malaysians of the interior, Bataks, Allas, &c., have no more scruples about food than hyenas, man, horse, rhinoceros, orang utan, or snake, no matter how tough or how 'far gone,' are alike to them, and they are very clever trappers, and expert at poisoning the 'sumpitan' darts. Sometimes they get up a deer drive, at which the game is driven up to a line of strong nets by a cordon of men and dogs. But one experience of a Sumatran battue is enough for most Europeans, for, as the savages get excited, spears are hurled and ovoid loaded 'gas pipe' muskets discharged recklessly at every moving object, and I heard of one instance where a Dutch gentleman escaped by sheer miracle, his coat being literally torn off his body by a charge of rusty nails from a blunderbuss, without his receiving more than a scratch or two. The dogs employed are curious little animals, fox coloured, with long, pricked ears and curly tails. They never appear to get accustomed to Europeans, puppies of a few days old resenting the touch of a white man with yells of fright and spite, while older dogs remain always snappish and unfriendly, preferring the society of the cook to that of their owner.

The elephant is not uncommon, but a few years ago, the mysterious manner which swept over the Sumatran Islands, destroying alike wild and tame herbivorous animals, greatly thinned their numbers. The Malays of these islands have either lost the art of taming them, and are quite incredulous when told that it can be done, though, three hundred years ago, the Sultan of Achin possessed a considerable number. I once saw a very young one, which had been accidentally trapped in a well and hid in a few weeks became even familiar to such an extent that his great desire was to enter the estate manager's house. To do this he had to ascend a very steep wooden stair, or rather step ladder, in the most comically laborious fashion and, once landed in the veranda, his first step was, if not preventive, to fling out chairs, tables, and all movables to the ground beneath. I scarcely think that elephants could be usefully employed in the east coast of Sumatra at present, as the country being all one vast swampy jungle without stone for building, they would make the city roads utterly impassable for all other traffic, and there are very few bridges in the country that would bear their weight.

The two horned rhinoceros is a much rarer animal, and there are very contradictory reports as to its nature, some accounts representing it as a most dangerous beast, and others, as a particularly timid one. The only one I ever saw had been killed by a party of Bataks, two days before, and was in such a state of decomposition that it was impossible to approach, but not a bit too 'high' for the hunters, who were gorging themselves like wolves around it, with the merest show of grilling the dreadful viands. The horns of this specimen were mere stumps, eight or nine inches long, but a Chinese store-keeper gave the Bataks thirty dollars for one,

and no doubt made a good profit by it, as the Chinese have the firmest belief in the scrapings of 'rhinoceros' horn as a universal medicine, 'worth a guinea a box' at least.

WILL PROVANT'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

BUT what was the bright object Will Provant was carrying in one hand, which caught and flung back the light with such a cold steely glitter? Bessie was nearly sure that it was a weapon of some kind. Will now went forward a little way, and then came to a halt where the level ground broke away abruptly at the edge of the gorge. For full two minutes he stood thus, as immovable as if chiselled out of black marble; then flinging one hand in the air, as if his mind were finally made up, he plunged down the side of the gorge and was lost to view. But while he was standing thus there had come a sudden flash of lightning, and by its aid Bessie had been able to make out what the bright object was which had puzzled her so much. It was neither more nor less than a handsaw—a carpenter's common handsaw! What could he possibly want with such an article as that in Gripside Scaur at ten o'clock at night?

No sooner had Will disappeared than Bessie ran forward, and kneeling on one knee at the extreme edge of the gorge, and grasping with one hand the stump of an old thorn, she craned her body half over, trying to pierce with her eyes the depths of blackness below her. The sides of the gorge were steep, and had been rendered slippery by the recent rains, and for any stranger to have ventured down them in the dark, especially while the river was in flood, would have been to court almost certain destruction; but Will Provant was as active as a squirrel, and had doubtless made himself acquainted beforehand with every step of the way he intended to take.

Again a flash; and yet another. By this time Bessie's eyes had become so far used to the lighting as to be capable of receiving impressions with almost photographic quickness. There was Provant again; but by this time he was under the bridge, and in the act of swinging himself up on to one of the cross-beams. What could he possibly want among the timbers of the bridge at that hour of the night, or, indeed, at any other hour? Bessie was more puzzled than ever. Keeping her eyes fixed on the point where she had seen him last, she waited for the fourth flash. It came and was gone in a breath. In the interim between the flashes Provant had worked his way among the cross-beams and under-pinning timbers of the bridge, till he was now full over the turbid, swirling river. Seated a-trifle a horizontal beam, he was in the act of sawing through one of the huge balks which formed the main supports of the bridge. Then, in one vivid mental flash, the man's diabolical plot stood clearly revealed to Bessie. He was about to saw through one or more of the vital foundations of the structure, in the hope that it would collapse under the weight and stress of the next train that should attempt to cross it, and so hurl the latter to destruction! And the next train was 'No. 5

Down Goods,' which was driven by her sweet heart! A cold thrill of horror shook her from head to foot, and the words Provant had whispered in her ear a few nights before echoed mockingly in her brain.

Her immediate impulse was to rush down the side of the scaur and call out to Provant that she had seen him, and knew on what nefarious task he was engaged; but she was doubtful whether her voice would reach him above the roar of the river, and even if it did, he was not the man to heed it. Before she could reach the station, three-quarters of a mile away, and cause the telegraph to be set in motion, Steve's train would be due, and it would be too late to avert a catastrophe. Then all at once she remembered Seth Gedge, whom she knew, as she more or less knew every one connected with the station. It was his duty to signal the trains; the distance signal for the trains coming from Swallowfield was at the opposite end of the bridge, consequently, all Seth would have to do would be to put it on at 'danger'; and Steve, in obedience to its warning, would bring his train to a stand before it reached the fatal spot.

The moment this thought had formulated itself in her mind she turned and sped towards the signal-box as fast as her feet could carry her. Up the stairs she sprang and opened the door without waiting to knock. Seth was there certainly, but to all appearance fast asleep, his head resting on his arms, and his body bent forward over the little table on which he took his meals. This was something so unprecedented, and involved such a gross breach of duty, that Bessie stood for a moment and stared in astonishment. Then she went forward, and laying a hand on Seth's shoulder, called him by name; then she shook him and shouted in his ear, and then she tried to raise his head; but the moment her hold relaxed it fell forward into its former position. Bessie gazed round her despairingly, and as she did so her eye was caught by a cap on a shelf, from which a peculiar odour seemed to emanate. She took it up; there was a little dark liquid in it which smelt like nothing she had ever smelt before. The truth flashed across her: Seth Gedge had been drugged! Doubtless, the signals were set at 'line clear,' and there was nothing to hinder 'No. 5 Down Goods' from rushing to its destruction. Bessie turned so faint and giddy that she had to sit down for a moment or two to keep herself from falling.

Presently her eye glanced at the 'little clock' by which Seth timed his trains. In twelve minutes 'No. 5 Down Goods' was due to pass Scargill station. Her helplessness half maddened her. She sprang to her feet, clasping the fingers of one hand hard within those of the other, and cried aloud: 'What shall I do?—what shall I do?' If only she had known how to reverse the distance signal so as to show the red light in place of the white one! But even had she been strong enough to manipulate the heavy levers, the mode of working them was an utter mystery to her. And to think that the life of Steve and that of his fireman, who, as she knew, had a wife and two little ones at home, should be dependent on such a simple thing as the automatic change of a white light to a red-one!

Again from her lips broke the cry: 'What shall I do?'

As if in answer to it, what seemed to her like a dazzling wave of light swept next moment across her brain, and all at once there was revealed to her a way by which her lover's life might be saved. She rose to her feet, her lips firm set, and a glow of fine enthusiasm shining through the crystalline depths of her dark-blue eyes. A few seconds later she was speeding like a fawn across Gripside Bridge. Below her she could hear the hoarse muttering of the white-lipped waters; the night-breeze sang plaintively through the telegraph wires overhead; there was a rumble of distant thunder; but penetrating all other sounds, and altogether a thing apart, her excited fancy seemed to hear the ceaseless grating of the sharp teeth of Will Provant's saw as they bit their way through the foundations of the bridge. Ah, what a flash was that!

At length the bridge was crossed and Bessie breathed more freely. Fifty yards farther on was the bourn for which she was bound. But already the breeze brought to her straining ears the faint far-off pulsing of the engine of the oncoming train. The sound lent new wings to her feet. Light and slim though she was, the loose ballast gave way beneath her, more than once she stumbled and fell forward on her hands, but still she sped bravely on. At length, breathless and exhausted, she reached the foot of the semaphore, which towered far above her, its huge cyclopean eye at once a beacon and a warning, glowing far into the night. Here Bessie was fain to rest for half a minute, in order to gather breath before beginning to climb the steep iron ladder which gave access to the platform fixed near the summit of the semaphore for the use of the porter who had charge of the lamps. The deep, laboured throbbing of the engine was now plainly audible. Bessie drew a fuller breath than common and began the ascent of the ladder.

Up she went slowly, step by step, sadly hampered by her garments. The semaphore was one of the tallest in use, it being needful that its signals should be seen over the shoulder of a certain hill a little way beyond it where there was a sharp bend of the line. Higher and higher climbed Bessie, never once venturing to look down, lest she might turn dizzy. At length the tiny platform was safely reached, and not one moment too soon. With a deep sigh of thankfulness that was almost a sob, Bessie dragged herself on to it. There was the lamp within reach of her hand, with a great shining fan of white light radiating from it into the darkness. Without the loss of a second, Bessie set about doing that which she had come to do. With nimble fingers, which yet trembled a little, she undid the knot which held in its place the thick silk handkerchief she had tied round her neck before leaving home, which she had bought only that afternoon as a present for her lover. Then she shook it out, and proceeded to fix it as a screen or curtain in front of the lamp, tying two ends of it behind. The colour of the handkerchief was a rich crimson, and the light shining through it showed as a deep blood-red. Such was the danger signal improvised by Bessie in order to save her sweetheart's life!

She sank down half-fainting to wait for whatever might happen next. The sound of the steady oncoming rush of No. 5 seemed as though it were gradually filling the spaces of the night. Surely, surely the signal must be visible to Steve and his mate by now! Half a minute more and they will be round the curve. At last! Three short, sharp whistles—a summons to the guard to put on all the brake-power at his command. The signal has been seen, and they are saved!

And now the head-light of the engine could be seen shining in the distance like a huge glow-worm as the train came sweeping round the curve, its braked wheels, tracked by sparks, grinding out a horrible discord, as though it were some half-human monster venting its impotent rage at its enforced stoppage. Then, loud and shrill, came a long ear-piercing whistle, intended, as Bessie knew, for an intimation to Seth Gedge that No. 5 was waiting for the danger signal to be taken off. Slowly, and still more slowly, the train crept on, till presently it came to a stand within a dozen yards of the semaphore. Then Bessie, snatching her handkerchief from off the lamp, stood up on the platform and waved it wildly over her head. Jumping off his engine, Steve ran to the foot of the semaphore.

'Who's that up there?' he shouted; 'and what fool's trick are you playing with the signals?'

'Steve—Steve—it is I—Bessie!' came the response in the voice he knew and loved so well; and yet it seemed incredible, and he could hardly believe that his ears were not playing him false. His hand caught at his throat, as though something were choking him.

'Oh, my lass, what art thou doing there?' he cried; and then, without waiting for an answer, he began to mount the ladder in frantic haste.

Bessie was kneeling on one knee; and the first thing she did as soon as Steve was within reach of her was to fling her arms round his neck and strain him to her. 'Thank Heaven, oh, thank Heaven!' she exclaimed, and then for a few moments hysterical sobs choked her utterance.

Steve, still standing on one of the topmost rungs of the ladder, for there was no room for him on the platform, soothed her, stroking her hair and kissing her cheek, and waiting patiently till she should be able to tell him all that he was dying to know. It was only two or three minutes at the most that he had to wait. Then Bessie told her tale in the fewest possible words. Steve remained silent for a few moments after she had done. In truth, he knew not what to say. His was not one of those nimble intellects which profess to solve at a glance any problem which may be put before them, although as often as not the solution may be wrong.

'The first thing to be done is to get back to *terra firma*,' said Steve at length. He prided himself somewhat on his scholarship, which was, indeed, in advance of that of most of his class.

This seemed to Bessie one of those things which are easier to propose than to carry out. But Steve undertook to steady her, and they proceeded to descend the ladder slowly and carefully, taking one cautious step after another. Both guard and fireman were waiting at the foot of the ladder, burning with curiosity; and

the former threw the light of his hand-lamp on Bessie's face the moment she sprang from Steve's arm to the ground.

'Why, Miss Ford, who on earth thought of seeing you!' he exclaimed. Then to Steve: 'But what's up, mate? I'm fairly capped.'

'There's devilry at work, Jim Baines—that's what's up,' answered Steve; 'and if it hadn't been for Bessie here, most likely none of us would have been alive at this moment.'

A few words put his auditors in possession of the main facts as told him by Bessie.

'It's the most infernal scheme I ever heard tell of,' said the guard. 'The "down empties" is due in twenty minutes. I must run back at once for a quarter of a mile and plant three or four fog-signals, else they'll smash into us as sure as eggs is eggs.—But what's thy plan, Steve?'

'My plan is to leave Mike here in charge of the engine, while I cut across the bridge, rouse them up at the station, and stop the "up minerals," which is due in half an hour.'

'That's the ticket,' said Baines with a nod of approval. 'I'm off like a shot. We shall have something to talk about to-morrow, mates.'

Steve turned to Bessie. 'Thou'lt better stay here with Mike till I come back,' he said, lapsing into the familiar thee and thou, as he generally did in moments of excitement. 'I'll not be gone longer than I can help.'

'No, no, Steve; you must take me with you,' pleaded the girl.

'Come along, then; but thou must put thy best foot foremost.' There was no time for argument. After a few last words to Mike, Steve tucked one of Bessie's arms under his and started off down the 'six-foot' in the direction of the bridge. The lightning flashes, although still as frequent, were no longer quite so vivid as they had been.

The intervening space had been traversed, and Steve and Bessie had advanced some distance along the bridge itself, when their ears were taken by a dull ominous roaring sound which seemed to come to them from up the valley beyond Scargill. Momentarily it grew louder and more distinct; whatever it might be, it was evidently coming towards them; involuntarily, they stood still to listen. Nearer and nearer came the sound, which was now as if the roar and rush of the Windle when in flood were intensified twenty-fold. As they stood thus, their straining gaze bent up the valley, expecting they knew not what, there came a long quivering flash, and by its light they saw a huge solid wall of water sweeping down the gorge towards them.

'Oh Steve, what is it?' she cried, clinging more tightly in her terror to her lover's arm.

'Back, back—or we are lost!' was Steve's answer; and with that he swung her off the ground, and making no more to do than if she were a feather-weight, he raced back with her to the solid ground beyond the bridge. Scarcely had he set her on her feet, when the liquid wall dashed itself full against the framework of the old bridge. A shiver, almost like that of some sentient creature, ran through it from end to end; then above the fierce roar and swirl of the flood could be heard the cracking and splintering of the great ribs of timber, mingled with a noise of tearing and rending, and the same instant, domi-

nating all other sounds, came the shrill, agonised cry of a human soul in agony—a cry unlike all other cries. It came and was gone while one might draw a long breath. It rang through Bessie's brain as she clung trembling to Steve, and many a night afterwards it startled her in her dreams.

Another flash, and by it Steve saw that the heretofore solid structure was rent in twain, and that a huge piece of it had vanished utterly, so that there was now a gap several yards in width between one side of the bridge and the other. 'It must be the Hoybeach Reservoir that has burst,' said Steve in a low, awed voice. 'There's been talk for some days back of its being in a dangerous condition owing to the heavy rains.'

All possibility of crossing the bridge was now at an end. Of course there was a chance that the catastrophe might have roused Seth Gedge from his stupor, and that he might have had his wits sufficiently about him to remember that his first duty was to block both lines. At that hour of the night the station would be shut up, and all the officials, except the signal-man on duty for the night, have gone home, so that unless Seth were in a position to communicate with the latter, there was not much chance of the mineral train being intercepted in time. All this Steve saw clearly in his mind as he stood there for one solemn minute. But one chance, and that a faint one, was left him of being able to stop the 'up minerals.'

'There's nothing for it but to go back and be as sharp about it as we can,' he said.

Then, as they hurried back to the train, Steve told Bessie his plan. He had called to mind that close by the semaphore there was a crossing from one line to the other, put there for shunting purposes, and this it was which he was now about to utilise for his purpose. As soon as the engine was reached, Bessie was assisted on to it. Then, as soon as Mike had been picked up, Steve began to run back along the up-line towards Brimley Station, four miles away. The engine kept on whistling as a signal to Jim Baines, and presently they could discern the waving of his hand-lamp, although he himself was invisible in the darkness. Speed was slackened, to allow of the news being told him, after which all steam was put on, and away they went at a pace which at any other time would have frightened Bessie half out of her wits; but during the last hour she had gone through so much that for the time being she felt as if nothing could ever terrify her again.

Brimley was reached a few minutes later, where the telegraph was at once put in operation, fortunately in time to intercept the mineral train at Rushcliffe, the station next past Scargill.

Little more remains to be told. It was the bursting of the Hoybeach Reservoir, as Steve had surmised, that set free the immense mass of water, the flood upon a flood, which swept away a great part of Grimsby Bridge. It was the cause of a great deal of property being damaged and destroyed; but Will Provant's was the only life sacrificed. His body was never found; but the handsaw was picked up a week or two later, not far from the spot where he had attempted to work out the desperate scheme of vengeance which recoiled so terribly on himself. An

examination proved that before being overtaken by his fate, he had succeeded in sawing more than half-way through two of the great centre beams of the bridge.

Seth Gedge lost his situation, and deservedly so. He acknowledged that, as a relief to the monotony of his 'spell' of night-duty, he had more than once allowed Provant to keep him company in his box for an hour or two. On the night of the accident he had been suffering from *faceache*, and Provant had persuaded him to drink something which he had mixed for him as being an infallible remedy. After that, he had remembered nothing more for several hours.

Bessie's nervous system did not wholly recover its tone for several months, and for many weeks to come she suffered so much from sleeplessness as totally to unfit her for her duties in Mrs Fountain's shop. The wedding, however, took place at Christmas as arranged. It is pleasant to be able to record that the railway company presented Bessie with a purse containing a substantial token of their recognition of her services; while shortly afterwards Steve's ambition was gratified by his removal to headquarters and his appointment as driver of one of the main-line expresses. Lastly, it may be mentioned that the crimson silk handkerchief was carefully treasured as a memento of a never-to-be-forgotten night.

THE ECONOMIC ASPECT OF BACTERIOLOGY.

THE public interest has of late been much excited in the science of Bacteriology by the proposal to found in England a Pasteur Institute for the treatment of persons bitten by rabid animals, and more recently by the somewhat sensational reports of the supposed discovery of the *Bacillus* of influenza. It is noticeable that nearly all the discoveries in this science emanate from foreign laboratories, and are associated with the names of German and French observers; while our own country contributes but little to investigations which have proved so fertile in the elucidation of the causes of disease and the discovery of methods by which these diseases may be combated. That this is not the fault of our observers, the triumphs of Listerism sufficiently attest. It must rather be attributed to the English want of interest in pure science, and the numerous impediments which are thrown in the way of scientific workers in this country. But if pure science is not appreciated by us, we are usually credited with a sufficient readiness to take advantage of the practical benefits resulting therefrom, and to assist any investigations which are likely to lead to results of commercial value. Bacteriology has many such results to show.

Amongst the earliest problems attacked by Pasteur were those associated with the process of fermentation. He established on a firm basis the dependence of the chemical actions occurring in the formation of alcohol from sugar containing fluids in the process of fermentation upon the life of certain small plant-cells, which constitute the yeast formed in fermenting fluids. If the plant-cells are not healthy, or if other vegetable cells of a different species gained access to the original fermentation, either went on

badly, or secondary fermentations were set up with the production of chemical compounds which injured the flavour or appearance of the desired product. Wines are liable to a number of 'diseases' springing from the action of these secondary organisms. In the various wine-cellar a number of empirical rules were followed which experience had shown tended to the diminution of these diseases; but, notwithstanding these, the annual loss due to totally spoiled or deteriorated wines was enormous. To Pasteur is due in great measure the determination of the nature and origin of these diseases, and the practical methods by which their ravages may be stopped. He showed that the time of greatest danger of disease was after the cessation of the primary and desired fermentation, and that the disease-causing organisms were killed by a short exposure to a temperature of one hundred and thirty-six degrees Fahrenheit. The practical method devised by Pasteur—and known as Pasteurisation—consists in slowly raising the wine, with many precautions to avoid access of air, to the above temperature after the primary fermentation has ceased.

Beer, like wine, also suffers from disease. In 1871 Pasteur was summoned to London by a large brewing firm to aid in discovering the cause of the deterioration of their ales, which had resulted in twenty per cent. of their production being returned on their hands as unsaleable. The deterioration was shown to be caused by impurities in the yeast employed, and Pasteur suggested remedies which soon restored the ales of the firm to their original quality. The method which is applied to wine in order to check disease is equally effective when applied to beer. Pasteurisation is now in general use in the wine-cellar of the Continent and in many of our largest breweries, and has resulted in a gain to the manufacturers of many thousands annually.

Yeast is a name given to a family of plants, and comprising many species and varieties. Nearly all members of the family are capable of fermenting sugar to alcohol; but the concomitant changes upon which depend to a large extent the special qualities and flavour of the fermented liquid differ with the variety of yeast employed. Ordinary yeast is a mixture in very variable proportions of several varieties, and beer produced by this mixture is liable to sudden and unexpected changes of quality. Hansen of Copenhagen has studied these varieties of yeast, and devised means for the preparation of pure species on the large scale. There are now large establishments at Berlin and Munich for the preparation of pure yeasts on a commercial scale, from which vast quantities are distributed to all the principal breweries of the Continent. At present these methods have not made much advance in England; but bearing in mind the rapidly-increasing consumption of foreign beer amongst us, there is little doubt that English brewers will have to pay attention to the teachings of science which are already accepted by their continental rivals.

In 1853 the raw-silk industry of France was valued at five millions sterling annually; while in 1865 its value had sunk to one million. This was caused by the ravages of the silkworm disease. Pasteur again came to the rescue, discovered the cause of the disease in certain micro-organisms in the body of the moth, and devised means for

the extermination of the disease. The silk industry rapidly reached its old importance; the returns of the past few years show a steady increase in the value of the produce.

In the large chicken farms of Northern France a disease frequently rages, called, from its symptoms, chicken cholera. It appears in epidemics, and causes large mortality. It is caused by a small *bacterium*, which has of late become notorious as the means proposed by Pasteur for the extermination of rabbits in Australia. The microbe can be cultivated outside the body of the fowl, and if a healthy fowl be inoculated with the fresh virus, it invariably dies. Cultivated, however, for some time under special conditions, the organism loses its virulence, and a fowl inoculated no longer succumbs to the disease, but is found to be vaccinated, or protected against a subsequent inoculation of the virulent virus. This method of protection is now largely employed on the French farms, and has reduced the mortality from ten to one per cent., with a corresponding saving in money value.

Anthrax is an excessively fatal disease, occurring amongst sheep and cattle, causing enormous loss to the farmers of the districts in which the disease is endemic. In England, it occurs only in small outbreaks; but in Australia, where it is known as the Cumberland disease, it causes great loss. It is the complaint which when communicated to man is known as woolsorters' disease. The growth and spread of a small *bacillus* in the blood of the animals is the cause of the affection. This *bacillus* has, like the microbe of chicken cholera, been cultivated in such a way as to produce a vaccine, so that animals inoculated with this material are protected from this most fatal disease. Such vaccines are now regularly produced and distributed to the veterinary surgeons and farmers of the districts in which anthrax rages. In 1886, no fewer than 367,208 sheep and 47,229 oxen were inoculated, and the death-rate reduced from ten per cent. in unprotected animals to one-fourth per cent. amongst those inoculated. The Insurance Societies show their belief in the efficacy of the protection by demanding a much lower premium on protected animals. Laboratories for the production of vaccines have been founded at Vienna, Madrid, Turin, and in Russia and Buenos Ayres.

A disease of pigs known as hog cholera has proved amenable to inoculation; and in 1886 over 19,700 hogs were inoculated. Cattle both in England and on the Continent are subject to a disease known as 'Quarter Evil,' caused by a special *bacillus*. In Switzerland the disease is especially virulent; and a syndicate of cattle-owners has been formed for the vaccination of their herds and for mutual insurance against losses. In 1888 over two thousand and eighty cattle were inoculated, and the death-rate reduced to one-fourteenth of its average rate amongst unprotected animals.

Pleuro-pneumonia of cattle is a malignant and fatal disease which causes great loss to the farmers of this country. Though no micro-organism has been isolated which can be shown with certainty to be the cause of the disease, yet inoculation has been practised by means of the secretions of an animal dead of the disease. The evidence as to the efficacy of the protection afforded is con-

flicting; but it is believed in Australia to be successful, and the Swiss Insurance Companies reduced the premium in the case of inoculated cattle.

The examples cited above show that Bacteriology has produced results of decided economic value, leaving out of consideration altogether the numerous cases in which it has taught us new and improved ways of dealing with and preventing diseases which more nearly affect mankind. Surely such a record should aid in removing some of the difficulties with which Bacteriology is hampered in England, and gain for it a somewhat larger share of appreciation and encouragement.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

BY H. A. BRYDEN.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—1760.—THE 'VOER-TREKKERS.'

ONE fine day in the Cape summer of 1760, Mynheer Jan Petrus Van Niekirk, one of the frontier Boers of Roggeveld, sat somnolently just within the open doorway of his roomy but bare and unfurnished dwelling-house. He had but just finished his mid-day meal, which had consisted of a huge mass of mutton floating in a greasy ocean of sheep's-tail fat, the latter culled from the fat-tailed sheep, anciently indigenous to the Cape.

Van Niekirk's vast and unwieldy form rested on a rude but roomy sofa, composed of a strong wooden framework, interlaced with stout thongs of ox-hide. His huge pipe depended from his mouth, and rested in an immense brown and fleshy hand; while his right leg, crossed over his left knee, was carefully secured by the great fingers of his other hand. Round about the room, on rough strong chairs, sat the Boer's four sons, all stalwart and strong, but all, like their father, thick-fleshed and unwieldy.

All these men were clad in short leathern jackets and leathern knee-breeches, stained, greasy, and smooth from frequent contact with sheep and cattle and the slaughter of many an antelope. Thick stockings, shirts none too clean, and field-shoes of untanned leather completed their dress.

The four younger men—all save the youngest, Dirk, a mere lad—were, like their father, well bearded. All were bronzed, and all smoked great pipes; and, like their father, overcame by their recent repast and the overpowering warmth, they nodded and half-snoored. Each man, too, sat with one leg crossed over the knee of the other, one elbow resting on the brawny thigh, and one great hand clapping the ankle of the crossed leg. It was a moving picture of easy pastoral existence, and the effect of a heavy meat diet in a hot climate.

Vrouw Van Niekirk, the mother of these mighty sons, slumbered in a broad and deep arm-chair, close to the table upon which her everlasting coffee-pot stood brewing. Her arm-chair, as befitted the supporter of nineteen stone of solid flesh, was in truth an ample one, fashioned from the stout limbs of the dark-grained stink-wood tree, and covered with the striped skin of a

'koodoo,' shot in the neighbouring mountains. The old lady, as she slumbered uneasily—for the myriads of flies, swarming from the too-adjacent sheep-kraal, teased her sadly—looked a typical mother of the huge men around her. Stout, square, and thick-limbed, her shape nearly resembled in its contour the swelling lines of those puny broad-built carvels in which her stout ancestry had, in Van Riebeeck's time, ploughed their passage from the Netherlands to Table Bay.

A curious implement hung suspended from the vrouw's armchair, just below where her fat right hand rested. This was a massive iron spoon, which depended by a chain nailed to the chair-post. With this spoon the vrouw saved herself a world of trouble, and extracted many a toothsome morsel. Like all good Boers, Vrouw Van Niekirk loved the juicy marrow that lay hidden in the meat-bones served at table; and with her iron spoon she cracked these bones on the hard wood of her chair-post, and thus culled and enjoyed deeply the luscious pith within.

The furniture of the room was scant enough. In the far corner was a rough bedstead for the master and his wife, home manufactured, thonged with strips of hide, and covered with a dirty feather-bed. The sons slept on the floor upon the antelope skins that lay in one corner. The wretched Hottentots who ministered to the wants of the household snatched sleep as best they might in a filthy hut or two just behind the main dwelling.

In addition to the bed and chairs there was a mighty oak chest, rudely but elaborately carved, and bearing the date 1632; there were, besides, two smaller chests, painted green, which in time of 'trek' fitted into the wagon, one forming the driving-box. These three chests contained almost all the worldly gear of the family. The enormously long flint guns, five of them, resting in a corner, powder-horns, shot-belts, riding-whips, with high-peaked saddles hanging on strong wooden pegs, completed the internal fittings.

But it is now three o'clock, and Vrouw Van Niekirk waking ponderously from her slumbers, calls out sharply: 'Dirk! Dirk! Up ye, and call Kleinboy, the lazy rascal, and Kaaitje, to milk the goats.—Where, now, is Kaaitje? I will so thrash her the instant she comes in.'

Dirk, the youngest son, a giant of sixteen years, yawns, and slowly rises. Slowly he unfurls his crossed leg, slowly slouches to the door, and, blinking in the sun-blaze, slowly takes his pipe from his mouth and calls in a deep voice: 'Kleinboy, Kaaitje; where are ye both? Come here this instant.'

Thus accosted, Kaaitje, the Hottentot maid, who has been snoozing beneath a bush just outside, raises herself, and with a stretch gets quickly to her feet; and Kleinboy, too, creeps round from an outhouse, for he also has been sleeping.

'Yes, sieur,' cries Kleinboy in Dutch, 'I hasten; and will at once get the goats to kraal.'

Even as he speaks, his acute ear detects a distant sound; he listens; and before the young Boer can hear what Kleinboy has heard he says rapidly with excitement in his bleared eyes: 'Arrra! Sieur, yonder come wagons; they are crossing the ford below, and will soon be here.'

The strangely vehement tones of the Hottentot's

voice arrest the attention even of the tame secretary-bird stalking about. The bird pauses in the act of chastising a brace of fighting cockerels, and turns his fierce grave eyes inquiringly towards the two men. This is amazing news indeed, for in 1760 the Roggeveld was a remote frontier settlement, and its traffic altogether inconsiderable. Thus the arrival of a wagon at Klipplaat—Van Niekirk's farm—is an event rare and important. They wait and listen until Dirk, too, can catch the dull rumble of the ponderous wagons.

Presently the shrill voices of Hottentot drivers urging their oxen up the steep ascent to the farmhouse, hoarse cries, and strange oaths and curses levelled at the straining spans, can be plainly distinguished; then the pistol-crack of a whip. At this Dirk slouches indoors again, and, with a faint glimmer of excitement lighting up his flat dull face, informs the inmates of the approach.

But even now, despite the unwonted news—for it is six months good since strangers passed the door—there is no hurry, no unseemly haste. The group of inanimate men is scarcely stirred; the pipes are withdrawn from the mouths certainly, and the usual 'Alle magtig!' is uttered, nothing more. The stream of life runs too dreamily, too slothfully, in these dull natures. The crossed legs remain crossed; the heavy countenances impassive, immovable. But the housewife is after all flesh and blood and a woman. 'Kaaitje,' she shrieks—'you confounded gipsy, hasten here this minute.'

Kaaitje enters.

'Fetch my clean cap from the wagon-box yonder.—No, no, you imp; not there, but in the far left-hand corner. So, there.'

Then the vrouw, taking off the very dirty tight-fitting cap she wears upon her great hay-coloured head, rubs her greasy face with the still greasier headgear, smooths, with a touch of moisture from her mouth, her already sufficiently flattened hair with her fat palms, dons the clean cap, gives a brush and a smooth to her gray stuff gown, cuffs poor Kaaitje heavily aside, and is ready for action.

Now at last, as the wagons come nearer and nearer up the hill-slope, the men grudgingly bestir themselves. They rise, and all steadily sucking at their pipes, move to the doorway, first putting on their broad-brimmed uncocked felt hats. The stout oxen below are gallantly struggling with their enormous loads, and strive to surmount the boulder-strewn rise that caps the ascent. The drivers scream angrily at their long-horned charges; and the great wagon-whips crack and crack again, fetching out the hair in little clouds, and ripping open the thick hides of the poor brutes like slashes from a sharp knife. A mighty effort, a pull all together, a terrific strain at the wagon-ropes, and the hill is won; and at length, with a 'Wo haa!' from the leaders, the wagons stand in front of the low square house. Two or three men on horses ride behind; and yet behind them follow in a cloud of dust flocks of sheep and goats and a number of loose oxen and horses driven by natives.

Now Van Niekirk with proper Boer-like solemnity advances slowly to his threshold. Anon descending from the wagons and horses come to him a middle-aged Boer of immense size and

strength and four other younger men. The first is, for a Boer, an alert sharp-looking man, with determination stamped upon every feature of his handsome sun-burnt face. His tawny beard sweeps down to his middle, and his voice is deep and resolute. Altogether a notable man among these sleepy colonists. He and his sons, for they are such, advance to the doorway, and ejaculating 'Morning,' shake hands with Van Niekirk. After a pause, the latter asks them their names and whither they go. The stranger speaks: 'My name is Swanepoel—Hendrik Jacobus Swanepoel, cattle-farmer; formerly Captain in the service of the Batavian Republic. I come with my family'—indicating his sons and the wagons, wherein are females, with a wave of his arm—from the farm Riet-Vlei, on Groot Doorn Rivier, just above Warm Bokkeveld. But I am tired of the place, and have sold the farm; and now we shall go, if the Lord pleases, to the rich lands that, as I hear, lie far up to the north.—Yes! Night after night I have dreamed, and my wife has dreamed it too, that up there—pointing northwards—we shall find the Land of Promise, like the Israelites of old. There is a land of milk and honey, of grass and flowing waters, and full of game; and the Lord helping us, we hope all one day to see it. We expect dangers and troubles; but what of it? We shall not find fiercer or more treacherous foes than the Bushmen who have vexed us hitherto. And we shall have around us the big game thick as cattle, and a free land, and no taxes.

With this speech the Boer introduced his four sons, all of them fine tall young fellows, ranging from fourteen to twenty; and then going to his wagons, called to his women-folk. From beneath the tents came forth a tall, big, handsome woman, Vrouw Swanepoel; and after her, two daughters and a niece: the former, buxom maidens of fifteen and seventeen; the latter, a fair slim girl of fourteen. The whole family then trooped into the house, and shook hands with the inmates, and partook of coffee; then proceeded to chat in the usual Boer fashion upon their respective families and connections, their flocks, the last Bushman foray, and the drought.

Hendrik Swanepoel having outspanned his oxen, and having, too, seen them and his flocks and herds well watered at Van Niekirk's fountain, proceeded, at the invitation of his host, to prepare for the night. Thorns were cut for a kraal, and the stock duly ensconced therein. Then followed a hearty supper, after which prayers and a long psalm prepared all for bed, the strangers retiring to their wagons.

On the following morning, with his stock thoroughly refreshed, Swanepoel in-spanned early, bade a hearty farewell to his entertainer; and with his formidable train of forty oxen, seven hundred sheep and goats, and eighteen horses, trekked away through the mountains into the desert country beyond. The great whips cracked, the Hottentots yelled fiercely at their oxen, and the great gaudily-painted wagons rolled off, followed by a cloud of dust that hid the flocks. The trek-Boer's avowed intention was to find his way down the Zak River, and thence through Bushmanland to the interior, at that time dim and utterly unknown.

Whatever his course, Hendrik Swanepoel and

his family thenceforward vanished completely from colonial ken, and were never again heard of.

The boy, Dirk Van Niekirk, who lived to a great age, and died in Cape Colony so lately as 1836, used often to speak of the departure of this family. He remembered, too, that once a Koranna from the Orange River brought tidings, full twenty years after that strange 'trekking,' that a white family had at one time crossed the river and disappeared into the Karri-Karri (an old name for the Kalahari Desert). But, beyond the dim reminiscences of Dirk Van Niekirk, become yet dimmer since his death, and the Koranna's story, no tidings, whether of good or evil, ever again came south concerning the adventurous trekkers. The dark curtain of the interior fell between them and their fellow-colonists, and their names and memories gradually faded into almost complete oblivion.

THE 'TENDERFOOT.'

THE difference in the social status is as great between the manufacturing and agricultural States and those in which the mining and stock industries predominate, as between the European countries and the wild and woolly West, as it is often denominated. The miners and cowboys of the Western mountains and plains have developed a contempt for the more perfectly civilised and more polished gentlemen; and they do not stop there, but extend the same sentiments to the rougher and uneducated classes who hail from the manufacturing and agricultural districts. They apply the same epithet to all—'Tenderfoot.' Many amusing anecdotes are told in the miners' cabins and the cowboys' camps relative to the achievements of these strangers to their half-civilised customs and habits. One of these presents itself to the writer's mind here.

It was during the early settlement of the Black Hills that a New-Yorker, prominent in his own State and City, was journeying to that new-found Eldorado on the Deadwood stage. A few miles from his destination his attention was attracted by a herd of half-broken horses which the owner was selling. Our New-Yorker friend questioned the stage-driver as to the advisability of purchasing one with which to make a tour of the various mining camps. Of course the old-timer, anxious to see fun, no matter how serious might be the result, advised an immediate purchase, and volunteered to stop his team and give the Tenderfoot a chance to inspect and buy one of those hardy specimens which do such useful service for the frontiersmen. As he approached the herd, an old gray-headed miner, who, from the new-comer's appearance and general get-up, knew too well that he had no use for any of the ponies, kindly volunteered the remark: 'Why, stranger, you 'loun't want to buy a bucking cayuse.' But the New-Yorker disdained to take advantage of such a friendly warning, and at once bargained for as vicious-looking a specimen of its kind as was in the herd. The 'vacquero' whose duty it was to ride each pony after it was purchased, did so in this case, and, to a stranger's vision, our friend had succeeded in purchasing as docile an animal as would be found in any of the parks in the Old World. The New-Yorker

mounted at once, and in a twinkling lay sprawling on mother earth about twenty feet from his horse. The friendly miser was the first to assist him to his feet, merely remarking as he did so: 'I told you; you had no use for a bucking cayuse.' He was asked by the Tenderfoot: 'Was that what you call bucking?'—'Yes, sir-ree; but that was not bad bucking,' said the miser.—'Well, then, what does the little beast do when he cayuses?' was the next question, which provoked such mirth from the crowd of cowboys and miners, that our New-York friend made a bee-line for the stage; and it was not until the friendly driver had told him that cayuse was the Western name given to this class of horses, that the Tenderfoot fully appreciated his ignorance of the Western idioms of speech as well as its customs.

It is not necessary for a Tenderfoot to be a dude or swell to make him an object of curiosity to the frontiersmen, though, of course, if he is such, his persecution by practical jokers will be intensified. The writer remembers the first silk hat which was seen in a western Kansas town twenty years since subjected the wearer to become an involuntary actor in a second William Tell performance, with the only difference that a cowboy with his ready revolver took the part of William, and the high hat was the substitute for the apple. Of course, such performances as this are not heard of any more in the Wild West; but at that early date such a headgear was a curiosity even in many Eastern cities, to say nothing of what it must have been in the West.

The Tenderfoot is considered the natural prey of the frontiersman in a business transaction. The tendency is always to cut his eye-teeth as soon as possible, and if in doing that they can break him financially, the better the Western man is pleased. The reason for this antagonism is found in the fact that too many Eastern men come to our country with the idea that we don't know anything, and they can teach us; but they all forget that the majority of Western men have learnt as much as they before they came west, and have there graduated in a school second to none. Let a prospector in the mines discover any valuable mineral in too small a quantity to pay to develop, he will invariably look around for a Tenderfoot to take it off his hands, and usually is successful. Only a few weeks since the writer was approached by an acquaintance in an Eastern town, who desired to know the value of certain mining stock he had purchased, which was to my own knowledge valueless. He could hardly believe that he, shrewd business man as he was at home, had been duped by an apparently ignorant miner. Of course some men are not dubbed Tenderfoot so long as others, because they possess good common sense, and come to the West willing to acknowledge their ignorance in its habits and customs, and use their every effort to learn as much as possible, and as quickly as they can.

A man to get along in the West must prove his manliness—that is all that is necessary. No where is personal bravery or nerve admired and acknowledged more freely; but it is not necessary for a new-comer to identify himself with the rosydism so prevalent. Nor will it be conducive to his peace of mind to undertake to set up any practical or cranky notions in opposition to the

old-time theories and practices. No matter how full a town may be of bad men, desperadoes, any one can live there and be respected, but he must mind his own business; then even those very desperadoes will be among the first to acknowledge and uphold his rights in the community.

The name is applied to every new arrival in a mining or cattle camp, no matter where he is from, unless he be a Western man, which fact is easily ascertained by the inhabitants of the camp without any questions being asked, for there is a sort of freemasonry among frontiersmen unknown to the balance of the world, and rarely if ever do they make a mistake in recognising—or sizing-up, as we express it—a man's claims in either direction.

The class of Tenderfoot most imposed upon and subjected to the most trying ordeals in practical joking are those younger scions of English families whose parents and guardians send them West with the mistaken idea that they will succeed better than at home, especially if they were inclined to be a little wild. A wild boy in England will usually become a more dissipated man in America, because he is restrained by none of those home influences spread around him. Such usually come out under an agreement to learn farming, for which privilege their people pay enormous premiums; and the innocents don't discover till they get here that they have paid a big price for the privilege of becoming a farm-labourer, and usually for some ignorant but shrewd Yankee who does not know how to farm himself. The writer heard a young man say the other day that he came out under such an agreement, with an allowance of one hundred dollars a month for pocket-money. His description of his treatment was amusing. The first morning after his arrival at the farmer's he was awakened at four o'clock to go out and milk the cows. He remonstrated; but was coolly informed 'that for such purposes the farmer had agreed to take him.' Or, in other words, that he had agreed to accept his share of the premium and allow the young man to do the work he would otherwise have had to pay good fair wages to have had performed!

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

LIFE is not lived by days nor yet by years;
These come and go, or haply, sometimes stay,
As Time his changes rings; and if To-day
Lingers relentlessly when fraught with fears,
If perfect harmonies and smiles it hears
In one short moment—Lo! 'tis Yesterday.
And reverently the joy or pain we lay
Safe in the Past's dear shrine with unshed tears.

So, when the deepest chords of Life vibrate
And quiver 'neath the master-hand of Pain
Or Ecstasy, our quickened breath we bate,
And listen, hoping that perchance some strain
Of heaven's own music soothe, ere 'tis too late,
The troubled waters of Life's boundless main.

R. L.

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THE QUEEN OF AUTUMN.

WHEN the murky fogs and surly blasts of November are with us, the Chrysanthemum, Queen of Autumn, unfolds her beauteous flowers. The Rose, Queen of Summer, is faded and gone; her beauty and fragrance are now only memories; and with her nearly all the other floral children of our gardens are gone to rest, carefully shielded from winter's pointed fury. But the chrysanthemum, with her wondrous diversity of form and colour, still remains to gladden our hearts and brighten the dull days which link autumn to winter. She may be a child of other lands, but we have taken her to our hearts and homes, and crowned her queen of our autumnal flowers. No flower has excited so much enthusiasm or received so much admiring attention within recent years, and no other plant gives to the hand that tends it such liberal return in number and beauty of flowers. An eloquent writer has well said that, 'in power of expression, distinctness of character, in forms of beauty no less cheering to the heart than delightful to the eye, a beauty that is unique and the embodiment of the highest harmonies of plastic form, the chrysanthemum surpasses all other flowers, not even the rose, the tulip, or the dahlia being excepted.'

The chrysanthemum belongs to the very extensive and world-wide natural order, Composite or Daisy flowers. In its cultivated form it originated at a very remote period. The evidence we possess points to the existence, in the Chinese empire, of cultivated varieties for at least two thousand five hundred years. The progenitor of these varieties was very probably 'Chrysanthemum indicum,' a species indigenous to China, Corea, and Japan. The flower of this species is small, single, and of a yellow colour. Some authorities, however, hold that there is also something of the wild species 'C. morifolium' in them. Still, it is remarkable that the little species 'C. indicum' is continually reproduced from seeds saved from blooms of the finest form and highest culture. This tendency to revert to

first forms (atavism) is observed in many other cultivated plants, and the fact of 'C. indicum' being so frequently found among seedlings is a very strong argument in favour of the opinion that it is really the progenitor of all the garden varieties.

The earliest literary reference to the chrysanthemum we find in the 'Li-Ki' of Confucius, written about 500 B.C. The Chinese value it very highly, and no other flower is so conspicuous in their gardens and homes. It is their national flower, and is to them an emblem of everything that is graceful and beautiful. They grow it to a high state of cultivation, tending it with their well-known untiring patience, and often train it into the most fantastic shapes, such as horses, stags, pagodas, boats, &c. Their poets never tire of singing its praises, nor their painters of depicting its graces. In the Franks Collection of Chinese ware, in the British Museum, many beautiful and interesting articles of porcelain may be seen decorated with it. The oldest piece in this fine collection is a dish ornamented in an archaic style with chrysanthemum flowers bearing the mark of the period 'Senen-tih,' which is equivalent to the decade 1426-36 in our era. Mr Fortune, in an account of his travels in China, tells us of the grandeur of the Chinese gardens, and the prominent place the chrysanthemum holds in them. He says that at night, during the autumn and early winter, it is a common sight to see in the gardens of the wealthy banks of magnificent blooms illuminated with lanterns. He also relates that he saw life-sized effigies of various national heroes constructed of the flowers.

The chrysanthemum is also a great favourite of the Japanese, who seem to have procured it from the Chinese at a very early date. Having ideals of beauty somewhat dissimilar to those of the Chinese, they have selected different forms of the many varieties which the plant produces. The Kiku, as they call it, has been chosen as the crest of the present imperial family, and is used on the official seal. Their highest national

decoration is that of the Imperial Order of the Chrysanthemum, which was founded in 1876. It may be remembered that, about four years ago, the Mikado, to express his regard for this country, sent a special ambassador to invest the Prince of Wales with the Star and Collar of the Order.

On Japanese pottery, lacquer-work, and textile fabrics, the Kiku is very often depicted, but generally in a conventionalised form. On their ornamental bronze-work, and on the plaques and vases for which they are famous, there are some beautiful examples of the flower. The ninth month of the Japanese year, during which the chrysanthemum is in full bloom, is called 'Kiku-dzuki.' On the ninth day of this month, one of the chief fêtes of the nation, the Festival of Happiness, is held, and in its celebration the Autumn Queen is largely employed as the emblem of joy. Some of the finest varieties we now possess have been procured from them, and contain the result of their gardening skill and care, throughout hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. In the autumn of last year the floral world was astonished by the flowering for the first time in this country of the unique variety, 'Mrs Alpheus Hardy.' This wonderful variety has large globular flowers of the purest white. In form it is not unlike some kinds we have got from the Chinese; but it has one distinct and marvellous feature—the under sides of the florets are thickly studded with long silky hairs, which give the flowers a light and extremely beautiful appearance. It is a distinct form, and is no doubt the first of many similar treasures in store for lovers of the chrysanthemum.

'Avalanche,' pure white, and 'Edwin Molyneux,' chestnut crimson, are other very fine Japanese varieties.

We find in the works of botanical and horticultural writers a few evidences of the existence of the chrysanthemum in Europe as far back as the year 1689, but there is nothing definite till the year 1789. In that year, so eventful in the history of France, M. Blancard, a native of Marseilles, brought to that city from the East three varieties. Two of them, however, soon died. The plant which survived was subsequently known as 'Old Purple.' In 1790 a few plants of it were sent to the British gardens at Kew. Hence the present year is the centennial year of the introduction of the chrysanthemum into Britain.

Improvements were made during the next few years, and other varieties were imported from China. In 1824 we find that about thirty varieties were growing in the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Chiswick, and in 1826 the number had increased to fifty. The Society distributed plants and cuttings of these varieties to the florists in and around London; thus the plant became widely known, and soon took a high place in public estimation. Societies for the encouragement of its culture were rapidly formed throughout the country, and year after year the number of chrysanthemum shows in the closing days of autumn have steadily increased. In the present year there are about four hundred such societies in the country, the membership of which is little short of one hundred thousand; and the displays made by

them in November are among the most delightful of all the floral exhibitions of the year.

The lovely goddess Flora has more worshippers to-day than at any other period of our country's history. Her altars are raised in every corner of the land, alike in the cottage garden, the villa porch, and the marble-floored conservatory of the mansion; and among her gifts to us none is more cherished than the chrysanthemum. All tastes find in its blossoms something to gratify. The artist has the fringed, tasselled, and frilled forms, with their glistening florets, to satisfy his ideals of beauty; the botanist finds much of interest in its structural peculiarities and variations; the florist has the formal Incurved, Anemone, and Pompon varieties, with their circles and half-globes, to please him; the æsthetic has the beautiful single flowers with their simple grace to transport him; and he who loves gardening for the refreshment of spirit and healthy occupation it affords has in it a plant easily grown, and which gives a wealth of beautiful flowers to reward his pleasant labours. Its blossoms unfold at a season when other flowers are few—a season perhaps tinged with the sad memory of sunny hours now past, and the present prospect of skies chill and drear. But, as they unfold and fade, do they not point us in hope to the time, not far distant, when the earth shall once more hear the voice of spring, and 'flourish green again'?

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XLIII.—CONCLUSION.

I HAVE kept you long at sea. With my escape in the barque from Captain Braine's island in company with my shipmate Louise, the story of my adventure—the narrative, indeed, of the romance of the wreck—virtually ends. Yet you will wish to see Miss Temple safely home; you will desire to know whether I married her or not; you will also want to know the latest news of the people of the *Countess Ida*, to learn the fate of the Honourable Mr Colledge, of the crew of the *Magicienne's* cutter, and of the carpenter Lush and his merry gold-hunting men. All may be told in the brief limits of a chapter.

For five days Wetherly and Miss Temple and myself navigated the barque without assistance. The struggle, indeed, would have been a desperate one for us but for the weather.

It was on the afternoon of the fifth day that we fell in with a Peruvian man-of-war brig. She backed her topsail and sent a boat. The young officer in command spoke French very fluently, and Miss Temple and I between us were able to make him understand our story. He returned to his ship to report what I had said, and presently came back with a couple of Irish seamen, to whose services to help us to carry the barque to Valparaíso we were, he said, very welcome. The Peruvian brig was bound on a cruise amongst the islands, and I earnestly entreated the officer to request his commander to head first of all for the reef upon which I had left Lush and his men, that they might be taken off, if they had not recovered their boat.

Down to this point, the three of us in one fashion and another had managed so fairly well, that the acquisition of the two Irish seamen communicated to me a sense as of being in command of a very tolerable ship's company. Miss Temple and I could now enjoy some little leisure apart from a routine that had been harassing with its vexatious and incessant demands upon our vigilance. Night after night descended upon us in beauty. There was scarcely, indeed, a condition of this tender tropic passage to Valparaiso that was not favourable to sentiment. Yet my pride rendered it an obligation upon me that before I spoke my love I must make sure of the girl's own feelings towards me. I watched her with an impassioned eye; I listened to every word that fell from her lips with an ear eager to penetrate to the spirit of her meaning; a smile that seemed in the least degree ambiguous would keep me musing for a whole watch together. Then I would inquire whether I could in honour ask her to be my wife until my protection and care for her had ceased, and she stood to me in the position she had occupied when we had first met aboard the Indianan. But to this very fine question of conscience I would respond with the consideration that if I did not ask her now, I must continue in a distracting state of suspense and anxiety for many weeks, running, indeed, into months—that is to say, until we should reach home; that she might misconstrue my reserve, and attribute it to indifference; that to make her understand why I did not speak would involve the declaration that my honour was supposed to regard as objectionable.

But all this self-parleying simply signified that I was waiting to make sure of her answer before addressing her. In one quarter of an hour one fine night, with a high moon riding over the topsail yardarm and the breeze bringing an elfin-like sound of delicate singing out of the rigging, it was settled! A glance from her, a moment of speaking silence, brought my love to my lips, and standing with her hand in mine in the shadow of a wing of sail curving past the main-rigging, with the brook-like voice of running waters rising, I asked her to be my wife.

There was hesitation without reluctance, a manner of mingled doubt and delight. I had won her heart; and her hand must follow; but her mother, her dearest mother! Her consent must be obtained; and from what she said in disjointed sentences, with earnest anxiety to say nothing that might give me pain, with a voice that trembled with the emotions of gratitude and affection, I gathered that Lady Temple's matrimonial schemes for her daughter soared very considerably above the degree of a commoner.

'But Louise, I have your love?'
• 'Yes, yes, yes! my love, my gratitude, and my admiration.'

'And you need but your mother's consent to marry me?'

'Yes, and she will consent. This long association—this astonishing adventure'—

'Ay, but there is no obligation of marriage in that. I have your love, and your mother will consent because you love me?'

She fixed her eyes on my face, and by the haze of moonlight floating off the sand-white planks into the shadow in which we stood, I

saw such meaning in them that the sole sequel of my interpretation of it must be to put my lips to hers.

But enough of this. It all happened so many years ago now, that I am astonished by my memory that enables me to put down even so much of this little passage of my experiences with Louise as I have written.

After days of delightful weather and prosperous winds, we came to an anchor at Valparaiso. I at once waited upon the British consul, related my story, delivered over the ship, and was treated by him with the utmost courtesy, consideration, and hospitality. A large English vessel was sailing for Liverpool eight days after the date of our arrival. I inspected her, and promptly took berths for myself and Miss Temple; and the rest of the time we spent in providing ourselves with the necessary outfit for another long voyage. The consul informed me that the deposition I made as to the *Lady Blanche* would suffice in respect of the legal manoeuvring that would have to follow, and that I was at liberty to sail whenever I chose. I empowered him to hand over any salvage money that might come to me to Wetherly, whom I also requested to call upon me when he should arrive in England, that I might suitably reward him for the very honest discharge of his duties from the time of our leaving the island in the barque.

I will not pretend that our passage home was uneventful. Out of it might readily be spun another considerable narrative; but here I may but glance at it. The ship was named the *Greyhound*. There went with her a number of passengers, Spanish and English, who, thanks, I suppose, to the gossip of the British consul and his wife and family, were perfectly informed of every article of our story, and in consequence made a very great deal of us—of Miss Temple in particular.

Our being incessantly together from the hour of our sailing down to the hour of our arrival strengthened her love for me, and her passion became a pure and unaffected sentiment. But I could not satisfy myself that she loved me, or that, subject to her mother's approval, she would have consented to marry me, but for our extraordinary experiences, that had coupled us together in an intimacy which most people might consider matrimony must confirm for her sake if not for mine.

But if that had ever been her mood—she never would own it—it ripened during this voyage into a love that the most wretchedly sensitive heart could not have mistaken. And now it remained to be seen what reception Lady Temple would accord me. She would be all gratitude, of course; she would be transported with the sight and safety of her daughter; but ambition might presently dominate all effusion of thankfulness, and she would quite fail to see any particular obligation on her daughter's part to marry merely because we had been shipmates together in a series of incredible adventures.

But all conjecture was abruptly ended on our arrival by the news of Lady Temple's death. A stroke of paralysis had carried her off. The attack was charged to her fretting for her daughter, of whose abandonment upon the wreck she had received the news from no less a person

than the Honourable Mr Colledge. Let me briefly describe how this had come about.

When the cutter containing Mr Colledge and the men of the *Magicienne* had lost sight of the wreck in the sudden vapour that had boiled down over it, the fellows, having lost their lieutenant and being without a head, hurriedly agreed to pull dead away before the wind in the direction of the Indiaman, not doubting that she would be lying hove-to, and that they must strike her situation near enough to disclose the huge loom of her amidst the fog. They missed her, and then, not knowing what else to do, they lashed their oars into a bundle and rode to it. It was hard upon sunset when a great shadow came surging up out of the fog close aboard of them. It was the corvette under reefed topsails. The cutter was within an ace of being run down. Her crew roared at the top of their pipes, and they were heard; but a few moments later the *Magicienne* had melted out again upon the flying thickness. The boat, however, had been seen, and her bearings accurately taken; and twenty minutes later, the corvette again came surging to the spot where the cutter lay. Scores of eyes gazed over the ship-of-war's head and bulwarks in a thirsty, piercing lookout. The end of a line was flung, the boat dragged alongside, and in a few minutes all were safe on board. Colledge related the story of the adventure to his cousin—how the lieutenant had fallen overboard and was drowned, as he believed; how Miss Temple and I were left upon the wreck, and were yet there. But the blackness of a densely foggy night was now upon the sea; it was also blowing hard, and nothing could be done till the weather cleared and the day broke.

That nothing was done, you know. When the horizon was penetrable, keen eyes were despatched to the mastheads; but whether it was that the light wreck had drifted to a degree entirely out of the calculations of Sir Edward Panton, or that his own drift during the long, black, blowing hours misled him, no sign of us rewarded his search. For two days he gallantly stuck to those waters, then abandoned the hunt as a hopeless one, and proceeded on his voyage to England.

Mr Colledge on his arrival immediately thought it his duty to write what he could tell of the fate of Miss Temple to Lady Temple's brother, General Ashmole. The General was a little in a hurry to communicate with poor Lady Temple. His activity as a bearer of ill tidings might perhaps have found additional animation in the knowledge that if Miss Temple were dead, then the next of her kinsfolk to whom her ladyship must leave the bulk of her property would be the General and his four charming daughters. Be this as it will, the news proved fatal to Lady Temple.

The shock was a terrible one to Louise. Again and again she had said to me that if the news of her having been lost out of the Indiaman reached her mother before she arrived home, it would kill her. And now she found her prediction verified! But if her ladyship's death cleared the road for me in one way, it temporarily blocked it for me in another by enforcing delay. Louise must not now marry for a year. No; anything less than a year was out of the question. It would be an insult to the memory of an adored parent even

to think of happiness under a twelvemonth. I resigned myself in silence to the affliction of waiting, leaving it to time to unsettle her resolution. She had many relatives, and she went from house to house; but I was never very far off. Our being together in constant close association from morning till night, almost as much alone as ever we had been when on the wreck, what with delightful drives, delicious hand-in-hand rambles, ended in rendering me mighty impatient, and impatience is usually importunate. I grew pressing, and one day she consented to our being married at the expiration of a fortnight.

It was much too plain a wedding for such a heroine as our adventures had made Louise, but it was her own choosing. A few intimate friends of my own family, two poor but exceedingly lady-like and well-bred cousins of her own, the vicar who joined our hands, and his homely agreeable wife—these formed the company.

'We have started on another voyage now,' I whispered as we passed out of the church.

'There must be no wrecks in it!' she answered.

And for years, I thank God, it was all summer sailing with us; but I am old now, and alone. . .

In those times, the round voyage to India averaged a twelvemonth, and I was unable to obtain news of the *Countess Ida* until the August that had followed the June of our arrival at Liverpool in the *Gryhound*. I was in London when I heard of the Indiaman as having been reported off Deal. In the course of a few days I despatched a note to old Keeling, addressed to the East India Docks, asking him to come and dine with me, that I might tell him of my adventures, and learn what efforts he had made to recover us from the wreck. He arrived in full shore-going fig, with the old familiar skewered look, in the long, tightly buttoned-up coat, and the tall cravat and stiff collars, in which his sun-reddened face rested like a ball in a cup.

He was heartily glad to see me, and continued to shake my hand until my arm ached again. Of my story he had known nothing; for the first time he was now hearing it.

He had little to tell me, however, that was very interesting. He had been blown away from the neighbourhood of the wreck; and though, when the weather cleared, he had luffed up to the spot where he believed she was to be found, he could see nothing of her. Mr Prance was looking at the hull through his glass when the smother came driving down upon her, and saw the cutter shove off; and he believed that Miss Temple and I were in her. He had no time to make sure, for the vapour swiftly blotted the boat out of sight.

The disaster that had befallen us, he said, had cast a heavy gloom over the ship, and it was heightened by Mrs Radcliffe's serious illness, due to the poignant wretchedness caused her by the loss of her niece. However, by the time the vessel was up with the Cape, Mrs Radcliffe had recovered; and when Keeling last saw her, she seemed as hopeful as she was before despairful of her niece being yet accounted for.

When I left Lush and the sailors of the *Lady Blanche* upon the reef, I had little thought of ever hearing of them again. I knew the nature

of sailors. If they came off with their lives, I might be sure they would disperse and utterly vanish. Great was my surprise, then, one morning some months after my marriage, to find, on opening my newspaper, a column-long account of the trial of a seaman named Lush for the murder of a man named Woodward. The evidence was substantially my story with a sequel to it. The witnesses against Lush were three of the seamen of the *Lady Blanche*. The counsel for the prosecution related the adventures of the barque down to the time of my swimming off to her and sailing away with her. The boat had been in charge of the man Woodward when I detached the line to let her slip away. He had fallen into a deep sleep, overcome by fatigue and drink. The yells and roaring of the crew, one of whom had started up and observed the boat drifting out, had aroused the sleeper after the uproar had been some time continued. He was thick and stupid, went clumsily to work to scull the heavy boat a-hore, and was a long time in doing it. The carpenter dragged him on to the beach and asked him if he had fallen asleep. The unfortunate wretch answered yes; the carpenter struck him fiercely; Woodward returned the blow; and, mad with rage, Lush whipped out his sheath-knife and stabbed the man to the heart.

By this time the barque had almost faded out in the gloom of the night. Pursuit was not to be thought of. They waited till daylight; but instead of putting their remaining provisions and water in the boat and heading away in search of land or a passing ship, the fool-fell to digging afresh; and it was not until their little stock of water was almost gone that, being satisfied that there was no gold in that part of the shore where Captain Braine had said it lay hidden, they put to sea.

They were several days afloat before they, or at least the survivors, were rescued. Their sufferings were not to be expressed. They had been five days without water when picked up. Four of them had died. They were fallen in with by an English brig bound home, to the captain of which one of the sailors, who had been an old 'chum' of Woodward, told the story of the murder of that man by Lush. The skipper, not choosing to have such a ruffian as the carpenter at large in his little ship, clapped him in irons, and kept him under hatches until the arrival of the vessel in the Thames, when he was handed over to the police. The jury found a verdict of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to ten years' transportation.

To this hour I am puzzled by Captain Braine and his island. My wife uniformly believed that the gold was there, and that the poor lunatic had mistaken the bearings of the spot where it lay. My own fancy, however, always inclined to this: that from the circumstance of his having rightly described the island, which he situated on a part of the sea where no reef or land of any sort was laid down on the charts, he had actually been wrecked upon it, and suffered as he had related to me; that by long dwelling upon his terrific experience he had imported certain insane fancies into it out of his unsuspected madness when it grew upon him; until the hallucination of the gold hardened in his poor soul into a con-

viction. Yet I may be wrong; and if so, then there must at this hour be upwards of a hundred and eighty thousand pounds' worth of gold coins lying concealed somewhere in the reef whose latitude and longitude you have.

THE END.

THE ISLAND OF IVIZA.

IN some respects, Iviza is the most interesting island of the small archipelago of the Balearics. The guide-books neglect it, or devote but a paragraph to it. Whether as the cause or effect of this slight, very few travellers of the tourist species set foot on its shores. A single steamer weekly from Alicante touches at the little port of the island for an hour or two, to keep the Ivicenes supplied with the few luxuries they demand of the Europe that is so near to them, and with which, nevertheless, they have so little concern. The one hotel of the island is of the most nondescript and objectionable kind. Its master is confectioner, farmer, and landlord all in one, and a man of so independent a mind that if he conceives a prejudice against the petitioner for accommodation in his house, he is as likely as not to refuse to receive him under his roof. Such a calamity would here be more serious than in most insular communities. As a rule, the islander is a hospitable person. But in Iviza the stranger is not welcomed with open arms; and unless he have a letter or some special and emphatic quality to recommend him to their notice, the Ivicenes will, it is probable, leave him to his own resources, be these ever so scanty.

Only the other day, for instance, the writer, having been fortunate enough to propitiate the Iviza Boniface, found himself one of a motley throng of malcontents whom Fate had brought together in this one little inn. Among the crowd was the President of the High Court of Justice, and a trio of assistant judges, reluctantly holding their periodical assize. Iviza contains not a few famous old families dating from the Spanish conquest, more than six hundred years ago. These live in the great palatial old buildings reared on the castle rock scores of feet above the common smells of the lower town; and the stately escutcheons over their portals still proclaim their importance. The proprietors of these engaging abodes left their lordships, the judges to themselves and the tender mercies of the inn. And it did one's heart good to hear, night after night at the common table of this inn, these venerable and learned dispensers of Spanish justice unite in a chorus of maledictions upon all things pertaining to Iviza—from the greasy soup with which the dinner began, to the illiterate prisoners of the place, who felt no shame in the avowal that they did not know their age to a decade or two.

Iviza is the third of the Balearics in size. It is only twenty-one miles long by about ten broad, but with a circumference of about ninety-two miles. The climate is said to be more temperate than that of Majorca, the chief of the group, from which it is distant about forty-five

miles in a south-westerly direction. Statistics also help to show that it is more healthy, the annual death-rate for a term of five years being in Iviza 22.9 per thousand inhabitants; in Majorca, 27.7; and Minorca, 21.3. These figures compare well with the average for Spain itself, 31.3; but they are all beaten by the record of the fourth island of the Balearic group, Formentera, with a mortality of but 13.6 per thousand. Formentera, indeed, seems to be a rock upon which it is difficult to die. An Iviza doctor with whom the writer talked upon the subject was unbounded in praise of it for its salubrity, especially for its remedial properties in chest affections. Unfortunately, it is not conveniently accessible. A periodical smack, and nothing better, keeps it in communication with Iviza, from which it is only five or six miles distant; but, as may be supposed, its two thousand inhabitants retain their old customs and traditions even more strenuously than Iviza herself.

In none of the Balearics is education in a very satisfactory state. It is certainly odd, however, that whereas in the rest of the world the number of illiterate people has a tendency to diminish, here, of late years, it has increased. In 1860, in Iviza and Formentera, there were 21,973 inhabitants who could not read. At the same time, Minorca numbered 27,611, and Majorca 179,075 in the same condition. The statistics in 1877 were, 22,303, 24,135, and 187,194 respectively. We may if we please take credit to ourselves that the establishment of Anglo-Saxon traditions and energy in Minorca during our half-century of occupation in some measure explains the great intellectual superiority of this island over its neighbours. The state of things in the lovely island of Majorca is certainly lamentable, and reflects but little praise upon the local administrators. Iviza, as being less in touch with the Continent, has more excuse. Nevertheless, 22,303 illiterates out of a population of 26,312 is certainly large, and justifies the Ivicenes in their somewhat inordinate respect for a man who can write—'un home que sap fer lleure.'

It is no doubt due to their personal distaste for education that the Iviza islanders are in such bad repute, judicially and socially. 'Until quite recently,' says the Archduke Luis Salvador of Austria, whose studies about the Balearics have already become monumental, 'the Mallorquins, and even the sailors and fishermen of Iviza, refused to have intercourse with the peasants of Iviza, even going so far as to compare them with the Moors of Barbary.' The man who drove the present writer to and fro about his native island confirmed this prejudice in an odd manner. After capitulating the various villages of Iviza—S. Eulalia, S. Antonio, S. Juan, S. Nicolo, &c., he observed: 'The villages all saints, and the people all devils.' The casual traveller has, of course, no very adequate opportunity to test the truth of such a charge as this. Certainly, however, the faces of the peasants do not prepossess. They have a heavy sullen look, often an ill-controlled fierceness, which argues them much at the mercy of their passions. The records of the district courts of justice seem to bear this out. It is interesting to note, however, that the increase of crime in Iviza is coincident with the falling-off in education. Further, it is difficult to

get the islanders to bear witness against each other in the courts of justice. It is hard to say whether this reluctance is due to a jealousy of the interference of others in quarrels and feuds they consider personal or domestic, or whether it may be accounted for by fear of the consequences of testifying against others. Probably, both causes operate. The Ivicenes have not the reputation of being so stern in vendetta as the Corsicans and Sardes; but neither are they a people to overlook or forgive an injury.

Of course they are superstitious. An island like theirs is sure to be the home of habits and beliefs long discarded by the bulk of the world. The parish priest is the person upon whom they depend for all the culture and enlightenment they can obtain, and the parish priests of Iviza are notorious for their own lack of culture. The good man is one of themselves, with just enough book-learning to procure his ordination. Being appointed to a parish, he ceases all further cultivation of his mind, and rapidly falls to the level of his parishioners, with whom thenceforward he eats and drinks, sorrows and rejoices, and feasts and fasts upon a footing of equality.

Some of the current superstitions are singular enough to be mentioned. Tuesday is reckoned an unlucky day here, as in Italy, where the saying, 'On Tuesday and on Friday one must neither wed nor travel,' still holds. The harvesting of the almonds and figs which abound in the rich plains of the island must be begun on a Friday; otherwise, insects are sure to take toll of the store. On the other hand, a burial must by no means occur on a Friday, else, ere the year is out, another inhabitant of the village or of the street in the capital where the house of the deceased is built, will be called upon to die. The death of the head of a family, though distressing to the household, is supposed to be not without its advantages. An excellent harvest is confidently expected in the autumn following his demise. 'Why?' it may be asked. Because the deceased will make a point of petitioning the Creator upon His throne to this effect. One sees more cats in the dirty streets of the capital than occasion seems to demand. The reason is that the cat is esteemed a quasi-sacred animal, the slaying of which is sure to be requited by a death, a bad harvest, a love disappointment, or a bankruptcy.

After this, one is surprised to discover so much good sense in the proverbs of the Iviza people. The following would not discredit such wise islanders as the Feroese, a community among whom crime is as rare as in Iviza it abounds: 'The world teaches more than father and mother. Will works more than power. Who sows in a foreign land reaps no harvest. Better to sweat than groan. God can help more than the devil can hinder. Who sups on wine breakfasts on water.'

Besides being remarkable for its criminality, its proverbs, and its superstitions, Iviza may also take credit to itself for a national dance, a weekly newspaper, and national costumes. The last are perhaps the least striking of these several characteristics. Ordinarily, upon six days of the week, there is little to distinguish the inhabitants of Iviza from the Mallorquin

or the Catalan. A 'festa' dress does but clap a broad-brimmed black felt hat upon the head of the man, and attire him in a short black jacket and trousers; while, further, it hangs necklets of gold round the swarthy necks of the ladies, and attires their well-greased locks in silk handkerchiefs of very bright colours. Thus dressed, the sexes meet upon any convenient open space, and rejoice to exercise themselves in the 'llarga' or the 'curta,' as they call their dance, in accordance with the greater or less energy of the movements of the female participant in it. A drum, a flute, and castanets comprise the full orchestral accompaniment, and in default of the other instruments, the castanets may suffice. The weekly paper, a copy of which is before the writer, is out of humour with the national dance and all other relics of insular life in Iviza. It represents the party of progress. The open drains of the capital, the tardiness of the mayor in good works ('Magnifico Señor Alcalde' he is satirically termed), the dust caused by the dancers, and the throng around them at one end of the 'alameda' or public promenade Sunday after Sunday—these and other long-hallowed incidents of life in Iviza all come under its condemnation. Who knows? Perhaps the press will soon be as potent a reformer in this little island as it aspires to be. Lest this should happen, the traveller who does not mind a few hardships may be recommended to visit Iviza with as little delay as possible. The experience is one by no means to be regretted.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAPTER II.—1866.—A HUNTING-CAMP— AN AFRICAN DIANA.

READER, come with me across the smooth South Atlantic; past green Madeira, rising gem-like from her ocean setting; past towering Tenerife, springing above the clouds; or where the flying-fish leap from glassy waters, that lie idle and listless beneath a too ardent sun; southward past the feverish Niger delta and festering Gold Coast swamps; past the mighty Congo, where it pours its waters to the ocean. Southward, yet a little farther. Eastward now across the dreary sand-dunes of great Namaqualand; northward through Damaraland, with its fierce and treacherous natives; yet farther north, through the fertile country of the Ovampos, rich in grass and grain and millet; past the ancient copper mines of Ondonga, famed for centuries among the tribes. Farther yet, a hundred miles and more, over tall mountains, whose steep sides and broken kloofs, clothed with dense bush and many flowering shrubs, would surely give pause to the most enduring and pertinacious traveller. It is a hard 'trek,' and yet the end of it will amply repay even a year of African toil. Onward still through a grassy terrain, bushy and well timbered, and we find ourselves ascending, and presently emerge upon a mighty tableland of plain, some eighty miles square, and three thousand feet above sea-level. It is the year 1866. The place is in

South Central Africa, situated, if you have a mind to be precise, and will glance at the map of South-west Africa, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Ovampoland.

It is a warm morning—warm, and most still; and yet with the warmth is mingled a 'vigour' (a crisp sparkle in the atmosphere, peculiar to spring-time in the high lands of Southern Africa). Through the calm warm air come occasionally the bark of a wildebeest, the whistling neigh of a zebra, the soft coo of the turtle-dove, the restless cry of some gaudy bird fluttering about the bush. Just upon the extreme southern verge of the mighty plateau is a grassy open glade, girt round about by thick bush. There is a great baobab tree in the centre; and near it rests an object strangely unfamiliar to the surroundings, which, indeed, have never witnessed its like before. There stands a great Cape trek-wagon, and near it are feeding its span of oxen, tended by a native servant.

Near the camp, feeding steadily at the sweet grass, are three horses, all knee-haltered in proper Cape fashion. Beneath the wagon recline half-a-dozen dogs, of various shapes and sizes, ranging from a couple of English foxhounds to a purely unadulterated Kaffir cur. Most of these animals carry seams and scars, evidences of encounter with lion, leopard, and wild-boar, by whom many of their fellows have been slain.

It is a glorious morning. Nature herself seems rejuvenated in these regions. Quantities of flowers spangle the grass, gilding the dark-green bush-veldt. But what is that yellow-tawny mass lying out there in the long grass, just beyond the farthest and now extinct camp-fire? Look closer: it is a dead lion, shot in midnight foray, luckily before it had had time to work mischief among the oxen, which, be sure, were in such a place all securely tied. But having noticed thus much, the eye still wanders in search of the owner of all this hunting-gear. He must be a white man; where is he? The question is soon answered. The wagon-curtain is thrust aside; a handsome, sun-burnt, bearded face appears, and a strong active form, lightly clad in 'pyjamas' and a pair of soft field-shoes, leaps lightly to earth. 'Andries and Inyami, here, take a gun and shove in a cartridge, and come with me to the river. I want you to keep the crocodiles away.—You, Aramap, stay and mind the cattle; I'm going to have a bathe.'

The speaker takes two stout poles from the side of the wagon, and giving one to Inyami, a tall Kaffir, and followed by Andries with the loaded rifle, steps briskly, towel on shoulder, down to the river, sixty yards away. Here there is a clear open space, and a flat piece of rock to dive from.

'How about crocodiles, think you?' says the Englishman.

'Ja, sieur,' replies Andries, a puny, stunted-looking, little Hottentot; 'I think there are some about here; take care.'

'We'll soon frighten them away,' says the master.

The two servants fall to with the poles and splash vigorously. Then the white man strips, and with that absence of splash indicative of a practised swimmer, dives neatly into the deep water. He is in not more than ten seconds, and

emerges safe and refreshed. He is quickly dried and back at the wagon.

Farquhar Murray is a broad-shouldered well-set-up young fellow of five-and-twenty. Standing five feet eleven inches in his shoes, his figure gives you the idea at once of strength and activity. His black-brown hair; handsome brown-gray eyes, whose dark sweeping lashes impart a certain air of tenderness to features otherwise strong and determined; and a short crisp beard and moustache of a rich brown colour, complete the portrait. But there is, further, about the man a certain careless air of well-bred superiority that marks him out a gentleman. Take him all round, Farquhar Murray is an excellent good fellow, cheery, unassuming, brave as the lions he hunts, and determined as a black rhinoceros. Wherever he goes he makes friends, and the wonder is that so popular a man is now to be seen thus solitary and far from civilisation. But the fact is he is so enthusiastic a hunter, and had set his mind so much and so long upon his present trek, and was, when he started, in so desperate a hurry to get under weigh, that he could find at the moment no one to share his wanderings.

Farquhar is the only son of a Scottish officer—Captain James Murray—who, after the Crimean war, sold out, gathered together his small possessions, and emigrated to the Cape. A shrewd business man and a wonderful judge of stock, the Captain, after twelve years in the Eastern Province, found himself, by dint of luck and good judgment, worth fifteen thousand pounds, besides his farm of twenty thousand acres and a quantity of stock. His wife had died soon after Farquhar's birth, some years before the Crimean campaign; and after giving his son a good English education, by sending him for five years to Rugby, he had allowed the lad, at the age of nineteen, to go on an elephant-hunting expedition to the Zambesi. Always from his earliest youth a keen sportsman Farquhar had positively revelled in the life, and from that time became a confirmed interior hunter. With intervals of rest with his father, he had made trip after trip to the Bechuana and Matabele countries; and load after load of ivory, amassed with infinite toil and trek, had he brought into Grahamstown market. But one day in 1864, arriving in Grahamstown after ten months' absence, the young man had learned with real grief of the death of his father. Sorely bereaved—for he had loved the old man dearly—after attending to various matters of business connected with the winding-up of the estate, Farquhar had retired to his farm to rest and think over the future. Besides his will, under which he had left all his property—worth some twenty-one thousand pounds—to his son, the Captain had left behind a letter, in which he begged him, after his own rapidly-approaching death, to visit England and renew acquaintance with his family connections, and, if possible, take to himself a wife before settling down for life. His means and education would enable him to pass at all events with credit among his richer kith and kin.

After a week's reflection, Farquhar made up his mind to start; and leaving the farm in charge of a trusted friend, he went down to Port Elizabeth, and thence sailed for England.

The young colonist, with plenty of ready-money

in his pocket, and, despite his hunter's life, the manners of a well-bred gentleman, received on his arrival a hearty welcome from his father's connections. During a seven months' stay in England and Scotland, he had managed to enjoy life heartily, and in many ways things had been made exceedingly pleasant for him. But amid a round of gaiety in town and country, Farquhar had frequently asked himself whether this was the life he would care to adopt. His inner consciousness had as often told him that it was not. After the great free solitudes of the African wilderness, he seemed cramped and confined in the cities, and almost as much in the narrow fields and pastures of the old country. The game, too, seemed so small, so over-much preserved and protected. And for the people? Well! Many of the men he had met were real good fellows, many of the women very charming. But on the whole he had found society and its pleasures very empty, very unsatisfying, often very irksome. He sighed for the old life—the lonely trek, the noble game, the glorious scenery, the merry Hottentots, the keen little Bushmen spooper, the big Kaffirs, the white wagon-tilt, the long span of sturdy oxen, and the cheery camp-fire.

And so, early in 1866, Farquhar Murray had come back to the Cape, and had made arrangements for a big hunting trip of at least a year's duration. First, he had continued the arrangement with the friend who was farming his land for him; then he had to set about getting another friend to accompany him. In this, after more than a month's waiting, he had failed. His retinue was formed thus: First, an old and tried Hottentot driver and hunter, Andries Veddmann by name; second, a Bushman spooper and after-rider named Aramap. This man had several times accompanied him in previous trips, and was invaluable in the hunting-field; third, Inyami, a tall Kaffir youth, who could act as leader to the oxen, drive on occasion, look after the horses, and do odd work. A fourth servant, a Damara—facetiously christened by the yellow Andries, from his dark skin, 'Witbooi'—was also engaged. This man, recommended by the missionary at Schmelen's Hope, was a strong, active native, and a good hunter; and, moreover, from his knowledge of the country so far as Ondonga, in Ovampoland, was specially useful as a guide. But Witbooi, like many of his race, was of a violent and sullen temper, and for some time all Farquhar's diplomacy had to be exerted to maintain peace among his followers.

At length the trek began; and after undergoing a long trying journey of five months through alternately torrid deserts, broken and difficult mountain country, impenetrable thornveldt, and almost every conceivable hindrance that African natives can place in the way of the traveller, the expedition at length had reached the magnificent plateau on which we find them.

Having finished a hearty breakfast, the Englishman proceeded to light his pipe; and then, arming himself with a binocular glass and some cartridges, and taking up his Snider rifle, he gave directions for the care of the camp. Taking with him Aramap the Bushman, he started for a high 'kopje' that rose from the edge of the plain. A walk of twenty minutes, and a climb

of another twenty, landed the twain on the hill-top. From this eminence a far-reaching view could be obtained. Settling himself on a rock and adjusting his glasses, the white man swept carefully and deliberately every visible square mile of terrain that lay before him. The atmosphere was clear and translucent, and the area of vision proportionately great. Apparently, the search was satisfactory, for, as he shut up his glasses in their case with a smile of pleasure, Farquhar said to the Bushman, speaking in Cape Dutch: 'Aramap, this country swarms with game. I should say there are no native kraals anywhere near, for the veldt looks quite undisturbed. I can see elephants, giraffes, quaggas, and any quantity of blue wilde-beest, elands, and other buck. When we get down below, we'll saddle up and have a hunt.'

The Bushman's Chinese-like face lighted up with keenest pleasure as he replied: 'All right, sieur; I am ready for you.—What will you hunt? Oliphant, kameel [giraffe], or eland?'

'Well, Arumap, as the elephants are most easily scared from the veldt, and as at present we don't know how far this plain runs, I think we'll have a shy at them first.—Do you see yon clump of trees?'—pointing straight to the front.—'I saw several elephants feeding round it, and I think probably there is a bigish troop. We'll get to camp. Take the horses and dogs, and ride with Andries, skirting along by the river in the shelter of the trees and bush. The wind will be right, too, for that side.'

The two men uprose and got quickly back to the wagon. Here the horses were saddled up; and each man took a heavy smooth-bore gun, carrying spherical bullets eight to the pound. Then the dogs were unloosed, and the camp left in charge of Inyami and Witbooi. It took the three riders nearly two hours before reaching the vicinity of the mighty game they sought. In a few minutes, great dusky forms could be seen traversing the half-lighted glades. Instantly the hunters call upon their horses with knee and spur and dash forwards. The elephants, fourteen in number, including four magnificent old bulls, carrying long white tusks, even now show scant sign of fear at the unwonted apparition. When within thirty paces, the hunters pull up short and, each singling a bull, fire. A scene of indescribable uproar follows the two thundering reports. Tramping loudly, the troop plunges headlong into the forest, all but the two stricken bulls. One of these—Farquhar's—half totters at the smashing shock of the heavy bullet, pulls himself together, and then turning sharply round, bolts to the left. He is closely followed; and, after half-a-mile chase, stands again. This time, Farquhar dismounts behind a big tree; and at forty paces another bullet, planted well behind the shoulder, settles his doom: the great creature sways to and fro, and suddenly crashes to earth, and, deeply ploughing up, the soil with his tusks in his descent, lies prone and lifeless.

The main body of the herd being now in full retreat and far distant, a truce is called. All three having reassembled, the master speaks: 'Aramap, do you ride back to the camp, and bring Witbooi and the axes, and get to work at once.—Tell Inyami that I shall probably bring

in an eland in two or three hours' time. I am going to have a cafter across the open veldt yonder, to see what lies in front; and if there are any kraals about. It's strange, but I see no signs of natives at all hereabouts; and yet it is a magnificent country this, and full of game.'

As the Bushman cantered off for the wagon, taking with him the dogs, which were no longer required, the Englishman rode off alone.

That evening, after supper, Farquhar says to his men: 'Well, I suppose after such sport, you feel entitled to a "souppie" of grog, eh?'

The eyes of all four natives gleam, and their teeth glisten with delight, and Andries, as spokesman replies: 'Ja, sieur; we are ready for a four-finger allowance.'

Then pipes are lighted, a draft of 'square-face' (hollands) is served out to each man, and the evening closes with native stories, alternately grotesque and terrible.

The Englishman lies at his own fire, a little apart; but he cannot suppress his smiles as he listens to the chief story-teller, Andries the Hottentot, whose yarns principally run on absurd folklore in which the jackal figures largely. The jackal with the Hottentots, indeed, occupies the same important place as Brer fox amongst the negroes of North America. At nine o'clock Farquhar turns in, leaving his men still yarning and convulsed with laughter.

In the high plateau regions they had attained, next morning rose bright and clear, and the heat came tempered by a sweet fresh breeze. Some time was spent in preparing the camp for an outspan of several days, and it was nine o'clock before Farquhar started away for a stroll. Telling his men that he should take his rifle and explore the country for a mile or two on foot, and see what game was in the neighbourhood, he walked away, keeping still by the river they had so long followed, and which now grew perceptibly smaller.

Having advanced a mile or two into the forest, Farquhar sat down upon a fallen tree and filled his pipe. In front of him was an open space of grass, and beyond it trees again growing thickly. Just for an instant, as he stooped to pick up the tinder-box he had dropped, his eyes fell upon the ground. When he looked up again they lighted upon an apparition so unforeseen, so striking, so utterly unlooked for, that he started to his feet. The thing he saw was this: twenty yards away from him on the right of the glade, just emerging from the shelter of the trees, and, like himself, riveted with amazement, there stood a white girl, very fair to behold, as Farquhar's eyes instantly informed him, armed with bow and arrow, and singularly clad. Now, Farquhar Murray was a polite man, and although it may seem a strange and funny thing to do in a remote forest in the heart of Africa, he advanced and took off his bread-brimmed hat with as grave an air as if he were accosting a fashionable lady in Hyde Park. The girl, however, quite guiltless of the stereotyped smile and nod of fashion, frankly advanced to meet the white man, and as she advanced, her red lips opened, and said in good Cape Dutch: 'Allemaagtig! Mynheer, wherever have you come from?' The Boer language and the familiar exclamation 'Allemaagtig!' striking upon his ear in a silvery tone, added yet

more to the Englishman's astonishment. As the girl spoke Dutch, he could not civilly accost her in English, so Farquhar replied: 'Good-morning, miss. How do you come to be in these parts? Are your friends elephant-hunting so far up-country?' For the only possible solution of the beautiful problem before him was, that this girl belonged to some Transvaal hunters who had penetrated far beyond their usual veldt.

'No, Mynheer; my home is not far from here, and I came out on my pony Springhaan this morning to shoot a Bush buck; and leaving him behind a little way, came through the wood alone.—But who are you, and whence do you come?'

'I am an Englishman,' said Farquhar, 'or rather a Scotchman, and I have come up from the Cape Colony hunting.'

'But you are surely not one of those English I have read of in my history-book, those men who fought so with us, and used our Van Tromp so ill? And you have really come from that wonderful Cape-land? I have so often heard my father and great-uncle Carel speak of it; and the great town at Table Bay, where hundreds of men live together, and the big ships come in from the sea. Is it, all true, and have you seen these wonderful sights?'—Then, clapping her hands: 'But oh! this is too beautiful, too wonderful. You must come and see my father at once. My pony is close at hand; come!' She ran lightly as a fawn into the forest thirty yards away, where her pony stood with his reins thrown over his head in front of him, just in the old Cape-hunting way that Farquhar knew so well. Then she advanced again with Springhaan, a shapely little roan, to her new-found friend. The pony stared very hard at the new face; he couldn't quite make it all out.

Farquhar spoke again: 'I think, if you don't mind, and will ride with me a mile or so back to my camp, I will get my horse, and then go with you.'

'Nay! Of course I will come,' returned the girl. 'It will be delicious to see your camp. Have you a wagon like great-great-grandfather Hendrik's old wagon, which we still have, though it is too old and rotten now to use?—But, Mynheer, do you know, I have never given you all this while a kiss. I always kiss Cousin Dirk and Cousin Hendrik and Piet and the rest of them, when they have been away for a long hunt or at war; and I am sure I ought to have kissed you too.' The girl lifted her soft brown cheeks and her red lips up to Farquhar, put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him on each side of the face. He bore it well and gravely; but he was puzzled, and she saw it.

'Won't you kiss me too?' she said.

'Of course I will,' said Farquhar, smiling. His head went down under the girl's sun-bonnet; he felt the soft strands of the straying hair gently brush his face, and kissed the smooth fair cheeks with a curious and yet an intensely pleasurable sensation in his heart. It was the oddest experience the young man had ever had.

This matter over, the girl lightly sprang into her saddle, and at once proceeded with him towards his camp. While this scene was enacting, a black-and-white raven had sat grimly

watching from a tree above. It is quite certain he had never before seen an Englishman and a young Dutch maiden kiss in this part of Africa, and he straightway flew off croaking harshly, to tell his friends and the world generally what awful goings-on there now were in these once decorous regions.

(To be continued.)

PIPE GOSSIP.

It is a curious fact that the use of narcotics should prevail all over the world. Amongst those largely used, tobacco is a prime favourite, and is mostly indulged in through the medium of smoking. Since the days of Raleigh, pipe manufacturers have greatly improved on the curious smoking apparatus still preserved as a relic of Sir Walter. The discovery of some small pipes in the mortar of one of our ancient abbeys seems to indicate that the practice of smoking some native herb was customary prior to the introduction of tobacco from America.

Some of the first pipes used in Elizabeth's time consisted of walnut shells furnished with stems of strong straw. Pipes of iron, silver, clay, and wood, succeeded—till we come to the meerschaum. The white earthen porous pipe ranks first, as the best absorber of nicotine, just as the metallic pipe comes last for opposite reasons. The meerschaum immediately follows the clay pipe, but, when fully seasoned, it is no better than a wooden pipe.

A shoemaker in Hungary, who was ingenious in carving, has the honour of having carved the first pipe from a piece of meerschaum which had been presented to him as a curiosity. Its porous nature struck the shoemaker as being well adapted for absorbing nicotine. That first meerschaum has been preserved in the Museum of Pesth. The ingenious carver found that the shoemaker's wax which in the course of his trade accidentally adhered to the bowl, on being rubbed off, brought out a clear brown polish. He therefore waxed the whole surface, polished the pipe, smoked it, and admired the coloured result. Pipes of this description were at first confined to the richest European noblemen until 1830, when they came more generally into use.

Ruhla, a mountain village in Thuringia, is the centre of the pipe manufacture of Germany, where they turn out over half a million real meerschaums yearly, besides thousands of other pipes of infinite variety, made of wood, lava, clay, porcelain, and vast numbers of imitation meerschaums. The discovery of the art of making false meerschaums from the dust left after carving and boring the real article was a secret for some time. But pipes of this description do not colour so well, for the porous character of the native meerschaum is partly lost in the process. There are five qualities of meerschaum used in making pipes. The best is known by its facile absorption of the nicotine, which gradually develops into a rich brown blush upon the surface. The absorption of the essential oils of tobacco purifies the smoke, and the harmful qualities of tobacco decrease as its flavour improves.

To touch on the subject of pipe-colouring, smokers may be reminded that as so many meerschaums are not genuine, they may often offer up their income to the goddess Nicotina in vain. As

a rule, a new bowl should not be smoked to the bottom, nor, when it is warm, touched by the hand, nor yet the colouring produced too rapidly. It is said that two clever French chemists have invented a royal road to the colouring of a meerschäum. By the application of ether and alcohol, combined with an essence, such as that of rose, in which ten per cent. of camphor and the same proportion of borate of soda are dissolved, they have succeeded in endowing cigar-holders and pipe-bowls with the property of rapidly assuming that yellowish-brown tint of maturity so dear to the lovers of the weed.

For mouthpieces the Turks were the first to adopt amber. As all pipe-fanciers know, the clear amber is the least valuable, and the clouded the greatest favourite, the best of all being that of the opaque yellow colour. This material was used by the Turks for mouthpieces in the belief that it would convey no infectious disease. This belief could hardly have been shared by the American humorist, when he discovered the 'taste of generations' on the mouthpiece of the Eastern pipe, which is one of the attendant luxuries of the hot bath.

The pipes of a Turkish dignitary are magnificent according to the rank of his visitors. A pasha possessed a collection of pipes said to be worth thirty thousand pounds sterling, many of them being ornamented with diamonds. Some Eastern pipes have tassels of diamonds depending from them, besides rings of the same precious stones round the amber mouthpieces. The pipe which the Shah of Persia smokes in public is encrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds of great value.

Lord Byron in his Eastern travels became a great pipe-fancier; and Disraeli when in Cairo proved himself an accomplished smoker. He possessed a great variety of pipes, from hookahs to dhudeens. He christened some of his pipes in a magniloquent fashion. One he called Bosphorus, and another Sultan. The stems of some of them were many feet long, made of wood covered with fluted silk. It is considered the cherry-tree and jasmine make the best pipe stems; the longer and straighter the stem the greater is the value. The bowls of such pipes are usually of red clay, and ornamented.

The narghilé is said to be a favourite with Syrian ladies, who inhale the smoke through a globular glass vessel filled with scented water. In Egypt, too, these kind of pipes are more in fashion than the chibouque. Splendid pipes with their attendant ceremonies of filling, cleaning, and presenting by special servants, form one of the most ostentatious of oriental extravagance.

The influence of European habits is, we believe, causing the hookah, with all its pomp and display, to disappear in India. The pipes used in Morocco are very fanciful and profusely decorated. The Celestials' pipes have long delicate tubes with tiny bowls. Opium is smoked from pipes having a sort of bowl in the centre, instead of at the end of the stem. A slender bamboo, with a hole bored near the closed end of a joint, forms a handy smoking arrangement for a Chinaman of the poor classes; but his richer neighbours use a handsome little water-pipe made of brass or silver. The bowl is filled with a little pinch of tobacco which only provides one or two

whiffs, so, of course, this pipe has to be refilled again and again. This is scarcely the sort of smoke that could be indulged in during work.

Nor is the German pipe much better in this respect, for its long gaudily-pictured china bowl requires to be supported by the hand like a long clay. As these large bowls hold many ounces of tobacco, they suggested an idea to a coffee-house keeper of Vienna, of attracting customers. He had a china pipe bowl suspended over a large circular table, of such gigantic dimensions as to be capable of containing a pound of tobacco, and supplied with a sufficient number of tubes to accommodate thirty persons at one time. The novelty is said to have succeeded, and the coffee-house was constantly crowded.

In spite of all rivals, clay pipes have held their own. They have been manufactured in great numbers by the Dutch, who were very jealous of rivalry. They once took a curious method to ruin a manufactory of pipes which had been set up in Flanders. As the high duty rendered a large importation too expensive, they loaded a large ship with pipes, and purposely wrecked her near Ostend. The pipes were landed from the wreck, in accordance with the maritime laws of that city, and sold at such low prices as defied competition; consequently, the new manufactory was ruined.

Some Swiss pipes are formed of many pieces, ornamented with carvings, and the bowls protected from rough weather with metal caps.

To turn to a consideration of the pipes of less civilised races, the famous calumet, with its feather and quill ornamentation, first claims our attention. This, as Catlin tells us, was a sacred pipe, differing in appearance and uses from all others. It is public property; and always kept in the possession of the chief, and only used on particular occasions. In the centre of the circle of warriors the Pipe of Peace rests on two little notches, charged with tobacco, when each chief and warrior draws in turn one whiff of smoke through the sacred stem, which is the equivalent to the signing of a treaty.

In the country of the Sioux is the pipe stone quarry from which the Indians take their pipe bowls, under the belief that they themselves were made from this red stone, and it must be used for no other purpose. The Redskin also smokes through his tomahawk handle, and his dusky African brother takes a whiff through pipes of iron. The rough pipes of the Zulus are often lined with this material. The Kafir is a great lover of the weed, and will improvise a pipe out of almost anything.

It is curious to mark the repeated attempts there have been to invent a pipe that will keep tobacco juice out of the smoker's mouth. Numerous have been the patents all claiming to have attained this end, but all seem more or less failures. They are too numerous to describe, but are usually rather complicated contrivances that come to pieces; but none succeed in superseding the simple old-fashioned pipe.

Thus we see that all over the world from pipes of every description, to say nothing of cigars and cigarettes, do lovers of tobacco offer up—like Byron's sailor—to Æolus a constant sacrifice. We Britons are partial to the briar and clay. Carlyle, Kingsley, and Tennyson preferred the

'churchwarden.' The German likes his huge china bowl, the Celestial his minute one; the Hindu his hubble-bubble, and the Turk his hookah.

'Alas,' said Hood, 'that our language has no sound that can adequately represent the lulling, bubbling voice of a hookah. Perchance in some more soft tongue, in the liquid language of some fair isle far away in the Pacific, that low cooing utterance may be the most beautiful and endearing utterance possible, the very perfection of love whispers. Sad that English can only represent it by *Purra wurra*—pobble bobble—bob— Ah! me, my pipe is out—type of Life—vapour, smoke. We have come to the bottom of the bowl—ashes to ashes.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE annual meeting of the British Association is an event which all scientifically-inclined persons look forward to with expectation and interest, for this meeting invariably brings forward new facts, and leaves the world somewhat richer in knowledge than it was before. The papers read before the meeting serve the purpose of an annual summary of what has been done by many active brains in different fields of work, and there are very few who cannot find among them something which will interest them. Among the papers read must be specially noticed that on 'Mimicry,' by Mr Poulton, and that on 'Quartz Fibres,' by Professor Boys. It would be quite impossible, in the space at our command, to give a fair account of these interesting discourses, and we must refer our readers to the papers themselves.

Among the minor reports and papers read, there are also several which at once claim attention, for they give trustworthy information about inventions and discoveries of current interest. As an example, we may point to Professor Lupton's paper on the 'Pneumatic distribution of Power'—which may be otherwise described as the distribution and utilisation of compressed air. The professor had the advantage of being able to speak from the experience gained at Birmingham, where the system has been in use for some little time, and it clearly has a wide future before it. He told his hearers that the power was applicable to the heavy work of a mill-course, or ironworks, and the light work of the tailor, shoemaker, printer, hairdresser, &c.—that it would drive electric lighting machinery, and had hosts of other applications. In Birmingham the compressed air is distributed by pipes from a central station into the houses of the consumers, who pay by meter record, as in the case of gas-supply. The engines belonging to the consumers, which are worked in this way, that is, by air instead of steam, vary in size from one-half horse-power to fifty horse-power. Friction through travelling by pipes, is practically nil, although some of the customers are at a distance of nearly two miles from the compressing station, and the indicated horse-power at some of the houses thus served is as much as seventy-three per cent. of the indicated horse-power at that station. Among the contemplated applications of this compressed-air system is the working of tram lines.

'The Effect of Electric Currents on the Human Body,' was the title of another paper read before the Association, which is of peculiar interest, on account of the many cases of sudden death by accidental contact with 'live' wires which have occurred, especially in America, and the terrible details reported of the recent execution by electricity in New York. The authors of this paper endeavour to show that the human body can with impunity, and without discomfort, bear a current of certain strength if it flow—like the current from a battery—in one direction. But if the current be an alternating one, and change its direction many times in a second, although it may be of the same strength, the subject becomes fixed by violent muscular contraction, and suffers great pain. Thus the danger from alternating currents is immensely greater than from continuous currents of equal strength.

Mr Thomson's discourse on the unburned gases which escape from gas-stoves and other burners, was the paper of greatest domestic interest. His experiments showed that most contrivances for using gas are extremely wasteful in only securing partial combustion, and as is often the case, the after discussion elicited much valuable information not contained in the paper itself. The President showed by the account of an accident which nearly proved fatal to himself—how a minute quantity of carbonic oxide in the atmosphere of a room was dangerous to human life. Dr Jacob also showed that the amount of combustion which took place in an ordinary gas flame, greatly depended upon the pressure at which the gas was supplied. On the authority of one of the largest manufacturers of burners, he stated that, 'generally speaking, people who paid ten pound gas bills only got five pounds-worth of light.' He advocated the appointment of a Committee of the Association to deal with the entire question.

Perhaps the palm for originality of subject should be awarded to Mr Green's paper on 'A new Method of Photographic Dyeing and Printing.' This new method involves the employment of a substance called 'Primuline,' which like many another dye is obtained from coal-tar. It has found very extensive employment in cotton dyeing, and the colours produced from it within the fibre are called 'ingrain colours.' This substance is found to be extremely sensitive to light—as sensitive, it is believed, as the chloride of silver, with which ordinary photographic printing on albumenised paper is brought about. The impressions are permanent, and can be varied in colour by after development with different agents. The ultimate value of this discovery remains to be proved; but it is expected that the new method of printing will be much used by architects and engineers for the reproduction of drawings and plans, and that it will perhaps supersede the ferro-prussiate, or blue process, at present employed for those purposes.

There is a widespread belief that the presence of growing plants and cut flowers in rooms is in some way prejudicial to those who sleep therein. This belief is probably due to the fact, learned at school, that plants give off at night carbonic acid, and the knowledge that this gas is irrespirable. A writer in *Amateur Gardening* has recently published the results of some experi-

ments made in a closed greenhouse, showing how fanciful are these fears. In this greenhouse there were six thousand growing plants, and the average of three experiments made early on three different mornings after the place had been closed for more than twelve hours, exhibited only 4.03 parts of carbonic acid per 10,000. We can judge by this experiment that from one or two plants the quantity of gas given off must be far too small for recognition, and certainly many hundred times less than that formed by a burning taper, or given off by one pair of lungs.

The art of pastel-painting—working in coloured crayons—which has been recently revived in this country, seems to have taken firm root. Exhibitions of works produced by this beautiful form of art continue to increase, and many artists are directing their attention to it. It is certainly capable of rendering with great fidelity effects of atmosphere which are difficult of attainment in either water or oil colours, and it has the merit of permanency, if ordinary care be taken in the selection of the colours employed.

A curious revolution in railway management has recently taken place in Hungary, where the railways are under government control. These railways, until recently, were not patronised as they should have been; and instead of each member of the population making fifteen journeys a year, as is the case in Britain, the Hungarians only made one. The authorities thereupon determined to inaugurate a new system by which the people should be tempted to become more constant travellers, and this they brought about by an entire revision of the passenger fares. For this purpose the country is divided into zones, having Buda-Pesth for their centre, each zone, up to the thirteenth, varying between nine and fifteen miles in breadth. The fourteenth zone includes all the rest of the country. The scale of fares is tenpence, eightpence, and fivepence per zone for the three classes respectively, so that a fare from one place to another is easily calculated when it is known how many zones must be crossed in the journey. But the most remarkable feature of the system is in the case of long distances beyond the thirteenth zone. Thus, the fourteenth zone begins at a place one hundred and forty-one miles from Buda-Pesth, and the fare to that point is precisely the same as that chargeable for going more than three hundred miles farther to the country's boundary line. This change of system has given satisfaction all round, and has at once caused an immense rise in the receipts from passengers.

Although the great metropolis called London has had many detractors, who are never tired of telling of its smoke, its fogs, and its consequent dirt, no one with an artist's eye can fail to have remarked its many beauties. Many of its streets, although narrow, are most picturesque; and its river views, especially when bathed in the glow of evening sunshine, are remarkably beautiful. Among the most noble aspects in the city is that of St Paul's Cathedral as seen from Fleet Street; but like other views this has been marred of late years by a railway bridge, and by telegraph wires which cross and recross the road at every angle. It has been remarked too, more recently, that a custom is springing up of erecting on the tops of the houses huge aerial advertisements.

One of these recently appeared close by the dome of the Cathedral, but we are glad to record that its owner listened to the many expostulations which the hideous thing evoked, and has had the good sense to remove it. It is quite clear that if these aerial signs once become common, a law will have to be passed to deal with the question. Citizens have no right to advertise their wares at the expense of the appearance of the streets where their business premises are situated.

It is a matter of common knowledge that milk is quickly soured when thunder is about, but hitherto no satisfactory reason has been given why this should be the case. An Italian scientist has been experimenting with an electric machine in order to see whether the change could not be induced artificially, when he found to his surprise that when an electric current was passed directly through the liquid, it actually delayed acidulation for several days. He found, however, on the other hand, that if the terminals from a Holtz machine were discharged above the surface of the milk, it soon became sour, and that if the discharge was a silent one, the souring became still sooner evident. From this observation he surmised that the action is due to the ozone generated by the discharge, which is always more copious in quantity when the discharge is silent. It is possible that the unlooked-for effect of a direct current acting as a preservative may be a useful hint to milk dealers.

Dr Wilder has made an interesting note relative to prairie dogs. They seem to lack any sense of height or distance, owing it is thought to the nature of their ordinary surroundings—a flat level plain, destitute of pitfalls of any kind. Several dogs experimented with, walked over the edges of tables, chairs, and other pieces of furniture, and seemed to be greatly surprised when their adventure ended in a fall to the ground. One dog fell from a window-sill twenty feet above a granite pavement, but happily soon recovered from the effects of its tumble.

There has lately been a dearth of camphor among the Chinese, who were wont to obtain it from the island of Formosa. The Chinese settlers there have exhausted the trees growing round about their own districts, and have done their best to kill the goose that has laid the golden eggs, by neglecting to plant fresh trees as the old ones failed. So that they have been obliged to go farther and farther into the interior of the island in search of the aromatic gum; and this has brought them into constant conflict with the aborigines. The camphor trade has been a government monopoly, but the scarcity of trees has reduced the amount gathered to about one-quarter of its former amount.

A curious observation made by Dr Tere, an Austrian physician, formed the subject of a paper read some time ago at a meeting of the French Entomological Society. He asserts that a person stung by bees is for a time exempt from the effects of further stinging, and is protected in the same sense that vaccination gives immunity with regard to smallpox. This protection lasts for six months, or less, according to the number of stings received. He also records that persons suffering from acute rheumatism require a large number of bee-stings before they feel much inconvenience from the poison received, but that

after that they are not only inoculated for six months against the effects of further bee-stings, but will also remain free for that period from rheumatic attacks! We fancy that if victims to this painful malady can purchase immunity from its pains at the expense of a few bee-stings, they will be very glad to do so.

A report is published by authority of the French colonial office on the cultivation of the castor-oil plant in Senegal. More than two years ago the governor of the French colony there had his attention drawn to the advantages which would accrue from the cultivation of this plant, which is indigenous there; and by direction of the government, seeds were distributed, and experimental cultivation commenced. Contrary to the expectations of many, who prophesied that the extreme dryness of the climate would be prejudicial to the enterprise, the cultivation has been a very great success, and planters in various parts of Senegal are anxious to take part in it. It may not be generally known that castor-oil has many applications other than its use in medicine. It is one of the best lubricants for machinery. It is used in dyeing, in soap-making, in the manufacture of printing-ink. The Chinese, after boiling the oil with alum and sugar to remove its bitter taste, actually use it as a food. It also enters into the food of others, but possibly without their consent, for it is used in some countries as an addition to exported butter, and is also one of the ingredients in some descriptions of cheese!

The attention of our military authorities is still directed towards the use of balloons in warfare; and they are constantly in experimental employment at the camp at Lydd, near Dover. It is found that a captive balloon is a very difficult thing to hit with a projectile until its height and range are known. The balloons constructed by the War Department are of special manufacture, the details of which are kept secret.

In a paper recently read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Orton, of Ohio, states that there is not the slightest doubt that the supply of natural gas in the Indiana and Ohio fields is being gradually exhausted, and will altogether fail in a few years, unless the legislature steps in to prevent the wanton waste which now goes on. The gas, he says, is stored in the rocks, and is not now being generated, so that the supply is not renewed. The pressure in the wells is constantly diminishing, and the decrease in the supply already amounts to thirty or forty per cent.

The old conjuring trick, known as the inexhaustible bottle, in which several glasses of different kinds of liquids are poured from one bottle, is called to mind by a domestic invention which has recently been patented by Mr W. Smith, of Ayr. This is a tea and coffee pot which, at the will of the holder, will yield either of those beverages. The pot is divided by a central partition with two compartments, one holding tea and the other coffee, and the lower part of the spout is provided inside with a valve, the opening of which can be turned towards the tea compartment or the coffee compartment by means of a knob which projects above the handle outside the apparatus.

According to the *Colliery Guardian*, a new mining industry is about to be established in the Charleroi district of Belgium, where there are rich deposits of lignite. It is the intention to work up this material into briquettes, like the block fuel made from coal dust which is now such a common article of commerce. The upper seams of lignite are found at about five feet from the surface, so that the expense of mining will be little; but the more important seams, which sometimes reach twenty feet in thickness, are at a much lower level.

Jarrah wood forms the subject of an interesting article in the *Kew Bulletin*. This wood, a native of Western Australia and a species of *Eucalyptus*, has several valuable properties which fit it for special uses; but it is so hard that it cannot be easily worked with ordinary tools. Were it not for the fact that ships are now mostly built of steel, Jarrah wood would form a valuable material for their construction, for vessels built of it have, after twenty-five years' service, been found as sound as when launched, although they have not been sheathed with copper. The Kew authorities have been in communication with some of the London vestries, and as a result Jarrah wood is being tried in the London streets for paving purposes.

OUR LILY'S FORGETFULNESS.

'Our Lily's gown, sir; and I've got a new maid with a excellent character, which I do 'ope, sir, she will give more satisfaction.' Thus Mrs Waggit, my landlady, when she brought up my breakfast this morning.

The dismissal of 'our Lily' has inspired a train of thought which owes its source to that maid-of-much-work's peculiarities. Until I was privileged to enjoy her ministrations, I never knew how much and how quickly a human being could forget. When Lily gave her mind to it, as she generally did, the feats of forgetfulness she achieved were nothing short of phenomenal, and yet she was as modest about them as if any other Irish servant-girl could have done the same. When I expressed astonishment at her performances, she would stand and listen open-mouthed, with an air of unassuming vacancy that was quite piquant. I am really almost sorry she has gone.

The things that girl used to leave undone! One morning she would call me and forget the hot water; next morning she would put the jug down on the mat and forget to call me; on the third she would remember both these details, but forget the breakfast; and on her best days she would also omit to light the fire and 'do' my sitting-room. Usually she would clean one boot and bring its fellow up dirty; and I never knew her clean both sides of the table-knives by any accident. Twice a week, on the average, she 'disremembered' my dinner. There was simply no knowing where Lily was going to leave you next. It was useless to remind her of a thing; the discharge of her duties depended on the action of a defective mental main-spring, the working of which no extraneous aid could improve.

According to Mrs Waggit, too, she accomplished deeds of neglect down-stairs even more amazing;

and these—added to a regrettable disregard for personal cleanliness with which we have nothing to do—worked our Lily's undoing. I had suffered long; but Mrs Waggit was able to endure with patience discomforts not her own, and until Lily began to work havoc in the sacred precincts of the kitchen, she was allowed to pursue the uneven tenor of her way comparatively free. But when she had forgotten to light the fire down there once or twice; and had omitted to fill the best kettle before putting it on to boil, whereby dire disaster overtook that kettle; and had neglected to 'take in the wash' one night, whereby Mrs Waggit lost three pair of stockings—Mrs Waggit could not stand it any longer and our Lily had to go.

And now that she has left us—forgetting, by the way, to refund the sum of one shilling I requested her to invest in postage stamps—I am tempted to inquire, What compensating advantages do persons like Lily derive from possession of the talent which has cost that young woman her place? There must be some. Nature is too kind a mother to endow any child of hers with a quality wholly afflictive, and methinks Forgetfulness carries its own shield.

Business-like people will shake their heads and say that the gift of forgetting is an unqualified misfortune inimical to success in life. From one point of view they may be right. If success in life mean success in business, and consequent accumulation of wealth, I won't dispute it. But wealth does not absolutely ensure happiness, which, I take it, is the chief object to be attained in this struggling world.

Take Lily's case, for instance. I don't think she could have been very happy here; Mrs Waggit has vituperative gifts of ten London-laudably power; and the other lodgers, who did not see in Lily the interesting psychological study I did, poured out the overflowing vials of their wrath with relentless liberality. She was always in some scrape or other, and more than once Mrs Waggit docked her wages for domestic crimes. She lived in a state of chronic woe and melancholy anticipation. No; I am sure she couldn't have enjoyed it. She went away last night, and took the train to her own home, somewhere in the country: that was twenty-four hours ago. Now, if I have rightly gauged this handmaiden's character, the excitement and bustle attendant on a railway journey have acted upon her elementary memory just as a wet sponge does on a slate. If her present surroundings are comfortable, her enjoyment of them is unmarred by thoughts of her troubles here. Her mind is blank regarding the details of her term of service with Mrs Waggit. Clean wiped out are all the scoldings and abuse; gone, as though fines were not, is the fact that those stockings and that kettle have cost her seventeen and sixpence. Forgotten, too, is her indebtedness to me, for I will stake any reasonable sum that she will spend that shilling without a prick of conscience, honestly believing it to be her own.

This being so, don't tell me that Forgetfulness has nothing to recommend it. No one who knew our Lily would be rash enough to suppose that her dismissal for 'outrijus carelisseniss' (I quote Mrs Waggit) will be a warning to her; if it were remotely possible, her present condition of un-

scolded bliss would certainly be regrettable for her own sake. But since I know very well that her sad experiences can teach her nothing, common charity bids me rejoice that they should now be as though they had never been. I do not want this talent of Forgetfulness in such completeness for myself; that, to say the least of it, would be inconvenient; but I wish I could command oblivion as a dog commands sleep. I should be so much happier in every-day life. There's that bill I owe my tailor, for instance; if it were the result of foolish extravagance, I shouldn't mention it here; but it isn't; it was absolutely necessary that I should get that new suit, for I could not have lived through the winter without it. I can't pay the bill when it comes in, small as it is. I hate nothing so much as being in debt, and the thought of owing money hangs over me every hour of the day and haunts my dreams at night. When it does come in, I shall stick it up on the mantel-piece, so as to get used to the sight of it, and it will make my life a burden to me; I know it will. The tailor will be unhappy about it, too, I daresay; but I don't sympathise much with him, because I suspect he is used to waiting; besides, he knows quite well that I shall pay him some day, so he will send it in cheerfully once a quarter without failing to charge interest. Oh, I don't mind *his* feelings a bit. It's my own that worry me. If I had Lily's talent for forgetting, now, I should put that account away as soon as I get it, and never think of it again until one of those high spring-tides, so rare in my stream of literary effort, occurs. Then I should recollect it: 'Why, bless my heart! there's So-and-so's bill. I'll walk up to New Burlington Street and pay it this morning.' And then I should go out with the bill in one pocket and the cash in another, able to hold up my head like an honest man. I should stride past the crossing-sweepers, and chuck them the pennies I can't afford now, without thinking that every man of them says to himself as I pass: 'Yah! there goes a feller who can't pay his tailor,' as they seem to do at present. Yes, I should like to forget at will.

And worse than that are the hundred-and-one—I don't know why one should speak of an indefinite quantity with such misleading pretence of exactness; but it's customary—the hundred-and-one applications I have made for employment in the last few years. All unsuccessful. I can tell them all off on my fingers—going over both hands several times—without missing out one, I remember the details of each so well. Why must I be able to do this? Each one gives me a pang when I think of it, and in the magnitude of their collective strength they only dishearten me when I make another bid. How much better and pleasanter it would be could I 'sink them in Lethe's tide,' and begin afresh. Why, when I 'venture to tender the offer of my services in answer to your advertisement,' should all those previous 'tenders' roll up in a crushing heap to remind me that in all fatal likelihood this one will only add another atom to its size, like a snowball? It does me no good, nor anybody else. The memory of these innumerable failures only makes me bitter and cynical, as you see, and I used to be rather a nice fellow, I believe.

And surely it were better that we should forget

misfortunes for which ourselves may have been to blame, but from which our stubborn human nature will learn no lesson. For how many of us profit by our mistakes? I have made blunders enough, yet I make new ones every day. I look back and see them dotting the track behind me, tossing and glinting upon the waters, that will not, cannot swallow them up; and something whispers: 'Their buoyancy is given them that they may guide.' I wish they could; but since they cannot, I would that they might sink beyond my sight.

A CHINESE ALLIGATOR.

THE Zoological Gardens recently acquired two specimens of an Alligator from the Yang-tse-Kiang, which are the first living specimens that have ever reached this country. Most people know that alligators are characteristically American animals; indeed, the very name alligator, which is a corruption of the Spanish word signifying 'a lizard,' suggests their natural habitat. It was only in the year 1879 that the existence of an alligator in China was definitely made known. Western zoologists were in this matter far behind their Chinese brethren, for some of the earliest native works contained records of the presence of these animals; and there are even illustrations which, although decidedly imaginative in detail, portray with considerable accuracy an animal evidently of the crocodile kind. It is variously termed 'a dragon,' a 'fish,' and even a 'tortoise,' and is credited with some remarkable peculiarities. One of these peculiarities will, it is to be hoped, turn out to have been correctly noticed. The *N'go* or *To* is said to reach an extremely green old age, and it has furnished an expression in common use comparable to 'Methuselah,' with us. The Zoological Society so often expends considerable sums of money upon an animal which dies as soon as it has arrived, that the chance of a rarity surviving for a moderately long period in captivity is gratifying. The longevity of this reptile, however, is due, according to the Chinese authorities, to its capacity for existing when deprived of its head and other organs which we are inclined to regard as essential, so that we must not indulge in too sanguine expectations.

The chief use of the *N'go* among the Chinese, not only in olden times, but to-day, is in medicine. But, as you must first catch your alligator before converting him into drugs, elaborate methods of chase are given in some of these old books. A work entitled the 'Pen Tsao,' ignoring the question of how to catch the alligator, suggests a quaint recipe for killing it: 'Pour boiling water down its throat; after a certain time it will die; then you can peel off the skin.' The Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, wrote about these alligators; but his information was apparently set down from hearsay only. He, too, recommends the use of the body in medicine; the gall, he says, is an excellent remedy for the bite of a mad dog. But its use is not confined to this disease, for there is hardly a complaint to which Chinese flesh is heir that it will not cure. This reminds us of certain pills and draughts whose names will occur to every one, which are said to perform a like

function in the nineteenth century. Not only is this alligator useful when dead, but it has its uses when alive: its bellowing foretells rain; and perhaps there is some truth in that statement.

Another old traveller, Martini, relates a curious use to which these reptiles were put. In a certain part of China was a lake in which were kept herds of alligators. When his crime could not be definitely brought home to a supposed criminal, the unfortunate individual was thrown into the lake, in order that the reptiles might decide his guilt or innocence. If innocent, he was let alone; but if guilty, devoured. This test savours somewhat of the ordeal by water for witchcraft; in both cases the results must have been somewhat uniform.

It is surprising that the discovery of a true alligator in China was made so recently, considering the laborious researches into the natural history of that country carried out by the late Consul Swinhoe and by Père David and his associates. But it is not really so surprising as might at first appear that the reptile occurs there. Alligators and crocodiles have great powers of swimming, and can exist for a long period without food. Within the last few days, a crocodile, which must have swum for some hundreds of miles, was recorded as having been seen at the Cocos Islands.

A somewhat longer swim would land an adventurous alligator at the mouth of the Yang-tse river within a reasonably short period after leaving his ancestral home in America. But there is no need to postulate even this feat of endurance, for there is a natural bridge, now incomplete, which once must have connected the American and Asiatic continents. By this route, in earlier times, when the climate was warmer, alligators may have migrated and permanently settled in North China, where they are now met with, though nowhere else in the Old World.

T H U L E.

BELOVED Thule, I am thine!

Thy home is on the northern deep,
Embosomed there, thou art so fair,

The summer day is robbed of sleep,
And love-lorn night, a lonely star,
Can but behold thee from afar.

Can but behold thee from afar,
And whisper: 'Heart, oh heart, be still,'

For jealous day will not away,
But lingers on from hill to hill,
And oh, the light on land and sea,
A dream, a deathless memory.

A dream, a deathless memory,
That gathers glory more and more,
Where headlands rise to cloudless skies,
With ceaseless song of sea and shore;
Beloved Thule, I am thine!
And thou, first love, and last, art mine.

L. J. NICOLSON.

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ROUND ABOUT THE BAHAMAS.

WHILST London fashionables crowd one gaiety on another through the winter season, dwellers in remote and quiet colonies have to make amusement for themselves of equally pleasant if less exciting kind; and the winter is also our 'season' in the Bahamas. On pleasure bent, we—that is, three ladies, two children and nurse—proposed to ourselves a trip to Harbour Island, one of the nearest and prettiest of the 'out islands,' such being the lofty way in which New Providence talks of its neighbours, although, as a rule, larger and more fertile than itself. But then Nassau is our metropolis. The sea was our highway, a schooner our train. We think no more of stepping on board a ship than do our English sisters of getting into the Metropolitan Railway. Monday was mail-day. Once a fortnight in winter, once a month in summer, each of the larger islands sends a mail schooner to convey their letters to the Post-office at Nassau, announcing their arrival and marking their destination by firing a gun. On Tuesday they disperse again for their various bourns, carrying with them the English mail, and usually stores of all sorts for island use. Our letters secured, we boarded the *Dart* of Harbour Island, a clean, trim, little vessel of thirty-five tons; the swiftest, steadiest little ship in the service, manned almost entirely by a white crew of kindly, steady, church-goers. Long may she run!

The sea was not altogether amiable. It had worked itself up into a sudden gale on Sunday; the glass had sunk to sixty degrees, and had not yet recovered itself; moreover, the Bishop's yacht had stolen a march on us, and it always carries bad weather. These were all factors against us. Still, at 4 P.M. we started, up the harbour, a significant fact; as, in smooth weather, boats generally prefer to cross the bar and catch the full breeze of the ocean. At five o'clock, coffee—without milk—and excellent bread and butter were served to us. We needed all our wraps as we sat long on deck watching the brilliant

stars. The Great Bear in these latitudes stands on its tail, like a huge mark of interrogation. Our interest in astronomy was great; in vain the captain suggested the cabin might be warmer. Who that has once slept in the cabin of an island schooner is ever in haste to repeat the experience! Nevertheless, at nine o'clock we withdrew. Over the miseries of night we draw a veil; yet, in justice to the *Dart*, be it said her berths are large, clean, and as comfortable as can be expected.

The sea is a good school for early rising. We were on deck betimes; the breakfast of fried ham, coffee, and bread and butter, was excellent for the happy ones who could eat. In a few hours we were off Spanish Wells, a pretty little settlement, where we lay-to, to land the mails, and where, alas, we also ran aground on a sand-bank in the white water (that is, shallow sea). Here we were hailed by a New Yorker, who having passed the former winter in Norway, conceived the idea of spending the present one amidst the equally beautiful, if in temperature somewhat different, waters of the Bahamas. He looked—saving only his complexion—somewhat like one of the aborigines, paddling his own canoe, and darting swiftly here and there.

Being anxious to proceed, the captain had the anchor put on the ship's boat, and conveyed to a neighbouring rock, trying by means of the hawsers to move ourselves off. The change of tide came to our aid, and we were once more afloat. So numerous are the 'cays' or islets scattered about the Bahamas, that in sailing to Harbour Island one scarcely loses sight of land. As we passed from Spanish Wells, the large island of Eleuthera was already on our right. We were soon passing 'Ridley's Face,' a jutting headland, which, as you recede from it, gradually takes the form of a man's profile; hence its name. Leaving the white water, we came to a rough piece of deep sea; the wind being too strong to allow us to coast along and shelter ourselves by the land. At last we round a corner, making our last tack, and find ourselves in the spacious harbour from which the island takes its name,

and which would hold a fleet with ease. Harbour Island is a small island, almost encircled by Eleuthera, a long, narrow, semicircular strip of land, and a few other 'cays' to the west. A good gathering of the inhabitants was of course on the little pier for the great event of the arrival of the *Dart*. A rose cockatoo, an unmentioned passenger, which had already visited Harbour Island, was received as an old friend, and we were not sorry to find ourselves on *terra firma* and in our hired house.

We have often been amused at the business-like way in which our American visitors sally forth on shopping expeditions; no doubt, the stores of Nassau appear as quaint to them as do the out-island shops to us. Of course we had taken a box of stores; but who can reckon for the countless minutiae of cooking? Our modest wants cost us many steps and much time. We sought for mustard, and found it in 'the doctor's shop.' (Croup does sometimes visit these latitudes.) Table salt was nowhere; but salt of island manufacture did equally well; a tin of roast beef—all honour to the inventor; a bottle of pickles, 'soda crackers,' fresh eggs—what could we want more? We returned home, only to retrace our steps to our farthest hunt for cheese and lard. Finally, we had dinner, and did justice to it. But water—that, too, we had to buy at a halfpenny a bucket. Every tank was dry, and the happy possessors of wells made fortunes. Bathing-machines have not yet established a footing in the Bahamas. An enterprising P. Secretary once planted two on the beach of Fort Montagu, Nassau; but they stuck high and dry on the sand, and finally fell to pieces from sheer neglect. Our bathing costumes were threatened with the same fate; and our daily ablutions had to be performed in a thumbleful of water.

It is a pretty sight in the early morning to see all the little boats hoist sail and skim over the harbour to the neighbouring mainland of Eleuthera. The soil of Harbour Island is simple sand; nothing but cocoa-nuts can grow in it. All cultivation of vegetables and fruit is carried on at Eleuthera, where, by old legislation, a grant of land was made to the inhabitants of Harbour Island. Three thousand acres of this land they are now desirous of selling to some English capitalist for growing manila. I said only cocoa-nuts thrive on Harbour Island; I withdraw those words. We never saw finer or more healthy-looking soil than here, where the sandy soil exactly suits it; and where, after being abused, ill-treated, cut and burnt, young plants are now sold at sixpence, ninepence, and a shilling a dozen.*

Harbour Island looks a large place from the sea; its gray wooden houses are clustered along the southern shore, raised on posts two feet from the ground, the vacant space a shelter for fowls and goats. The church shows well on a rising ground with its pretty bell tower pointing upwards. The tasteful carving, painting, and arrangement of the sanctuary are entirely the handiwork of the rector of St John's Church.

Above the church three casuarina trees shelter the rectory; a long narrow wooden building alongside is the S. School; and two smaller ones at a little distance are day schools for boys and girls. We have now reached the middle of the island—just a quarter of a mile—and hear the booming of the ocean on the northern beach. We dip down a manila-lined path, filling our shoes with sand, toil up a short ascent, and are on some hummocks covered with sea-bent; before us, a vast stretch of firm dry sands, the racecourse of the island, with the loveliest of seas and the most refreshing of breezes.

At this season of the year (March) the beach is generally covered with masses of gulf-weed, unpleasant for walking; but there is compensation in all things; so at least thought a man who had the luck to light on a piece of ambergris entangled therein—a *find* of some thirty pounds value.

But though only half a mile wide, Harbour Island extends from east to west three miles. Its chief feature is the abundance of cocoa-nut groves, cool shady retreats, the sunlight glinting on the rich coloured, glossy, drooping leaves; tempting one to lounge back in hand many a sultry hour. We took a pleasant walk to one westward along the hummocks, the hollows of which were carpeted with the wild white ribbon lily. Two ends of a rainbow were visible over the sea; by degrees the perfect arch disclosed itself, and behind it an advancing shower. The rainbow had the appearance of quickly walking over the water, and as it touched the shore, down came the rain. Fortunately, we were not far from shelter; a little shed, to which distance had lent the appearance of a chalet, was our goal. To this we hastened; and though raised at least three feet from the ground, and guiltless of steps, we vaulted into it with an agility which surprised ourselves. The rain over, we descended into the cocoa-nut grove, at the foot of a steep sandbank. Had we possessed a sledge we might have done some tobogganing. As it was, we looked about for Alpenstocks. It was almost too cold and damp to enjoy the cocoa-nut water with which our guide supplied us, robbing our host with his own tools, for we had brought down his macheté (bush-knife) from our shelter. A cocoa-nut grove dripping with rain is not so captivating as the same grove on a hot sunny day, the long leaves swaying with each breath of wind, and a soft subdued green light, making it look like the fairy tales of childhood. To sit in the cocoa-nut groves on a fallen trunk or on the soft dry grass is enjoyment indeed.

This is only one of many pleasant walks which this small but pretty island affords. Barrack Hill, with its winding walks and clumps of bush, like an English common; Spit Sands, with its white, sandy, cliff-like banks, a miniature Dover; and the Tract, with groves of sappadillo, laden with fruit for passing hand to pluck. Life might be spent in worse places than Harbour Island by those who can recognise in their neighbour 'a man and a brother.' The library, an excellent one for so remote a place, can help on many a leisure hour; and of excursions there are plenty by sea, for which the kindly inhabitants are always ready to lend a boat.

Three Islands is the popular spot for picnics,

* For an account of the Sisal plant, see 'The Bahama Fibre Industry,' in *Chambers's Journal*, December 21, 1880.

an easy distance for a hot country. Just twenty minutes' sail over the harbour to another coconut grove and shell-strewn shore, with the bluest of water and greenest of islets, surrounded with depths of mangrove. Coming back 'c'est autre-chose.' It took two hours to tack back—the sea like glass, the wind in puffs, and the wrong way. Still we slipped along. What did it signify? Life glides easily in the Bahamas, and no one is in a hurry except some newly-arrived Englishman.

The Glass Window is the great sight of Eleuthera. One of the clergy was going to the Cove hard by, and kindly combined duty and pleasure by taking us in tow. The sail is the quickest part of the expedition, followed on landing by a two-mile walk over honeycomb rock which defies every effort of the road-maker. But the sight repays the labour. The Glass Window is a large rectangular span worn by the action of the sea through a mass of honeycomb rock, giving the effect of a large window. There is some amount of danger at the place, as a sudden wave sometimes surges up, boiling and rushing through the Window from the chasm below. But as you look at the dark-blue waters of the outer sea, and the light blue of the inner basin, you forget that the sea is treacherous, and associations come to you of Oxford and Cambridge boat-races, of English crowds and eager shouts and eager faces. But no. This hot sun cannot belong to an English March, nor was ever English footpath at its roughest guilty of such wear and tear to shoe-leather as left one of our party almost soleless on her return home.

Eleuthera boasts also extensive caves, which are said to rival those of Matanzas, with stalactites and stalagmites for curious eyes, and guano for avaricious ones; but the writer's only view of them was from the stern of the homeward-bound schooner *City of Nassau*. With no wind and a chopping tide, scenery and blue waters soon lost their charm. On and on we glided, scarcely moving, with sails full set, a painted ship on a painted ocean, till, at four o'clock A.M.—twelve hours later than our reckoning—the schooner crossed the bar, and in the stillness of early dawn dropped anchor once more in Nassau harbour.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

A NOVELETTE IN NINE CHAPTERS.

By P. L. McDERMOTT, Author of 'Julius Vernon.'

CHAP. I.—A FAMILY DISASTER.

PROBABLY in all the kingdom a family could not be found whose history was so full of strange events as that of the Kings of Yewle, in Southshire. The Kings were an ancient house, not very wealthy; but from the singular strain of blood which had flowed through them for generations, the family was regarded with a degree of popular awe such as greater houses rarely inspire.

In the month of March 1870, Geoffrey King died, leaving two sons. The elder, Rowan King, was of course the heir, and was then twenty-eight years of age; the younger, Charles, was three years his junior, and having taken orders, had

been appointed to the family living of Yewle, of which he was now vicar. Their mother had died many years before. No two men could have been more dissimilar in appearance and character, yet the brothers were united by a mutual affection singularly strong, but at the same time so expressed from observation, that even their nearest friends had no suspicion of its existence. The elder brother was dark-featured, reserved, of strong will, and unsettled mind—a King to the backbone. The younger was fair, rather less reserved than his brother, but gentle in his manner and looks and words, like his mother.

After settling affairs with their family lawyer subsequent to their father's death, the younger brother retired to his vicarage and his quiet parochial life, and the elder went abroad. For some months letters came from him frequently, until his travels took him up the Nile; after which, for a period of nearly two years, nothing was heard of him. He was wandering somewhere in Central Africa. But during his absence, the vicar found an opportunity of falling in love. A neighbouring parish had fallen vacant, and a clergyman from the north country, a widower, with an only child, was presented to the living. The Rev. Charles King found favour in the eyes of this lovely girl, and in that quiet country place acquaintance soon ripened into affection. If I have to pass briefly over this early history, it is because subsequent events will reflect sufficient light upon it.

The gentle vicar of Yewle had but one strong passion next to his love for Florence Walton—this was to visit the Holy Land. The absence of his brother had hitherto prevented him from the gratification of this desire, and now the tie that held him to Florence Walton was a superadded obstacle. But as the maiden, as soon as she discovered the vicar's longing, insisted on his making that visit to the holy places before settling down in his vicarage—as she, in fact, seconded his craving with an ardour that arose entirely from her love for him—he resolved to devote his next autumn holiday to the gratification of his strong desire. On his return, they should be married. This was all satisfactorily arranged; but it still depended on Rowan King turning up in England, as the vicar had to look after the house and estate during the wandering brother's absence.

One morning in the end of June, Rowan King walked into the vicarage, smoking a cigar, looking darker than ever, and as composed in his demeanour as if he had only been up to London. The brothers had many things to talk about, and they went over to the Hall together. There was an old study in a remote part of the house, dark even in the brightest noonday, and filled with a miscellaneous collection of medical and scientific works. The younger brother, like his mother before him—like, in fact, every wife and mother that had ever lived in Yewle—had a strong

shrinking from this room, which had for generations been the favourite retreat of most of the masters of Yewle. Rowan King inherited the tastes of his fathers, and this was his chosen place in the house. Into this room he brought his brother, and here he talked of his travels and other topics mutually interesting until luncheon.

There was a great iron safe in a corner of the room near the fireplace—a receptacle of historical interest in that strange family, as shall be seen—and as they rose to proceed to the dining-room, Rowan remarked: 'When I was in the States, I saw a most ingenious lock—a combination lock, they call it—and I have brought one home to have it fixed in the door of that safe. Unless you know the figures of the combination—and you can arrange these as you like—it is impossible to open it.—As soon as the lock has been fixed on, Charlie,' he added, 'I will give you the secret of the combination, so that no one except you and me will ever be able to open the safe.'

The vicar made no reply, and they went to the dining-room. During luncheon, the former made known his intention of spending his holiday in a visit to Palestine; and Rowan, who had been there, gave him a store of information that would be useful to him, and promised not to leave Yewle until his return.

In two days the Rev. Charles King had started on his long-desired trip. He had introduced his brother to Florence Walton and her father; but, in the hurry of his preparations, he had forgotten to inform Rowan of the relations which existed between the young lady and himself—or perhaps was under some vague impression that Rowan must be aware of what was so familiar to his own thoughts. It was a fatal omission. During the younger brother's absence, Rowan King, with no other society within daily reach, fell in love with Florence Walton with that deep passion which men of such character are subject to when they love at all. The poor girl made the discovery with pain and grief, and for a little while complained against her lover for his negligence. But when Rowan King became aware of the situation, he acted as few men could have done: he told her calmly how sorry he was to be too late, but that she had made the better choice—that his brother would make her happier than ever he could have done. He continued to visit as before, and entered with zest into the arrangements requisite at the vicarage to make it fit for her reception. He had the whole house turned inside out, newly papered, decorated, furnished, strictly according to Florence Walton's own taste;—and so Charles found it, to his astonishment, on his return from Palestine.

Nothing was said to him of what had happened while he was away; Florence was silent because she saw it was all over, and Rowan King loved his brother too well to cast a cloud upon his happiness. A day or two before the marriage, the young lady and the two brothers were at the vicarage, having a last inspection of the metamorphosis accomplished by Rowan King.

'Was there ever so fine a fellow?' said the vicar in a tone of suppressed emotion to his bride-elect. The two were standing within the French casement of the dining-room, and Rowan King was on the lawn a few yards off nailing up a rose-tree to the wall.

Florence looked up with glistening eyes and changing colour. 'Charlie,' she whispered, 'I wonder if he would care—if you would mind—if I—is he not now my brother too?'

'Do, darling,' said the vicar, understanding what she meant, and touching her forehead with his lips.

The girl, after a minute's hesitation, timidly approached to where Rowan King was employed. She attracted his attention by lightly touching his arm with her finger. He turned, and looked down with a smile on her upturned face. What did she mean? Half a pace he drew back, and then, with a flush deepening the darkness of his face, he bent forward and kissed her. 'God bless you, Florence, and make you very happy,' he said, and turned away.

They were married two days afterwards, and never knew how deeply the iron had entered the strong man's soul. When they returned to Yewle from their wedding trip, Rowan King was gone. Five years passed before he came back. By this time his hair was gray. He could not rest at Yewle, and more years of wandering followed. It was not until the vicar's only child, a daughter, was fifteen years old that Rowan King finally settled down at Yewle.

After coming home, Rowan King dined once at the vicarage, and might be said to have shut himself up in Yewle after that. He was a very changed man, reserved and silent, as he had been in his earlier days. He had brought back with him a secretary, Francis Gray, a lad of sixteen or seventeen, with whom he was shut up in the study for several hours every day. He told his brother he was making memoirs of his travels. After luncheon, he did not work, but wandered about the house, or the gardens, or the wood, the society of his kind—even that of his brother—never being sought by him. The only visitor he liked to see was the vicar's daughter, Agnes—named after their own mother—who, as has been said, was fifteen at the date of his return to England. In his silent and undemonstrative way he conceived a deep love for this girl, although neither the girl herself nor her parents were in the least aware of it.

'I am afraid Agnes annoys him by going over to Yewle so much,' said Mrs King to her husband. 'The child seems to like it.'

'No; she doesn't annoy Rowan,' said her husband. 'He has taken a fancy to Agnes, and it pleases him to have her there, poor fellow.—Don't interfere, Florence; if the child's company is any pleasure to him, it is probably the only pleasure he has.'

The vicar was not far wrong in his opinion. Every fine day the girl made her way across the park; and if her uncle's was occupied, she had the company of Francis Gray, the young secretary. Rowan King often stood at a window for an hour at a time watching them at tennis, with a wistfulness in his dark face that was almost pathetic. They reminded him, perhaps, of what might have been. As it was, they brightened his

gloomy life a little; and a day on which his niece failed to come to Yewle was wet or fine, a day in the woods for Rowan King.

After some two years of this life, the most terrible event took place which had ever happened in the family of Yewle: a police officer came down from London and arrested the vicar on a charge of forgery.

It had come about in this way. The Rev. Charles King had, several years before, become security in the sum of two thousand pounds for an old college friend who was being appointed to a position of trust in London. As years passed, the vicar forgot all about this matter; his friend continued in the position, and rose to such estimation that there was hardly any occasion to remember the liability. But one morning the news came to him like a thunderclap that his friend had absconded, leaving heavy defalcations, which the amount of his sureties would fall far short of covering. The other surety was a Guarantee Society, and both were called upon to pay two thousand pounds each. Now the vicar, though enjoying a comfortable income, had saved no money. He had some investments, indeed, which he had made before his marriage; but when realised, they fell considerably short of the sum required. Accordingly, he went to his brother, who at once handed him a cheque-book, and told him to draw as much as he required. The vicar filled in a cheque for five hundred pounds, which Rowan King signed without so much as glancing at the amount. The cheque was drawn, not on the local bank at Southeaster, but on a bank in London; and the vicar at once went to town, realised his little investments, and paid the proceeds along with his brother's cheque into his own bank. He was thus in a position to relieve himself of his liability, and having done so, he returned to Yewle with a comparatively easy mind.

But it appeared, from the evidence in possession of the police, that he had paid into his bank not one cheque for five hundred pounds, but two. When presented in due course at Rowan King's bank, one of the cheques was duly honoured, and the other repudiated as a forgery. Both drafts were made payable to the order of 'Rev. Charles King,' and both were endorsed by him and paid in to the credit of his account. When the matter was put into the hands of the police, there was no stopping it, or Rowan King would have stopped it.

'Whatever the explanation of this thing may be,' Rowan said to his brother, 'you never did it, Charlie!'

Rowan, however, was obliged to admit that the signature to the second or spurious cheque was not his. The cheque-book showed that two cheques had been torn out instead of one—that is, when the vicar was tearing off the cheque which his brother had signed, he must also have torn out the blank form next to it. The books of the London bank proved that both cheques were paid in on the same day by the Rev. Charles King to his own account. The secretary had to swear to the fact that the vicar himself had filled in the cheque signed by his brother, and then torn it from the book. Richard King, a near relative, who held a high position in the county bank, and happened then

to be at Yewle on business, testified to the same effect. The theory set up by the prosecution, and which there was no evidence to invalidate, was, that the vicar, in tearing out the signed cheque, had taken the opportunity to secure a second one—blank.

Although Rowan King in the witness-box declared that his brother had no occasion to forge a cheque when all the resources which he (Rowan) possessed were at his command—although it was made clear that the sum due on his surety was made up without that money—although the sympathy of every person in the court was with the prisoner, and it was the conviction of most that he was innocent—still, on the evidence, there was but one verdict possible, and the unfortunate clergyman was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

The blow nearly killed his wife. There was only one man who seemed unmoved, and this was Rowan King. A muscle of his dark stern face never stirred when the judge pronounced the sentence. Without a word, he took his brother's wife on his arm and led her from the courthouse. Outside, the Mr Richard King already mentioned, who lived in the county town, came to him and proposed that Mrs King and her daughter should come and stay with his mother for a while, instead of going back to the vicarage.

'Mrs King will return to her own home,' said Rowan sternly, 'and remain there until her husband rejoins her.'

So Rowan took her back to the vicarage, not speaking a single word during the twelve miles' drive. She was grateful for his silence, as her tearful eyes told him when he led her into the husbandless home.

'Be of good cheer, Florence,' he merely said. 'Charlie is as innocent as Agnes is. Sooner than we expect, it will all come to light. I am not going to let it rest where it is.'

'He will die in that dreadful prison—he will die!' she sobbed, falling on a couch.

Rowan King employed the services of the ablest detective that money could procure, and for months this man was engaged in investigating the mystery of the forged cheque. At length he came down to Yewle and finally announced his failure. That the detective was convinced of the clergyman's guilt was plain, but under the stern eye of Rowan King he was afraid to put it in words.

Mrs King and her daughter continued to live at the vicarage, a curate having been appointed to perform the duties of the parish. But they saw no one, except now and then Rowan King, and much oftener his secretary. This young man, it came to be known, was the son of a distant cousin of the Kings, of whom Rowan had been very fond when they were children. She had emigrated to Canada with her husband, and had been left a widow there; in his wanderings, Rowan King discovered her, and promised to befriend the lad. She died, and he took young Francis Gray home with him, according to his promise; and now, without a word or sign of approval or disapproval, he saw the young fellow in love with his niece. Under the peculiar circumstances this was a very natural result of their daily intimacy; if poor Mrs King had been less engrossed with her sorrow, she would have seen it too.

'Frank,' said Rowan King one day to his secretary, 'have you ever thought over that matter of the forged cheque?'

'I have, sir—often.'

'Well?'

'I have not yet succeeded in throwing light upon it.'

'That means, you intend to continue? I'm afraid it won't come to anything. In another year or so my brother will be out, and then, of course, he will emigrate. That will be the end.'

'I hope not, Mr King. It would be sad if the stigma of guilt were to cling to him for life.'

'And to his wife and child after him. Poor Agnes!' said Rowan King with a sigh.

The blood mounted to the young man's face. 'Even if her father were really guilty, sir, it could in no way affect his daughter.'

'Ay, in a hundred ways,' said Rowan King with a curl of his lip. 'The world would point to her as a felon's child. This is why they must emigrate, and take a new name in a new country. The curate, I suppose, has his eye on the vicarage.'

'I hope he will never get it, Mr King,' said the young man warmly. 'I don't like him. He is too intimate with Mr Richard King.'

'That's just it. Mr Richard is the rising sun. My brother would be my natural heir; but as it is out of the question—for the reason I have just mentioned—Richard King comes next.'

'Then I trust he will have a long time to wait.'

'He may, perhaps,' said Rowan King musingly; and then they went on with their work. But in a quarter of an hour Mr King rose and took a few turns up and down the room. 'I want to say a word to you about yourself, Frank. I promised your mother to take care of you. Up to the time of this misfortune to my brother it was my intention to leave you all the ready money I might have saved or invested. Matters are altered now. My brother can never live at Yewle, and so it must go to Richard King. I have about twenty thousand pounds saved—and I must do something for my brother and his wife and child when they are leaving the country; so that your share will be much less than I had hoped.'

'Nay, Mr King,' said the young man earnestly; 'never give a thought to me. I shall do very well without money. Give it all—every penny!—to them.'

Rowan King stopped and scrutinised Gray's face for the space of half a minute. 'After all,' he said coldly, 'I think you are right, Frank. They will want it more than you. I wish,' he added—'I wish you to go over to the vicarage this evening and tell Mrs King of my intentions—it is best that she should know.'

'I will do so, sir.'

It was dusk when Francis Gray left the Hall to cross the park to the vicarage. The young man's thoughts were none of the most buoyant, and the only comfort he found was in a resolution to follow the vicar and his family wherever they went. Agnes was his by right of true love, and her father's misfortune cast no shadow on her whiteness. He resolved to ask her this very evening to give him the right to follow wherever she went.

Had the night been less dark, and his thoughts

less occupied, Gray would have seen a shadowy figure glide into the vicarage garden as he approached, and hide behind a bush. It was fortunate, for the crouching object was no other than the vicar himself.

SEA-WAVES.

THE friction of the wind upon the sea-surface, the convulsions of deep-seated earthquakes, and the attraction of the heavenly bodies, give rise to three different kinds of sea-waves. It may at first seem strange that so soft an agent as air in motion should be capable of producing such sublime undulations as are frequently observed by mariners on the deep sea, and by the dwellers on sea-coasts when the wind is blowing with gale-force. We must remember, however, that the atmosphere exerts a pressure, speaking roughly, of about two thousand pounds on every square foot; and that the air is impelled over the surface of land and sea at the rate of forty miles an hour when a moderate gale is blowing, and one hundred miles an hour when a hurricane is raging which no sail can withstand. Half-way between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, the Liverpool clipper ship *James Bainess* ran four hundred and twenty miles before the wind in twenty-four hours. At one instant she was running twenty-one knots an hour with her main skysail set, a feat that is hardly credible were it not well substantiated. Two years later, in 1856, the *Red Jacket* averaged three hundred and thirty-four knots daily during eight consecutive days in about the same latitude; and the American clipper *Sovereign of the Seas* had a westerly gale when rounding Cape Horn which drove her four thousand five hundred and five nautical miles in sixteen days, on one of which she made four hundred and eleven miles. These unparalleled runs of sailing-ships afford some faint idea of the velocity with which the wind travels in high latitudes.

If the wind blow directly parallel to the sea-surface, the friction may cause an ocean current without wave-disturbance. As a rule the direction of the wind is inclined to the sea-surface, and its immediate effect is to produce a depression, which relieves itself by means of a wave to leeward and another to windward. This latter elevation is opposed by the wind, and gradually dies away, while the leeward wave is correspondingly accelerated. Each undulation shelters the water under its lee from the wind, which consequently impinges upon the sea a little in advance of the newly-formed wave; and thus we get a series of parallel ridges and hollows, provided the wind remain steady in direction and intensity. There is no necessary connection between the advance of a wave and the forward movement of the water composing it; as may be seen by running the fingers along the keys of a piano. An inverted wave travels along, but the keys merely move up and down. Similarly, a wave may often be observed running along the ripe ears of golden grain while the stalks are firmly rooted in the soil. The onward progress of a sea-wave is easily perceptible; and by watching some light substance floating on the surface, the fact is revealed that the water is not moving with the same

velocity as the advancing wave. When running before a heavy gale of wind near Cape Horn, and also on the Agulhas Bank, where the heaviest waves are experienced, we have often dropped a piece of wood on to the crest of a huge wave as it passed by the after-part of the ship, with the invariable result that the wave was soon seen shooting far ahead of our vessel, but the wood remained almost in the place where it fell. Waves in deep water move onward; but the water of which they are composed is continually changing. Shipmasters may measure the speed of waves when running before them by veering a cork fender, or other suitable float, astern. Note the time when the float is on the crest of an on-coming wave, and also when the same crest reaches the ship's stern. Having given the known distance of the float, the rate of sailing, and the time occupied by the wave in passing from the float to the ship, the problem is easily solved. The wave-surface assumes what is known as the trochoidal form. Every point in a cart-wheel rolling along a smooth street describes a trochoidal curve, or, as it is more generally termed, a cycloid. The form of the cycloid will vary with the position of the point chosen on the wheel to trace the curve, according as it is on a spoke extended beyond the tire, on the circumference itself, or between it and the centre of the wheel. All these forms are observed in deep sea-waves.

Should the wind-direction suddenly change, a new series of waves will be generated, and cross seas soon confront the mariner. Hence it is that in a cyclone, or revolving storm, where the wind is frequently changing, there are high waves rolling along from various directions, each as distinct as the ripples in a river, which cross one another without swerving from their course. Waves become short and abrupt in shallow water, and are far more dangerous to shipping than the long regular billows of the ocean. It seems probable that the greatest slope of a wave in open waters does not exceed thirty degrees, and frequently not more than fifteen degrees.

Waves raised by the friction of the wind upon the water are relatively superficial, as the water beneath remains unaffected even at a depth of six hundred feet. In heavy gales, however, lower depths become troubled and the undulations more and more imposing. Occasionally an exceptionally large solitary wave is met with advancing in awe-inspiring grandeur, its white crest towering high above all its fellows. Such ocean giants may be due to the fact that the elevations of series of waves having different lengths happen to coincide; or may be caused by the squalls of wind, which are sometimes as terrible in intensity as they are sudden in formation.

Reliable information concerning the height, length, and velocity of waves at sea is very scarce. When a heavy gale is blowing and an angry sea sweeping all before it, the learned landsman is probably prostrated with sea-sickness; or if free from qualms, he finds great difficulty in keeping himself erect on the slippery decks in order to take measurements with scientific precision. As the boatswain in Shakespeare's *Tempest* expresses it: 'What care these roarsers for the name of king?' A seaman accepts this phenomenon as a matter of course, and does not trouble himself about it, even if he be not too much pre-

occupied in providing for the safety of his ocean home. The golden mean has too often been ignored when describing the height of sea-waves, and poets especially have dealt hardly with the sea. Ovid experienced bad weather when bound to a land of exile, and vividly described his misfortune. Shakespeare has availed himself of the utmost poetic license in this respect. He speaks of 'those surges which wash both heaven and hell;' and fair Miranda tells Prospero that

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out.

Falconer is not quite so extravagant in the following lines:

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels
Engulfed between two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between.

The Psalmist affirms that 'they mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths.' Ossian likens a conflict to 'troubled seas when some dark ghost in wrath heaves the billows over an isle.' He does not, however, furnish us with the height of the isle above sea-level. Thomson in the *Seasons* has:

Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar.

Young apostrophises the sea as 'dreadful and tumultuous home of dangers, at eternal war with man;' and Byron writes:

Thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

The great American, Maury, describes the waves between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia as 'looking like the green hills of a rolling prairie capped with snow and chasing each other in sport.'

It is not uncommon in prose works to read of mountainous waves. Exact measurements seldom confirm first impressions. Scoresby found that forty feet was the height from trough to crest of the largest waves measured by him in the North Atlantic and in a cyclonic storm, when bound for Australia in the *Royal Charter*. This has long been accepted as the extreme limit of wave-height. Captain Kiddle, a well-known and experienced navigator, has, however, encountered waves at sea which were seventy feet high. The late Admiral Fitzroy had previously observed waves as high; and some observations, made at Ascension in 1836 support these authorities. In 1844, H.M.S. *Inconstant* was scudding with her stern upon the crest and her bow in the depression between two successive waves, and the wave ahead was observed exactly level with her foretop-sail yard, just seventy-seven feet above the water-line. On the 27th of July 1888, the Commander *Umbria* was struck by a wave not less than fifty feet high, which did much damage. Two days before, the Wilson liner *Martello* had a similar experience: an enormous solitary wave struck her, completely submerging the decks. The *Martello* was much smaller and more deeply laden than the queenly *Umbria*. No connection could be traced between these waves, which were referred to in the dailies as tidal waves, although of altogether different origin. We have explained the formation of these

exceptional waves. In October 1881, the Italian barque *Rosina* had all hands, except one man who was ill in his bunk, swept off her decks by a wave which broke on board as they were shortening sail during a heavy squall in mid-Atlantic. The British barque *Undine* had one watch washed overboard and her captain killed under similar circumstances. It is said that the massive bell of the Bishop Rock was wrenched from its fastenings by the momentum of driving seas in a gale of wind, and the gallery containing it thickly strewn with sand, although one hundred feet above high-water mark. Scoresby gave six hundred feet as the maximum length of sea-waves; but there are many longer. Mr Douglas, when building light-houses on the coast of Cornwall, noticed waves thirteen hundred feet long from crest to crest.

Awful rollers lash themselves into foam on the exposed west coast of Ireland; and in some measured by the Earl of Dunraven, the silvery spray rose one hundred and fifty feet. Two life-saving boats put out to sea from Dingle Bay to test their qualities in November 1864, when waves were breaking over the headlands and surmounting a cliff more than one hundred feet high. One remained under the lee of the land; the other, steered by Mr Kearney, pulled into the seething waters. A tremendous wave swept in from seaward, extending right across the bay, and increasing its height as it reached the shallow water where the boat was. The cox-wain headed his boat to meet the wave, the men steadily strained at the oars, and she flew into the roaring cataract, whose overhanging crest was twenty-five feet above her. Down came the mass of water upon their devoted heads, washing out two of the crew. Crushing the boat bodily under water, the wave bore her astern at an awful speed. Each of her crew was bowed down on to the thwart before him. One was stunned, but the others were conscious; their eyes wide open, but in total darkness. They could not determine whether they were still attached to the boat, but felt as though whirled through a railway tunnel. The boat emerged with each man sitting in his place; and the first object which met their view was a buoy close alongside, which was nearly a quarter of a mile from the place where the wave had overwhelmed them. She had retained the vertical position during her submersion.

The Bell Rock lighthouse is enveloped to its summit in blinding spray during a heavy ground-swell, even when there is but little or no wind.

Waves are sometimes felt in regions far remote from the direct action of the wind that caused them. Such waves in calm weather are indications of the quarter from which an approaching storm may be expected. Captain Henry Toynbee, in his discussion of the equatorial Atlantic, has pointed out that the very heavy long sea-waves frequently recorded by ships passing through the district were not caused by winds prevailing in the neighbourhood. The waves that hurl themselves against 'Lot's Wife,' one of the Mariana Islands, drench it to its topmost pinnacle, about three hundred and fifty feet above sea-level. A tremendous surf sometimes runs at Baker Island, even without any strong wind, or perhaps the wind blowing from a contrary direction. An unbroken wall of water twenty-five feet high and one quarter of a mile long rolls in, threatening to deluge the

island, and affording one of the grandest sights imaginable. These waves are said to be due to the south-west monsoon blowing strongly in the China seas, many miles away.

Here it will be well to add a few words illustrative of the force of sea-waves. One course of masonry of the Wolf Rock lighthouse was unavoidably left incomplete. It was swept away in a winter gale, although each stone had been securely fastened by cement and bolts, as usual. The late Mr Stevenson, at Skerryvore, in 1846, found that the wave-pressure was six thousand and eighty-three pounds on the square foot. Now, as the statical pressure of a wave twenty feet high is only about half a ton on the square foot, it is very clear how much the destructiveness of waves is due to their velocity.

A great storm-wave is peculiar to cyclones. At the centre of the disturbance the mercury in a good barometer may be lower by three inches than that in a similar instrument on the verge of the cyclone. This is owing to the diminution of atmospheric pressure consequent on the rotation of the air-whirl; and as nature abhors a vacuum, the sea in the vortex rises above its usual level until equilibrium is restored. This storm-wave advances with the hurricane, and rolls in upon the low land like a solid wall. In the Backergunge cyclone of 1876 the storm-wave covered the land at the eastern end of the Ganges delta at heights varying from ten to forty-five feet, as measured by marks on the trees. One hundred thousand lives were lost on this occasion. In 1864 a revolving storm passed over Calcutta; the accompanying wave rose ten feet above the highest spring tides, and drowned forty-five thousand persons. Coringa was destroyed by a storm-wave in 1789, and twenty thousand people perished. A great hurricane blew at Ruatonga in 1846, and a vessel from Tahiti was driven by the storm-wave over the palm-trees inland. Her captain informed a missionary that he felt the tree-tops grating against his vessel's bottom as she sped along with the wave. During an autumn storm in 1643 the sea overwhelmed the island of Nordstrand, causing the loss of thirteen hundred houses, fifty thousand head of cattle, and six thousand inhabitants.

Sea-waves caused by earthquakes have their magnitude determined by the suddenness and extent of the outbreak, and upon the depth of water at the seat of disturbance. Such waves may be imperceptible in mid-ocean, but become steeper as they approach the shore. Ships of large tonnage have been carried far inland by seismic sea-waves; while at other times the sudden going out of the sea has left ships aground which a minute before were quietly riding at anchor in several fathoms of water. A vessel anchored off Arica, Peru, was carried on the crest of a great wave right above the spire of a church and deposited unharmed a mile inland. In 1820 the sea at Acapulco ran off from the coast, leaving the roadstead dry for two hours; and then rolled in fourteen feet above its ordinary level and destroyed part of the city. In 1755 a wave sixty feet high drowned sixty thousand people at Lisbon; and in Scotland a boat on Loch Lomond was carried forty yards inland by a wave which was suddenly formed on the surface of the loch by the same cause. Recently, in the West Indies, an American man-of-war was borne on one of these

waves well into the heart of the town, where the tides covered the streets to a depth of twenty-four feet.

To enter into a disquisition on the theory of the tides would be impracticable in the space at our disposal; so we will close with a description of the rise of the tide at full moon in April, as observed on the banks of Sittang River. At low-water all was dry sand for five miles from the river's mouth except a narrow rivulet here and there. A distant haze and a rumbling noise to seaward were the first indications of the coming flood. The haze thickened, and as it came nearer, a dash of foam burst into view, and presently the wave was evident, standing erect like a wall. This huge wave was followed by others of lesser magnitude; and when they had rushed past, the river-bed, which a few minutes before was almost dry, was full from bank to bank.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

CHAPTER III.—A STRANGE SETTLEMENT.

FARQUHAR led the way back to his camp at a brisk pace, for his new and surprising discovery had thoroughly aroused him, and he was keenly desirous of knowing more about this white family settled in the heart of the interior. Moreover, although in the Colony and at home in the old country he had never been much of a haly-killer, it must be said that a meeting so strange and a friendship so singularly inaugurated had already made a strong impression on him. As he strode along by the side of the pony, now walking at its fastest pace to keep up with him, the young man in the course of a sentence or two of conversation found opportunity to take in the charms of this Diana of the wilderness.

A tall, well-formed figure; frank brown eyes, shaded by long dark lashes; wavy golden-brown hair, that rippled in abundance beneath the broad sun-bonnet, which, made of some soft buff-coloured grass-like material, framed and enshaded the sweet face; a straight short nose, delicate nostrils; cheeks of a rich warm colouring, slightly embrowned by the sun; a well-shaped but not over-small mouth, ever ready to display laughingly and without effort the array of even white teeth lying within its ruddy portals; and shapely hands and feet: all these features were, as Farquhar inwardly noted, strangely different from those of the usual slab-sided, stolid, pasty-complexioned 'meisjes' of the old Colony. The girl was attired in a garb unique, but rarely useful. For an upper garment she wore a loose yellowish-buff tunic, fashioned from the skins of some delicate antelope, tanned to a marvellous softness; this tunic, belted at the waist, fell nearly to the knees. The collar folded plainly back and open at the throat, displayed a soft under-shirt, deep-blue in colour, made from some soft flax-like material, evidently homespun. Knee-breeches of the softest and most delicately tanned skin, garters of the same material, and little field-shoes, home-tanned, and beautifully made, completed the costume. Anything more workmanlike and, it must be added, more graceful for a huntress of the African interior could not well be imagined.

All these particulars the Englishman's approving eye took in at a glance.

'And so you can hit a buck with that bow and arrow of yours, can you?' queried Farquhar. 'See, now; stop. Yonder stands a "steinbok" staring at us. Supposing you have a shot?'

The little red antelope stood in some thin covert about twenty-five paces distant, gazing at the intruders, as these foolish creatures will do, as if rooted to the spot. In a moment the girl was off her pony, had fitted an arrow to her bow, and with instantaneous aim let fly the shaft. True and ruthless as fate the missile flew right to the heart of the dainty steinbok—a spasmodic bound, a short but frantic struggle, and the poor little antelope lay in its death-agony.

Farquhar soon ended its sufferings; and then, having fastened it in proper hunting fashion behind his Diana's saddle, the march was resumed. In Dutelf, the young man complimented the girl on her prowess. 'Well, you are a wonderful shot, and so quick too; you had hit the buck almost before I could have put up my rifle.'

'Oh, that is nothing wonderful. When one is galloping a hartebeest and using a heavier bow and arrow, then there is something like sport. I will show you that I can really shoot when we have a hunt, some day.'

'But, meisje; by-the-bye, I haven't introduced myself, and I don't even know your name yet. As you have no chaperon, and I no introducer, I may tell you that my name is Murray, Farquhar Murray, of Wolfefontein, near Grahamstown, Cape Colony, Groot Vee Boer [cattle-farmer] and hunter.'

'Allenagtig!' and the girl laughed merrily as she spoke, throwing her head back and showing a most beautiful chin and fair white throat. 'You are very droll, Mynheer. My name is Jacobina Hendrika Swanepoel, daughter of Gert Hendrik Swanepoel of Swanepoel's Rust [Rust], Blyde Rivier—for that is what we call our river—in Africa. My grandfather, Schalk Jacobus Swanepoel, was the eldest son of Adriaan Johannes Swanepoel, who was the son of Jan Hendrik, eldest son of Hendrik Swanepoel who first trekked up here and settled, many many years ago.—I am eighteen years old, and they all call me Bina, so you must even call me Bina too.—But make haste and come with me to the Rust, and you shall see us all and hear our story.'

All this was quickly said, with an arch playful look. 'By Jove! the girl knows her pedigree, thought Farquhar; and is sharp and quick-witted for a Dutch girl, anyhow. I can't nuke her out; she can't be an ordinary Boer's daughter, surely!'

The camp was now reached; and the open-mouthed astonishment of the Englishman's servants on seeing a white 'meisje' thus appearing as it were from space, was a thing to be seen and not written down. Jacobina for her part had a good look at the wagon, admired the sleeping 'kartel,' and the neat order and method displayed in the internal fittings; admired, too, the horses, dogs, and oxen; criticised the natives, who were, she remarked, quite different from their servants at home; and then, again, with a true Dutch girl's instinct, returned to gaze admiringly at the wagon. 'How I should love a trek an

that wagon," said ahe. "But we never trek now, since great-grandfather Hendrik's time, more's the pity of it. We haven't a sound wagon to trek with."

Farquhar, having saddled up his best horse, Hartebeest, and telling his men to inspan and follow on his spoor as speedily as possible, the two left the camp, and set out for the girl's home, about six miles distant. They were not long in reaching the woodlands in which they had met one another. For two miles and a little more they moved quietly through the open forest-land, Farquhar choosing a track as free from impediment as possible, for the better progress of the wagon that was to follow; and at length they emerged upon the neck of a rolling plateau, just beyond which a lofty range of mountains tossed skywards with peaked and serrated crests. This plateau stretched flatly to the right-hand far as the eye could reach. On the left, beyond the river and its fringe of trees and darker vegetation, it trended more unevenly to a thick forest belt. Two miles more by the river-side brought them to a narrow rocky gateway by which the river passed into the mountain chain beyond. The land-entry by this 'poort' was a singular one. For fifty yards, by the river-side they followed a narrowing track, and then turning suddenly round a sharp corner, found themselves between high and sheering rock-walls, that reared themselves upwards a hundred feet and more, leaving but a few feet of path between. There was now a sharp and sudden ascent of two hundred yards, and then once more turning an angle of the rock-wall, a wonderful view met the astonished gaze of the Englishman.

Before him lay one of the fairest bits of scenery that ever African traveller set eyes upon. The great chain of mountains girdled in a broad and open valley, some six miles square. Everywhere the mountains rose from the valley in sheer precipice, so that apparently the only outlet lay through the pass by which they had just entered. Through the valley, flowing from a narrow gorge in the mountain quite inaccessible to human beings, ran the river, severing it almost perfectly in two. Here and there stood mighty timber trees, and tall feathery palms; here and there, undergrowth and bush. On either side of the stream, fed by irrigation dikes that led out from it, were large patches of cultivated ground, now green with the springing grain, some actually yellow and ripe for harvest.

On the right side—on which they now stood—was the most astonishing thing of all. About half a mile in front was a large old-fashioned-looking Dutch house, just such a one as Farquhar had so often seen in the Cape Colony. There were the whitewashed walls, the brown thatch, the step-gabbling, the green door, and window-panes and sun-shutters, the raised terrace with its shady veranda; and there upon the terrace sat one or two forms, evidently—as he could see with his glass—enjoying that leisure so dear to the soul of every well-regulated Cape Dutch farmer. A thin blue column of smoke, scarce stirred by the light breath of the ambient air, ascended from the chimney. The house was evidently surrounded by a spacious garden, and girt in by a high stockaded fence. Round about this great house, dotted here and there in various

parts of the valley, were smaller habitations much of the same pattern; and on the left side of the river were yet more. Each house was surrounded by an ample garden, and each protected by a strong and high stockade. Midway between the two portions of the little settlement, a rude bridge of timber spanned the river, which, contracting as it approached its mountain source, was hereabouts not more than some thirty paces in width. Stone kraals for sheep and oxen, built near the houses, completed the air of semi-civilisation. From the vantage-ground upon which Farquhar and his companion stood, the whole of this fair prospect lay marshalled before the eye, and a survey of a minute enabled him to grasp almost every detail.

"There!" exclaimed Jacobina, pointing in front of her, "there is Swanepoel's Rust; and that"—indicating the great white building—"is my father's house.—Now, let us go down and gallop home." Giving her pony a slack rein, and allowing him to pick his own way down the steep and uneasy declivity, and followed by Farquhar, the flat was soon reached. Then urging her active little steed to a quick canter, and glancing round merrily at her new-found cavalier, as if to challenge him to a race, the pair swept along over the mile of smooth track that led up to the house. Faster flew the girl's pony, and fast at her girths galloped Farquhar. In the space of three or four minutes they drew rein at the entrance to the high stockade. Now they entered, and as they did so, Farquhar's searching glance fell upon the forms of the three men sitting on the stoep. As they rode up the pathway between a mass of flowers and fruit-trees, the gaze of the three men was directed with utter astonishment towards them, and the eldest ejaculated: "Allemogti! whatever has that madcap Bina found now?"

But Bina, having arrived within a few paces, now spoke: "Father, see you I have found an Englishman from the Capeland. His name is Mynheer Farquhar Murray, and he is elephant-hunting near here. His wagon and servants are following after him." So speaking, the girl quickly dismounted, and—first removing the steinbok—dismissed the pony with a pat, telling him to go to the stable; a command at once obeyed.

Farquhar dismounted also, and advancing to the house, was met at the terrace steps by a stout handsome man of forty-five or thereabouts, clad, as were his two sons, in old-fashioned costumes of home-tanned leather, knee-breeches and gaiters and field-shoes, and high-crowned broad-brimmed hats, plaited of some fine grass. The father spoke: "Mynheer, welcome, indeed, are you to Swanepoel's Rust, as the first white man not of our own blood who hath ever set foot here. Here have we lived, we Swanepoels, these hundred years, ever since my great-grandfather, Hendrik Swanepoel—the Lord God rest him—after long years of trekking, first came hither. And again I say, as a white man and from the old Capeland, you are welcome a thousand times."

"Mynheer Swanepoel," replied Farquhar, heartily returning the Dutchman's shake of the hand, "I am as pleased to see you as you are to see me. It is probably even more extraordinary for me to find a civilised settlement here in the heart of unknown Africa, than it is for you to

welcome a white man from the outer world. But perhaps, when you have time, you will tell me your history, and how you came to be settled here.

'Ja, Mynheer; I will tell you our story later in the day.—But see now; you must be famished, and we are but now about to have our mid-day meal.—Binn, you wild girl, you never told where you were going; and even now I have sent Klaas to look for you. You deserve naught but scolding; but as for once you have done service in bringing this gentleman to us, I forgive you.—But now, Mynheer, enter, and welcome to Hendrik Swanepoel's old roof-tree.' Then stepping inside the threshold: 'See; here are the vrouw and the kinderen.—Vrouw, great news! This is Mynheer Murray, from the old Capeland.'

A big comely woman of forty stepped forward and shook hands heartily, if with some degree of amazement. Besides Jacobina's elder brothers, Hendrik and Jan, who had before shaken hands with the Englishman, three younger children, introduced respectively as Hendrika, Hans, and Lucas, came forward respectfully to greet the stranger.

Farquhar looked around him, and beheld a large and lofty room, having a wooden ceiling, and the usual Boer flooring of hard clay. Rude furniture of wood and the skins of antelopes, as well as an ancient chest or two, stood about. The great table in the centre was now laden with a mighty stew of venison. The walls, lined with a wooden framework or wainscoting, were decorated with the horns of antelopes, prominent among which stood forth specimens of the koodoo, sable and roan antelope, waterbuck, eland, wildebeest, and hartebeest, of extraordinary length and size. The skins of lions, leopards, and antelopes littered the floor. On either side of this great room were two doors, which, as Farquhar afterwards found, led to the three bedrooms and the kitchen. Hanging upon the middle of the wall, and facing the open window by which they had entered, just under a pair of huge koodoo horns, hung in a kind of rack six immensely long flint smooth-bore guns, of strangely antique shape. These were some of the original weapons brought in by Hendrik Swanepoel a hundred years before. They were kept always clean and bright, and only used on rare and momentous occasions. The family gathered round the board, and after singing a long grace, fell to with hearty appetites. While dinner proceeded, Farquhar had time to observe his new acquaintances and their surroundings. In the first place he was absolutely struck dumb with amazement to find that the cups, plates, and dishes upon the table were apparently of beaten gold, somewhat rudely fashioned, it is true, yet solid and bright. On asking his host if he were really dining off gold, he was told that it was so.

'When Hendrik Swanepoel first came here,' said the Boer, 'he found a tribe of natives occupying this country. By these natives he was attacked; but thanks to the Lord, and to his own firearms and a systematic defence, he repelled these assailants, and finally made peace with them. The natives now working for us are their descendants. Hendrik Swanepoel found these Bakotwas, as they called themselves, in possession

of numerous gold ornaments; and after a time, as peace and amity grew between them, and the blacks found that the white men could be useful to them in innumerable ways, they showed Hendrik how they got their gold up in the mountains yonder, where the river springs. Now, when Hendrik came to the end of most of his eating and drinking utensils on his long trek hither—he was five years in all in reaching here from the Capeland—he got the Bakotwas, who were skilled in metal-work, and had rude bellows of their own, to fashion for him mugs and plates and dishes such as you see before you.—But you are not eating. Let me give you some more of the game-stew; it is good eland beef, and won't hurt you. 'I'll vow.'

BOSCABEL.

THERE are places associated with the history of England that are dear to the hearts of Britons. One of these places is Boscobel, whose name of soft Italian, meaning 'Fair Woods,' speaks of its situation. Here it was that Charles II., the hunted king of England, sought refuge after the memorable battle of Worcester, Cromwell's 'crowning mercy.'

Boscobel House, in whose cunning hiding-places Charles was safely concealed, still stands in the woody solitudes of Chillington, of which Boscobel is a part. Surrounded by a dense mass of verdure, it is retired from the world, on the borders of Shropshire and the extreme west of South Staffordshire. As one approaches it, there is little difficulty in realising how well fitted it was for the purpose it served. Boscobel House was erected some three centuries ago, probably about 1580, by John Giffard of Chillington. It is possible it may have served as a hunting lodge, for, externally and internally, it has all the appearance of being constructed for that object, like so many similar edifices connected with the Elizabethan mansions. There is, however, another theory advanced regarding it, a theory which, to say the least, is quite feasible. The reign of Elizabeth did not pass without religious persecution. The Catholics suffered extreme penalties, owing to their religion. To remedy this, the Catholic gentry of that period constructed places of concealment in their dwelling-houses, with the object of affording shelter to those priests who wandered from house to house administering the consolation of religion, or who wished to hide themselves. The architect and builder of Boscobel have left no records behind them to prove whose work it was, but a conjecture is rife that the owner was his own architect.

At its erection it was half-timbered, this being the distinctive feature of the houses of that time. Within the last hundred years it has undergone considerable change, such a change that it has been robbed of its picturesque appearance—which can be seen in the prints and paintings of the unique collection in the Salt Library, Stafford. To-day it is dreary in the extreme, being in

many portions plastered in so clumsy a manner that its chief characteristics have been destroyed.

The entrance to the lodge, from the roadway which passes beneath the walls from Brewood, in Staffordshire, to Albrighton, in Shropshire, is through a garden, from its appearance very little changed from the time Charles Stuart rested in its precincts. Outside the hall door one sees a large slab of stone, part of a table that stood in the summer arbour where Charles spent that memorable Sunday in September reading. The other portion of the table is placed at the gate leading from the garden into the meadow in which stands the Royal Oak, or rather its off-spring.

Passing through the entrance door, the visitor to this interesting spot finds on his right the dining-hall, a large wainscoted room, with oaken panels and a polished oaken floor. A portrait, in oils, of Clakyles hangs over the mantelpiece. This work is supposed to be a copy of Sir P. Lely's likeness. Below the portrait is a unique and interesting fireplace of black marble from the Derbyshire quarries. Some highly appropriate sketches, illustrating the principal events of the fugitive king's visit to Boscobel and his journey to Moseley Court, are pictured thereon. The first represents Charles and Richard Penderel arriving at Boscobel House from White Ladies—a priory, now in ruins, but formerly inhabited by some white or Cistercian nuns, about one mile distant from Boscobel; the second, the king concealed in the oak, with the Parliamentary troopers in search of him; and the third, Charles's departure with the brothers Penderel from Boscobel to Moseley Court.

At the southern end of this dining-room is a smaller room, which in the sixteenth century was the oratory or private chapel, the altar belonging to which was hidden in a recess. On the wall of this room is a portrait of Oliver Cromwell. Before leaving these rooms, one is tempted to take a closer scrutiny of the sketches. The third is the most remarkable, for it is copied from an old print in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and is in itself sufficient evidence to set at rest the long controversy which has been raging between antiquaries regarding whether the Penderels were ever granted armorial bearings. This print bears the arms and crests that the Penderels have used since the time of the Restoration.

Another disputed point about the protectors of Charles is that referring to their birth. It has been written that they were illiterate farmers. On the contrary there is abundant evidence to prove that they were substantial yeomen, descended from an old Catholic family of Lincolnshire, and through them related to the Giffards to whom Boscobel belonged.

Leaving the dining-room and ascending the stairs, you stand in the 'Squire's bedroom.' In the chimney-piece is a secret closet, which has in its floor a trap-door, the means of descent to the bottom of the chimney-stack into the garden.

At the time of the king's visit, in the place of the door leading into the secret recess, was a sliding panel.

An apartment on the third floor is reached by a narrow flight of stairs. This room is called the Cheese Room. A masked trap-door is to be seen in its floor, the entrance to the 'secret hole' in which Charles hid himself whilst the troopers were actually walking above his head. A gallery on the landing in front of this room has a window from which one has an extensive view over seven counties. It is surmised that 'Old Rowley' from this place watched the approach of the Parliamentarians sent to apprehend him.

The chief object of interest at Boscobel, however, is the Royal Oak. For a great length of time it has been pointed out as the original tree in which Charles took refuge; but a mass of overwhelming evidence proves otherwise. Evelyn says the famous oak-tree was during the next sixty years cut away by zealous royalists. Another point regarding the present tree is that it has never been polled. One of Charles's officers, Colonel Carlos, or Careless, was in hiding in the tree when the king reached it; and Charles in his own narrative has written, 'We (Carlos and I) went and carried off with us some victuals for the whole day—namely, bread, cheese, small-beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak that had been lopped some three or four years before, and being grown out again very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we stayed all day.' A third point, and one of great importance, is that the alleged Royal Oak is not more than two hundred and fifty years old, and is still growing. In the Bodleian Library there is shown a fragment of the old tree, used as a stand for a tankard. The Royal Oak has palisades of iron round it. These are in place of the wall which was blown down some years previously.

HOW THE WEST CENTRE SCHOOL WAS 'HOED OUT.'

COLONEL HOPPER, lawyer and chief magnate of a small town in Vermont, was at work in his office, when the door was thrown open, and the ubiquitous office-boy called shrilly: 'Squire Barton to see you, Colonel.'

Then the Colonel, a long-suffering man, suppressed a groan. The family quarrel about the ten-acre lot, so much enjoyed by the Squire and his seven brothers, outstripped the limitations of his patience.

A tall lean man entered with an abstracted air, sat down with no pretence at courtesy, and stared at the magnate. 'Hello!' he said presently.

'Hello!' returned the lawyer, seeing some response was necessary. 'Come in on business, eh?'

The Squire nodded. 'Well, not business exactly, Colonel, but jest as important. I s'pose you don't know as I'm Committee-man for West Centre School?'

The lawyer confessed to ignorance on this important point, silently wondering how the information could possibly affect him one way or another.

The Squire bent forward, his usual attitude

when disposed to be confidential. 'Wall, Colonel, them boys up to West Centre be a lively lot. Pretty lively they be. They've jest run their teacher right out, kind of scared him to death—I heerd.' (This with a chuckle of inward amusement.)

'I've heerd they were a rough lot up to West Centre,' said the Colonel.

'Wall, they be boys of sperrit, that's what they be, but— Tell you, Colonel, they want some one as can "hoe" 'em into shape.'

'There's no doubt of that,' assented the Colonel.

'Wall, now, bein' Committee-man, it's kinder laid on me to find the match of them wild-cats up to West Centre, an' I come in to-day on purpose to see you. Can't you pint out the man as 'ull do the business right smart?'

The Colonel put on his considering cap. 'Well,' he said, 'I do know a young fellow; but I doubt if he'd go. He's half engaged to come in my office as clerk—Geof. Robins.'

'Geof. Robins! Seems to me I heerd somethin' 'bout him lately.'

'Perhaps you did. He was very prominent in a fire we had here. Saved a woman and two children under circumstances calling for muscle and nerve both. He's a daisy, is Geof.—Here, Joe!'

The tow head of the office boy was moved from the keyhole to the open door.

'Tell Geof. Robins to step this way.'

In a few minutes a young man entered with a brisk, light step. He was a fair-haired, slight fellow under six feet in height. The Committee-man's first glance at him resulted in disappointment. He wanted a giant; size and weight formed his ideal of power. He did not notice the quality of the young man's gray eyes, hard as flint, and capable of flashing fire on provocation.

'Lordy!' said he, rising with a clouded brow, 'our Bob could whip him an' toss him out of winder before you could say George Washington.'

'Geof.!' said the lawyer quietly, 'show the Squire your muscle. Take a grip of his hand. That's the ticket.—Now, Squire, you're a powerful man yourself; toss that boy out of window as quick as you please.'

The Squire made manful efforts, while the youth, whose trained muscles were steel at his will, laughed as he held his antagonist easily at arm's-length. The Colonel beamed; but the Squire, as he cried for quarter, grinned from ear to ear. Irrepressible elation danced in his oddly-lined visage as he shook the lawyer's hand over and over again.

'He's the boy to hoe 'em out,' he cried, with a chuckle.

Geof. looked on, wondering if the two old fellows were temporarily insane.

'Perhaps he don't want the job,' suggested the Colonel.

The Committee-man returned from flights into the future of 'them wild-cats' to the present. He put the case to the young man.

'But,' said Geof., laughing, 'I'm no teacher, and what's more, I don't know anything to teach.'

'You can read, I s'pose?' said the Squire,

wondering what under the sun he should do if the answer was in the negative, for, having found his man, he meant to hold on to him, teacher or no teacher.

Geof. signified that he could read.

'Wall, now,' said the Squire, 'the last teacher he held on some to jography. 'Tain't no pint with me, jography ain't. Them boys has got to be "hoed out." That's you: You "hoe" them boys, an' I won't make no pint of jography.'

Geof. signified that 'jography' was also within his limitations.

Terms were next discussed. Geof. had just views as to his own value; but though the sum demanded was far beyond the usual rate, the Committee-man smiled as he agreed to pay it.

The Squire went home, chuckling.

'Did you engage a new teacher, father?' asked his hopeful sons.

'Oh yes; I found one.'

'What's he like?'

'Oh, a slip of a chap. • Looks slimmer than our Bob, I should say.'

The boys grinned. So did the Squire.

The following Monday brought a large attendance to the West Centre School. All the boys and girls were present with the exception of Tom Batts, the bully of the school. Tom said 'he wur tired of turnin' boys out of the teacher's chair. 'Twur time they had a man to teach 'em. He should take a vacation.'

The door opened, a little late, and in walked the new teacher. 'I'm late,' he said easily, as he took his seat at the desk. 'I started later than I intended, and it's a pretty steep road.'

Had he walked the fourteen miles and come in spry as a cricket?

The boys measured him. Yes, he was slim. Many a Bob and Tom present, perhaps some of the girls, could outweigh him. There wouldn't be much trouble in ousting him, anyway, and meantime they could do just as they'd a mind to.

They began to have a good time. Chewing gum and spitting went on with careless unconcern, as the buzz of talk and unruly laughter gained ground. In five minutes' time the school was not much better than a bear-garden.

The new teacher sat at his desk, whistling cheerily, while his calm blue eyes passed from face to face of his scholars. He said not a word. There was plenty of time before him, and he rather enjoyed this opportunity for maturing his plans as to the subjection of the enemy, so he sat in his place whistling *Yankee Doodle* with variations, and looked on.

Now, had he been the weak creature they supposed, this close scrutiny would not have been felt by the class; but ere ten minutes were over, the boldest began to feel uncomfortable. Perfectly undisciplined minds are often to be held by a strong will; Geof. was aware of this, and ere long drew the attention of every scholar to himself, boys and girls wishing as they nudged one another that the new teacher wouldn't look at them so 'kinder keen.' They began to wriggle, in self-conscious discomfort. Geof.'s comprehensive gaze had become painful.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said presently, pointing to the floor, 'we begin our session by

thorough cleansing of the school-room floor. Follow me to the well."

The whole school swarmed into the yard.

"Bring out the benches, lads."

Somewhat, the tone was one that demanded, nay, exacted obedience. The benches were brought out.

The girls were set to clean the windows; while the boys, headed by the master, gave floor, benches, and desk a thorough cleansing. When the work was finished, Geof. addressed the school. "After this," said he briefly, "the first pig that brings tobacco or gum to school will be made to cleanse the floor, and then return home to his pigsty."

The boys weren't a bit afraid of the new teacher, 'of course;' but by some accident, after this, gum and tobacco were left at home.

Said Squire Bartlett to Squire Barton: "I don't think nothin' of that new teacher you've bin and engaged for our school. He set 'em to wash floors and winders to-day, didn't larn 'em nothin'!"

A grin of inward enjoyment expressed itself in the widening of the wrinkles on Squire Barton's odd countenance. "Wall," he replied, "I'd like to see the match of the man as made my Bob stand round and clean floors and haul benches."

This was as unanswerable as the best of logic.

A week went by harmoniously. Geof. kept his weather eye open for squalls. Why did not the boys concert some plan to 'run him out,' as they had done with all previous teachers?

They had not wit enough to explain their lack of 'sperrit' even to one of themselves.

Said Tom Batts, overcome with impatient curiosity: "I'm comin' to school, an' I'm goin' to chew my terbaccer an' spet all I've got a mind to."

"You better," came as a caution from Bob.

"I seen him t'other day," said Tom. "Lordy! he ain't more'n up to my knee!" Here he guffawed at his own exquisite wit.

"An' I seen him in the ten-acre pasture," said Bob confidentially, "playing with our bull-calf, as even father can't go nigh without a stick, an' sure as you're alive, he threw him."

"Threw the bull-calf!"

"Right over on to his back."

"Threw the bull-calf!" Tom's mouth fell open with clownish surprise.

"Ay, an' the calf, he come movin' after him as gentle as a sheep. Says I: "What you go to wrastlin' with that calf for?" Says he: "Practice for my muscles. Come along, and I'll show you the trick."

"Did you try it?" said Tom, snapping his heavy jaws together.

"Wall, no; I guess not," replied Bob. "That calf chased me forty miles an hour cross lots last week."

"Bob Barton, you're makin' it up; no livin' chap could throw that calf."

"Wall, a livin' man done it, an' I seen him," replied Bob, doggedly adhering to his point.

Tom's curiosity was quickened by this encounter with Bob; but he held off a little longer ere beginning his half-yearly joke of 'running out the teacher.'

Meantime, Geof. was discovering to his own immense astonishment that his work was a very interesting one, and he threw all his energy into his efforts to civilise these 'wild-cats.' In recess, he encouraged them to feats of strength; he, an accomplished gymnast, put them through a variety of exercises. They were clumsy, and needed to be taught to use their strength to better purpose. They could not understand why the feats, which looked so easy when so gracefully performed by their teacher, should be so impossible to their own clumsy limbs. Quietly, almost imperceptibly, Geof. was master of the situation, indoors or out. Did he issue a command which was not instantly obeyed—a glom from his eyes was apt to enforce obedience. He never spoke twice; disobedience was followed by punishment. The Squire's Bob was the recipient one day of six cuts that marked him for a week.

"Why didn't yer give him as good as yer got?" asked Tom Batts, when the rumour of Bob's disgrace reached his curious ears.

Bob could not reply. He was lost in wonder that he had not done so, not knowing enough to be aware that the athlete had gripped him so that he could not have struck a blow in self-defence even had he wished to do so.

After this, the 'larnin' went on right 'steady,' according to Squire Barton, who often sauntered in to see after the success of his experiment. The sight of his own Bob head of the class, 'toeing the mark like a Christian,' was nuts for him to crack, as he told Melindy his wife. But the teacher taught 'jography' in a way that made the Squire's hair stand on end. He had a story for every country, something to impress the scholars with the habits of the people, or animals native to the place. It is to be apprehended that when his knowledge, which was not profound, failed him, he made his information to order.

"There's a lot of things you mention," said the Squire, "as I don't recollect to have heard on nowhere before."

Geof. laughed. "I told you I was no teacher," said he. "I don't know much, and I'm no reader."

"Wall, you go ahead," said the Squire approvingly; "but I'd keep as close to the mark as I could if I was you. Hipperpatanuses ain't a wallerin' round South America, I know for dead certain. But you go ahead—that's you."

Geof. did not take this frank criticism of his 'jography' amiss, and he went 'ahead' in his own original way, aiming to improve the manners, even if he could not do much for the brains of his class. The boys were obliged to drop their cavalier mode of asserting themselves as lords of creation when the girls of the class were in question. Nor was his own dainty cleanliness of person without its effect upon both sexes. Geof.'s eyes were apt to show a spark of disgust at dirty hands and towns' hair, bringing such a feeling of discomfort to the owner as generally tended to superinduce more thorough ablutions.

When Geof.'s success in 'hoeing' out the school became an established fact, the parents grew enthusiastic in his praise. Naturally, this was distasteful to the bully Tom, who smiled to himself as he listened. "You better shet up," he

remarked. 'I be going to school come Monday.' Of this, Geof. was forewarned by no less a man than the Squire's Bob.

'Ah,' said Geof., with a sparkle of interest in his blue eyes. 'Give him my compliments, and tell him I have been expecting him some time.'

When Tom received this message, he nodded his head knowingly. 'He's beginning to knuckle down, poor little chap,' said he, surveying his own giant frame with appreciation of its merits.

Geof. walking in the ten-acre pasture, met and had another tussle with the belligerent calf. Bob, who haunted his footsteps like a faithful dog, saw the conclusion with a broad grin of satisfaction.

'So Tom Batts is going to school Monday, eh,' said the Squire with a sly look at Geof. 'Going to run you out, I s'pose, as he done the rest of 'em.'

Bob, who was present, joined in his father's grin, as he pictured to himself the calf sprawling in the ten-acre pasture. He had never looked forward to a circus as he did to the coming encounter between the country bully and the athlete.

Monday came. The school was in full working order, when the door was noisily thrown open and in swaggered Tom Batts. He sat himself down opposite to Geof., and whistled aloud as he began cutting a roll of tobacco into quids. Meantime, he was audibly chewing, his huge jaws working back and forth, while the floor around him was speedily covered with stains. All eyes were on Geof., who calmly went on ruling a copy-book.

Presently he looked up. 'Now, Mr Batts, I am ready for you,' he said pleasantly. 'Please to walk this way.'

Mr Batts! The wonder of this term as applied to his own personality caused his heavy mouth to fall open. In this moment of surprise he rose to his feet and slouched forward.

'I suppose you can read, eh?' said Geof. smiling. 'Pity you joined us so late in the season, for a man of your age has no time to lose.'

'Oh, I don't want to learn nothin',' muttered Tom, turning to kick a youngster who inadvertently giggled. 'I come for fun,' he said, with sudden assertion. His sidelong glance at the boys was disappointed of its need of admiration, for all eyes were bent on the teacher, who for his part was taking Tom's measure with great accuracy. There was a steely gleam in his eyes, before which the boys who knew him trembled. Tom, secure in his brute-force, had not a quail as to the result of the coming encounter. His measurement of the 'slip of a chap' before him had been readily taken. He meant to throw him out of 'winder, as he done the last.'

There was a silence, in which the scholars held their breath with suppressed excitement. As for the teacher, he rose in his usual quiet way and proceeded to mark up a sum upon the black-board, taking no notice of the intrusive figure between him and his scholars.

'First class to the black-board,' was his order; then, as the boys advanced: 'You are in my way here,' he said, calmly to Tom, 'and as you do not wish to study, I am going to put you out.'

How did it all happen? Not a boy was quick enough to see. There had been a swift move-

ment on the part of the teacher; those huge arms of Tom's were held pinioned, despite his furious efforts to release himself.

'Will you go out, or shall I put you out?' Geof. asked, politely. He looked calm enough, but the spirit of fight was boiling in his veins, and his eyes fairly blazed at the bully as he backed him to the door. On the threshold he set him free, and quietly pointed to the yard. 'Go out!' he said, as he would have done to a surly dog.

To his dying day Tom never could understand why—he went out.

Squire Barton and a fellow-Committee-man had followed close on Tom's heels, and, in fact, had seen all through the window, themselves unnoticed. They would not have missed what they termed 'the circus' for a great deal. They grinned at one another as Tom came slouching out.

'Hello, Tom!' cried Squire Barton.

'Hello, Tom!' from Squire Bartlett.

Then followed a guffaw of extreme enjoyment, under whose lash Tom turned his back and ran.

Then, assuming an official air, these worthy Committee-men entered the school-house, and surveyed the school from the vantage-ground of the platform. They could not repress an inclination to compliment Geof. on his prowess ere they descended to humdrum every-day life again, after which they did not forget to point the moral, which, however, required no further illustration at their hands.

'What I says, I stands to,' said the Squire, casting a severe glance at the tow-heads before him; 'when a school's got to be "hoed out," go right ahead and hoe.'

SLAVONIC CUSTOMS.

MARRIAGE FORECASTS.

WHETHER the cause is to be found in the peculiar tenacity of the Slavonic nations for the traditions of their forefathers, or in their hitherto greater isolation from the quicker current of Western life, it is certain that to-day survive amongst the unlettered and imaginative Slavonian peasantry more numerous and more ancient ceremonials and observances than in any other European country. And marriage being the most interesting and important incident in a quiet rural life, it is natural that customs appertaining thereto should survive the longest. These customs appeal more particularly to the female peasants, and as such become the mothers of the land, they hand down the usages and traditions to their children.

Many of the marriage forecastings centre around the time-honoured Christmas Eve. In Poland, Bulgaria, and Servia it is usual for curious maidens to throw rings, or melted lead and wax, into a vessel filled with water, and while fishing these out to sing old songs, the verses of which foretell as they catch each object the peculiarities of their future husbands. In some districts of Poland, bread and money are

mixed with the hay which on Christmas Eve underlies the table-cloth; the girl that—in the dark—draws out money is promised a wealthy spouse; but she who draws bread only must expect poverty as her life-dowry. Peasant maidens at nightfall on Christmas Eves go solitary and in silence to the woodhouse, there gather an armful of chips, which they carry, yet alone and silently, into the kitchen and carefully count. If the number be even, they will marry; but if the number be odd, single-blessedness threatens them.

It is customary in Polish villages to strew straw over the Christmas Eve supper-tables, and for the young people blindfold, or in the dark, to pick out each a straw therefrom. Should the straw be green, the lucky maiden expects to wear a bridal wreath, or the youth to lead a blushing bride to the altar, during the approaching year; but a ~~dead~~ straw foretells to either long waiting, possibly even until death.

In other rural Polish districts, on the 'Christ's Eve,' wine, beer, and water are placed by a girl between two candles on a table. She then retires into a corner or an adjoining room to watch the result reflected in a mirror hung for this purpose. If, as the clock strikes midnight, a man enters and drinks the wine, she is happy, for her wooer will be rich. Should he drink the beer, she may be content, for the wooer will be 'well-to-do.' If the water be chosen, her husband will be very poor. But if as the clock strikes no man comes to her table, the anxious maiden shivers with more than midnight terror, believing that she is doomed to be early the bride of Death.

Poland is peculiarly rich in these observances, spreading themselves throughout the year, both sexes being equally superstitious in this respect.

On New-year's Eve the young unmarried men place themselves before a fire and, bending down, look beneath their legs. Should a woman appear in the background, it is the one they will marry; but if they see a shape as of a coffin, it forebodes for them death during the year close at hand.

Midsummer Eve is also a favourite epoch for looking into the future. Polish maidens at this time throw wreaths of flowers and bouquets into rivers and brooks. If the flowers float undamaged out of their sight, the omen is good; but should the wreaths break, or flowers sink before their eyes, they go home with dark visions of the future.

Slavonic maidens will also go into the gardens in the Midsummer Eve twilight and shake the fences heartily. Should a dog bark westward, they look to the west for a lover. If the dog barks in the east, they look expectantly eastward for a spouse. If no dog barks, the silence is anything but good; and the poor girl returns heavy-hearted to rejoin the merry groups gathered to celebrate the midsummer festival, in ancient times considered the most important of the year.

In some Prussian villages it is customary for the maiden to drop flowers into a glass of water, chanting somewhat thus:

I am athirst;
Give me to drink, my beloved!

with the hope that the water will reflect the image of a favourite swain. Another custom is

to throw wreaths of flowers over their heads backwards against a tree. If the wreath catches and hangs upon a branch at the first throw, the girl throwing it will become a bride within the first succeeding year. If it catches at the second throw, then her bridal will be the second year. And so on. They also, singing softly appropriate and old-time love-songs, lay flowers beneath their pillows to dream a midsummer night's dream of their destined husbands.

In other districts the girls sow hemp-seeds in a garden, or flower-pot, on St Anthony's Eve, and confidently expect to dream that night of their true lovers. Should the sowing be hallowed by as many Paternosters as she has years, the sower implicitly believes in the result; and if then she dreams not, it is to her credulous mind certain that no bridal wreath will deck her head or any true-hearted lover lead her home.

Many similar customs might be told; but all such are rapidly dying out. As the lightning flits noiselessly through the Slavonic lands, with its messages of good or ill, calm or storm, peace or war, as noiselessly flit with it from the minds of the people old cherished superstitions, leaving them clearer and less susceptible to the dreamy imaginings and childish ceremonies of the olden time. There, as elsewhere, maidens begin to look within themselves, and to study what and who are the men who may become their life-long companions; and if in one sense marriage must yet remain for them a lottery, it becomes at least a lottery in which they feel that no simple or superstitious observances can possibly show them the 'winning numbers.'

THE BLIND PORT.

GIVE me thy hand, and when the songsters wake
The woodland world to melody of love—
When the faint ripples of gray silver break,
And leaping light enfolds the deep above—
Lend me where sedges murmur and the lush
Flag-lances quiver o'er the foamy rush.

Moss at my feet, and overhead the green—
The deepening green of beeches; while below,
The river reach, through willows dimly seen,
Laves leaf and lily with its murmurous flow.
O fair, fair earth! O breadth of summer skies!—
The gladdest memory of my darkened eyes!

You bring me flowers, the pale and fragrant bells,
That when the meek-eyed violets are fled,
Fold in blue mist the blacken-bowered dells,
And float sweet music o'er the flower-dead;
While from some leafy arbour, clear and strong,
A brown-winged lover lifts serenely song.

The beetle booming through the breezy air,
The labouring bee, the feathered butterfly,
Life lowly-lived, but life exceeding fair—
With myriad eyes are yet more poor than I,
For darkness breaks in death, and purer sight
Waits on the dawning of eternal light.

C. A. DAWSON.

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BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

ROBERT BURTON, in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, alludes to the social life of the Turks in their coffee-houses, which, he says, 'much resemble our taverns.' This was written in 1621, some thirty years before the opening of the first coffee-house in London. From the date of the latter event the use of the berry became increasingly popular, and coffee-houses were multiplied to an astonishing degree. The taverns were superseded to some extent as social resorts by the new establishments, and the features of Turkish life alluded to by Burton were reproduced in a modified form in the London coffee-houses. In many respects these popular institutions resembled the modern clubs. People of similar occupations and of like tastes naturally gravitated in their hours of leisure and recreation to common social centres.

Coffee-houses were literary, professional, commercial, or merely fashionable, according to the character of the bulk of their regular customers. But in one important respect they differed for many years from the clubs of the present day. Until the early years of the eighteenth century, none of the coffee-houses were political, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that none were devoted to the interests of, or used chiefly by, the adherents of any political party. Button's was the first to be started chiefly from political motives, and to be regarded and supported as the headquarters and social meeting-place of the members of a party.

In the later years of Queen Anne's reign, Button's was looked upon as the centre of Whiggism; but to us its literary associations are of more interest than its politics. In virtue of these associations it may fairly be regarded as the legitimate successor of the famous Will's. This celebrated coffee-house, which was situated on the north side of Russell Street, Covent Garden, had for many years, under Dryden's presidency, been the daily resort of wits and authors of all kinds and degrees. After Dryden's death in 1700, its reputation began to decline. It was still used

by Congreve, Addison, Wycherley, the young but precocious Pope, and many other literary men of lesser note; but the tone of the conversation and the character of many of its frequenters showed signs of deterioration, and gambling to a large extent took the place of literature and the drama as the leading attraction of the house. This alteration in the character of Will's, as well as the growing acerbity of political discussion and the increasing bitterness of party feeling, led Addison to feel the desirability of establishing a coffee-house where he and his fellow-Whigs could discuss not only literary topics but political matters in a friendly and harmonious way.

With these objects in view, in 1712 he set up an old servant of his own, Daniel Button, in a house in Russell Street, nearly opposite Will's, but nearer Covent Garden, and there established himself as the recognised head not only of the Whig essayists and men of letters, but of the literary world at large. Addison's supremacy at Button's was as undoubted as Dryden's had formerly been at Will's. Pope in the bitter portrait of Atticus that he drew some years after this date, in revenge for fancied injuries received from Addison, alludes to the circle at the coffee-house, and, parodying a line of his own Prologue to *Cato*, says that should a man—

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Tempers every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

The chief members of the 'little senate' were Steele, Budgell, Tickell, Rowe, Ambrose Philips, and Henry Carey. Pope, who had been introduced to Addison by Steele shortly before the establishment of Button's, was also for a considerable period a regular frequenter of the new house, and was on friendly terms with most of the members of this senate that afterwards he so severely satirised. Addison was very constant in his attendance. He and his friends were inseparable. His daily habit was to have one of them

to breakfast with him in St James's Place, to dine out with others, then to visit Button's for some hours, and finally to wind up the day by supping at a tavern or at the coffee-house in the same society. Another very regular member of the company was the industrious playwright Charles Johnson. It was said of him that he was for many years famed for writing a play every season, and for being at Button's every day. His plays brought him in considerable gains, not so much from their merit as from the rage of the town for novelty in dramatic enterprise. Johnson would now be but the shadow of a name were it not for the unenviable distinction that he enjoys, with so many of the smaller literary fry of that period, of figuring in the *Dunciad*.

Steele was a constant attendant at the afternoon meetings of the club. Early in 1713, in one of these innumerable little notes that he was so fond of sending to his wife at every possible opportunity, he asks her to call exactly at five o'clock at Button's for him, and he will go with her to the Park or wherever she may prefer. Towards the end of the same year we have a glimpse of his light-hearted way of meeting all personal attacks on himself. He was then in the thick of political dispute and struggle, and such attacks were plentiful. One December afternoon he hobbled into the coffee-room, supported on crutches and assisted by Mr Button—Steele was a martyr to gout—and was at once consoled with by his assembled friends on account of the calumnious stories that had been circulated about him during his illness. Steele put the subject by, and told them how on his way in a chair to the coffee-house, the people who were jostled by his chairman, seeing his ample figure reposing within, cried out; 'Lazy looby, marry come up; carrying would become him better than being carried!' A word from Steele explaining that he was lame stopped the clamour; so, he added, it would be as easy to answer the other reproaches against him as that of laziness on his journey through the streets.

One of the minor lights of Button's was Ambrose Phillips, whose Christian name, manipulated by another member of the 'little senate,' Henry Carey, added the term 'namby-pamby' to our vocabulary. Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, says of him:

When Philips came forth as starch as a Quaker,
Whose simple profession's a pastoral maker,
Apollo advised him from playhouse to keep,
And pipe to naught else but his dog and his sheep.

Thackeray tersely calls him 'a serious and dreary idyllic Cockney.' His *Pastorals* and those by Pope appeared simultaneously. Phillips's eulogues were received with great applause by the circle at Button's, for their author was a strong Whig, and political feeling only too often largely influenced literary judgment. Pope, always sensitive, feeling himself slighted and unfairly treated by the attention paid to his rival, took a singular revenge. He wrote an elaborate criticism on the rival sets of *Pastorals*, in which, while professing and appearing to point out and applaud the merits of Phillips, he was yet praising his own poems at his opponent's expense. This criticism he sent anonymously to Steele as the editor of the *Guardian*, which was then appearing in succession to the *Inspector*. Steele was completely imposed upon;

he took the criticism seriously, and it was duly published on April 27, 1713, as No. 40 of his paper.

Addison saw through the joke at once, although the other members of the club were inclined, like Steele, to take the satire as sober earnest. The satirised poet, however, felt the sting of Pope's remarks. Phillips was a vain man, a loud talker, and foppish in his dress, with a particular weakness, we are told, for red stockings. Touched in his self-esteem, his tenderest and most vulnerable part, his rage was ungovernable. He is said to have hung up a birch rod at Button's, and to have threatened to chastise the poet of Twickenham therewith should he again appear in the coffee-house. It has been said by biographers of Pope that whether he feared Phillips or not, he seems to have discontinued his attendance at Button's about this time, and to have returned to Will's. But this could hardly have been the case, for in June of the following year, 1714, we find Pope writing familiarly to Swift of the gossip concerning him at Button's. The whole story of the birch rod rests upon somewhat slender evidence, and may not improbably be a myth.

Steele, while conducting the *Guardian*, was so constant a visitor at Button's that he made the coffee-house his editorial office. In No. 98 of the paper he announced his intention to erect in Button's a Lion's Head, 'in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass.' Correspondents were requested to deposit their communications in the lion's voracious mouth, and the writer promised that whatever the animal swallowed, he, Steele, would digest for the use of the public. About three weeks later readers of the *Guardian* were informed that the Lion's Head had been duly set up, and its appearance is described as being 'in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains everything that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws.'

The Lion's Head remained an ornament of Button's for some time after the *Guardian* had ceased to appear. Below the head was cut a couplet from Martial, which a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, many years later, thus translated:

Bring here nice morceaus; be it understood
The lion vindicates his choicest food.

With the closing of Button's the famous head started on its travels. It was first removed to the Shakespeare's Head Tavern in Covent Garden Piazza, and thence to the Bedford Coffee-house, a literary successor to Button's, where it was put to its original use in connection with the *Inspector*, a periodical paper published by the famous Dr Hill. In 1769 it returned to the Shakespeare's Head, where it remained till 1804, when it was sold by auction, and became the property, for the sum of seventeen pounds ten shillings, of Charles Richardson of Richardson's Hotel, who was a great collector of everything relating to the history

of his own parish of St Paul, Covent Garden. After Richardson's death it was sold by his son to the Duke of Bedford, who deposited it at Woburn Abbey, where it still remains.

In 1714, as the reign of Queen Anne drew towards its close, party feeling became increasingly warm, and the country was given up to political ferment and agitation. It was early in this disturbed year that the first breach occurred between Pope and Addison, but it was soon healed, to outward appearance, for in October they met again at Button's, and Pope asked Addison to look over the first two books of the translation of the *Iliad* which he then had in hand. The first volume of this great work was published in June of the following year, 1715, when George I. had been nearly a year on the throne, and the political tumult had to a great extent subsided. Two days after Pope's volume appeared, there was published a translation of the first *Iliad* by Tickell. It came at an inopportune moment, and its publication gave great offence to Pope. Tickell's version was naturally warmly welcomed by his fellow-senators at Button's, and Pope's anger was not lessened by the coffee-house rumour that attributed some of Tickell's work to the hand of Addison. Lintot, Pope's bookseller, wrote to him that the malice and juggle at Button's was the conversation of those who had spare moments from politics. Pope's resentment against the coffee-house circle, and especially against Addison, was further inflamed by a letter that he received a few days later from Gay. The latter reported that everybody was pleased with Pope's work except a few at Button's, and that, according to Steele, Addison had declared Tickell's translation to be the best that ever was in any language. 'I am informed,' continued Gay, 'that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, &c.; and Mr Addison says that your translation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.'

After this, the breach between these two great men was complete and final, and Pope ceased to appear in the coffee-house. There was no open quarrel—the famous character of 'Atticus' was not published till some years after this date—and Pope gave various reasons for ceasing to frequent Mr Button's house. He declared his health to be impaired by the late hours and prolonged sittings to which the members of the 'little senate' were addicted. Writing to James Craggs a day or two after the receipt of Gay's letter, he dwelt upon the increase of party feeling, and the consequent decay of agreeable conversation and the growth of dissension—'nor is it a wonder,' he proceeds, 'that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hospitality, civility, and good-humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit.' Thus the poet of Twickenham covered his retreat. In some verses published anonymously the next year, 1716, addressed to 'Mr John Moore, author of the celebrated Worm Powder,' he had a thrust at his whilom friends:

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Even Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

Pope was right when he said that Button's was

no longer Button's. The society that had for so many months held high debate within its walls was breaking up. The Whigs were in power, and their enemies discomfited; Oxford was in the Tower, Bolingbroke had fled to France, and Swift was eating his heart out in his Irish retirement. Addison had joined the government, and necessarily ceased to be so regular as formerly in his attendance at the old meeting-place, Pope had withdrawn, Steele was busy in politics and in the pursuit of various schemes. With the break-up of the club that had so long been the chief attraction of the coffee-house, its importance and fame departed, and for some years little is known of its history. Its once prosperous proprietor, Daniel Button, died about 1730 in poverty, so great, that his funeral was conducted at the expense of the parish. He was buried in the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden.

A few years before this event, we find one more well-known name associated with the coffee-house. In 1727 Aaron Hill published in the *Plain Dealer* a pathetic account of the unfortunate Savage's history, with some lines written by the latter on the unnatural treatment that he had received from his alleged mother. The result of the compassion excited by the sad story was a subscription for Savage's benefit. The various amounts subscribed were sent to Button's Coffee-house; and when Savage, a few days after the publication of his story, called there, he had the pleasant surprise of finding the sum of seventy guineas waiting for him. This is the last we hear of the once famous coffee-house; it was probably closed soon afterwards.

The literary reputation that Button's had enjoyed in succession to Will's was inherited by the Bedford Coffee-house, which was situated under the Piazza in Covent Garden. This house had a prolonged existence, and was frequented by several generations of famous men. Fielding, Foote, Hogarth, Churchill, Garrick, Sheridan, and many others of lesser note, were at home within its walls. The Bedford continued to be a haunt of literary and theatrical people until the early years of the present century, and thus formed a link between the coffee-houses of past times and the clubs of the present day.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER II.—AT THE VICARAGE.

It was the unfortunate vicar of Yewle who was hiding like a thief in his own garden that night; and it was well that Gray did not see or recognise him.

When Gray had opened the gate and entered the little lawn in front of the vicarage, he was arrested by something he saw immediately before him. The blinds were not down in the window of the drawing-room in front of him, and he could see the occupants of the room. Mrs King half reclined on a couch, in conversation with a gentleman, who sat facing the window; Agnes sat on a footstool near her mother, with her head bent over some needlework, listening, but not looking up. It was neither the mother nor the daughter who arrested the attention of Francis Gray, and kept him standing on the lawn for fully a quarter of an hour; it was their visitor.

with, and take an assumed name in another land.

'To whatever land I went, my shame would find me out. No; I will not accept his offer. Rowan shall be rid of me on easier terms. I shall go alone.'

While his wife silently wept, he strode up and down the room with his arms folded tightly across his chest, and a darkness settling down on his face that indicated the accession of a fiercer mood—a mood such as never had been seen upon him in the old days. But four dire years of unmerited punishment and disgrace are a terrible test, and the unfortunate vicar did not come out of it unscathed.

'Could a greater wrong be done to any man than that which has been done to me? I had not deserved it at any man's hands. I never knowingly injured a fellow-creature even in thought. Why was I selected for such misfortune? Florence, the man that wronged me I will never forgive, not even on my deathbed—the man that wronged us I will never cease to follow until I have overtaken and punished him. —I only wish,' he added, raising both his hands above his head, 'that I had the power to punish him as he has punished me! There needs to be a place of sorrow beyond the grave, to balance the evils that men do in this life!'

'Oh Charlie! do not talk in that way,' she pleaded.

'At my solitary work in the quarries,' he went on, 'not heeding the interruption, perhaps not hearing it, in the solitude of my unlighted cell, I have thought over all that matter, as I had not been able to think before I was convicted. A light fell upon me that will bring me to the face of the wrongdoer. If there is justice under heaven, that man shall pay the debt that he owes me, yea, to the uttermost farthing! He thinks, perhaps, that the mild parson is not an enemy to be afraid of—but that has been born in me since which will cause his face to blanch and his heart to quail when he meets me again.'

'Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord,' the poor terrified wife ventured to say.

'It is not vengeance that I claim, but justice,' he replied. 'Justice that smites with a sword—that is my right, and that I will have.—But enough of this,' he added, in an altered voice; 'it draws near midnight and I must go.'

At his request his daughter was brought in. Placing his hands upon their heads, he gazed into their faces for the space of a minute without speaking. Then, after a convulsive movement in his throat, he turned his face upwards and said, scarcely loud enough to be heard by them: 'The Lord bless and keep you, and preserve you from all harm.'

While their eyes were blinded by their tears, he moved quickly to the door and passed out.

Perhaps the first night they spent alone in that house, now four years back, had not been so laden with grief to the mother and daughter as the present one. There is no need to analyse the cause of their piteous tears and heavy hearts, while the thought of the husband and father, a wandering and homeless outcast, was ever present to them.

Early next morning, Mrs King was startled

from her first troubled slumber by a knocking at the back door below. Quickly throwing on a dressing-gown, and full of the thought of her husband, she ran down and opened the door. It was one of the gardeners from the Hall, white and scared, with the horrible news that Rowan King had been murdered during the night.

A FAMOUS TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

Few Englishmen, we suspect, in thinking of the great educational centres of the world, would turn their minds to the Swiss city of Zurich. Yet a most excellent authority, the late Sir Francis O. Adams, our envoy at Berne, calls it 'one of the greatest scholastic centres, not only of Europe, but of the whole world.' Zurich is indeed an educational marvel. Her primary schools are amongst the best of their kind, and her secondary and higher school are not less excellent, whilst her medical, physical, physiological, chemical, agricultural, and other colleges are not only of the highest order of excellence, but are in almost bewildering numbers. The Zurich University on its present footing dates from 1832. Above all, the splendid federal institutions for the study of chemistry, physical science, agriculture; the Observatory and so forth, which cluster round the great central Polytechnicum, make the beautiful heights above the city a veritable Acropolis of learning. The *tout ensemble* indeed forms an intellectual High City, and is the pride and glory of the town. All this in a place of only ninety thousand souls.

Leaving the other educational institutions, however, we desire in the present paper to give some little account of the great Polytechnicum and its satellites, which together form, beyond all doubt, one of the most important technical colleges in the world. In these days, everybody is agreed as to the necessity of good technical training if we are to maintain at all our industrial eminence among nations, and we see technical institutions of more or less completeness and efficiency springing up here and there in our own country. To show, however inadequately, what has been done in this direction by the little Swiss nation is the object of the present paper.

Before commencing a description of the different buildings, it is perhaps well to remind English readers that in Switzerland each canton is left to provide as it pleases for its own educational wants, and that, consequently, the public schools are cantonal, and not national. There is, however, one great exception, that of the Polytechnicum of Zurich, which is a national institution, organised and maintained by the Swiss Confederation. There has been much talk, too, of founding also a great national University; but that project has not yet been carried out, whatever may be done in the future.

In 1860 was commenced the erection of the chief or central building, which alone bears the name of Polytechnicum. The canton of Zurich provided a fine site on the heights overlooking the town and lake, and also bore the cost of erecting the building itself. Then the State stepped in, and provided all the internal fittings, apparatus, &c.; and now makes liberal grants, to whatever amount may be necessary, for the maintenance of the institution. The edifice is a conspicuous and imposing quadrangular block, some four hundred

and twenty-five feet by three hundred and fifteen feet. It is built of stone, in the lower portions rough-cut, in the upper portions dressed. The middle part of the principal front, facing west, is a grand projection of some ninety-five feet frontage, in the rich Renaissance style. The building is approached by a fine flight of steps, as it rests on a natural terrace, the view from which is exceedingly beautiful, and calls forth the admiration of every visitor. The edifice itself presents a singularly massive and imposing appearance.

Nor does the interior belie the expectations formed from a view of the exterior. On entering, the visitor finds himself in a grand vaulted entrance-hall, from which two noble staircases lead in opposite directions to the upper rooms. At the back of the great hall lies the Museum of Antiquities, where is stored a rich collection of Classical and Renaissance art. This collection belongs mainly to the University, which, we must not forget to say, is housed in the Polytechnicum building. In fact, the edifice may be considered as divided into two halves or wings, one, the southern, devoted to the purposes of the University; the other to those of the Technical College proper. Another striking room is the Aula, or grand reception room, where take place the solemn ceremonies and functions, as well as the festivities. It occupies the whole front of the central or projecting portion of the building, so far as the second floor is concerned. The ceiling is adorned with beautiful paintings, the subjects being of a mythological or allegorical character. At each end of this elegant hall is a graceful *estrade*, one for the professors presiding at the public functions, the other for the students singing or declaiming on these occasions. The *sprachst*, illustrating general Art and Science, more especially Architecture, which adorn the front of the north wing, are very fine, and well worthy of notice. But it would be simply impossible, as it would be tiresome to the general reader, to give a detailed description of each room in this grand edifice; suffice it to say that it is in every way a splendid testimony to the talents of its designer, the famous architect Semper, who was for many years Professor of Architecture at the University.

We have said that the University occupies a portion of the Polytechnicum. The remainder of the building—the Polytechnicum proper—accommodates the following Schools or Faculties: Architecture, Civil Engineering, Theoretical and Technical Mechanics, Mathematics, &c., and General Science. In the central portions of the building are the offices of the management, curators, and so forth; whilst the basement contains the laboratories, workshops, and machinery; the lecture-rooms, libraries, and museums being chiefly on the upper floor.

Hardly inferior to the Polytechnicum is the great *Chemiegebäude*, or College of Chemistry. It is in the vicinity of the former building, and, like it, looks also to the west. Of this structure the lower story is in freestone, the upper stories partly of brick. A fine porch and ornamental gardens give the front a most pleasing appearance. The central portion of the building is of three stories, and has a frontage of about two hundred and eighty feet. From this runs on each side a one-storied wing one hundred and eighteen feet long. The wings projecting rearwards have galleries,

open at the sides, but roofed in above, so that students may, if desirable, experiment in the open air. The Chemistry School naturally divides itself into two great sections, the chemico-industrial or technical section, and the theoretical or analytical division. Entering the vestibule, we find the former occupying the right-hand portions of the building, whilst the latter section occupies the left-hand. The series of laboratories is very complete, being designed to meet the wants of several subsections—for example, the Industrial, the Pharmaceutical, the Photographic, the Analytical, the Assay, and what not. In this building, too, is housed the Station for the chemico-agricultural investigations carried on by the State; but this is not strictly a portion of the great technical institution of which we are treating.

Leaving till somewhat later a description of the laboratories, we will pass on to the third of the great buildings forming the Technical College. This is the College of Physical Science, lying at some distance from the two former. Great care was taken in selecting a site for this institution, and it is perched aloft on a declivity of Zurichberg. In lofty isolation it towers above its sister colleges, standing free on all sides, accessible to the light, sun, and air. It is thus aloof from the din of the city, from the reverberations caused by carts or machinery, and from the smoke and tainted air which might interfere with the delicate experiments to be carried on in the building. The cost of such an edifice in such a place was enormous, the front having to be supported by a large substructure. Advantage was taken of the formation of the ground to provide underground laboratories, which are connected with the main building by a passage and winding staircase.

The main portion of the building, which, by the way, is only just completed, has the form in ground-plan of a horizontal capital E (M) with a frontage of about two hundred and twenty feet; and, with its two-storied centre and three-storied wings, with its splendid terrace and handsome approaches, is perhaps the most striking of all the buildings connected with the Polytechnicum, whilst its position is unrivalled.

Time would fail to describe the minor but still admirable institutions which go to make up the great Technical College of Zurich. Suffice it to say that there are the College of Agriculture and Forestry, the Observatory, and the Botanical Gardens, besides plantations on the Zurich heights, and stations where practical and experimental horticulture and vine-culture are carried on, the whole being available for educational purposes, in connection with the Polytechnicum, the College of Chemistry, and the College of Physical Science, described above. Truly, a grand and almost unique collection of institutions for the furtherance of technical and industrial studies.

It is now time to turn away from the buildings themselves and inquire what is being done in them. The difficulty of giving an adequate idea of the work done in the Zurich Polytechnic institutions will at once appear when it is stated that the staff of professors and teachers numbers no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two, and that the astonishing number of two hundred and forty to two hundred and eighty distinct courses

of lectures are given each six months. So many are the subjects taught, and so various the practical courses taken, that it is only by consulting, and indeed carefully studying, the official prospectuses of the institutions that one can get any clear notion of the vast and complex educational machinery at work. A general view is all that can be attempted to be given here.

The Polytechnicum—using this term to denote the whole of the institutions together—is divided into seven distinct sections or colleges, the courses of study varying from two and a half to four years. They are: (1) The School of Architecture, with a course of three and a half years. (2) Civil Engineering, (3) Mechanical Engineering, with a course of similar duration. (4) Chemistry. This splits into two sections: (a) Chemico-industrial, with a three years' course. (b) Pharmaceutical, in which the course of study extends over two and a half years. (5) Agriculture and Forestry: Here there are the divisions of Agriculture, Forest-culture, and Agricultural Engineering, the attendance required varying from two and a half to three and a half years. (6) Professional, or rather Professorial, School for the training of teachers, professors, and scientists generally. This School has two divisions: (a) Mathematics (four years' course). (b) Natural Science (three years' course). (7) Last, and most characteristic of all, the Division des Cours Libres (Freifächer), or School of Philosophical, Political, and General Science, as we may call it. The studies pursued are very various, but they may be grouped under three heads: (a) Mathematics and Natural Science. (b) Philosophy, History, and Literature. (c) Political Science, Political Economy, National Law, with an additional section for Military Science.

This Division des Cours Libres counts by far the largest number of students of any, and is a peculiar feature of the Zurich Polytechnicum. It was called into being to meet a distinct and much-felt want. Man cannot live by bread alone, neither can he live on mathematics, or chemistry, or physics alone; and even the most earnest technical student will crave for some knowledge of his own and other tongues and literatures, of the history of bygone times, of the laws under which he and others live, of the sciences of political economy and political philosophy. The Swiss authorities early discovered this, hence the Division des Cours Libres. As its name implies, attendance in the classes comprised in this division is optional, whereas in the other divisions it is compulsory on all who wish to gain diplomas or licenses to follow different professions and callings. As a matter of fact, considerable numbers of occasional students, as they may be termed, attend these optional courses. It is worthy of note, however, that as a general rule the regular student in one of the compulsory divisions is expected to attend also one or other of the optional classes, though it is left to himself to make the selection.

The teaching staff, as has been said already, numbers some one hundred and twenty-two. Of these, forty-nine are regular professors, with salaries ranging from two hundred pounds to four hundred and eighty pounds per annum. They are elected for ten years, but are eligible for re-election at the end of that period. There

are six honorary Professors, with only nominal salaries or none at all. The auxiliary or assistant Professors number twenty-five, all salaried. Lastly, there are forty-two 'Privat-docenten,' usually young men of promise who have taken high honours in their own university courses. The institution of Privat-docent is one well known to all who have any acquaintance with the German university system. From the Privat-docenten the Professor class is recruited. Candidates for admission into the classes of the Polytechnicum must have completed their eighteenth year, must produce satisfactory certificates of good conduct, and must pass an entrance examination. The courses are open to foreigners on similar conditions.

Perhaps the most striking thing about this institution is its low scale of fees. It will hardly be credited by the English reader that the yearly fees of a regular student are only four pounds. There are, it is true, certain extras, but they are very moderate in amount. The chief of these extras are a half-yearly charge of fifteen to sixty francs for laboratory, and five francs for use of library. There is also an annual charge of five francs for sick fund, the student in case of illness being nursed at the hospital free of all further charge—a really admirable arrangement. To the Privat-docent or Professor-extraordinary who teaches him the student pays five francs per week. It will surprise no one to hear that the fees of the students make up only one-sixth of the cost of the Polytechnicum, and, as the institution is quite unendowed, the charge on the public taxes is heavy. Including everything, the total cost is about a million francs per annum. With a liberality that does it the highest honour, the Swiss Confederation admits foreign students at the same rate as natives.

In the Schools, the course of instruction includes lectures, laboratory, and other practical work, compulsory repetition, and annual examinations. From the day of a student's entrance to the day of his leaving, a register is kept a sort of log-book, or rather doomsday-book—in which are recorded his attendance, conduct, progress, efficiency in practical work, and what not. This register, in fact, furnishes a complete history of his performances during his stay, and on it to a large extent depends his promotion, natural ability being of course taken into account. Both native and foreign students may compete for the gold or silver medals, money prizes, and what not, which are awarded. A special feature is the system of prizes for the best solutions of scientific problems which are proposed for competition, a period of eighteen months being allowed for them.

The Zurich Polytechnicum cannot confer degrees; these can be, and in a very large number of cases are, obtained from the sister institution, the Zurich University. But the diplomas of the Polytechnic are greatly valued, not only in Switzerland but beyond its borders; and justly so, for they mark a high standard technically and professionally. About fifty-four per cent. of the students compete for the diploma, and of these sometimes not more than forty-five per cent. are successful in obtaining them, though as high a percentage of passes as seventy-five has been reached. On the whole, therefore, only from one-

fourth to two-fifths of the whole number of students succeed in gaining the coveted diploma, a fact which speaks volumes for the standard required.

In a technical institute, practical work naturally is of extreme importance, and at Zurich everything is done to make this as effective as possible. Accordingly, workshops, laboratories, and modelling rooms abound; whilst there are plantations, experimental grounds, vineyards, and so forth; and planting, experimenting, testing, building, modelling, go on continually. To agriculture in all its branches great attention is given in the separate Schools devoted to those branches, and in the farms, forests, and vineyards attached thereto. With regard to the laboratories, it must suffice to say generally that everything in the way of fittings and apparatus is the best that modern science can devise. This is especially the case in the great Chemistry and Physical Science colleges. The marvellous strides made in these two branches, amounting almost to scientific revolutions, necessitate constant additions to, and readaptations of the apparatus, and to these calls the authorities respond most liberally. These colleges are a source of pride and pleasure to the federal authorities; but it would be a mistake to suppose that the other sections are less thoroughly attended to. On the contrary, the mathematical teaching in the sixth division, for instance, is of the highest kind, and can compete with that given in any university.

A few words of description of one of the laboratories must close this short sketch. The visitor finds himself in a large, airy, and lofty hall, lighted by high windows on each side. The windows each contain the fittings and apparatus required for one student, and there are altogether places for sixty-four students in the room. Each place contains gas jet, water-supply, sink, slab, distilled water, apparatus of various kinds, reagents, &c., whilst the best arrangements are made for drainage and ventilation. Compressed air, air-pumps, oxygen, and so forth, are plentifully supplied. For the more dangerous experiments there are special cells of iron in the basement. In short, nothing of use or advantage that can be devised or procured is wanting in this admirable institution.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAPTER IV.—SWANEPOEL'S REST.

DINNER proceeded; and the meal was followed by a great peach-pie and a plentiful supply of rich cream.

'Vrouw Swanepoel,' said Farquhar, addressing his hostess, 'you fare better up here than your countrymen in Cape Colony; and your cooking is better too. I must compliment you, voer-trekkers, of civilisation though you are, on being so much ahead of us in the old Colony. But there is one thing to be said: you have some wonderful grass-veldt up here for your cows and oxen; and at the Cape we haven't always the pasture except for sheep and goats.'

The repast—which was accompanied by a light wine, home-made from the cultivated descendants of the indigenous wild-grape of the country—and

grace were at length finished; and pipes and tobacco being produced, they adjourned to the terrace on the shady side of the house.

'This tobacco,' said Swanepoel, 'which I think you will find passably good, is made from leaf-plants actually sprung from a few tobacco-plants carried and greatly cherished by our ancestor in all his wanderings. He was a great smoker, and he tended the plants he took with him from the Capeland as carefully as his own children. Even in the droughts and the thirst-lands he passed through, he ever spared water for his beloved tobacco-plants; and at last, when he reached this valley, he found his reward. These lands by the river grow fine crops of tobacco, and you may even judge for yourself whether it is good or not.'

Farquhar took hold of a great roll of tobacco, and cut off a plug or two; he noticed that it appeared of a lighter and more golden colour than the Boer tobacco of the Cape, and that it smelt, too, far better. Rubbing the plugs between his palms till they were unshredded, he filled his pipe and lit up. Swanepoel was right; the tobacco was delicious; equal, indeed, to the choicest American, and incomparably better than the Cape stuff he had been so long smoking.

'Well; but, Mynheer Swanepoel,' said he, 'how is it you cure your tobacco so much better than the Cape farmers, besides growing evidently a much better leaf?'

'Allemagtig!' laughed the hearty Dutchman, smacking his great thigh with a resounding clap, 'you amuse me vastly, Mynheer Murray. It seems, then, that we poor voer-trekkers can teach you Colonists something, after all. But all this—our coffee and wine and houses, and every good thing in this our settlement—we owe to Hendrik Swanepoel. He was indeed a man, full of knowledge, learned in books for his times, and far-seeing. We build our houses from his plans and instructions; and we grow and prepare our tobacco and wine and coffee from his own methods, laid down in his Book of the Settlement. —But see here; you would know more about us. —Piet, fetch me the great Bible and Hendrik Swanepoel's Book of the Settlement.'

Piet quickly brought the books from a wagon-chest in the corner. Opening an old, strongly-bound book, Swanepoel placed it before his visitor. Farquhar looked carefully through the stained and ancient pages. He found first, in a quaint old-fashioned handwriting, and in old-world Cape Dutch, such as his host and his family still used, a short diary of Hendrik Swanepoel's journey, beginning in 1780, when the Cape settlements were quitted. It was all deeply interesting; and the peculiar phraseology, the quaintly-shrewd remarks scattered here and there, the stubborn determination to press northwards, and the devout faith in God, greatly struck the young Englishman, and convinced him that this pioneer of the last century had been a man head and shoulders above his fellows, whether in knowledge, determination, or fertility of resource. This was a man evidently far removed from the mould of the ordinary frontier Boer; and from what Farquhar could see, his impress had been transmitted to the flourishing settlement he had founded in this remote wilderness.

A perusal of the Journal gave Farquhar some clue as to the long and weary wanderings of the voer-trekkers. The names of tribes passed through showed that, after quitting Bushmanland and crossing the Orange River, the expedition had moved slowly through the Griquas and various Bechuana tribes. Then a detour seemed to have been made, and a great lake discovered to the westward—evidently, Lake N'Gami. In the swamp-country hereabouts, it seemed that fever had taken hold of the trekkers: two of the children, the youngest girl and boy, had died; the oxen had almost all perished; and a delay of nearly a year had taken place. Then retracing their steps, the party had wandered by a long circuitous route north-eastward, and round again in a half-circle, until the valley where this champion of trekkers had finally pitched his life-tent, had been attained.

As Farquhar turned over, the faded yellow pages of the book, he realised to himself those five long years of burning toil, of daily and nightly dangers from wild beasts and wild men, of fever-swamp and thirst-lands; he realised, too, with what ineffable contentment the hardy voer-trekker had first fastened his gaze upon this beautiful valley. Span after span of oxen had gone down in the struggle—lost, killed, or worn out—and, with infinite trouble and delay, fresh teams had been collected and broken, and the trek renewed. It was a wonderful record, as Farquhar acknowledged to himself.

The rest of the Book of the Settlement, as it was called, was filled with notes and written instructions upon house-building, cropping, the cultivation and curing of tobacco, fruits, &c.; the treatment of horses and oxen, and many other matters. Finally, the book was for the present closed. Then the great clasped Bible, bearing on its title-page the date 1670, printed at Amsterdam, was produced and opened. Upon the first fly-leaf was contained the pedigree of the Swanepoels; upon the second, written in the antique hand of Hendrik, a self-devised table of the laws of his newly-formed Settlement. Translated into English, it ran thus:

A Table of the Laws of the Settlement of Swanepoel's Rest, founded by Hendrik Jacobus Swanepoel in the year of our Lord 1765.

(1) No male descendant of Hendrik Jacobus Swanepoel, except such of his sons as for the purposes of polity and for the better creation of the Settlement have been so allowed to marry, shall marry with black women. (2) No daughter or female descendant of the said Hendrik Jacobus Swanepoel shall marry with a black man. (3) The Settlement is ever subject to the Ten Commandments of Moses and the Protestant faith as taught in the Dutch Church. (4) The Sabbath shall be held sacred and undisturbed save in time of war. (5) Questions of law, of policy, and of punishment shall be decided by Council of males over the age of twenty-one years, and the decision of the majority shall prevail and be binding. (6) The ceremonies of baptism, marriage, burial, and Nachemaal [communion], the services of the Church and the teaching of the young, shall be performed by the Predikant [Pastor] for the time being of the Settlement, such Predikant being

chosen and dedicated to his office by solemn council of the Settlement. The said Hendrik Jacobus Swanepoel for the present bearing the office until such time as a new Predikant shall be appointed. (7) All children shall be educated by the Predikant, who is to teach them to read and write well in the Dutch language, to know thoroughly the Bible, as also arithmetic, geography, and history from the Books of the Settlement, until the age of sixteen years be attained.

There were twenty-one of these rules in all; the seven above quoted being fair samples of the whole. At the foot of all stood the signature—

HENDRIK JACOBUS SWANEPOEL.

'Now you may judge what sort of man our ancestor was,' said Mynheer Swanepoel as he closed the Bible. Then walking out to the stoep, they surveyed the valley. 'There is our church, and beside it our schoolroom, where all our children are taught; there he our vineyards, tobacco-fields, our orchards, and our cornfields; and there, too, part of our pastures; for these extend far beyond the mountains; and our cattle and flocks are herded by our servants among the Bakotwas. When we go forth, I will lead you to our various houses, that you may know us all.'

For two hours longer the conversation went on, and Farquhar was busily employed in recounting the history of the world for the last hundred years. The Swanepoels heard with amazement, and, it must be added, with pain—for although severed by a century of years and many thousand miles from their ancient rulers, they had retained a warm loyalty—that the Patavian government no longer held the Cape, but their ancient foes, the British. This delicate matter was dexterously softened by the explanation of Farquhar that the Prince of Orange had originally, on flying, in 1795, a refugee to England, from the armies of Napoleon, handed over the Cape to George III.'s government; and the matter was thus smoothed over.

At length a native brought tidings that the Englishman's wagon was now at the entrance; and by Farquhar's orders it was directed to be there out-parked, as it was impossible to get it through the narrow pass. Gert Swanepoel and his guest now ordered their horses to be brought round. Jacobina, or Bina, as we must call her, elevating her eyebrows, as if surprised that her company was not requested, added to the black servant: 'Klaas, ye may bring round Springlman also.' Then looking archly at her father: 'Ah now, father dear, I have had no long ride this month past; you must even take me too.' Gert looked with an easy helpless smile and a shrug of his broad shoulders from Bina to the Englishman, and then, as the latter added, 'Oh yes, indeed, Mynheer Swanepoel, I don't think we can do without Miss Bina's company,' he said: 'Alle magtig, Bina; you always get your way with me, hussy; and as I can't deny our new and most welcome friend here, why, I suppose we must take you.' Bina for answer dropped a demurely roguish curtsy to both, and took down her little riding-whip from its nail.

The trio mounted, and rode gaily away till they came upon the wagon and Farquhar's belongings. By his host's advice, a camp was

formed in a clear open space, and a stout kraal of thorns built round, as a protection against lions, which haunted the vicinity, although now seldom venturing into the valley. The oxen and horses were directed to be driven up to Gert's kraals for safety; and it was arranged that three of Farquhar's servants should for the present stop with the wagon. Then the party, led by the father, turned back upon a tour of calls, and by dint of some diplomacy, managed to score to their credit some fifteen of the thirty odd establishments in the valley. Gert explained that these thirty-three households by no means represented all the descendants of Hendrik Swanepoel. Within the hundred years of the little colony's existence, some had met their death by accidents in hunting and encounter with wild beasts; some few had died of fever and other diseases. Three complete families had by permission of the Council trekked away still farther into the interior, only to return years after, reduced by privation and disease to the miserable and enfeebled remnant of three souls.

By all the settlers Farquhar was received with the heartiest welcome and the greatest wonderment. He was looked upon, indeed, by many as a kind of materialised angel, descended amongst them to bring tidings of the old days, well nigh forgotten, of the dim outer life that Hendrik Swanepoel had quitted. Their eyes told plainly of the inward working of minds fogged and bewildered by the mist and silence of a century of peaceful stagnation, of utter isolation. After they had shaken him by the hand, they extracted from him a not unwilling promise to stay some time with them. Amongst these good and kindly souls, the Englishman noted the same old-fashioned politeness that he had found in Gert's family. He noticed, too, that the strain of black blood, introduced a hundred years back, yet lingered amongst them. There was nothing unpleasant about it; Farquhar had remarked the taint far more in England in one or two families he had met with. A touch of crispness or crispiness in the hair, magnificent teeth, here and there a clear olive or more swarthy complexion, a quicker eye, a more active form than are usually seen amongst the Cape Dutch—these were the sole traces of the forced admixture of blood. On the whole, as Gert Swanepoel assured him, and as he himself could see, the race was improved and not degenerated, to all outward appearance.

On their way home, Gert told his visitor that of his ancestor's four surviving sons, the eldest—his own great-grandfather—had married his cousin, the young Dutch orphan girl. The other three sons had been mated with three of the finest and handsomest girls of the brave and warlike race of the Bakotwas, with whom the trekkers had first fought, and afterwards entered into friendship. Hendrik's only other surviving child—the daughter—had died unmarried. In Gert's own family there was but the faintest tinge of coloured blood. Gert's grandfather had married, of course, a cousin, a daughter—herself almost pure white—of the union between Hendrik's second son and a native girl; and in his own generation the tinge was almost, and in his children's entirely, imperceptible. Amongst the rest of the settlers, owing to the

Bakotwa blood on the sides of both father and mother, the dark strain was rather more perceptible.

At length, nearly wearied out, just as the red sun was sinking behind the mountain-chain, Farquhar was fain to cry 'Enough;' and the party, crossing the rude bridge, made their way back to the great homestead. It was a glorious, warm, mellow evening; the valley was now bathed in a ruddy flush of colour; the mountains stood as they had stood for ages, silent and solemn, yet inexpressibly beautiful; those that fronted the dying light, clad in a spreading mantle of softest rose; others, from which the splendour of day had well-nigh passed, arrayed in a deep purple, wonderful and most glorious to look upon. Beneath the flushing splendour might be seen the herds of oxen and cows, and the flocks of sheep and goats returning in charge of their native herd-boys to their respective kraals, their lowings and bleatings pleasantly resonant through the warm air. The white homesteads now gleamed ruddily here and there. Never, thought Farquhar, had he set eyes on so fair a scene, not even amid the shaggy uplands and the dark-green bush-velts of well-loved Albany.

After a cherry supper and a smoke, and a cup of peach brandy and water, bedtime arrived. The day had been one of new sensations and infinite surprises to the young Englishman, and he was not sorry to retire to the great room where the sons slept, and where a comfortable bed had been prepared for him. Bina and her little sister advanced to bid good-night duttlessly, but evidently expecting as they shook hands some warmer greeting. As he kissed Bini's soft cheek, a thrill of pleasure ran through Farquhar's veins and fibres. Then the soft brown eyes met his, seemingly with a keen pleasure, and with 'Good-night' they parted.

BOYHOOD.

A SKETCH.

How pleasant it is to be recalled to the days of youth and the times that have all too quickly fled by a catch from the old harmony sounding clear through the din of life's busy turmoil. It comes upon us so suddenly, and withal so pleasantly, like the first breath of pure country air after a sultry summer in the Reading Room of the British Museum, that it invigorates the whole system with a rejuvenescence peculiarly its own. It makes life purer and holier for a time, by carrying our thoughts away from the fierce struggle for existence back into the dreamy thought-land of our first spontaneity and love.

Such a refreshing glimpse of the old life came back to us the other day when we picked up a little book called *Tales and Rhymes in the Lindsey Folk-speech*. It is a mere trifle—a few sketches, riddles, and songs, thrown together with a slight introduction. But it has a freshness and originality truly delightful; and one which gives a native of Lincolnshire a thrill of keen pleasure by its perfect delineation and

poetic sympathy with the customs and speech of the still untutored 'Yellowbelly.'

We cannot be boys for ever, and would not if we could, for manhood's pleasures and occupations are more engrossing, if less satisfying than those of youth; but still, on looking back, those years of superabundant energy and perfect health shine like a fair picture set in a bright frame, illuminated with a ruddier, warmer light than we find in the world of to-day.

The old tree-shaded farmstead rises up before the mind as we write, with its covered feeding-yards and vast granaries, built when wheat was still worth growing, and the country was engaged in endless wars. The orchards had a heavy fruitage in a fair season, though lichens, canker, and slow decay had done their worst, unchecked by the kindly hand of man for a generation. The large fishpond at the side of the paddock was full of beds of the white water-lilies, where perch and pike and carp basked and sported as they listed in the sun's full blaze. No coarse-billed goose was allowed to defile its bosom; and the ducks were so constantly crossed with the far-flying mallard, that in the evening they would call their cousins from the sky to join their midnight revelry. Perhaps if you approached the bank quietly through the orchard, as the gloaming was settling silently into night, dim shadows would steal away, like the ghosts of restless sinners. A sinner, indeed, is Jack Hern, or the H.-ron-Sew as he is locally called, and a robber of unlimited capacity, as every pisciculturist knows to his cost. The same bird that moves so silently away in the dusk would have taken flight with a scream of fear in the broad daylight if suddenly surprised.

A huge willow overshadowed the water from bank to bank, and gave a secure retreat to a boy feeding the fish with an eye to future sport, or watching the quick movements of the timid water-hens; or the mud-fetching, fly-catching swallows and martins that skimmed over the water from light to dark. The cobwebs and dust of a hundred years could not keep one from the high roof-trees of the barn and sheds; or the other from attaching its tiny house to the insecure surface of the whitewashed bricks beneath the eaves. In the woods which surround the house, and shade it from the north and westerly winds, the rooks caw out their evening prayer in the afterlight, as of old, with a final deep-throated intonation like the last Amen of a cathedral choir after the parting benediction, from some 'dry-faced patriarch not quite sure of his footing on the overladen branch. But the sons of the place stand no longer in reverent awe listening to their pious lullaby, as the fretted tracery of the canopy of ash has ceased to seem the floor of heaven long ago. The men have grown too knowing for any folklore or old wives' tales, however cunningly told by village word-painters with master-minds for Gothic detail. They would not think of getting up before dawn now, as they once did, to see whether the birds prayed together before flying away to feed. Parson rock, as we used to call him, is the farmer's plague nowadays, a May-day sport for half-a-dozen guns.

Marble and peg-top in the pebble-strewn schoolyard were our sports then, with an occa-

sional game of hockey in the narrow green lanes down by the beck, none the less enjoyed because it was forbidden ground. What a craning of necks and stretching out of sticks there was when the ball flew over the parapet of the bridge at the bottom of the incline, till some one less fortunate than his fellows 'caved in' with a hollow bang, or shot from his footing on the slippery stones into the deeper water. He was the 'cat's-paw' and the hero of the hour at once, and the game began again with increased glee, a heavy push from the sodden 'water-rat' being almost as good as a ducking. The powers that were had to be appeased in the person of the Squire, by standing aside with much touchings of caps as he passed to market or the magistrates' bench; or when Tommy took up all the road with Beauty, Bright, Diamond, and Blackbird drawing one of their weekly wagons of potatoes or corn to the nearest canal, for we had a wholesome dread of the carter's whip from past experience.

After the age of school-days and playthings came the time of youthful sporting weapons. The long-bow with mallet-headed arrows for little birds of delicate plumage; and the cross-bow with leaded iron bolt for all strong-winged fowl. A steel bow, with gun-like butt and wooden barrel, with a slit on either side for the catgut to play through, was a formidable weapon even in the hand of a boy. Never shall we forget the first wood-pigeon that fell by our hand.

It was late one brilliant August afternoon when we set out prepared for slaughter. The sorrel amongst the grass was just beginning to redden here and there, and the dewberries were already blackening the hedges above the pink leaves of the wild geranium and still brighter arum berries, as we crept down the shady side of the home-wood. A rabbit started up from the grass on the line of the old Preceptory wall where the Knights Templars had once flourished in all their splendour; but he did not hold a moment to take a second look at the advancing foe, and ran at once to earth on the bank-side without giving a fair chance for a shot. We climbed the fence and entered the lower side of the wood with as little noise as possible, but not before two young blackbirds had flown off with a startled cry sufficient to warn everything within hearing distance. Nothing abashed, we faced the north-wester which was rippling the leaves of the poplars and beeches into one uniform direction and hiding any sound we made. The sigh of the wind and the constant movement of the underwood was our only chance of approach with such a wily bird as the ringdove, which on a quiet day would notice a movement on the ground or the breaking of a twig at a hundred yards' distance. On we stole with the field-rice playing in and out of the grass and brambles, ~~until~~ the startled squirrels rushing up the trunks of the nearest trees to their leafy home. The pigeon's favourite rest was a sycamore which overtopped the rest of the wood by some feet. Plaintive cooing came from its upper branches, showing us our game was at hand, if we could only reach it unobserved. The moments flew, our hearts beat high; the sound ceased; we stopped on the

instant, fixed like a statue, leaning face downwards on the crossbow. It began again, and we moved on, till at last we glided under the outer branches of the sycamore itself. Now the real difficulty lay before us. How were we to find the position of the birds without exposing ourselves to the quick eyes hidden among the upper foliage?

Any one who has not tried to peer into the matted top of a large tree in full leaf unseen by a shy and wary bird, can have no idea of the difficulty of the undertaking. The form of a dove outlined against a varying thickness of green leaves lit up by sunlight is a most difficult thing to recognise even when in full view. Over and over again, when waiting for them under a tree in a pea-field, we have seen a bird alight at the end of a branch and disappear from view as it closed its wings. But when you do not know in what part of the tree the birds are, while a single false step will bring you into full view and flush the game, the difficulty is infinitely increased, and, as a general rule, becomes an almost impossible feat.

Luck favoured us in our first attempt of the kind, as it has never done since, excepting in the pairing season. After a little twisting of the body and steady gazing into the mass of leaves on the opposite side of the tree, a fine cock-bird discovered itself by cooing loudly to its mate. The branch trembled on which it sat, its sheeny neck and breast shone out in the sunlight, and the whole bird became visible excepting the head, which was hidden by a fluttering leaf. The gut of the bow had been strung before we entered the wood, and nothing was required but to slip a bolt into the wooden barrel and to raise it to the shoulder.

To hit a bird at ten yards swaying to and fro at the end of a branch with a modern breech-loader is no great feat; but to do the same with the single bolt of a crossbow requires the nicest art. Over and over again the bird was waved into the field of sight by the swaying branch, but pulse or nerve failed at the critical moment. At last in a hopeless flurry we pulled the trigger just before the wing-joint came into view. The twang of the released gut sent five unseen birds flying away from their afternoon siesta, and down with a plump—which sounds so sweet in the ears of a sportsman—came the lovely cock.

The clubhead—a light thin oak stick with a large clubbed root, made more heavy with lead—for throwing at rabbits or anything that practical ingenuity could steal upon, was another weapon of this same period. The idea was borrowed from a book of travels, but by whom and amongst what people we are unable to say at this distance of time. This was the age also of the three-brick trap, the horse-hair noose, and birdlime; of ceaseless wandering by wood and stream, over meadow and fallow, rifling their varied treasure of skin and feathers, eggs and flower, in season and out of season, whenever we were permitted.

Then there was the fishing! What famous fun it was! We have been at it from light to dark, and have gone to bed too weary to eat, to rise to it again on the morrow as fresh as ever. Men may still keep to it in after-life, but for our part

we have given it up. Where is the sense of freedom and reckless happiness now with which we 'trawled' in the preserved drains under the nose of the watchers, or 'snickled' the twelve-pound pike under the old willow by the lake before the Hall windows in the early morning light? Gone, all gone; our plenteous waistcoats and slow gait forbid any idea of the kind.

Surely it was not right that the ponds of one lordship should be overstocked with fish, and in the next—ours, of course—the old clay-pits quite empty? Especially, too, when the Squire, 'like a canny man,' as the Scotch gardener said, was not over-particular in asking questions.

The fresh-water mussels in the home fishpond at the Hall had a great attraction for us, though the pearls we found were of the very smallest size and never free in the shell. It was so ridiculously full of them, that 'the old gentleman' himself could not have cooled his soles for a moment without having a pendant to every toe. Three boys were always told off on the occasion of a visit to watch the gate and doors of the old walled garden, to whistle a warning in case of need; while another followed the deaf old gardener—who was so near-sighted that he several times fell over his own basket, and once into the pond itself—and all was well. We crept noiselessly out of the rhododendron bushes, and were soon flat on the grass by the pond, peering into the mud through two feet of crystal water. There the bivalves rested in an upright position from a foot to eighteen inches apart as far as the eye could see, with just the tips of their open shells, fringed with delicate tendrils, peeping out of the mud. Our mode of taking them was simplicity itself: we inserted a piece of fine iron wire into their open ends, which caused them to close with so tenacious a grip that we could draw them slowly from their resting-places and jerk them into the expectant basket. Twenty minutes would suffice to collect over a stone-weight, when a start was made for the clay-pits, but with proper precautions, for our burden would have betrayed us, till we were well off the Master's place.

The great pool by the side of the Gothic bridge that had once spanned the beck was another favourite spot. We have sat motionless, fishing for hours from the broken central pier, under the shade of the great ash, whose sweeping bough had carried us over the eleven feet of eddying water. It was here we found the seventeen perch sailing round and round in the back-water of the hole in the afternoon light.

'Gently now, Mat. Give me the whip, and a six-foot gimp with an' unbaited four-pronged hook'—our language was more expressive than piscatory, and savoured of the farmyard more than the stream.

You call it poaching, murder, to take them all, and without a rod too, Mr Would-be Walton? Well, just try to draw seventeen perch out of a hole one by one without frightening the rest by any other means. It is not so easy as it looks to one who knows nothing about the art of tickling fish; and we were hungry village boys, and fish is very good, either cooked fresh from the water or cold with salt and vinegar—especially if you have caught it yourself.

As we grew older and more adept at woodcraft

the range of our sport extended. Baited night-lines set in reedy shallows will catch water-hens and wild-ducks as well as eels, and properly concealed spring-traps hold the proudest of England's common wild-fowl, the gray goose. All depends on the skill of the trapper, with local knowledge of the ground and the habits of the bird. This and every other information was to be had at second-hand to begin with on a promise of secrecy from an old hand who knew 'ought that could be learned about ratting'; the ostensible reason for his always being in our company when not less reputably employed. He taught us the use of the trammel and gate-net; and showed by an illustrative example how to take a hare in any field with a snare and a terrier dog.

'You fine gentlemen an' farmers' sons may go where you like, tramocking after nests and bits o' weeds with your fine picture-books o' buds and fawns, and nobody s'pects you o' anything; while the likes o' me can't walk doon the lane wi' my hands in my pockets, or one of them keepers is after me, frit out, o' his mind about summat. As if an honest man didn't know on which leg he halts hissen.'

The keepers did 's'pect' more than they openly acknowledged; but they had private and very good reasons for not seeing what was under their eyes sometimes, as the poacher more than hinted in this gnomic reference to halting.

This ne'er-do-well was a true son of the soil; as cunning as a fox and shy as a woodcock, his hand against every man, and every man's against him excepting in bargain or carouse. He lived on five acres of freehold in the next parish, and never worked off his own land excepting as a mole and rat cat-her. It was only after repeated efforts that we gained his confidence and sympathy and learned the full extent of his accomplishments; for he had communed with Nature till he knew her by heart. The woods and commons, sluggish streams, and snipe-covered bogs were his books, and he had not pored over them long nights and days for nothing. Every sound and hum was a living language to his watchful ears, every motion and colour a true indication to his marvellous eye. The chatter of the magpies a little before dawn told him that Mr Velvets had entered the wood close by, though that worthy could not understand, when the dog found his fair later on, how the poacher got wind and stole away unseen. When we followed the hare across the new-fallen snow on the common, he told us beforehand she would bolt from the furze-bush by her changed 'loupings'; though from that day to this we have never been able to predict the same event under similar circumstances. The cry and action and trail of every bird and beast were known to him; sometimes the eyes, sometimes the ear received the required sign, from which the well-stored mind drew a rapid and always accurate conclusion. We do not wish to make a hero of this poacher; but give him his due, he was a man and a brother, and a remarkably clever man too.

Happy times those old Lincolnshire days were, even when the unluckied whelp appeared in all his pristine vigour, as the following anecdote will show. Mat's father was a farmer, and a local preacher for the Wesleyans, though he attended

church when the chapel was closed. He was as upright a man and good-natured a soul as ever stepped. In his earnest desire to do good to his fellow-creatures he had started a prayer-meeting, which was held every Wednesday afternoon in his 'best room,' and followed afterwards by an old-fashioned tea, for 'times were good and things went merrily' in the days we speak of.

On one of these meeting-days three of us ensconced ourselves, for the purpose of watching the company arrive, in a hole we had made early the previous morning on the top of a straw stack, which had been set close to the end of the house, to make room for the incoming crops. The 'meetingers' had hardly assembled when Mat burst into a fit of smothered laughter, and without saying a word, bade us follow him as quickly as we could. Guessing there was something in the wind, we were only too happy. We slid down from the stack and took a 'mouch' round. All was quiet; the men were in the harvest-field, the mistress and maids in the prayer-meeting. By dint of no little exertion we carried a twenty-foot ladder to the top of the stack, from which it was an easy matter to reach the top of the house. By the aid of a little barley from the hay-house, Mat was soon mounting the roof with his mother's largest gair goshing under his arm. He had made an attempt to catch the old gander; but he had proved too powerful and refractory at close-quarters. To drop the short ladder from the stack and carry it back to the spot we had taken it from and to return to our snug hiding-place was the work of a couple of minutes. Mat waited patiently by the gutter till all was ready below, and then slowly climbed on hand and knees to the ridge of the roof; an effort of the most fool-hardy danger, considering how he was burdened. Standing on tiptoe and holding on by an ornamental groin of bricks, he deliberately dropped the goshing, tail foremost, down the old-fashioned open chimney of the drawing-room, the poor bird giving a frantic cry as he let go of its bill. Waiting a moment to listen, he ran down the tiles, landed on the stack with a bold spring, and buried himself beside us in the straw.

What took place within the room we did not learn till late the same evening, *when we came home from fishing*. Mary, the voluble dairy-maid, told us with much laughter that her master had just reached his long-winded petition against the devil—a notable personage in the prayers of our younger days—when an awful black 'summat,' whose identity no one doubted for the moment, with half a ton of soot, came down the chimney and began 'to flusker about.'

What we did hear from our hiding-place were appalling shrieks from frightened women; while a moment after there was a stampede 'sky-wannock,' helter-skelter, of the much besooted congregants through the open French windows, followed by the black cause of all their fear with outstretched neck 'skirling awful.' The poor bird was pursued in turn by the worthy minister, Bible in hand, with objurgations loud and strong.

There was no more prayer-meeting that afternoon; and if the good man, who came into the yard a few minutes after to cool his heated mind, had suspected or discovered our hiding-place, our

skins would have paid dearly for the pleasure we had enjoyed.

Another escapade, in which we did not get off quite so easily, was pelting the barquees, as they passed up and down the river, with the small potatoes which were often to be found lying about the landing-stage. Over and over again, in language more expressive than polite, we were warned at the risk of our skin to desist. But as long as potatoes were plentiful and the boatmen a fair mark, the temptation was too strong to be resisted, especially as there seemed so little risk of retaliation. A day came at last, however, when one of the long-suffering objects of our attention stole a march on us by landing in his boat at a point round the bend of the river and stealing up behind us under cover of the bank while we were busily employed with his mate. He had provided himself with an ash sapling, or, as he called it, 'an ash-plant,' which he used with such promptitude and vigour on legs and sides and backs that sitting or lying was no work of supererogation for a week to come. The man in the barge joined his friend as soon as he could, and took 'a topping-up turn' with each boy when the other had done, and finally half drowned us by holding us down in the river 'to cool the welt fever' which was fast coming to a head. With a potato stuffed into mouths and well plastered into its place with warp or river mud, they left us in a sorer plight than we had ever been before, but perfectly cured of our mania for cockshying with potatoes.

But why should we scribble away in our garrulous old age about the happy half-forgotten past, when it is the eternal 'now' of the present which demands the attention of old and young alike? Only because the little book we picked up the other day by our fellow county-woman has brought back the past with its timeworn dialect and quaint tales so clearly as to induce a fit of scribbling mania. Men dwell with the longest and greatest pleasure on whatever tickles their fancy and vanity most; and both fancy and vanity were tickled by being asked to criticise a thought and language once as familiar as the cold boiled bacon and small-beer of a Lincolnshire farmhouse.

A PREDICTED REVOLUTION IN GUNNERY.

A GUN which dispenses with gunpowder or other explosive, and which therefore can no longer be correctly described as a firearm, is certainly a somewhat startling novelty in lethal weapons. Such a gun has recently been invented, and put to experimental trial; and the results of these experiments have induced its friends to believe that it represents the small-arm of the future. How far they are justified in these anticipations we shall presently see.

The inventor of the 'Gas Gun,' as it is called, is M. Paul Giffard, who bears a name which has already won confidence among mechanical engineers because of his brother's well-known invention of the Steam-injector, a device by which a boiler under pressure can be supplied with water without the aid of a pump.

In outward appearance the gun does not seem to differ from the usual type of rifle or fowling-piece, as the case may be—for the new principle can be applied to either weapon—except that just beneath the barrel, and forming apparently a part of the stock, there is a metallic cylinder about nine inches long, and about double the diameter of the barrel itself. In this cylinder is contained the motive-power, or ballistic force which is utilised in lieu of ordinary gunpowder, for sending the bullet or charge of shot on its deadly mission. This propulsive power is provided by gas; but this gas, instead of being generated by the combustion of powder, is obtained for every discharge by the release from pressure of a drop of liquid which immediately assumes the gaseous form. This liquid is contained in the cylindrical vessel below the barrel of the gun which has been already mentioned. A pull on the trigger of the weapon causes a hammer to fall, as in the case of old-fashioned muskets; but the blow, instead of acting upon a percussion cap, opens a valve in the cylinder, whereupon a drop of liquid escapes into the barrel above, expands into gas and drives the bullet out, which by a previous operation has been placed in position.

There is no mystery whatever about the liquid which is employed in this novel form of gun. It is simply liquefied carbon dioxide, or, to give it its more common names of choke-damp, or carbonic acid gas. For it is met with all over the world of nature as a gas. It is always found when carbon is burnt in excess of oxygen or air; it occurs free in the air and in many mineral springs, and forms the food of plants, from which they derive their woody structure. It is also found in the craters and fissures of volcanoes, at the bottom of old wells, and in beer-vats. It occurs as the deadly choke-damp known to miners, and has killed many because of its irrespirable nature. Should the fond anticipations of the promoters of the Gas Gun prove to be founded on correct data, the deadly vapour will now commence a new era of destructiveness in another way. It is strange that any one should be found applying the same force which gives effervescence to ginger-beer and similar harmless fluids to the destruction of life.

The Gas Gun depends for its efficiency upon the circumstance that carbon dioxide can, like other gases, and far more easily than some, be reduced by pressure to the liquid state. That is to say, supposing that we have an amount of the gas at our disposal—it is easily prepared by adding acid to lime in the form of chalk or marble—a powerful pump and a strong metal receptacle, we can by pumping the gas into that receiver gradually cause the gas to assume the liquid form. The change will begin when the amount of gas compressed amounts to thirty-six times the volume of the receiver. Every stroke of the pump after this has been arrived

at produces fresh condensation, until the receiving vessel is full of liquid. The gas will then be described as being under a pressure of thirty-six atmospheres; and as one atmosphere may be said to represent a pressure of fifteen pounds on the square inch, it follows that the entire pressure exerted by the liquefied gas against the walls of its containing vessel is this amount multiplied thirty-six times, or an aggregate pressure of over five hundred pounds on the square inch.

Those accustomed to steam-pressures may be apt to be misled by these figures, and may look upon a pressure of five hundred pounds as something uncontrollable, for they will reckon that it is about four times the pressure at which a locomotive boiler is commonly worked. They will also be apt to imagine that there must be great difficulty in obtaining a receptacle strong enough to bear such a strain. But they here lose sight of the circumstance that a gas-container is not like a steam-boiler, subjected to fervent heat, and the wear and tear which that constant heat brings with it. A small cylinder of good mild steel not more than a quarter of an inch in thickness will bear a gas-pressure of between two and three thousand pounds on the square inch; and hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are now supplied commercially in such vessels, the pressure being, when such cylinders leave the works, one hundred and twenty atmospheres, or eighteen hundred pounds on the square inch. So that it will be seen that there is no question of danger in using a cylinder which is only charged to five hundred pounds pressure.

We may now come to the advantages claimed for the new weapon. In the first place, it will discharge five hundred shots consecutively at an estimated cost of less than one penny for gas. It makes no report beyond that which is heard when an air-gun is discharged. It does not recoil—or 'kick,' as the common term is—and there is no fouling of the barrel. The absence of report is to our minds a rather doubtful advantage, but one which will be certainly appreciated by the burglar, poacher, and other predatory characters who commonly carry firearms; but the other advantages claimed are certainly valuable ones.

But surely such an advantage cannot be fairly claimed without at once admitting that the weapon is wanting in power. For the noise made by the discharge of a firearm is to some extent a measure of its carrying power, the noise being occasioned by the more or less displacement of the air by the outrush of gas. The absence of recoil may also give rise to a suspicion of want of power, for it is an established law that action and reaction are equal and opposite. If the bullet is projected in one direction, the gun from which it is fired must of necessity move in the opposite direction, and it is only because the weight of the weapon is so much greater than the bullet that the 'kick' is not more apparent than it commonly is. The other advantage claimed would have been a valuable consideration in the days when gunpowder was of the very dirty kind; but the new nitro-compound smokeless powder does not foul the barrels in which it is used any more than carbonic acid would.

Clever as the invention undoubtedly is, we are constrained to believe that it can never represent a serious rival to gunpowder. It is noteworthy that when the Gas Gun was lately tried in London, the apparatus was adapted to small saloon rifles only. The range was only about twenty yards, and the muzzle velocity of the weapon, instead of being indicated by recognised instruments which are made for that purpose, was gauged by the flattening of the bullet on the target. For such weapons, which are mere toys, and for sporting-guns, the gas system may possibly prove to be effective; and if so, the sportsman will greatly value a weapon which will enable him to bring down a bird without frightening away all the other game within earshot. But it is quite clear that the force employed can never be made to do the same work in a rifle barrel which is accomplished by gunpowder. The latter at the moment of combustion exercises a force which we all know to be irresistible, and all this power is required to carry the bullet to the extreme ranges now demanded. It would be easy to prove by figures that the pressure exerted by gunpowder is more than seventy times that obtainable from the liberation of liquefied carbon dioxide. But the inability of the new method to compete with the old can be more readily shown by pointing out that in the former the ballistic power sufficient for hundreds of discharges is easily held in check by a thin steel cylinder. A single charge of gunpowder exploded in such a receptacle would shatter it to pieces, and would at once demonstrate that the old-fashioned explosive need not fear being superseded by liquefied carbonic acid.

TO THOSE WHO FAIL.

COURAGE, brave heart; nor in thy purpose falter;
Go on, and win the fight at any cost.
Though sick and weary after heavy conflict,
Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits
Who nobly struggle till the strife is done,
Through sun and storm with courage all undaunted,
Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters,
The brightest jewels in the darkest mine;
And through the very blackest hour of midnight
The star of Hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! Press on! the path is steep and rugged,
And storm-clouds almost hide Hope's light from
view;

But you can pass where other feet have trodden:
A few more steps may bring you safely through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honours;
By patient toil, each difficulty past,
You then may see these days of bitter failure
But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.

NELLIE BARLOW.

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AN HISTORIC AMERICAN ROAD.

WHEN we alight at the station known as 'Munroe's,' on the Lowell System of the Boston and Maine Railroad, we are within a few yards of what must be considered as historically the most interesting Road in the United States. The entire length of it from Boston to Concord is but sixteen miles, and the portion we propose to traverse but half that distance; but no tones ever read a more stirring, and, to an Englishman, perhaps a more humiliating, sermon to man than do the stones of this quiet, old-world American Road, along which Earl Percy marched early in the morning of April 19, 1775, with the object of destroying the 'rebel' magazines and stores at Concord, full of confidence and hope, and along which in less than six hours he scampered—literally scampered—back, baffled, disorganised, beaten, and disgraced.

Let us step out on this fresh, brisk, early winter morning, and read the sermon as we walk; literally, we may read it, for a patriotic Government has plainly labelled every point of interest along the entire route.

The road from the station leads almost directly up to the house from which the station is named, an old-world, single-storied 'shingle'-house, with a weather-beaten tiled roof, and old-fashioned glass-sided doors, standing amidst pleasant gardens on a grassy eminence close to the main-road side. A tablet on the house-front says:

Earl Percy's Headquarters and Hospital, April 18, 1775.
The Munroe Tavern, built 1685.

It is so peaceful now on this deserted country road, the sun shines so benignly, and the fresh sweet air, raising the yellow curls of a child bowling her hoop, makes such soft music through the great elms and the solemn firs, that one finds it hard to picture the scene presented here on that fateful April morning one hundred and fifteen years ago.

We try to think of the arrival of Earl Percy and his veterans of the 23d, the 'King's Own,'

the 47th Regiments, and the Royal Artillery, after their night-march from Lechlumere's Point, Boston—that night-march which had already been discounted by the dashing ride of Paul Revere—by Milk Street, past the old Davenport Tavern, now standing at the corner of North Avenue and Beech Street; past the Black Horse at Arlington; by the old, Tufts Tavern—a distance of ten miles. We try to picture the confidence and self-satisfaction with which all looked forward to the issue of the day's proceedings as they quaffed Munroe's ale and looked to their flints and primings, for there was not a man from the Earl himself to the smallest drummer-boy who was not assured that at the first glint of sun-rays on bayonets and red uniforms, and white leggings and shako-plaques, the 'beggarly rebels' would turn and flee to their native woods. We may guess that there was some grumbling at the bother of turning night into day for the sake of dispersing a crowd of farmers and stable-boys, but we may be sure that when the word 'Quick march! Forward!' was given, and the music struck up the old cavalier air of *Lucy Locket*, already known as *Yankee Doodle*, there was not a desponding heart in the assembly.

We pass on, and presently enter Lexington. It was a small village in 1775; it is not very much more now, although Boston business men are beginning to find it a pleasant suburban retreat, and, save when the business men are arriving or departing, is quiet enough.

We pass by pretty villas, interspersed with quaint houses of the old colonial style, by the Court-house, in the garden of which stands a stone fieldpiece, which marks the position taken up by the Royal Artillery, who, at the end of the fatal April day, prevented the disorderly retreat from becoming a regular rout, and we emerge on to sacred Lexington Common. Here it was that the war which created the mighty United States of America commenced, and, Englishmen though we be, it is with feelings of reverence and admiration that we step on to the triangular enclosure with its fringe of ancient

elms, which, although much reduced in size since that morning when Earl Percy's men approached to find their progress actually barred by the presumptuous Provincials, retains many of its original features.

We make straight for an irregularly-shaped mass of granite lying on the green turf. Upon it are carved a musket and a powder-horn—the primitive powder-horn of grow-scarers and sportsmen, not the elaborate contrivance of the regular soldier—with the following inscription :

Line of the Minute Men, April 19, 1775.

Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it, begin here.

CAPTAIN PARKER.

How the 'Minute Men'—so called because they held themselves ready for action at a minute's notice—stood their ground—how they scornfully replied to the British summons to surrender—how the pure April sky echoed to the rattle of the murderous reply which stretched the ground with dead and wounded—how the Patriots slowly and sullenly retired—and how with that reply the smouldering embers of liberty burst into a flame which was to illumine the world for many a long year—is written on one of the most glorious pages of the world's history.

Immediately behind the Minute Men's stone, but separated from the Common by the road which forms the base of the triangle, stands a house associated with this dawn of American freedom by a pathetic incident. The tablet on the wooden wall tells it briefly :

House of Jonathan Harrington, who, wounded on the Common, April 19, 1775, dragged himself to the door, and died at his wife's feet

Close to it is an old church, but not the original of the war-time, although Lexington men declare it to be so. Two roads branch off from this end of the Common. The right-hand one leads to 'Bedford and Billerica' (note how posterity has contemptuously treated the old Essex settler who brought the name of the latter town from his old English home, as other East Anglian settlers brought Cambridge, Attleborough, Framlingham, Thetford, and Baintree, by knocking off the final y), the left to Concord. For a few minutes we turn down the former road, as it is most intimately associated with the historical events of that April day in 1775. Down this road, very early in the morning of April 19, clattered Paul Revere; past the old Buckman Tavern, still standing, and bearing the legend :

Built 1690, known as the Duckman Tavern, a rendezvous of the Minute Men, a mark for British bullets, April 19, 1775—

But not, like us, across the railway, and pulled up his foaming, panting steed at the gate of this old house, which stands end on to the street, and is known as the Hancock House. No need is there to paint the picture in feeble prose, when it

can be read in stirring verse as told by the Landlord in Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*; but we cannot help a few moments' lapse into sentimentality, as we stand beneath the leafless trees and read on the tablet affixed to the house-wall :

Built 1698, enlarged 1734. Residence of Rev. John Hancock 55 years, and of his successor, Rev. Jonas Clark, 50 years. Here Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere, April 19, 1775.

Here, too, it was that Hancock wooed and won the fair 'Dorothy Q.' in that dark-panelled old room on the left hand as you enter, its window looking on the pleasant garden, and perhaps on the two stately elms—since disappeared—known as 'Hancock' and 'Adams.'

We retrace our steps over the railway, and turn to the right, past the church and the Harrington House, past the 'Soldiers' Monument,' and strike again to the right along the road to Concord.

Ah! what a terrible flight that was along this road during the afternoon of April 19, 1775! How our poor redcoats, as we call them—'those durned lobster-backs,' as an American would call them—exhausted with long marching and fighting under a burning sun, stung with too-well aimed bullets fired by an invisible and ungettable foe, who was secure amidst his native woods and rocks, half-dead with this, and—worst of all—thoroughly beaten, came racing along here from Concord town, a disorganised, dispirited, cowed mass of fugitives!

'Yankee Doodle!' said an officer who had been in the affair, and who was asked if he knew the air—'Yankee Doodle!' Yes; bless their eyes; they made us dance to it till we were tired!

On the rocky face of a bluff on our right hand, about three miles from Lexington, an inscription tells us that here Earl Percy made an attempt to rally the fugitives, but was driven off the hill at the point of the bayonet! 'Canst we imagine the surprise and indignation with which that piece of news was heard? No body of men, however well disciplined and however brave, can long stand the harassing fire of a lurking enemy, at which it cannot get; but for a band of ploughboys and farmers actually to drive the British regular soldier before them with his own pet weapon! It was impossible, incredible! But they did all the same.

The road mounts and descends through a thickly-wooded country, which probably has not materially altered in appearance during the past century. Gradually the houses increase in number: we pass Fiske's Hill, the site of the Brooks Tavern, the Merriam House and the Teal House—at all of which points there was either actual fighting or exchange of shots, as the door and floor of the last named still testify—and descend into the pleasant but, we should imagine, exceedingly dull old town of Concord.

At a later period than that of which we are particularly writing, Concord became somewhat famous as a favourite retreat of men of letters, prominent amongst whom were Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, and Hoar.

On our left hand is the old Wright's Tavern,

where the Provincials had an alarm-post. It is still a house of public entertainment, but, like all others in this part of Massachusetts, conducted on temperance principles, and the landlord never tires of telling how an English officer sitting here one day with a glass of spirits before him happened accidentally to cut his finger, whereupon he allowed some of the drops of blood to fall into the liquor, and drank it off, giving as his toast, 'May the blood of the rebel rascals so mix with the water of Concord river!' He happened to be one of the first victims of the 'rebel rascals' fire that same day.

Opposite to the Wright's Tavern rises, behind a line of houses, a hill which was considered to be the key to the town. On this hill the early Puritan settlers reared their first chapel, and the hill-side is still covered with their old-world gravestones, inscribed with many a quaint name and with very curious epitaphs. The graves of the Buttrick family are numerous; but the grave of John Buttrick the patriot, whose words, 'Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake, fire!' are engraved on his headstone, is in another old burial-ground in the town.

Instead of turning down the main street, we go straight on, along a thickly-wooded road, which runs through the centre of the battle-field of Concord. A little way down, on the left hand, stands some way back from the road the 'Old Manse' of Hawthorne, the 'Mosses' from which have given delight to thousands of readers on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the most complete realisation of an ideal, so complete, indeed, that the question arises if prosaic forethought ought not to step in and save it from falling to pieces of sheer decrepitude. It is a 'shingle' building, with a battered gambrel roof provided with a dormer window, deserted, falling to decay, its windows shuttered up, the grass growing on its doorsteps, and a wild luxuriance of creeper pushing boldly through the shattered panes of what was once the study of Hawthorne. Seen as we see it under a dark wintry sky, whilst the wind moans through the dark fir-trees, and makes a loose shutter rattle against the loose planks of the house-wall, devoid of any sign of recent human habitation, not a footmark on the path, not a breath of smoke curling from the massive chimneys, we can hardly realise that we are in a young country, of which the history extends back little over a century, and can fancy rather that we are in some quiet nook of Old England.

We pass out through the gate, hanging on one hinge, and pause to look at the old Jones House opposite, from which the British troops were fired at in 1775, and at which they let fly in return, a bullet-hole in the door still bearing witness of the fact. The adjoining field was the muster-ground of the Provincial levies, and was chosen, it is said, from the abundance of flints on the soil, so that the rustics could supply themselves ere they went into action. The next turning to the left beyond the Old Manse brings us by an alley of firs and pines to the base of the famous statue of the Minute Man, erected in commemoration of the event which has immortalised Concord. The figure is admirable, and the site well chosen. Facing the woodland road up which came King George's troops, stands a hand-

some young fellow of heroic size, three-cornered hat on head, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his powder-horn slung over his left shoulder, his right hand grasping his rifle, his left still holding the handle of the plough, over which hangs his coat. The statue tells its own story: the young farmer peacefully ploughing, but ploughing with rifle and powder-horn ready to be snatched up at the first alarm, alert at the sound of the warning bugle, and not ever troubling himself to get into his coat. On the pedestal are the following stirring lines by Emerson:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled:
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Behind the statue, the Concord river placidly rolls beneath the modern successor of the historic bridge, over which if the British troops had succeeded in passing, perhaps some of the most ringing pages of modern history would never have been written. Up to this point we had been—well, victorious, if the burning of a few stores and the explosion of a magazine or two in the face of raw levies beside whom the worst trained militia regiment may pose as veteran troops, can be called a victory. But the retreat from Concord Bridge, which gradually became a flight, changed the victory into defeat; and it is to the moral effect produced upon despairing but defiant men by the consciousness thus aroused that they could hold their own with disciplined soldiers that are owing the tremendous events which followed. We are irresistibly rooted to the spot on this wild, weird winter afternoon, which, with almost British eccentricity, has succeeded to the fair bright morning. There is not a sign or sound of human life around this little corner of the old Bay State which is so associated with human passions and human wantonness. Come here during summer-time, and the romance is ruthlessly dispelled by the shrill laughter of Boston girls and the puritanical twang of Boston young men, with whom Concord Bridge is a favourite picnicking resort; whilst the hallowed soil around is littered with sandwich papers and broken bottles. We prefer to see it under its present aspect.

Then, from the survey of monument, bridge, river, and silent winter scenery, we turn to the spot which appeals most directly of all to the feelings of the British visitor. In the wall which divides the road from the Old Manse domain, a rude wall of uncemented stones, such as one sees in Northumberland, is one big slab of granite, upon which is inscribed—

Grave of British Soldiers.

Some reverent hand has enclosed the grave, marked now but by two stones, with posts and chain; and within this narrow area are two sturdy straight-stemmed pines, which shed their fragrant fruit on the nameless graves below; and as the wind moans through their branches, we seem to hear the words of Russell Lowell whispered as a kind of dirge:

These men were brave enough, and true
To the hired soldier's bulldog greed;
What brought them here they never knew,
They fought as suits the English breed;

They came three thousand miles, and died,
To keep the Past upon its throne;
Unheard, beyond the Ocean tide
Their English mother made their moan.

And so, with rather saddened thoughts, we retrace our steps along this famous old Road into Concord town.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER III.—A PRIVATE INQUEST.

THE natural horror excited in Mrs King by the intelligence of the murder of her brother-in-law, and the shock which it occasioned, were quickly superseded by a dim and terrible fear. Leaving the gardener in the kitchen to discuss his ill tidings with the servants, the lady tottered back to her bedchamber and locked the door. The pallor of her face and the trembling of every fibre in her frame indicated the profound agitation from which she was suffering. Her fears were full of her husband; and a prayerful appeal for mercy, made upon her knees by the bedside, showed how deeply the fear had entered into her soul.

She recalled the scene of the preceding night, and was able to realise, imperfectly, it is true, but sufficiently to inspire acute alarm, how a wrong and a punishment such as her husband had suffered were calculated to change the character and even to unhinge the mind. Brooding over them in that solitude of which he had spoken so bitterly, the softest nature might so harden as to become impenetrable to all influences but one. Could her husband's mental vision have been so perverted during his long and unmerited punishment, as to charge the wrong against his brother? That he definitely charged it against some person was clear, and the unhappy wife recollected now—with perhaps more significance than was fairly attachable to it—the way in which her husband had rejected Rowan King's proposal for his emigration.

It was therefore with no small thankfulness she learned by-and-by that Francis Gray was below. Hastily dressing, and halting at her daughter's door to assure herself that she still slept, Mrs King went down to the drawing-room.

Gray, who was looking out of a window, turned quickly as she entered, and for a second or two checked what he was about to say. 'I perceive I am not the first bearer of the sad news,' he said, looking in her troubled eyes; and then he added, after a pause: 'Does Agnes know?'

'No; she is still asleep. She did not fall asleep until near dawn. Poor child, she will know it too soon.—Tell me all about it.'

'There is not much to tell. When I went back last night, Mr King was sitting in the study, as usual, reading. He always sat up till an hour or so past midnight. I told him I had given you his message, and gave him, in your own words, the gratitude you expressed. He seemed much pleased, and then I said good-night and retired to my own room. Early this morning, old Stokes, the butler, woke me with the news that his master was dead. I went down with him, and saw Mr King sitting in the chair, as I had left him the

night before, but dead. His fingers still held a half-smoked cigar. That is all.'

Mrs King held her breath for some time, and then drew a deep respiration, with her hand pressed to her side.

'Is that—all?' she said, in a voice scarcely higher than a whisper.

'That is all, at present. The doctors have been sent for, and no doubt they will discover the cause of death.'

'That man—that gardener, who came here this morning—said Mr King had been murdered!'

'There is nothing, as far as I have noticed, to suggest murder.—Who would murder Mr King? The man was excited, I suppose, and did not know what he said. The doctors will discover the cause of Mr King's death.'

Gray could not help being struck with the changing expression of fear, anxiety, hope, which rapidly passed over Mrs King's face. Nor was his surprise lessened when suddenly, overcome by emotion, she clasped her hands and turned her streaming eyes upwards, saying: 'Not murdered? Oh, thank God for that!'

They had been standing all this time, and Mrs King now sank into a low chair and put her hands to her face. Gray saw the tears trickling between her fingers. He was perplexed as to the meaning of this singular emotion; but he forbore to speak, and walked over to the window again.

'Frank,' she said, after some time, 'I know I can trust you as if you were my son. You are my only friend now—you, and Richard King.'

He wished he could ask her not to associate him with Richard King, but it was no time for doing so. He said nothing, but allowed her to proceed.

'You will understand what I felt on hearing that Rowan King was murdered, when I tell you that my husband was here last night.'

Gray gave a start.

'When you were here, he was in the study. I will tell you what passed, and you will then understand the terrible anxiety which I have suffered to-day.'

Mrs King described the interview, and the looks and language of her husband, to her astonished listener; and he could not conceal the fact that her fears made an impression on him.

'You do not know where he went to after leaving here?' he asked.

'No; he passed down through the garden, and must have entered the park over the wall: there is no other way of exit, as you know, in that direction. But he said nothing to show where he was going to; only that he wanted to get away from all chance of recognition.'

'In that case, Mrs King, he must have meant to go a long way. If we only knew upon whom his thoughts are fixed as the wrong-doer, it might guide us in tracing him—that is, if there were any use in doing so.'

Mrs King shook her head sadly. 'It would be no use,' she said—'no use! He would not come back. I fear he will never come back.'

It was very mysterious to Francis Gray. While he walked back to the Hall he tried to understand it. Whom did Charles King accuse, and how was his expressed resolution to punish the wrong-doer to be reconciled with his abandonment of his wife and daughter? It would follow, apparently,

that the man he sought did not reside in that part of the country, a conclusion which only involved deeper mystery.

But Gray's anxious thoughts had reference less to the retributive determination of the late vicar than to his fugitive visit to Yewle the preceding night. It struck him most forcibly—as in a less degree it had appeared to Mrs King—that Charles King's appearance at the vicarage was merely incidental to some other purpose in coming to Yewle. And Rowan King was found dead in his chair next morning. It was impossible not to think of the two things together. There might be—there probably was—no connection between them, but the association was inevitable.

It was nearly midnight when Charles King left the vicarage, and he had gone into the park from the garden. Would it be possible, Gray asked himself, to discover, without awakening dangerous curiosity, whether he had visited the Hall? The French casement, opening from the study into a shaded nook of garden, had not been closed during the night. It was Rowan King's habit to secure it before retiring. Gray walked round there, but could discover no sign of foot-marks on the grass or gravel. He glanced through the casement with a shudder: the dead master of Yewle still occupied the chair, exactly as he had been discovered by the old butler that morning. The room was locked; and Stokes, as the oldest servant of the family, carried the key in his pocket.

Although the news of Rowan King's sudden death was over half the county before evening, there were no callers during the day except two or three privileged persons of the parish of Yewle—and Mr Richard King. Rowan King had passed so much of his life abroad, and at home had been so solitary and unsocial, that he was known in the county rather by name and character than personally. There was no one at Yewle to offer sympathy to; the only remaining member of the family being, as was supposed, a felon still undergoing sentence.

Richard King, when he came, stood six feet off and surveyed the dead man for several minutes in silence. Then, drawing a deep breath, he walked out of the room, which Stokes again locked. He only asked two questions of the butler. 'At what hour did you discover Mr King to be dead?'

'About half-past six, sir.'

'And had he been long dead, do you know?'

'How can I tell, sir? He felt cold, that's all I know, not being a doctor.'

'There will be an inquest, of course,' observed Richard King presently, 'and a post-mortem examination of the body by the doctors. I must return to Souchester now. I will call at the vicarage first, to see Mrs King; but I will be here early to-morrow.'

The old servant's countenance changed at the mention of the 'post-mortem' and the doctors, and after a minute's uneasy hesitation he asked: 'Will they—will the doctors, do you think, sir, open Mr Rowan at the post-mortem?'

'As a matter of course, Stokes. They must find out the cause of death for the coroner's jury.'

Richard King's horse was brought round, and he struck down the avenue in a gallop.

The old servant stood meditatively at the door, looking after him. 'I suppose it will be him,' he soliloquised, 'for I fear poor Mr Charles is out of it. He ain't a King, though; no, there's no Yewle blood in him. However, my days are not many now.' The old man moved slowly along a passage leading to the billiard room, or what had once been such, with his head bent and an expression of deep trouble on his face. 'God help us all!' he muttered, shaking his head—'God help us! The last of them. The end of a fine family: the race is going down in disaster, if you like.—And they mean to open Mr Rowan like a dead sheep? I'd rather let them open me—that I would.—Not,' added Stokes seriously, 'that Mr Rowan would care much, if he knew they were doing it, and they asked his leave; but when he doesn't know, and no leave asked, it makes a great difference—a great difference!'

Having delivered himself of these singular reflections, Stokes opened the door of the billiard room and went in. Francis Gray and a gentleman as aged as Stokes himself were sitting in the recess of a window.

'Mr Richard is gone,' said Stokes, halting in the middle of the room. 'He'll call at the vicarage, and be back here again early to-morrow.—I suppose,' he added regretfully, 'he'll be the master now; but he ain't a King—only in name. There's none of the Yewle blood in him.'

'Mr Richard was greatly shocked, I suppose?' inquired Gray.

'Not as I could see, Mr Gray. If he was, and I don't say he wasn't, he kept it down as well as Mr Rowan himself could have done. But Yewle is a fine place to come to, from a desk in a bank—so there's nature in it. But he said master was to be opened.—Will they do that, Dr Hayle?'

'I suppose they will, Stokes—I suppose they will,' answered the old doctor, slowly moving his head from side to side.

Stokes, as the old parish doctor—now long retired from the exercise of his profession—gave expression to this opinion, seemed to be convinced, for the first time, of the certainty of that which before had been at least open to doubt. The effect on the butler was remarkable, and at first quite an enigma to young Gray. His stout old frame seemed to undergo a convulsion, and the watery eyes gleamed with an angry light.

'You won't have anything to do with it, Dr Hayle?' he asked.

'No, Stokes; I'm not in practice now.'

'And if you was, Dr Hayle, one that knows the history of the family as well as you would have nothing to do with it. Will they be able to swear that he's dead, before they begin with their knives?—because, if they don't, Mr Rowan will soon be dead under their red hands!'

The old doctor moved uneasily in his chair and glanced at Francis Gray. He saw nothing in the young man's countenance but a look of surprise, occasioned by the language of Stokes and the butler's deep agitation.

'Stokes,' said the doctor solemnly, 'I'm afraid there's no doubt about Mr Rowan being dead. What the doctors will have to do will be to find out what he died from.'

'They are a clever sort, the doctors of these times,' replied the old butler derisively. 'Instead

of bleeding and blistering you, as used to be done when people lived longer, they stick their thumb-nails into your mouth and under your arm, and give you little spoonfuls of stuff, as if you was a child. They don't forget to charge just as much as if they done the right thing, neither. I suppose if these smart gentlemen, Dr Hayle, was here in the time of Hubert King, and the second Rowan, and old Mr Geoffrey that's at rest, they'd have straightway opened *them* too, and made an end of them? If they want to open somebody,' he exclaimed, 'let them open me!' The butler, being too excited to say more, turned quickly and left the room.

'The old man seems deranged, I fancy,' remarked Francis Gray to the doctor. 'What on earth does he mean?'

'Don't you know?' replied the doctor uneasily. 'The Kings have been a strange family,' he continued, lowering his voice reverentially—for, having been born under the shadow of Yewle, and lived all his long life in the parish, the old doctor participated to the full in the almost superstitious respect with which the family was regarded—'a strange family,' he repeated. 'If you were acquainted with their history, you would be at no loss to understand old Stokes. He does not believe that his master is dead.'

Gray looked astonished, and not the less so on account of the serious fashion in which Dr Hayle regarded the matter.

'The fact is, Mr Gray,' continued the doctor, 'the problem of life and death has been the pervading interest of the Kings for generations. Have you ever thought why the study should be filled, as it is, with medical works and books of physiology and the kindred sciences? You will find a collection of such books there, from the old black-letter to the latest work published of the kind. These have been the study of successive masters of Yewle.'

'I have noticed the books, of course, and have been much puzzled about them, such a collection is so unlike what a country gentleman would have. I once asked Mr King for the reason of the collection.'

'What did he say?' the doctor asked with much interest.

'He said nothing, but looked at me in such a way that I took care never to allude to the subject again.'

'Well, the explanation is this. The family has, as far back as memory or tradition goes, been subject to a strange condition of physical life—to a sudden cessation of animation, somewhat like that mysterious malady which is now commonly called catalepsy. Whereas, however, catalepsy is mostly confined to the female sex—as being subject in the greatest degree to the effects of mental emotion, its usual cause—no female of the King family has ever been known to fall a victim to the peculiar disease of their race. To be sure, there is in this connection the singular fact that during the last three generations only one female child has been born to the Kings of Yewle.'

'You mean Agnes King?'

'No. I was speaking of the masters of Yewle. The female I refer to is the mother of Richard King.'

'Then, was his father also a King?'

'His father was an attorney named Jones;

but after his marriage, Mr Jones—partly from vanity and partly to please his wife—changed his name to King, much to the wrath of Mr Geoffrey, who never acknowledged him in any way.—But to return to Yewle. You heard Stokes mention Hubert King, and the second Rowan King, and Mr Geoffrey, the father of Rowan and Charles. These were successively attacked by the family malady. It is to the case of the second Rowan King that the most pathetic interest is attached. He died, at a full age, about a hundred years ago; but my father remembered him and Lady Florence well, and often said that even when her glorious hair was white, she was the most beautiful woman in England.' Pausing a minute, the old doctor proceeded: 'The love of Rowan King for his wife was a wonderful thing. It was worship rather than love. When they were young and happy, they used to sit on summer evenings on the terrace beyond the drawing-room, and Rowan would have his wife let her splendid golden hair down, that he might admire it and bury his face in it for minutes at a time.—You have seen Lady Florence's portrait in the gallery? It is said to be only a dim reflection of her beauty—and her hair no man could picture on canvas. Well, one morning she found Rowan beside her, on awaking, stiff and lifeless. The doctors who came and examined the body pronounced it heart disease. When he was lying in the coffin, Lady Florence came down in the night and cut off every lock of her beautiful hair, that he had admired so much, and laid it on his breast.—Rowan King said himself afterwards, and never flinched from the truth till he died, that, conscious of what she was doing, the touch of this act of loving devotion and of her hot tears dropping on his face, awakened the current of life, and sent its thrill through his stiffened frame. Before morning, he was recovered. But every hair of the golden tresses was religiously preserved, and is still the most sacred heirloom of the family.'

'Where is it kept, Dr Hayle?'

'In the great safe in the study, enshrined in a casket that is studded with a fortune in precious stones. No King that has ruled in Yewle since then but has added to the value of that secret treasure. It is said,' added the doctor, with deep conviction, 'that the stones in that casket are worth a hundred thousand pounds.'

'And Mr Geoffrey King, too—was he also visited by the same malady?'

'Twice,' said the doctor. 'I saw him on both occasions myself. There was no sign by which the presence of life could be detected. The disease is an entirely peculiar and abnormal one. It was in Mr Geoffrey's time the new mausoleum was built, and all the coffins removed to it—that could be removed—from the family vault. Each occupies its own shelf. But so deep was his sense of the contact of life and death, that, years ago, he had three snites of coffins put in their places there—one for himself, and one for each of his two sons. Rowan's will be brought up to the Hall when the inquest is over.'

Francis Gray thought over this strange history for several minutes, and—though perhaps less deeply impressed with the history of the Kings of Yewle than the doctor and butler, who had

breathed in that atmosphere from childhood—he was no longer surprised at the scepticism of the latter as to his master being dead. Indeed, he began even to hope that it was possible Stokes might be right.

‘Dr Hayle,’ he asked at length, ‘do you think it possible that—that Rowan King may be really alive?’

The doctor hesitated, but after a minute or so answered: ‘If any other person put that question to me, Frank, I would not reply. I know, however, I can trust you; I would not trust old Stokes. Rowan King is dead, and I dread the inquest to-morrow for what it will certainly bring forth.’

‘Bring forth—what?’ cried Gray, with dim fear of some terrible climax approaching.

‘That Rowan King has been murdered. I noticed on his dark waistcoat what Stokes was too short-sighted to see. Heaven help us!—and I am of opinion the old man has some secret on his mind that oppresses him as much as his master’s death.’

So had Gray, after these words. He thought of Mrs King, that morning, uttering the fervent exclamation: ‘Not murdered? Oh, thank God for that!’ His heart fell, and for some time he could not speak.

‘Is it possible,’ he asked, ‘that Stokes really believes that his master may be still living?’

‘Who can tell? Do not attempt to contradict or doubt him; it could do no good.’

Dr Hayle left Yewle, and Francis Gray was alone with his thoughts. They were troubled and grievous thoughts. That Rowan King should have been murdered was very terrible to think of; but half the terror of it would have disappeared, had Gray been assured that the unfortunate Charles King—the father of Agnes!—had not been at Yewle the previous night. Richard King, too, must have heard of Charles King’s return. The craving in Francis Gray to bring comfort to mother and daughter before the inquest revealed the fatal truth, had the intensity of pain; but he could not face the vicarage again without the assurance that Rowan King’s brother had not been seen at Yewle. It was a dangerous inquiry to prosecute; but he made up his mind to discover what Stokes was holding back; and he knew it within half an hour.

HARES, THEIR HAUNTS AND HABITS.

THE Bill for a close time for English hares has again been dropped. His Irish relative has long enjoyed protection during the breeding season; but perhaps his case was made a party question, and therefore attended to. Yet we do not possess a single wild creature that so well deserves protection as the brown hare. He is very beautiful, does little damage, and is of considerable value as an article of food. In spite of the enormous numbers imported from Germany and Russia, he generally fetches from four to five shillings in the market; while live hares, for which there is a considerable demand, will command double that price.

When the Ground Game Act of 1880 was passed, a long close time ought to have been

fixed, for every one who knows anything of the habits of the creatures is well aware that they rapidly diminish in number if not protected. The first requisite for them is quiet, and this they are sure not to get when every tenant has a right to kill them. In March, and even April, the small holder constantly goes out with a gun to drive birds from the young corn, and any hare he sees is almost invariably fired at. On the whole, the Bill was a useful one; but, in allowing no close time it overlooked that short-sighted selfishness from which not even the farmer is free. Hares are great travellers, and though they have, if undisturbed, regular beats, they often spend the day on a strange field. The farmer, a hard-working and frugal man, is, as he says, ‘wonderful fond of an owl here,’ and quietly pots her in her seat. He knows well that he ought not to kill one after the beginning of March, but reflects that if he did not shoot her, his neighbour would do so.

It would be interesting to gather some rough estimate of the decrease in the number of hares in England during the last ten years. We will instance a parish in Suffolk in which in 1880 there were a fair number. Not a really large head, for not an acre in that or in any of the adjoining parishes was really preserved, but enough to give coursers a few pleasant days’ sport and to provide plenty for the harriers, while at the same time the few people who shot never hesitated to kill one. Yet all these hares were killed in the legitimate season, and no man tried to get more than his fair share. Last year, the most enthusiastic courser in the parish told us there was hardly a hare left, and that all round there was the same complaint.

In dry hilly districts the number used formerly to be immense. Old Cobbett in his *Rural Rides* gives an account of an ‘acre of hares’ which he saw on Salisbury Plain. The farmer and his son rode round a large field in different directions, and the hares ran like a flock of sheep to the centre. The Lincolnshire wolds and Berkshire downs carried nearly as many. On carefully-preserved land and in large woods immense numbers can be easily collected; but it requires a general forbearance over a wide area for any large head to be kept on open hill-country. Seven years ago two hundred were shot in two days on a farm in Berkshire. At the present time, though that particular spot has always been well preserved, it would be impossible to get half that number. If this has happened on preserved land, it is easy to imagine what is the state of unpreserved country, especially when let in small farms.

Not long ago several Cheshire landowners applied for the reduction of their game-rating on the ground of deterioration in the value of it. ‘You might as well try a churchyard for a hare as any part of my estate,’ said one. It should not be forgotten that a hare is both an easy and a profitable thing to poach. Few countrymen would wire a hare in the early summer on their own account, partly from a dislike to killing an animal in the breeding season, partly because they know it is really not fit for food; but if they can sell it to a game-dealer, all these considerations give way. The introduction of the

close season would impose a check on this sale of poached game.

If the winter has been mild and February is warm, hares breed very early. We have often known of leverets at least a fortnight old during the first week of March, and this in an exposed down country. No doubt, coursing tends to preserve hares; but we think that managers of coursing meetings set a very bad example in holding them often late in the spring. One meeting last season was advertised for the 1st of April, a full month later than ought to be permitted in the interests either of humanity or sport.

The number of leverets is generally two or three, though as many as five have been found. Sometimes the doe-hare chooses the stump of a clover rick or heap of waste straw to hide her young ones in, but generally they are dropped in the open. Even when quite young they are lovely little things; not blind, naked, and shapeless, like young rabbits, but bright-eyed furry animals, soon able to take pretty good care of themselves. For about a month they remain with the mother, who is a devoted parent. She has been known to defend them successfully against large hawks, springing up and striking the bird with her fore-paws. Some years ago there was a melancholy story in the *Field* of the way in which a raven was seen to outwit a hare. The bird pounced at a leveret; but the hare was too quick, and drove the raven off. As it slowly retreated, the hare followed, and whenever it came near the ground, sprang at it. The bird decoyed her to a considerable distance, then rose in the air and flew swiftly back. Before the hare could return, he had seized the screaming leveret and carried it off.

Hares are far more pugnacious animals than is generally imagined. Jack-hares in the pairing season will often fight till one is in a dying condition. Waterton once saw the end of a combat in which the conquered hare was so much injured that he died in a short time. A rabbit generally fights by springing over his adversary and giving a vicious stroke with his hind-feet as he does so. We have never seen a hare use this method. They stand on their hind-legs and spar with their fore-paws like boxers; and if they come to close quarters, bite severely. They are very powerful animals, and far more than a match for a cat. Cowper the poet once saw his cat—probably the famous pussy that interviewed the viper—scratch one of his tame hares which had annoyed it. The hare instantly rushed at her and hammered on her back with its fore-paws 'like drumsticks.' Had not her master quickly interfered, the cat might have been killed.

Probably no man has had so much experience with hares as Cowper, for one of his three pets lived to be nearly twelve, and another nearly ten years old. They were his constant companions, and he thus gained a remarkable insight into their characters. The only trait that the three had in common was their love of play. Even when quite old, Puss and Tiney used to gambol every evening in the parlour. Kingsley was right when he wrote of 'the merry brown hares.' In other respects they differed much: Bess was tame and fearless by nature, Puss was tamed by kindness; but old Tiney was never anything but a wild animal, hating to be touched, and

ready to bite if any liberty was taken with him.

Naturalists must always regret that the poet did not try the effect of matrimony on old Tiney's temper. All his hares were males, so that his notes, excellent though they are, do not add to our knowledge of the number of broods that a doe-hare has, or whether the male and female pair for the whole year. The general opinion on this latter point is in the negative; but where hares are scarce, we think they often stay long together. Certainly for nearly three months last year we used to see two hares, and only two, on a piece of uncultivated land on the hill-side. On another day we watched two hares and a couple of leverets, about the size of half-grown rabbits, feeding together. It was at the bottom of a deep valley in the downs, and from our post under an elder bush by the big fox earth on the north side we could command more than five hundred acres of open country, yet we could only see one hare beside our family party.

The animals always thrive best on poor dry soil. Wet land is not so fatal to them as to rabbits; and some marshes, especially those near the sea-coast, will carry a great number; but rich herbage is not suitable for them. In the sand-hills of Holland the hares are larger and in better condition than those in the meadow-land. Any person who has hunted them with beagles will know the difference in the run that a grass-fed hare in a valley and one that has lived on the poor but varied herbage of the wildest hill-country will give.

Cowper's hares were in the habit of eating considerable quantities of fine sand, probably to counteract the richness of their food. Like rabbits and sheep, those that live on low-lying land sometimes suffer from 'fluke,' that deadly disease, arising from eating the fresh-water snail. In the wet summer of 1879 almost every hare and rabbit on one farm in the Vale of White Horse died from this cause. Hares are scrupulously clean animals, and spend a considerable time in combing and brushing their coats. Their feet, so often used in putting on rouge for the stage, are admirably adapted for this. Rabbits are frequently infested with fleas; but it is rare to see one on a hare if the animal is in good health.

The doe goes with young about fifty days, and generally has two broods in the year, the last litter being born about the middle or end of July. Occasionally, quite young leverets are found in September, and we once trod on and killed a tiny little fellow in November; but these are exceptional cases. Unlike the rabbit, none of the young ones breed till the following year, so that there is no danger of their multiplying too rapidly; though, before the passing of the Ground Game Act, it was always possible that a shooting-tenant might increase the head of hares to such an extent that crops were seriously damaged. Even if the tenant farmer had leave to kill rabbits, the hares in the covers might damage the neighbouring turnip and wheat fields. Hares in a turnip field do more harm than a corresponding number of rabbits, as they nibble first one turnip and then tear a bite from another; while the bunny sits steadily down at one and makes a complete meal from it. Now the farmer is master of the situation, and the shooting-tenant at his

mercy. It speaks well for the former that it is very rare to hear of a case in which he has abused his right by disturbing winged game or waiting to shoot hares as they emerge from the covers; and in most of these cases his action is generally due to want of tact or generosity on the part of the shooter.

During the summer months, hares live largely in the standing corn. When this is cut in August, they seem at first much alarmed at the loss of their accustomed cover. In parts of Suffolk where woods were scarce they used generally, when harvest was ended, to pass the day in hedgerows; sleeping under the stumps of thick thorn-bushes, where hollows are formed by the dry earth gradually dropping into the ditch. If alarmed they sprang across the ditch, not like a rabbit, who almost invariably doubles up the bank and bolts out through the hedge. After a few weeks, they abandoned the hedges for the turnips and rough ploughs. Woods always hold them unless the winds are high, when they move to the sheltered side of a hill. The rustling of the trees prevents their hearing the approach of an enemy, and this danger outweighs the security they find in the copse.

If snow falls heavily, they will often lie till completely buried, and spend two or three days in a semi-torpid state. Their warm breath keeps a tiny hole open. In fact, they make what the Eskimos call an 'igloo,' like the female polar bear. If only a few inches fall, they are exceedingly wide awake, knowing how clearly they show on the white surface. Then one can see what long distances they travel at night, and also how close they come to villages. Even when not pressed by hunger, they will frequently visit the labourers' cabbages; and if snow is deep, they come regularly if not disturbed, and sometimes pay the penalty by being snared in their passage through the hedge.

From their tracks in the snow one can judge their pace. They have three ordinary rates of speed, which differ as much as those of a man walking, running a long-distance race, and sprinting over a short course. The first is the ordinary leisurely hop, with the back always more or less arched, when the different times at which the feet are placed on the ground can easily be seen; the second is a fast gallop with the ears pricked up, the hind-legs coming well under the body. When chased by dogs they use their full speed, but rarely at other times. The ears are then laid flat back, and the length of the stride is increased so much that the hind-feet can be seen nearly straight out behind the body.

They are exceedingly inquisitive animals, and their tracks in the snow show how closely they examine every strange object. A few days ago we were looking at a new galloping-ground which had just been prepared on the downs for the benefit of the Derby favourite 'Surefoot.' The clumps of coarse tussock grass had been mown, and many heaps of it had been placed along the sides of the track. To almost all of these, hares had paid visits. They had made comfortable seats in at least half of them, though it was most unlikely that they would stay there during the day, on account of the men still working close by, and the constant passing of the racers.

They vary considerably in colour, and also in

length of coat, the young hares having longer and rougher fur than the old ones. The winter coat is warmer than the summer one, but though albino hares are occasionally found, the common English variety does not change to white in winter, like the Scotch hare. In Holland we once saw one that was piebald. It had a large patch of white on its back. A friend of the Prince of Orange, to whom he had given the shooting, told us that he had often seen this animal, and carefully refrained from firing at it. These sand-hills were excellent ground for game, and in them and the meadows adjoining we used often to watch hares and rabbits. In the meadows we learned two things: first, that cows detect hares almost as much as they do dogs; and second, that hares can leap an immense distance. We have seen them clear a ditch twelve feet wide without an effort; and can well believe a story of a fen coursing-match where a hare was said to have cleared a drain twenty-two feet wide. Occasionally, a hare-drive used to be organised in North Holland. The guns were posted on the side of a dike while the beaters drove a great stretch of meadow-land towards them. The first sign of hares being afoot was given by the cows, who cocked their tails and began to charge viciously at the frightened animals. Between the cows and beaters, the attention of the hares was pretty fully occupied. Their eyes, too, are set so much at the side of their head that they do not see clearly objects exactly in front of them, and thus frequently come straight towards one of the guns, thinking only of avoiding those to the right and left. Sometimes, however, they were not too much alarmed to stop and reconnoitre. Then they always sat up with their heads on one side, caught sight of their enemy, and made off in another direction.

Like the English hares, they were very ready to take to water, and often swam wide ditches when the covers were beaten.

Swift and wary though hares are, many are killed by foxes. They never trouble to run a hare down, but hide near some well-beaten track from a copse to a turnip-field, and spring on a hare as she passes. But by far the most deadly enemy that they have is the stoat. Numbers of leverets, and even full-grown hares, fall victims to these bloodthirsty little animals. Sometimes a pack will unite to hunt one down; more frequently they work single-handed. As they are fond of hunting in hedgerows, more hares are killed by them in enclosed than in open country.

When buzzards, harriers, and the larger hawks were more numerous in the British Isles, hares and their young had still worse foes. The chief prey of the golden eagle was the mountain hare. This species differs considerably from the English one in size, shape, colour, and habits. It is considerably smaller; the hind-legs are not so long in proportion, and above all, in winter it turns white. This never occurs in the case of the brown hare, the winter coat being generally darker than the summer one.

To give an account of the methods in which men capture hares would be to write a history of poaching. Wires, guns, nets, lurchers, guns, all are brought into play. Yet, in spite of the number of its enemies and the defencelessness of

the animal, it is not even allowed to rear its young in peace.

It seems as if the ancient dislike to hares, which is so marked in old superstitions, still existed. The belief in witches taking this shape has indeed died out with the belief in witchcraft; but the ill-luck attending a hare that crosses one's path is constantly deprecated. In Germany the same superstition holds ground. One day when driving near Wittenberg, we saw a hare crossing a field towards the road. A buzzard made a swoop at it, and the hare took refuge in some bushes. 'Ah,' said a lady in the carriage, 'that is good; it did not cross the road, so we can go on in safety!' Another belief is that the appearance of a hare in a village, unless driven there by pursuit, is a sign of a fire. 'It is as true as the gospel,' said a Berkshire man to us one day. 'Twice I have known it happen at my home, and in the next parish. A hare was seen coming down the street in the morning, and each time there was a bad fire before night.'

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAPTER V.—A HUNTER'S IDYLL—LIFE AT SWANEPOEL'S RUST.

THE next morning Farquhar was awakened pretty early by a light sweet voice from the garden. Listening, he heard Bina singing a quaint and rather absurd old Dutch song, running thus:

Ah, my dear Alie Brand, the darling of my heart,
Let us our fleecy flocks no longer run apart;
Say me but the word, my darling Alie Brand,
And to-morrow to the town I'll ride and at the
Pastor's stand.

My father and my mother are growing gray and old,
And when the time comes that they die, will fall to
me much gold;

A farm then I shall buy and store of cattle fair,
Wherefore, my darling Alie, I pray thee hear my
prayer.

Rising and dressing quickly, he was soon out in the sweet morning air. If he had thought the surroundings fair yesterday, it looked tenfold fairer this morning, before the heat of early summer lay full upon it. A little way from the house stood a mighty baobab, a veritable giant, even amongst these giant trees of Africa. Up and down the mighty bole two varieties of gaudily-plumaged woodpeckers roved clingingly, tapping here and there in search of food. One brilliant in scarlet, gray, green, glossy black, brown, and yellow; the other, yellow spotted with ruddy, brown, black-tailed, black-backed, and black-banded as to his yellow chest, and crested as to his black head. In the branches, finches and small birds of various kinds cheeped and chattered, and the delicately beautiful Damara doves cooed softly. All around this side of the house a well-kept wilderness of the lovely *Scorpa mossonii* in bewildering colour and

profusion. Upon the other side of the house, fruits of many kinds, peaches, apricots, bananas, oranges, grapes, quinces, nectarines, melons, and others already flourished or gave promise of abundant harvest.

As he stood for a moment by the round pool, admiring its pellucid depths and the lilies lying upon its cool bosom, a brilliant vley-lory, disturbed from its repast in some thicket near at hand, flew across him, flashing its plumage of shining green and steely blue and its wonderful carmine wings to the sunlight; and the next instant, its disturber, Bina Swanepoel, came quickly round the path and straight up to the Englishman. She was followed by a tiny mountain antelope, that leaped and gambolled as it ran. Fresher than the dawn, a smile of unmistakable pleasure lighting up her handsome face, she came round the fountain, and was met halfway by Farquhar. There was about this fair daughter of the wilderness a fresh and piquant charm, that had for the young hunter an irresistible attraction. What wonder, then, that the morning kiss should have gained a trifle in tenderness since yesterday!

'Good-morning, Mistress Bina. You are up very early. What have you been doing besides airing your voice? I hope employing your time profitably?'

'Indeed, yes, Mynheer Farquhar. I have fed all my ducks and chickens and the tame bucks. You know we have quite a number—two young koodoos, a roobok, and three elands, besides Bergman, my little "kliphokkie" here.' At the sound of his name the little antelope cocked his large ears, and with his great melting brown eyes turned upon his mistress, looked up inquiringly. 'Isn't he a darling? He is so good, and follows me everywhere. Presently he shall have his breakfast with us—shan't you, Bergman?'

Bergman, at the mention of the word breakfast—in Dutch of course—gave a leap from his short sturdy legs and frisked madly round. It was a charming scene, the young man thought to himself, as he looked upon the glorious vegetation, the beautiful little antelope, and the fair girl—quite an idyll. For, like most hunters, Farquhar had, half unknown to himself, a keen eye for beauty, an ardent love of nature.

'Do you know,' he broke forth, 'this is a most charming place of yours? I don't wonder at Hendrik Swanepoel outspanning for life in such a spot. I almost feel tempted to end my days here myself.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the girl quickly, 'I wish, I wish you would! How delightful it would be! I could then have you always to talk to and go about with. You are so different from all our young men here. But then in time you would want a wife, and that would be a difficult thing to find for you. I don't see how it could be managed. There is Katrina, certainly, and Jacie and Sabina; but I don't think they would quite do for you, somehow.' Then suddenly, some vague half-defined hope passing through her brain warned her that she was upon ground dangerous and unknown; she paused, flushed slightly, and turned the conversation—'Yes, Hendrik Swanepoel when he found this valley declared he had reached his Promised Land. But you must not think that everything then was as

it is now. A hundred years has made some difference, I warrant you. Our garden has been vastly improved and added to; and I myself have brought many of these flowers and ferns from the country round, and planted and tended them. I planted and trained, too, the passion-flower and the jasmines that you see climbing up the house and upon the terrace. Ours is quite the best garden in the valley, and we are proud of it.—Do you know, Mynheer Farquhar, I cannot tell you how glad I am to have found you. There is so much I want to know. I have read over and over again almost all our books; and I have learned just a little English from two old books we have; and I want to know so many many things that you can tell me.—But come now!—taking his hand in hers—‘breakfast must be ready, and we will go in.’

A cheery greeting was Farquhar's from all within the house. Every face beamed with delight as he entered. His presence must have seemed to them like manna in the wilderness, water from the desert fountain. New interests, new ideas surged in upon them, and hour after hour passed swiftly by in the imparting of news and history from the lost world. It was a strange experience. Imagine a well-informed Egyptian, a ‘friendly’ of course, suddenly casting up among the Israelites towards the end of their long trek in the wilderness, and bringing to their eager ears forty years' news of the Pharaohs and their ancient land, and of the outer world generally, and you may have some inkling of Farquhar's position among these voer-trekkers in their promised land.

The day was quickly spent in introducing the Englishman to the rest of the Settlement, in inspecting the crops and vineyards, the horses, all sprung from the original ‘salted’ stock of the first Swanepoel. (A salted horse is one that has safely undergone the horse sickness, so fatal in South Africa. The value of such a horse is greatly enhanced, especially in the interior.) The oxen and cows, goats and sheep, all or nearly all indigenous to the district, were also examined. The sheep were of the hairy fat-tailed species; the oxen and cows were small, having immensely long horns, and seemed to have thriven famously.

A week passed rapidly. Each day Farquhar rode out through the poort into the country around, accompanied sometimes by Gert and others of the male settlers, sometimes only by Bina. Some great hunts were got up among the numerous antelopes that swarmed everywhere, and many a head of gallant game was laid low. In these expeditions the settlers used only bows and arrows and assegais. Farquhar learned that under one of the old Rules of the Settlement the ten or twelve old-fashioned flint pieces brought with him by Hendrik Swanepoel, were, in order to preserve them for the most momentous occasions, such as the defence of the Settlement, hardly ever used, although always kept clean and in order. Hendrik had, with keen foresight, brought with him from the Cape the recipe for preparing gunpowder; and after several years' fruitless search, had discovered at some distance deposits of sulphur near some hot natural baths. This discovery, with the saltpetre, found without much difficulty, and the careful manufacture of certain

wood-ashes, had enabled him to renew the gunpowder supply whenever required. Occasionally, if an expedition of war had to be undertaken against outlying Bushmen and other troublemakers of their flocks, the firearms were taken out and used, as being more formidable engines of terror among the barbarians. Seventy years back, the tribe of Bushmen through which the settlers had fought a passage, had been punished; and since then, they had kept to their own mountains and the plains beyond, where they were never disturbed.

The Boers displayed extraordinary skill with their bows and arrows and in throwing the assegai. Originally, they had been taught by some tamed Bushmen in their service; but they had discarded the tiny poisoned weapons of these people for stout bows and strong arrows, and being almost without exception very strong muscular men, their shooting was something wonderful. An eland would be ridden into and despatched with a single arrow through the heart. Even the tall giraffe, tough though his hide and enormous his vitality, succumbed when galloped to a stand-still, before the sharp heavy arrows of these Dutch archers. The favourite plan of campaign was a drive of game past some of the shooters in ambush. Then, as the antelopes came flying by, bows twanged, Farquhar's rifles would rattle out; and at short ranges the bowmen scored almost equally as well as the gunners, for the Englishman lent his spare weapons to his delighted allies.

Riding hither and thither day after day over a magnificent and diversified country, ever beholding fresh scenes in an altogether unexplored and most interesting part of Africa, nearly always accompanied by Bina, who knew usually far more of plants, animals, and places even than the mankind accompanying them, Farquhar never enjoyed life more. The terrain was elevated and healthy, game was extraordinarily abundant, elephants and rhinoceroses especially so. These owed their immunity to their tough hides and the rare use of firearms by the Swanepoels, and were often seen, elephants in hundred, and rhinoceroses in scores. Indeed, the settlers begged Farquhar to employ his rifles as much as possible against the truculent black rhinoceroses, which were not seldom, from their fierce habits, a source of danger. Lending his spare rifles to three or four of the settlers, who shot wonderfully well, considering their want of practice, some forty or fifty of these huge creatures were easily slain in a few weeks, and many of the remainder then moved off for a less dangerous vicinity. A few elephants carrying magnificent teeth were also shot; but Farquhar by this time had as much ivory as he could carry, and desisted from useless slaughter.

Various kraals of the Bakotwas were visited. The Englishman was surprised to find so fine a race of natives in this region, where the true negro type was more to be looked for. These people were of a handsome bronze-brown colour, tall and well formed, and having features slightly aquiline. Like the Bechuanas, they buried their dead with their feet pointing to the north-east; and from this fact and other noticeable peculiarities, Farquhar judged that, like the Kaffirs, Zulus, Bechuanas, and others of the Bantu race,

they came originally from north-east Africa, and were probably of Egyptian or Arab origin in the remote past. Like the Bechuanas, they called one of their antelopes the Tsesseby; and Farquhar wondered if there were not some connection between this name and the Tzebi of the Hebrews, translated into our Bible as the roe. Possibly he was right in his surmise; possibly the thing was nothing more than a strange coincidence. As, he looked upon the tall, well-set-up males, and the proud, handsome-looking females of these tribesmen, he was not astonished that Hendrik Swanepoel had mated his sons with young and christianised women picked from the Bakotwas. Certainly the strain had done no harm, but rather, as it seemed, good to the youthful settlement, by imparting a touch of fire and impetuosity to the sluggish Batavian blood. From the kind treatment of the first Swanepoel, continued by his successors, and from the still remembered alliance of blood, a firm friendship, useful on either side, existed between the settlers and the Bakotwas.

In their excursions, Farquhar Murray and the Dutch maiden saw much of one another. He on his part was astonished to find how much of knowledge, considering the scant opportunity she had had and the scarcity of books, the girl had acquired. True, her learning was almost absurdly antique. She spoke of Fontenoy and Dettingen, and even of Marlborough's wars in Flanders, and of those of William III. of England, as of events of yesterday. Her generation thus isolated in savage Africa knew not of Frederick the Great, or the French Revolution, or Napoleon the devastator, or of the conquest of Holland and its Bonaparte king. But of all these things and a thousand more, Bina thirsted to hear; and Farquhar, utterly surprised to find a Boer girl thus eager for knowledge, and even well informed according to her dim lights, did his best, although it taxed his memory somewhat, to impart the much required instruction. In truth, it was a delightful course of free-and-easy perambulatory lectures. Each day the girl acquired a further knowledge of English; each day, on his part, the young man learned some new and interesting fact in natural history, for Bina was an acute observer, and knew the mysterious ways of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air almost as if by intuition.

And so the pleasant days rolled on. Over many a rude and rugged mountain, through many a mile of fair forest-land, across many a league of rolling grassy plain, the two wandered, hunting, teaching, learning. Shut up in the dim recesses of her African home, the one, after long searching with blindfold yet eager mind, brought at last suddenly face to face with the bright and flashing pages of history, and knowledge from the outer world now first laid bare to her; the other watching with a keen delight and ever-increasing interest the progress of so apt and charming a pupil. And as Bina gradually came to appreciate—however dimly at first—the immense interests, the ages upon ages of learning stored up within that outer world, the ever-increasing thirst for discovery, the age of steam and electricity and other marvels, almost to her, and quite to her family, impossible for the present to be comprehended, she, hitherto walking proudly alone in the dark and narrow

paths of knowledge open to the Settlement, now seemed to lose something of the old independent spirit, and day by day to lean more and more upon her new friend and instructor. And almost imperceptibly, too, there rose presently within her breast, erected by some inward monitor of the soul feminine, a subtle barrier of maidenly reserve, which, at first dormant and unneeded, now steadily sprang up, putting rein upon the outspoken boy-like spirit that had erstwhile so laughingly met the greeting of the handsome Englishman. Farquhar felt the change, but, man-like, could for the present but dimly fathom it.

In the afternoons, when the work or the hunt was over, while the men smoked and chatted on the terrace, Vrouw Swanepoel and Bina steadily worked with deft fingers at the spinning-wheels, and fashioned fabrics of flax, of cotton, and of wool. The evenings, after the hot African day, were in these high uplands singularly cool and refreshing. Sometimes Bina's clear fresh voice would trill forth some quaint Volkslied of the old Netherlands or ballad of Van Tromp and Ruyter and their battles; sometimes Farquhar, who had a good baritone voice, would sing for them; sometimes others of the settlers would be asked up; and Andries, who, like many Hottentots, could fiddle a little, would be sent for, and would draw from his grimy old violin a merry strain for the dancers. These dances were, however, not things of unmixed joy for the Englishman. He found the rest of the little Settlement, although no whit behind the Cape Boers in intelligence—indeed, on the whole much more educated and refined—very uninteresting, very different from Jacobina, herself apparently, by some freak of fancy, a paragon amid a mass of mediocrity.

IN A GARRISON INSTRUCTOR'S OFFICE.

AMONG the staff officers attached to each of the more important British military centres, at home or abroad, is one officially known as the Garrison Instructor. The actual army rank of this officer may vary a little according to circumstances, but his function is in every instance practically the same: it consists in the 'instruction' of young officers in such professional matters, for example, as military law, tactics, and fortification. He is assisted, in what may be described as the out-of-door department of the course of instruction, by a sergeant of the Royal Engineers, who, among other things, requires to be an adept in regard to surveying, the construction of hastily-put-together bridges, the tying of an extraordinary variety of knots, and the like. The sergeant, again, has a subordinate in the form of an orderly, who is 'struck off duty' for this post by one of the regiments in garrison, at whatever station.

At some places there is still a dearth of suitable accommodation for the Garrison Instructor, his class, and their appliances; but in the great 'standing' camps of the south of England buildings have been established for this special purpose. These structures and their internal fittings present many well-marked features in common, so much so, indeed, that a brief account

of any one of them and its surroundings is virtually applicable to all.

On approaching such an 'office,' which is a one-story edifice, and of little architectural pretension, a stranger's attention might be arrested by noticing an enclosure in line with it, or at least on obtaining a glimpse of the contents of this space. These include a number of curious basket-like objects and a great store of osiers; yet the wicker-ware is of a design unknown in every-day life. Here, too, are piles of what at a distance look somewhat like cigars of Brobdingnagian proportions. There are also numerous bags or sacks, just like those we have often seen being conveyed away from flour-mills, together with quite a forest of stakes driven into the ground, some in circles, others in parallel lines. These last have a peculiar, perhaps a slightly absurd aspect; and later on we shall more closely inspect them, as well as the other mysteries of the enclosure. Before entering the office, however, there is another feature of the vicinity that is remarkable—a small but formidable-looking redoubt, which stands in a piece of vacant land. Though this earthwork seems to bear no traces of having been attacked, there may be observed near it approaches, or 'parallels,' obviously made with the eventual intention of an assault; and in these trenches some of the cigar-like objects already noted are lying about. There is evidence, too, of wicker-work here and there on the parapets of the fortification itself.

Stepping into the office, in the morning and previous to the arrival of the officers, we find the orderly-man engaged in what at first sight appears to be a rather puerile occupation. In a corner of the spacious apartment is a strong-legged table, bearing a box or trough some eight feet square by two feet deep. This is full of sand, which the soldier is alternately watering from a large watering-pan, and turning over with one of a number of gardeners' trowels lying near by. Finally, he reduces the sand to a nice level surface. At a subsequent hour of the day, however, a surprising change has passed over the surface of the sand—an elaborate series of fortifications has risen, as if by magic, in the trough; and it is now plain that the maternal operations of the orderly are chiefly those that we see carried out, in the case of less scientifically built forts, by the tide when flowing on the sea-beach.

In another part of the room stands a model, larger in area than a billiard table, of a tract of country. Here are villages, ranges of hills, plantations, rivers with bridges crossing them, and so on. This contrivance, of course, is used for the 'War Game,' and on various parts of it may be seen the (metal) bodies of troops that shared in the great conflict of the preceding day. Some of these battalions are coloured red, others blue. The orderly, with a particular kind of cue, gathers the late opposing forces to the margin of the table, afterwards subjecting the district of country, rivers and all, to a careful dusting. In addition to the above appliance, there is here a form of map which is also employed for the War Game. It comprises a far greater portion of the earth's surface than the model, and is pasted on blocks of wood about

an inch thick, and eighteen inches or so square, which can be placed in juxtaposition as required, much in the same way as in the instance of the puzzle-maps for children sometimes seen. Like the model, the map has its quota of red and blue combatants, who, when not actively engaged, are kept in a box along with the disjointed sections of their scene of operations.

The Instructor illustrates his prelections by means of diagrams on a blackboard placed at the end of the room; and the clearness of these delineations is much enhanced by the sponging of the board with ink in the morning by the orderly. At long tables, one or two at each, sit the officers. Here, besides listening to the Instructor, they have to elaborate the sketches made when surveying the neighbouring country with the assistance of the sergeant of Engineers, who is usually a proficient in this branch of his calling. They also make plans of fortifications, as well as drawings of other kinds; and after their departure, it is occasionally observed that a few of the drawings are not strictly of a professional nature—landscapes and other 'studies' in Indian ink lie on one or two tables. Now and then, during the progress of the course, the Instructor calls upon the sergeant, who sits writing at a table in a somewhat isolated position, to 'bring the types.' Accordingly, he produces from a press a number of pieces of rope, each about a yard and a half in length. He also brings another quantity of ropes; but these are tied in a great variety of knots, some quite simple, others considerably complicated. The sergeant distributes the knots about the room, and the young officers proceed to make copies of them upon the first-mentioned lengths of rope.

As has already been hinted, a good deal of the officers' time is passed in the open air. At the commencement of their course, for instance, the redoubt we noticed standing in the neighbourhood was non-existent, and has since been thrown up partly by the actual manual labour of the officers, who thus acquire a really practical knowledge of the erection of earthworks. This redoubt has been built in no haphazard fashion. Before it was begun, plans of its parapets, escarp, and so on, might have been seen lying on the tables within the office; while the orderly-man no doubt remembers having demolished a precisely similar though miniature stronghold in the sand-trough. At no great distance, again, from the above fortification is a natural ravine, which would present an obstacle to the advance of an army. But this has been bridged over with wooden beams; and it is noticeable that the woodwork is for the most part fastened together not with nails or bolts, but by lengths of rope, tied in ingenious ways. Though not of a permanent character, the bridge has required some care in its building; it might possibly be capable of bearing the passage of field artillery.

At the beginning of the present paper we alluded to an enclosure adjacent to the Garrison Instructor's office. On arriving at the entrance to this quarter, one may see painted over the doorway the words 'Gabion Yard.' Within the yard, among other things, are the circles of stakes previously remarked. These are embryo

gabions, which, after being properly wattled with osiers or young hazel branches and uprooted from the ground, are ready to be placed on parapets and filled with earth; or, if stuffed with brushwood, they may be rolled along and set up as a temporary protection to the men of a storming-party. Here are also shorter stakes set in the earth in parallel rows. Between the rows, which may be two feet or farther apart, branches are forced, and afterwards bound together with withes of osiers, the result being fascines—the elongated, cigar-shaped objects we observed from a distance. Fascines measure about twelve feet in length. They are easily carried, so that the ditch of a fort can be quickly filled up with them, and a passage made for the assault; they are also useful in the construction of such works, for example, as the ‘parallels’ near the redoubt. In the yard, too, are heaps of sandbags of various sizes. With these, when they are at hand, a parapet can be made much more rapidly than with earth.

At length the conclusion of the course of instruction arrives. The long tables are cleared by the officers of their books, instruments, and drawings—any Indian ink landscapes left behind being consigned to the waste-paper basket by the sergeant, who also covers up with a cloth the model, and locks away the other War Game apparatus in a box. Under his superintendence one strong fatigue-party razes the redoubt to the ground; while another takes to pieces the wooden bridge, depositing its materials in the Gabion Yard. Then the Garrison Instructor, before ‘going on leave,’ removes from the office his private belongings; and the orderly levels the sand in the trough for the last time, dispensing, however, on this occasion with his watering-pan. Finally, the sergeant of Engineers pulls down the blinds, locks the door, and hands over the key to the officials of the Barrack Department.

HUMOUR AT SCHOOL.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

By H. J. BARKER.

THE annual examination of girls' schools, and even the ordinary class-questioning of the mistresses, are often productive of diverting specimens of girlish naiveté and humour. As a rule, the children's written composition exercises or essays afford a larger quota of humour than the oral class answers. Nevertheless, the transparent ingenuousness which frequently characterises the latter imparts an equally attractive feature.

A London schoolmistress once obtained an answer of so curious a nature, that it is questionable whether it should be referred to the category of mere ingenuousness or of positive juvenile wit. The lady had been taking her first-class girls in that pathetic portion of the closing chapters of Genesis which deals with the reconciliation of Joseph to his conscience-stricken brethren. After the lesson she gave a recapitulatory oral examination. By means of ‘question and answer’ she elicited from the girls how Joseph ‘could not refrain himself’ in the presence of his brethren, but wept aloud before them;

how he cried, ‘I am Joseph—doth my father yet live?’ how he told them that they must return to Canaan, and straightway bring back the aged patriarch; and finally, how the great wagons were brought out for the journey.

‘And now,’ continued the mistress, ‘what did kind Joseph give to his brothers before they started?’

Of course she expected the reply, ‘Provisions and changes of raiment.’ However, this was *not* the answer she received.

‘Yes, *you* may tell me,’ she said, pointing to one of the girls in front.

‘Some good advice!’ responded the pupil.

‘Whatever do you mean?’ inquired the puzzled lady.

‘Why, madam,’ replied the girl, ‘Joseph, knowing that his brothers were not accustomed to the use of wagons, thoughtfully said to them, “See that ye fall not out by the way!”’

During an etymology lesson, a mistress obtained an answer from a girl which may be characterised both as ingenuous and ingenious. The lady was dealing with the common nouns and their cognate abstract forms. In order to ensure that the class should thoroughly apprehend the subject of her discourse, she took care to put before them the very plainest examples; such as (common noun) judge; (abstract noun) justice: (common) coward; (abstract) cowardice; &c.

She then surmised that she might safely venture to elicit from the girls themselves a few examples of such cognate forms. Accordingly, towards the close of the lesson she made the request.

After some time, one child timidly raised her hand.

‘There’s a good girl,’ said the teacher; ‘now, what is your example of these common and abstract forms?’

‘Please, ma’am,’ answered the girl, ‘(common) body; (abstract) bodice!’

I need scarcely remark that the governess decided that her class required at least one additional lesson, before being subjected to a searching examination.

The first essay which I present is the effusion of a girl in attendance at a poor school at the East end. The subject for composition was ‘Dreams.’

‘Dreams are those queer short tales which come into your head when you are asleep. The boys have them as well as girls and women. They are not true. If you have had a good supper, they are rather longer, and not quite so true. Meat or fried fish makes them very long. When you have no supper at all, you either do not dream, or else you can’t remember them. We genelly dream some dreams over and over again.

‘I have two short dreams which I have had a many times, but my brother has more which he can remember, and my mother has one nightmare, she says. I do not know why my father never says he has any dreams, except it is because they are so long he hasnt the time to remember them.

‘I oftens dream that I am a baby, and my mother is tyeing me up and down in her arms, and singing chickadeck chuck to me. Then I always say, “Why, mother, hark! that’s the

school bell ringing!" and she always says, "So it is; chuck off to school with you, quick! I forgot as you wasn't a baby." That is all I dream about that dream.

'The other is about dreaming I am one of Mr Mason's pretty pignons. I sing chickachick, and then I fly up on to Mr Mason's pigeon house slates. As soon as I am nicely up there, and looking down over, I turn into a girl again. Then my mother always gets Mr Mason's ladder, and fetches me down, and smacks me on the arms for climbing up. Them slaps always seem to stop my dreaming, else to wake me up.

'My brother says he is always on at dreaming that the poleceman is taking him to the station, and he never can wake till they are just marching him up the steps to the inside. He says he wakes up directly he gets to the top step; and he can always hear hisself just shouting out something after he's waked. He can never find out, he says, what he's shouting out; but he can remember that it always looks very dark inside the station passage, and a lot of polecemen's eyes shining at the end.

'Another dream he has only dreamed a few times, and he tells it us over his breakfast, when he says that mother breaks his dream by only giving him the tail end of our breakfast herrin. His dream is that he sees a big thing running about just shaped like a pig, only the colour and smell of a bloater. Then he tries to catch it, thinking what a lot of bloater he's going to have for his share; but the pig always gets away and leaves nothin but its tail in his hand. He says it makes him feel wild every time as he dreams that dream.

'My mother only has one nightmare dream which I have herd her tell. She looks through our parlor window, and there she sees the old Jew rag and bone man standing on the other side of the street. He is larling and looking at her, and he holds five gold sovrens up in his fingers, and cries out, "What do you think, missis? Your grandmother has died, and left you these five sovrens; but you have to come out and get them in one minute, else they have to go to that cuzin of yours." Then she rushes to the door, and opens it to run across to him. But just as she jumps off the step on to the pavement, the wind always bangs the door to behind her, and catches her dress. Then she turns round savage, and pulls and tares at her dress till she has got herself freed; but when she looks across the road again, the old rag and bone man has gone, and she can only just hear him shouting out round the corner, "Too late, missis! it has to go to that cuzin of yours." And mother says that she then wakes up screaming ever so, and finds herself tharin and scratting at the bedclothes, else at father's back.'

The next selection is taken from a girl's Scriptural exercise on 'Hagar and Ishmael.' There is a display of genuine sympathy in the child's essay, which is as refreshing as it is typical. After an opening paragraph, in which she gives a graphic description of the domestic arrangements of the patriarch Abraham's household (but which, from certain considerations, I am constrained to omit), the little essayist proceeds:

'And behold, those two wives, Sarah and Hagar, were always quareling about things,

Hagar telling Sarah as she laughed in God's face when he told her as she was going to have a baby, and Sarah telling poor Hagar as she was not a-regilar real wife, so she needn't talk. Wives which were not regilar were called Jewish bondwomen. One extrer one was allowed by God, so that it was not a sin.

'Also it came to pass that Sarah told nasty tales to Abraham, and asked him to turn poor Hagar and her little boy Ishmael out of doors. And behold, Abraham believed her. But before turning them out, Abraham kindly gave them a good loaf of bread and a bottle of water. So they walked out into a wilderness, eating the loaf and drinking out of the big bottle. They slept on the ground all night, and the next day poor Ishmael and his mother did nothing else but cry for want of victuals. Then Hagar saw that her dear boy was drawing his breath quick as if he was dying, and she kneeled down on the grass and prayed to God as loud as she could, and looking at her little boy drawing his breath quick.

'And behold, while Hagar was praying like that, God heard her, and sent His angel with another loaf and bottle, and told Hagar to cheer up, because her darning boy Ishmael should not die, but should grow up to be a great man called Arabien of the Desert, and, should possess herds of camels and goats.'

The next essay is upon the subject of 'Home,' and is from the pen of a girl in the second class of a National School. The reader will at once gather that the child's own 'home' is located in one of the blind alleys not far from the 'silver-flowing Thames.'

'We call that place Home where our father and mother lives. Number 2, — Court, is my home. There is a girl called Milly Pearson lives a few doors from us whose father is just now working in a town called Bedford forty miles away she says. And he sends his wages to her mother every week. Her brother Ben lives with him. But Ben's home is not that house at Bedford where he lives with his father; but his home is same as Milly's home, where Mrs Pearson lives, number 5 of our Court.

'I wish our home was as nice as theirs. But O it never will be, so long as my dear silly father drinks so. My mother besides has half a pint of beer to her dinner, and to her supper, and rather more on Sundays, and a bottle in the cupboard which she never lets me go with. So we havnt a carpit in our room. Only pilcloth. Mr Pearson never gets drunk, Milly says, and Mrs Pearson is a teetoteller, and Milly is a Band of Hope. And they have a nice carpit in their room. The oilcloth in their back room is better than the one in our front. I am only waiting for mother to buy me a fresh frock and things, and then I shall go with Milly Pearson to the Band of Hope room. I spend a deal of time with Milly, although she is older than me. She sometimes makes me cry with the nice storeys she tells me, and the things she gives me.

'There is a song which we sing at school, which makes me sometimes tremble while we are singing it. The lines which makes me feel the queerest are, "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, be it ever so humble, theres no place like Home." It makes me think

of our Court, and my father, and what a happy home ours would be if it wasnt for all them pennys going in beer. Will our home ever be more like Home than it is, I wonder.

'I always do my home-lessons at Milly Pearson's, because their house is so quiet inside, and Milly can do money subtractions and dividings so easy, even when its thousands of pounds and plenty of borrorring and carry one. My mother says she cant afford burning a lamp for me to do home-lessons; and that the gas-lamp in the Court is good enough for her. I am very sorry for mother that oil is so dear. She says as it isnt wurth buying, because it isnt no better than water about our place. I always add up my mother's shoppin book for her when it gets to the bottom of the page, and she makes me go up and down it several times to see if I cant make it come no less. She says the colour man never went to the School Board, and makes all sorter mistakes. I think my mother is right, because he doesnt shape his figures same as Third or Fourth Standard. He leaves out all his dits, and doesnt rule his lines. Also his ds are Capitle bnes, and he doesnt count his farthings right in his answer at the end.

'I remember a very true storey which the Mistress has told us, showing how dearer our home and our country seems to be when we have left them never to return. There is a bird called a lark which everybody has seen fluttering against the wires in them little cages with turf inside of them in the bird shops. But the Teacher says that in the country this bird is to be seen and heard for nothing in every English field. I do so wish as one of the dear little things would come and sing above our Court. Well that was just how some great strong miners felt out in Australia. They wished to hear the sweet voice of the lark again, which they knew was singing up above the fields thousands of miles away. And at last one morning as they was going to work they actually did hear it. Then they follered the sound till they came to a poor old woman's cottage, and there they saw the lark singing in a wicker cage just outside the door. Then those men stood and looked and listened, and listened, and they thought of their English homes, and the fields, and the sky, and the Teacher said as they stood there before that little bird till the tears rolled down their cheeks. What does she mean by saying that the lark looks like a speck in the clear blue sky. She always says that. I should so like to see what she means.'

During an examination in New Testament history a north-country Diocesan Inspector received a very practical reply from one of the girls in a church school. In the course of his examination he put certain questions to the class on the twenty-second chapter of St Luke's gospel. In this chapter there is an account of the manner in which Christ and his disciples kept the pass-over.

Presently, he asked: 'What was this unleavened bread which Christ so frequently mentions?'

The question appeared to puzzle the class considerably. Probably, not a single one of the children had ever seen or tasted the article.

The Inspector waited patiently, and at the same time he assured the class how very pleased he would be with any child who answered the

question. At length, one plump little girl in the body of the class eyed the Inspector courageously, and elevated her hand.

'Well,' said the Inspector, 'what do you say unleavened bread is, my little girl?'

'Please, sir,' she replied, without shifting her eyes from his face for one moment, 'it'll mean home-made!'

'Home-made?' the gentleman ejaculated. 'Well, yes, my child, I suppose it would be home-made. But explain to me your answer more fully.'

'Why, sir,' the little dame glibly responded, 'Jesus was always a saying, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees;" and he knew that if he could only get his followers to make their own bread, the wicked Pharisees would never have a hand in it, but would have to throw their nasty old leaven away!'

One of Her Majesty's Inspectors was once examining a class in reading, when he put the following question to a child who had just read a paragraph to him: 'Now concerning these Red Indians, my child, which are mentioned in the first portion of your paragraph—where do they live?'

The little examinee was evidently determined not to lose her 'excellent' mark for general knowledge and intelligence; so, after a few moments' hesitation, she answered: 'In wigwams, sir!'

'Yes, just so,' reluctantly assented the Inspector; 'but I wish you to tell me in what country they live?'

The girl felt that she was 'cornered;' but with praiseworthy resolution, she endeavoured to rise equal to the occasion. So—although her lips were trembling with nervous excitement—she looked up into the Inspector's face and replied: 'Please, sir, in Red India!'

VIA UMBRÆ.

With sunset glory glowing
Were hill and sky and sea;
The night-wind soft was blowing,
It whispered low to me.

And old hopes almost blighted
By Sorrow's trembling tears,
Once more with glory lighted
The Pathway of the years.

They came, 'mid evening splendour,
That shone across the sea;
And Love, with look so tender,
Again did beckon me:

And far the stretching ocean
Of sunset, trembling gold,
Reflected my emotion—
The soul-deep thoughts of old.

It passed, and glory faded
From hill and sky and sea:
The Pathway, deeply shaded,
Was all it left to me.

W. A. S. BURGESS.

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ATLANTIC ICE.

Of all the incidental difficulties and dangers that beset the navigation of the North Atlantic, there is none that causes so much anxiety to the mariner as detached ice, whether existent in the form of floes or bergs. The season of 1890 will long be remembered in the nautical and scientific world as being quite phenomenal in regard to the quantity of ice reported, and the geographical limits within which it has been encountered. But it is by no means easy to obtain definite information on the subject. It is true that the regular Atlantic liners carefully note and report the position of the ice encountered by them; yet, until the laws that govern the magnitude and the range of the Atlantic drift-ice are more accurately known, such reports do little else than sound a note of alarm to the navigator, apprising him of the existence of a danger, but leaving him quite in ignorance as to the locality where it may next be encountered. In ordinary seasons, it is assumed that the detachment of the bergs from the parent glaciers in Greenland does not take place until May is well advanced; that when free from the ice that has covered land and sea alike during the Polar winter, they set out on a southerly journey into the warmer waters of the Atlantic, slowly urged on their voyage by the chill waters of a cold drift-current that ever flows through the depths of the Atlantic from Pole to equator. It is strange that the language of agriculture should be requisitioned to describe phenomena so distinctly antagonistic as that presented by Arctic ice. An expanse of ice resting upon and covering the sea with a coating of uniform thickness is spoken of as an *ice-field*; while the process of severance whereby a berg is detached from the glacier is alluded to as *calving*. The calving process, however, would seem to have occurred at a much earlier date this year than in previous seasons, for as early as April 22, the steamer *La Gascoigne*, while on a voyage from New York to Havre, reported passing three icebergs, all of great size, in latitude 42° 51' north. For icebergs

to have reached so far south at such a date is most remarkable, and as far as our present knowledge of the climatic conditions of the Arctic ice regions is concerned, quite unexplainable. During the months of May and June hardly a voyage was made across the North Atlantic without ice being reported, many steamers having to make most lengthy detours to avoid it; and several firms, with a praiseworthy prudence, mapped out a much more southerly course for the vessels of their fleets, wisely choosing a longer passage, than run the risks of collision with field or berg ice.

The progress of a berg from its home in a Greenland fiord, down through Davis Strait and along the desolate shores of Labrador, is necessarily a very tardy one. Passing Labrador, they glide slowly over the Banks, losing no inconsiderable portion of their bulk whenever they strand in the shallows of that region. Even when an iceberg has its base deeply embedded in the sea-bed, the check to its voyage is often but of short duration. The restlessness of the sea, the influence of the tides, and the ever-constant propelling influence of the Labrador current, soon effect its release, and onward it glides in ghostly majesty, its base hidden in the depths of the ocean, and its pinnacled summit shrouded in an impenetrable mist. The detached fragments, the broken snouts of the berg, severed by friction with the ocean floor, freeze again to the sides of the berg as it pursues its southerly course, like a monster ship of ice surrounded by a flotilla of attendant shore-boats. From Newfoundland the moving ice follows the trend of the North American shore, gradually decreasing in mass, until, reduced to a liquid, it is lost in the waters of the surrounding ocean. The dissolution, however, takes a considerable time to accomplish. The two melting forces, the warm air and warm water, into whose influence the berg advances, receive a very material check by reason of the air and water which are in immediate contact with the berg. As the ice slowly melts, *fresh* water will result, and this, by virtue of its lesser specific gravity,

floats upon the surface of the ocean. The temperature of this surrounding area of fresh water will be very little if anything above the freezing-point. The air above this zone of fresh water will naturally take the same temperature, while that contiguous to the berg itself takes the temperature of the berg; so that the iceberg is surrounded with an aerial and water blanket many degrees below the normal temperature of the region through which the berg passes. Aided by these hindrances to a speedy dissolution, icebergs have been known to float as far south as the latitude of Gibraltar before they have wasted away. The envelope of fog that surrounds that part of the iceberg above the sea-level, chilling as is its effect upon the ocean voyager, is not an unmixed evil, for its presence often serves to notify the proximity of ice. The condensation of the aqueous matter present in the atmosphere is not the only warning that the navigator receives of his approach to ice. Many shipmasters aver that the human body is peculiarly sensitive in this respect, and the damp, penetrating chilliness, which once experienced is never forgotten, affords an infallible index of the vicinity of berg or field ice. In the language of the *Ancient Mariner*:

And it grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast-high came floating by
As green as emerald.

Unfortunately, however, in these days of keen competition and rapid passages, navigators cannot regard such vague premonitions with the importance they deserve; they serve, however, to advise a careful man that danger may lurk in the dense fog that surrounds him, and he prepares to meet it accordingly. Some idea of the extent of these fog-areas may be gathered from the fact that vessels steaming from twelve to fifteen knots have taken from one to three days to sail through them, and that without making any appreciable reduction in their speed. It must not be lost sight of that ships have undoubtedly traversed these fog-patches without encountering ice or any trace of it, and that, too, when the very centre of the fog-zone has been pierced. The explanation, however, no doubt is, that the process of liquefaction, whereby the berg has been transformed from ice to water, has just been consummated, and that the resultant icy waters have chilled the warmer superincumbent atmosphere, rendering its vapour visible as a dense mist or fog.

The season of 1889 was one of comparative immunity from Atlantic ice-dangers. Why the succeeding year should be so prolific of both berg and field ice is as yet unexplainable. It is suggested, however, that the prevalence of severe northerly gales during the whole of December and part of January 1889-90 contributed not a little to set the ice free in larger quantities and at an earlier date than usual. Another peculiarity of the 1890 season is the remarkable fact that the ice has penetrated farther eastwards than it has been known to do before. The master of the sealing-vessel *Terra Nova*, while on a voyage from Newfoundland to Dundee, encountered many large bergs, one of the largest being found in 56° north and 41° west. Subsequent reports show that both field and berg ice have been met with even two degrees farther eastwards than the

position cited above. This eastward extension of the ice during 1890 may have been caused by some abnormal influence of the Labrador current, or by the supposition that bergs may have entered upon the drift of the Gulf Stream before they had been melted, and were in consequence slowly carried to the northward and eastward. The locality in which the ice has been thickest is that where the Labrador current impinges upon the waters of the Gulf Stream. Here both currents become considerably enfeebled, and the bergs accumulate in consequence. In spite of such an abundance of ice, maritime disasters therefrom have been most rare. No higher tribute can be paid to the prudence and skill of North Atlantic navigators than to state that no serious calamity by ice collision has occurred, and except in one or two instances, the regularity and punctuality of Atlantic voyages have not been interfered with. Perhaps the nearest approach to a disastrous collision with a berg was that experienced by the *Normanna*. Between latitudes 46° 29' and 45° 20' north, and longitudes 42° 22' and 48° west, no fewer than twenty-five icebergs were desecrated, and with one of these the ship collided.

Fortunately, the damage was trivial, and all above the water-line. It was during a dense fog that the iceberg was suddenly sighted, and before the reversal of the engines had time to take the way off the ship, she struck it broadside on. The passengers scarcely felt the shock, for the vessel immediately glanced off the berg into clear water. A little less vigilance and a little less promptness on the part of the captain and crew of the *Normanna*, and she had no doubt gone to swell the ranks of the missing. A similar accident, the disastrous consequences of which were averted in a similar manner, befell the *Thingalla*. In the case of the *Beacon-Light*, an Atlantic liner provided with a powerful search-light, the collision was of a somewhat more serious nature. Her log reports: 'During a heavy fog at midnight an immense iceberg was discovered towering above the ship not seventy-five feet away. Orders were given to alter the helm and reverse the engines, but not altogether in time to clear the berg, which was struck by the starboard bow of the steamer. A large quantity of ice was dislodged, and the ship was considerably damaged, but brought safely into port.' Collision with the berg is not the only danger to be feared from a too close propinquity with an iceberg. Exposure to an atmosphere many degrees warmer than itself causes the ice to assume a spongy character, highly favourable to the severance of fragments of all sizes upon the least disturbing influence being brought to bear upon it. The vibration of the air caused by the sounding of a steamer's whistle has been known, in the case of 'porous ice,' to detach large masses from the berg; while a gun fired in the neighbourhood of a similar berg produced atmospheric concussion sufficient to bring down enough ice to destroy any vessel upon which it fell. If must be borne in mind, however, that the severance above alluded to was only effected with bergs the ice of which was 'spongy and rotten.' Below the water-line the changes in the ice-mass are much to be feared by a vessel that happens to be near when they occur. The detachment of huge blocks often shifts the

position of a berg's centre of gravity, with the result that the iceberg immediately capsizes, crushing everything in its immediate neighbourhood.

As far back as 1875, the adoption of steam lanes a considerable distance to the southward of the usual course of Atlantic liners was advocated; and it is satisfactory to observe that common prudence impels mariners to cross the 50th meridian during the months of March, April, May, and June, at a point much farther to the south than their point of intersection during the other months of the year. Many firms, however, do not rely too much upon the discretion of their commanders, but carefully procuring all the available information relative to the quantity and drift of the ice, they map out a course for them accordingly.

The pilot chart issued in June by the United States Hydrographical Department indicated that the prudent course for vessels proceeding eastwardly was to cross longitude forty-seven degrees at latitude forty degrees north. The westerly course is to cross the same longitude at latitude thirty-nine degrees. The adoption of such precautionary measures has no doubt done much to minimise the risks of ocean voyaging during the ice-season; but the question naturally arises, cannot anything be devised which shall give the mariner sufficient warning of the proximity of ice? Up to the present, nothing of a reliable nature has yet been invented. The most powerful electric search-lights were inefficient in the case of the *Beacon-Light* to reveal danger until it was but some seventy-five feet away. It has been suggested, however, that by means of a thermopile and a galvanometer, and an ordinary mercurial thermometer for recording the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, a very effective ice-indicator can be made. A movable contact-breaker should be fitted to the galvanometer, and this should be set at a point considerably below the temperature recorded by the thermometer. When the mercury in the thermometer falls to the point at which the movable contact-breaker of the galvanometer is placed, the thermopile by means of an electric alarm-bell notifies this fact, and this sudden fall in the temperature suggests that the fog-bank conceals an iceberg. In the case of a sudden fall in the temperature, the warning of the thermopile would prove invaluable; but it is by no means satisfactorily established that the envelope of cold air surrounding an iceberg is separated from the normal air of the region outside the area of the berg's influence by so definite a line of demarcation as a sudden diminution of temperature of ten degrees. It is more probable that the transition from the normal temperature to the cold air in juxtaposition to the berg is an extremely gradual one; and in that case ordinary observation would prove almost as efficacious as the somewhat elaborate plan alluded to above. Such dangers as field and berg ice entail upon the navigator can hardly have failed to call into existence a host of suggestions as to the best way of removing them. That which has occurred to many is that a vessel of war should be employed to patrol the Atlantic and destroy by firing upon or other means any berg it may encounter. The idea of enlisting the forces of

war to facilitate the commerce of the nation is not without its attractiveness. Unfortunately, however, such a scheme meets with no favour from practical men. It must not be forgotten that the specific gravity of ice as compared with water is as .9 to 1, so that something like nine-tenths of the mass of the berg is below the sea-level. The destruction of the pinnacled summits of the berg would simply mean the reduction of the berg to a more compact form, and the consequent lessening of the visible area of the iceberg.

An iceberg with a sunmit rising some ninety or a hundred feet above the sea is undoubtedly a great danger to safe navigation; but except when obscured by fog, it is a danger that reveals itself for a considerable distance. A mass of ice, however, over which the sea washes, or which is elevated above the waves but to the height of ten or fifteen feet, is a danger much more to be feared. The difficulty is clearly one in which prevention is the best cure. A fleet of ocean patrols could easily determine the quantity of ice, and the rate of its drift, that was likely to intersect the trade routes across the North Atlantic. Such knowledge rapidly and widely disseminated by means of despatch-boats and the electric telegraph, would do much to reduce dangers to a minimum. There is one other phase of Atlantic ice-phenomena that stands in need of elucidation. It has been proved beyond doubt that of the bergs carried southwards by the Labrador current, some find their way back to what has aptly been termed the 'Palaeocrystic Sea.' The direction that such bergs take, and the course they must drift to avoid the continuance of the southerly direction that must sooner or later result in the liquefaction of the largest bergs, are at present shrouded in mystery. It is matter for discussion whether the surface-drift of the Gulf Stream is sufficient to deflect a berg to the northward and eastward. The solving of these problems is calculated to benefit in the highest degree possible the North Atlantic trade, for it is a phase of marine exploration that will go far to develop the truth of the aphorism, 'The seas but join the nations they divide,' and so knit closer together the great English-speaking peoples separated by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER IV.—A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

THE secret which the doctor suspected was weighing on the old butler's mind so oppressively that Francis Gray found little difficulty in inducing him to relieve himself by revealing it. It was a blow to the young man, the nature of which Stokes did not comprehend.

'I was fastening up last night, Mr Gray,' he said, 'a little after the clock struck twelve, and I opened the Hall door to have a look at the night before going to bed. I no sooner stepped out than I saw a man cross quickly—though it was pretty dark and my eyesight is none of the best—from the holly clump to the shrubbery on the left. As the thing didn't look honest, it was my duty to see into it, and I knew the master, with his

casement open, was close at hand if help was wanted. So I walked along on the grass border, and came upon him unawares. You may imagine my amazement, Mr Gray, when I discovered it was Mr Charles.'

Gray, with his elbows resting on his knees and his head bent, made no reply.

Stokes, at considerable length, continued the account of the meeting. As soon as he recognised Stokes, the vicar's fears were allayed, for he knew the loyalty of the old servant. He explained that he had only stolen there in the night to take a last farewell of his wife and child and his brother, before fleeing the country for ever.

'Another year of it would have killed me, Stokes,' he had said; 'ay, half a year. I have just come from the vicarage, and I know I can go in to Rowan through the casement—I see by the light he is still there.'

Pressing some money into the butler's hand—ten pounds it proved to be, a new Bank of England note—the vicar bade him farewell, imploring him with his last words to be silent, or his chances of escape would be lost.

'I know the secret is as safe with you, Mr Gray, as with the dead; and with God's help, Mr Charles will soon be out of their reach!'

'He did not tell you where he was going?'

'No; he'd have told master that. Woe is me, Mr Gray, but it would be a double misfortune to the house if he was caught!'

'You did not see him leave, I suppose?'

'I went straight to bed, after seeing the place secure.'

'I am glad you have told me this, Stokes. We must be most careful in keeping the secret, for several reasons. I should not wish even Dr Hayle to know it, though he is as loyal as you or I. But the fewer persons that have a secret, you know, the safer it is.'

'That's true, Mr Gray.—But I'm sorry I took the money from Mr Charles. I didn't know what I was doing; and likely enough—unless Mr Rowan supplied him—he'll want it more than me.—I am thinking,' he added in an earnest whisper, 'that the suddenness of Mr Charles's visit, and the way matters was with him, may have been the cause of—you know,' he said, pointing in the direction of the study.

To this view of the cause of Rowan King's fatality, Gray made no objection; but he suggested to the butler the danger of retaining that bank-note, as bank-notes were things that could be traced.

'Then I'll burn it!' exclaimed Stokes, taking forth the note from his pocket.

'That would be waste of money, Stokes. Give it to me, and I shall know how to dispose of it safely.'

Stokes did so; and notwithstanding his compunction for having accepted the money, was by no means displeased to receive ten sovereigns from Gray in exchange for it.

It was now late in the afternoon; and Gray, walking presently up and down the portrait-gallery, and now and then halting to contemplate the picture of Lady Florence, was harassed with the thought of the two ladies at the vicarage. It was cruel to leave them alone; but how could he comfort them? He could indeed, and

would, conceal from them the knowledge that Charles King had been at the Hall after leaving them, and had entered his brother's study from the grounds. But the consciousness of this dire secret, and that the examination next day would disclose the dreadful truth about Rowan King's tragic death, would unfit him as a comforter.

How far the secret of the vicar's visit would be kept—five persons already knew it, and there was no knowing whether others had seen or recognised him in the neighbourhood—was the keenest anxiety of all. Would the police be able to trace his steps from Portland to Yewle? If they suspected that he had been at Yewle, there was little doubt they would succeed in this.

As to any motive Charles King could have for taking his brother's life, the question seemed to Gray to be beyond the scope of human reason. Who could read and follow the dark workings of a mind unhinged by terrible wrong and punishment? And what might have passed last night between the brothers—if, indeed, anything at all passed—would never be known.

He wished above all to warn Mrs King and Agnes of the danger of speaking of that visit; but how was he to do so without at the same time revealing his own horrible fear? The same fear had blanched Mrs King's face that morning, and he recoiled from reviving it—shrank most of all from awakening even a suspicion in the mind of Agnes.

While turning over these thoughts, Gray walked out into the grounds, and quite unconsciously proceeded slowly in the direction of the vicarage. When he discovered himself there, separated from the garden by a wall five feet high, he paused to think what he should do. For the first time he felt the sharp pang of jealousy. The pain was made all the sharper by the situation in which he now found himself. Richard King had come there that morning to comfort them, and he was free from that burden which Francis Gray had to carry locked in his breast, and which so unfitted the young man for the office of a comforter. He could not act a false part, and he dared not disclose what he knew. Nor was he unmindful of the fact that his residence at Yewle was nearly at an end—that with the consignment of Rowan King's body to the coffin which had lain for years in the house of the dead awaiting it, his presence would be no longer required in Yewle. Mr Richard King would be master.

With a sad heart, Gray was glad now that he had not had an opportunity the previous night of saying to Agnes King the rash words he had meditated. There would be no going away now, except for him; they would remain at Yewle; and by-and-by, when time should have softened their troubles, Richard King would win his suit, and Agnes would be mistress of Yewle. But at this point the blood rose in his face and he clenched his fingers angrily. 'Better she were dead,' he muttered through his teeth; 'yet, oh, how powerless and unfortunate I am!'

He was standing on the trunk of a fallen tree—which had many and many a time been his stepping-stone in crossing the garden wall of the vicarage—and with his arms resting on the wall and his chin on his hands, he was staring straight before him, seeing nothing. In

this situation he was presently startled by hearing voices approaching through the garden. The shrubs and bushes concealed the speakers from his view; but before the thought of moving came into his mind, he saw them, and was held to the spot by a spell which he was without the power to resist. The speakers were Agnes King and Richard King. They were walking slowly, close together; the girl's head was hanging forward on her bosom, and King leaned over her, speaking earnestly in a low voice. When they were a few yards from the end of the garden, the girl looked up in her companion's face and halted. Gray could see the working of some powerful emotion in her bosom, by its quick rising and falling; but her face was absolutely colourless, and not in her most radiant hours did he ever remember to have seen her look so beautiful. She spoke, notwithstanding her agitation, in low, clear, and firm tones, that showed how strongly her will was concentrated in them.

'Yes,' she said, 'yes—if you do that. For ever and for ever, if you clear my father's name. I shall be but a poor reward for so precious a deed!' As she spoke, she raised her clasped hands as high as her face, and then dropped them before her; and Richard King lifted them to his lips, and gazing cravingly in her upturned face for a moment, turned and went away.

The spell was broken now, and Francis Gray felt that his heart was broken too, as he dropped down on the soft turf, and went back, dazed with sorrow, to the gloomy and silent Hall. The only clear idea in his mind was to obtain the key of the study from old Stokes, and pass the night in darkness with his dead friend. For the dead was more to him now than the living; outside that dark room where Rowan King's body still sat in the deep chair, Gray had no friend in the world. In a day or two he should have passed the confines of that tremendous solitude, there to be quickly lost, and as soon forgotten by the few who had known him at Yewle.

These were the gloomy and morbid thoughts which filled him, when, on reaching the door, a note was handed to him by a messenger who had arrived there just before him. It was from Mrs King, asking him to come over to the vicarage and stay with them for an hour or two, as they were alone. There was a pathetic appeal in the simply-worded request which touched him, in spite of the bitterness in his heart.

'Tell Mrs King that I am coming,' he said to the messenger; and then, without further thought, yielded to the nobler instincts of his nature and slowly followed the man.

'It is no time for these griefs,' he said, half aloud. 'God help them! Their trouble is greater than mine, and they are unconscious of the terrible blow that is suspended over their poor heads, and may fall even to-morrow! No; I will comfort them, if I can, and conquer my own sorrow, at least till this thing is over and I may go away.'

Mrs King was standing at the vicarage door, looking out for him; and as he approached, he noticed more composure in her features than had been the case in the morning. With a grateful smile she gave him her hand, and they went in.

Agnes was sitting in the recess of a window, with the unheeded work lying in her lap.

'It is so good of you to come to us, Frank,' said Mrs King.

Agnes turned her head, and Gray could not help looking in her face with a melancholy interest. She smiled to him; and his heart was struck by the expression of 'wistful sorrow' with which the girl's eyes met his for a moment. After this, she bent over her work and kept on sewing.

'Richard King has been here,' said Mrs King when they sat down; 'and he has taken a weight off our minds, though it is still very dreadful. Richard, you know, was partly trained for the medical profession before he went into the bank; and he says that, from a close examination, he is convinced that Rowan died of heart disease.'

Gray remembered that the 'close examination' was made from a distance of six feet, according to the account of Stokes; but he made allowance for a natural desire on the part of Richard King to give comfort to the poor ladies, even by a fiction.

'Perhaps he is right,' replied Gray; 'to-morrow will settle the point. Not,' he added with a sigh, 'that it matters much now; Mr Rowan is dead. There will be another King in Yewle in a few days.'

'You mean Richard?'

'Yes. Of course, if matters had been happily otherwise'—

'No,' she gently interrupted; 'if the happy day ever comes—as in God's mercy and justice I trust it will—that removes the stain from my poor husband's name, this house will be his home. He would not be happy elsewhere. Yewle would be nothing to him; it is far better as it is, or as it will be. Rowan had regarded Richard King as his heir for a long time.'

'I am aware of that; he was speaking of it to me only yesterday. No doubt it will be best.'

There was a pause of a few minutes, and Mrs King was the first to speak. Fixing her eyes anxiously on the young man, she said, with some hesitation: 'And you, Frank—how will it be with you?'

'Why, Mrs King,' he at once replied, 'I have lost my friend, and of course I must leave Yewle. I suppose I may stay until I have seen the last of him; then I shall go.'

'We shall miss you greatly, Frank,' said Mrs King, with tears standing in her eyes. Then she suddenly rose and left the room, saying something about tea.

As soon as he was alone with Agnes, Francis Gray felt his tongue tied. He could not find a word to say, and in his embarrassment walked over to a window and stared out on the little lawn. He did not know that as he did so the girl looked up and followed him sorrowfully with her eyes; he was unconscious that she was still looking at him, with the same touching expression, all the time he stood there.

The sound of her voice made him turn quickly. 'Frank,' she said—she was again bent over her work—'where are you going to?'

'To London, I suppose, Agnes—where everybody goes who has nowhere else to turn to.'

'What will you do in London?'

'Whatever I find to do. I daresay I shall find

something ; most persons do who are in earnest about it.'

'And shall we really never see you again?' she asked, looking up with eyes of earnest interest.

'Never is a long time, Agnes. Who can tell? But—but I shall hardly come to Yewle again.—I have been too happy at Yewle,' he added, after a pause, 'with his eyes on the carpet, 'to give myself the pain of revisiting it. And I shall have work to do, I suppose.'

She was silent now, thinking. What were the girl's thoughts? They were not to be read in her pale impassive face, and in spite of the knowledge that all hope was lost to him now, he sighed when he looked at her.

'Will you not write to us?' she asked, in a low voice, without raising her eyes.

'Yes; I will write to your mother, Agnes; it is the least return I can make for the happy days I have spent in the vicarage.'

There was a change now, in the delicate conscious colour that sprang to the girl's face and temples. Fortunately, Mrs King returned at that moment, with the maid bringing tea; and no further embarrassments occurred during the evening. How it was, Gray could not clearly remember afterwards; but with that heavy secret in his breast, which he feared every minute some chance word might touch, there was not another reference made to the subject of Rowan King's death. Richard King's assurance seemed to have laid all apprehensions.

It was night when Gray returned to the Hall, and there was just a faint gray shimmer in the sky sufficient to reveal the dim outlines of objects near. He felt reluctant to enter the cheerless mansion, but pacing to and fro for a few minutes in the grounds, he felt it quite as cheerless outside. Before going in, however, he went round to where the study was, and laid his face against the glass. There was no light within; but after a while he was able to discern the dark object reclining in the chair, and, overcome for the first time by his emotions, he moved away, shedding tears like a girl. He never knew, so keenly as now, how deeply he had loved his dead friend, and how many reasons he had had for loving him.

Sleeping none till close on dawn, Francis Gray was roused at ten o'clock by a knocking at his door. It was Stokes, in a state of suppressed agitation, the cause of which Gray knew quite well. The coroner and the jurymen and all the rest were in the house, and the post-mortem, so deeply dreaded by old Stokes, was now imminent. For another reason, it was dreaded still more by Francis Gray.

Hastily dressing, the young man went down, and found that the coroner had already opened his court in the dining-room. The jury were being sworn. Mr Richard King was there, and the family solicitor; but Dr Hayle was absent; the others, Gray did not know.

Presently two medical men arrived. 'One was the local doctor, who had succeeded Dr Hayle on his retirement from practice; the other was a surgeon from Southeaster. They took their seats apart; and even in the tense anxiety of the moment, Gray could scarcely repress a smile when he observed the look with which Stokes was regarding them from the doorway.

The coroner informed the jury that their first duty would be to view the body which was to be the subject of their inquiry; then, after taking some formal evidence, the court would have to adjourn, pending the result of the post-mortem examination.

'The body of the deceased gentleman,' added the coroner, 'is still in the same place and position in which it was first discovered, and has in no way been disturbed, which is quite proper. The room has been kept locked, and the key retained in the custody of the butler, an old and faithful servant of the family.'

Stokes made a singular and doubtless involuntary grimace in response to this compliment; and, followed by coroner and jury, led the way to the study. Once, the old man glanced over his shoulder, and seemed to gain strength from the discovery that the doctors were not in the crowd. Opening the door, he flung it wide; but before any person could discover the cause, Stokes trembled violently, and throwing up his hands with a cry, exclaimed: 'Lord! a mercy! master's gone!'

The astounded crowd crushed to the door and looked. The chair was empty and the casement open.

CROWN SALMON-FISHINGS IN SCOTLAND.

THE official returns of the quantity of salmon which reached Billingsgate market in 1889 from the British Isles furnish striking evidence of the superiority of the Scotch fishings over those in England, Wales, and Ireland. Out of a total of thirty-one thousand boxes, more than two-thirds were supplied by Scotland, where, it is perhaps not generally known, there is no such thing as a public right of salmon-fishing, the conditions of the law on the subject in that country being entirely different from those in force in other parts of the United Kingdom. Save in Scotland, all salmon-fishings in rivers and estuaries which are both tidal and navigable, and in the territorial seas, except those fishings which belong to private persons and corporations, and are held by express grant from the Crown or by prescription, are vested in the Crown as trustee on behalf of the public, who, subject to statutory regulations, have a common-law right to fish for salmon in such waters. In inland waters which are neither tidal nor navigable the Crown seems to have no rights, the riparian owners being *primæ facie* owners of the fishings opposite or within their lands. It is otherwise in Scotland, where the Crown is held to be vested in all salmon-fishings in the sea, estuaries, and inland waters, as a patrimonial or beneficial right, forming part of its hereditary revenues, so far as such rights have not been expressly granted by the Crown. They extend on the open coast to at least three miles seaward, which, by international law, belongs to the coast of the country, as capable of being kept in perpetual possession. This was established by a decision of the House of Lords in

1859; prior to which date the revenue was merely nominal, for the fishings in rivers then and still belonging to the Crown are probably of little value.

From a very early time, salmon-fishings have been granted by the Crown; and from the Union to the year 1832—during which period they were under the management of the Scotch Barons of Exchequer—it was the practice to grant the proprietors of lands adjoining the seashore the right of fishing in front of their property for a small sum. The grants, however, were not so numerous as those of fishings in rivers, and there is still a large extent of coast where salmon-fishings belong to the Crown, notably in the counties of Ayr, Wigtown, Kirkcudbright, Berwick, Haddington, Midlothian, Fife, Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Ross, and Caithness, and the island of Mull. There is little doubt that, in addition to those fishings derived by subjects by express grant, there have been very many acquired by prescription, following on an imperfect written title. The Crown has been at a disadvantage in having no local authority to watch its interests. Titles, more especially in remote districts, have been completed by acts of possession of a character attracting little attention, but which would have been interrupted had there been any one on the spot to guard against them.

In the reign of William IV., the Crown fishings were vested in the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and for some time past there have been complaints in parliament and elsewhere against their management, the main allegations being interference with the industry of local fishermen, undue favouritism of proprietors of adjacent lands to the detriment of the public, and permitting methods of fishing likely to lessen the supply of fish. In consequence of these complaints, the Secretary of State for Scotland recently appointed a Committee to inquire into the Crown's rights to the fishings, who took evidence from numerous witnesses, among whom were landowners, Crown tenants, fishermen, and officials of local Fishery Boards and Societies.

So far as the fishermen are concerned, it is apparent that their complaints are in the main directed as much against the Scotch fishery laws as the action of the Crown authorities. For instance, the Berwickshire fishermen are precluded by the Tweed Fishery Commissioners from using their old hang and bob nets; and they allege that, owing to their inability to successfully manage bag-nets, the fishings have passed out of their hands into those of tenants from a distance. The Committee are of opinion that the prohibition of hang-nets should be repealed within the Tweed estuary, and recommend that local fishermen be allowed to fish on certain parts of the coast on payment of a license, subject, however, to the regulations of the Fishery Boards, who should issue the licenses and collect the payments, to be utilised for the benefit of the fisheries. Attention is, however, drawn to the fact that the Crown does not hold these fishings on behalf of the community; and although the present revenue is paid into the public funds, it is only by virtue of an arrangement determinable on the death of the sovereign. The proposed system of licenses would have a serious effect upon the revenue, and there is

a further objection that local fishermen do not probably possess sufficient capital to work the fishings successfully, which capital it is surmised would be provided, and the profits monopolised, by middlemen.

It is obvious that fishing rights are of more value to adjacent owners of lands than to any one else, and these owners are consequently likely to pay a better price. The Crown authorities have no power to replenish fishing-grounds by artificial propagation, nor can they remove obstructions on the soil of private proprietors; and these considerations form an argument in favour of selling the fishings to individuals who are probably able and desirous of making arrangements for improving them. Sales under such circumstances can hardly be deemed prejudicial to the public, more especially if the allegation be true that the Crown policy of development is actuated entirely by motives of revenue, and is tending to diminish the supply.

As regards inland waters the salmon-fishings in which belong to the Crown, the Committee are averse to gratuitously throwing them open to the public, for the reason that salmon-angling is a luxury which can only be had by paying for it. At the same time, they think that the policy of admitting the public to such waters on payment of a license might be advantageously considered.

The complaint that methods of fishing are permitted which are declared to lessen the supply of fish, amounts practically to an objection to the Crown tenants using methods which, while perfectly legitimate, yield a larger catch than was the case when local fishermen fished with more primitive contrivances. It is admitted that the salmon are now obtained in better condition for the market and that the supply is more regular. If fixed engines—that is, stake and bag nets—were abolished on the Crown fishings, it would simply mean that the proprietors of adjacent fishings not belonging to the Crown would reap a greater harvest than at present. In other words, the advantage would not be gained by the community, but rather by these proprietors; and so long as stake and bag nets are allowed on adjoining fishings, it would seem to be an uncalled-for and unnecessary sacrifice on the part of the Crown to prohibit similar methods. To be equitable, the prohibition must be universal in its application to all the salmon-fishings in the sea around Scotland.

It may be observed in conclusion, that the Committee are of opinion that energy and skill have been shown in developing this source of Crown revenue, as evidenced by the following figures. In 1849, when it appears the first serious effort was made to establish these Crown rights, there was only one tenant, paying a rent of five pounds; whilst last year the rental was nearly six thousand pounds, paid by some one hundred and fifty tenants. In addition, there have been sales of fishings producing a sum of about thirty thousand pounds. The complaints to which we have referred, when submitted to scrutiny, resolve themselves into the fact that, in establishing the Crown's rights, the supposed rights of some individuals and the hitherto unchallenged practice of others have been interfered with; and it is

pointed out that, had there been remissness in thus watching the Crown's interests, there would have been just grounds for charges of mal-administration or neglect.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAP. VI.—A DECLARATION AND A LION-HUNT.

ONE morning the two friends had wandered after breakfast to the pool near the baobab tree. Out there in the shade were some great easy-chairs; and into one of these Bina had settled herself. Farquhar lay stretched on the short green turf at her feet. Bina sat in cool shadow, and her sun-bonnet lay upon her lap beneath her folded hands.

For the moment she was thinking; her mind sought to grasp some of the wonders of that newly-revealed outer world, and her soft brown eyes gazed dreamily straight in front, seeing nothing. As Farquhar looked upwards at the fair girl and noted the deer-like carriage of the beautiful head, the wealth of golden-brown hair now caught up at the back, and fastened loosely upon the top—whose waving ripples, released from the constraint of the bonnet, strayed in splendour—the soft yet steadfast eyes sheltering beneath the dark and sweeping lashes, the lithe yet rounded form, he marvelled not now that he had been so smitten with amazement that morning when he had first set eyes on this pearl of the wilderness moving with free and springing footsteps through the woodland. That was more than two months ago, and ever since, day by day, hour by hour, the manifold graces of this girl, her sweet and faithful disposition, and acute mind, had grown before his eyes, until he knew now that for the first time love had got him by the heart.

He looked again admiringly at the sweet face. The sunbeams had certainly just touched the beautiful cheeks, but only to add, as with the peach, by the merest shadow of wholesome tan, to the warm but not too vivid colouring. He had half a mind to tell her then and there how he loved her. He was not sure, but he fancied that the answer might be as he wished. But Farquhar, like many another man as strong and resolute as himself, in the ordinary affairs of life, was on a matter like the present timid and mistrustful. And so, like many a million before him, instead of dashing straight for the battery, he turned and retreated, with the intention of bringing up more guns, or of ingloriously attacking the position from shelter or by stratagem.

'Bina, let us stroll round and have a look at the pets; I haven't seen them these last two mornings.'

'Very well, Farquhar,' and the girl rose quickly, carrying in her hand her sun-bonnet, and went with him.

The antelope kraal lay on the other wing of the house; to reach it they had to pass by the burying-ground, which, as with many a South African farm, lay but a little distance from the house. Here the first Swanepeel and two of his successors slept their last sleep. About sixty yards from the house, beneath the shelter of a

great yellow-wood tree, were three blocks of stone, and upon the largest of these was carved, in Dutch, evidently with great care and much toil—

HENDRIK JACOBUS SWANEPOEL, born in Drakensteen, Capeland, 1716, died at Swanepeel's Rest, Pleasant River, Back-country, Africa, 1795. 'My flesh also shall rest in hope.'

The other stones bore the names of Hendrik's eldest son and descendants, with the dates of their respective births and deaths. These graves, fenced with low bushes, and thickly planted with flowers by Bina's hand, and especially Hendrik's, had always a curious interest for Farquhar. He stopped a moment, and then, as they moved away, said: 'I think this Settlement of your great-great-grandfather's one of the strangest things I have seen in this strange land. I have come across some wonderful things up in Mashonaland—the workings of old mines, and remains of stone forts, built, probably, a thousand years ago; and many another strange mystery; but this valley of yours beats everything I ever heard of. I wonder if any of you will ever find your way back to the civilised world again?'

A light flashed in the girl's eyes. 'Oh, if we only could, I would give anything—yes, years of life, to see and know that world! Perhaps, now you have been here, father may one day let some of us go down to the Capeland.'

'And why not?' echoed Farquhar. Then he saw the opening he had desired. He spoke softly, but with intense earnestness. 'But, Bina, why should you not come with me? Why not?'—he hesitated for the final plunge—'why not come as my wife?—There! it is out now! I love you, Bina, my darling, have loved you since first I set eyes on you in the forest.' Then, as his arm stole round her: 'Could you care for me ever so little, do you think?'

The colour had faded a trifle from the girl's cheeks; she looked troubled, overcome with the weight of joy that fell upon her heart. Then taking one of his hands and looking into his face, she said: 'Ah, Farquhar, my heart of hearts, I love you, I fear, too, too much. I cannot help it, although I am not worthy of you.'

He drew her closer to him—their lips met in a long kiss, and then he kissed repeatedly her soft cheeks and white brow and her golden-brown hair.

The girl spoke first again. 'But, Farquhar, I feel so much that, greatly though I love you, your life and mine are so different. I am so ignorant, so rude, that I should almost fear to let you marry me, for your own sake; and yet I would try to make you a good wife, and you could teach me everything I need to know.'

Again Farquhar kissed the girl passionately as he replied: 'My darling, you will be the best wife that man ever had; I know it too surely.'

But suddenly, with half-amused, half-rueful face, exclaimed the girl: 'Whatever will father and mother say? All the love-making here is done by "op-sitting," and here you have never asked them if you may "op-sit" with me and burn a candle.'

Boer courtships are carried on in this wise: The swain rides up to the house of his chosen fair dressed in his best toggery and well mounted;

and having obtained permission from the parents when the family retires to rest—often in the same apartment—sits up (op-sits) with his inamorata. So long as the candle with which he is furnished burns, so long may he his tale of love unfold. When it burns out, they must part and retire also.

Farquhar laughed long and heartily. 'All right, Bina. I will put that matter straight. Fancy my op-sitting!'

At that moment a call sounded from the house: 'Bina, Bina! where are you and Mynheer Murray? Come at once; there is a lion-hunt afoot, and he is wanted.'

At this news all Farquhar's hunter's blood was aflame, and with Bina he hastened to the house. Outside, just by the doorway, squatted on his hams, was a Bakotwa, waiting patiently, having brought in his report. His news was this. At one of Gert Swanepoel's cattle-posts outside the gate, three lions had overnight broken into the thorn-kraal and killed two heifers and a calf. Hearing the hubbub, the Bakotwa headsmen in charge of the post had sallied from his hut, and had almost immediately been struck down by one of the lions and slain. More natives coming forth, had driven off the brutes, not, however, before they had carried away one of the heifers bodily.

When the news reached the Rust, a war of revenge was instantly proclaimed. A native runner had been despatched round the valley to call up some of the fighting 'bloods'; the old flint guns were taken down; the powder-horns and leathern bullet-bags were filled; and meantime Farquhar, bringing out four of his rifles and some ammunition, busily prepared for action.

Within half an hour, six great Swanepoels, all mounted and eager for the fray, were mustered at the house; and with Gert, his eldest son, Farquhar and the Bakotwa set out for the scene of disaster. Bina had begged to be allowed to come too, but had been refused, and had retired to the garden. At a brisk canter, the men moved away, the Bakotwa running easily alongside. The gate was soon reached, and as they passed the Englishman's camp just outside, they drew rein for a moment while Farquhar's dogs were unloosed. The Bushman Aramap was, as a special favour, allowed to come also. Now they pushed on for the cattle-post. As they were approaching it, the sound of hoof-strokes was heard in the rear, and turning their heads, the party saw with astonishment Bina mounted on her pony flying towards them. Gert Swanepoel's brow was stormy, and as the girl rode into their midst he exclaimed: 'Bina, this is too bad! Why have you disobeyed me? I cannot have you running into danger. This is work for men, not for a pack of women.'

'Ah, father dear,' pleaded the girl, riding alongside and putting her whip-hand, with affectionate, precatory gesture, upon his arm, 'I pray you let me come this once, and I swear I will never ask again. You remember the last time a lion was killed, I was there, and no harm befell me. Springhaan is quick as the lightning, and I will keep well out of danger.'

Gert shrugged his broad shoulders and muttered: 'Well, remember, girl, this is the

last time, and I hope no harm may come of it. What would your mother say to me? I warrant she knew not you had come away.'

'No, father; I stole away,' replied the girl, with a blush. Then turning to Farquhar, who had shaken his head in strong disapproval, she continued: 'I will keep near you. See! I have brought your pistol, and now, who knows? I may see if my practice can be of use to me.'

As Farquhar looked, he saw fastened at her saddle-bow his revolver holster. Taking out the weapon, as they rode up to the kraal he loaded each chamber and again replaced it in the holster. 'Bina,' he said in a low tone, 'you have done very wrong to come; this is no work for you, and I hope to heaven we shall not get into a scrape. Whatever happens, I do beg of you to keep well behind; and ride for your life if the lions come for us. Never mind the shooting; we can attend to that.'

On reaching the kraal, they dismounted, and entered the dead Bakotwa's hut where the body lay. A glance showed some frightful wounds on the chest and head. The poor fellow's neck had been bitten clean through, and the spinal column severed. The dead heifers lay inside the kraal.

The marauders' 'spoor' was now fiercely taken up, and was easily followed for two miles into some light bush and scrub, where a lion had evidently been made, and part of the dead calf devoured. Thence the tracks ran down to the river, where the brutes had evidently taken shelter in a broad belt of dense reeds. The plan of attack was now quickly settled. Half the party, including Gert and his son—armed with two of Farquhar's rifles, in the use of which they were now fairly skilled—Farquhar himself, and the irrepressible Bina, rode down to a bend of the river where some rock cropped out from the soil and the reeds ceased for a space. The remainder halted where the lions had first entered.

Before riding down to the rocky open ground, where it was expected the lions would break covert, Farquhar had thrown his dogs into the reed-bed, and with clear voice, that now rang cheerily upon the still warm air, urged them to the attack. Following the usual practice of Dutch hunters, the men of both parties had all, except one of each band, dismounted, and stood ready for shooting; while their horses, with their heads turned away from the supposed quarter of danger where the quarry would issue, were held by their reins by the hunter remaining mounted. Bina sat quietly on her pony, some fifty yards away.

The dogs were not long in finding the vicinity of their dreaded neighbours, and after loud baying for a few moments as the scent grew hot, suddenly, when they had thrust their passage some way down the reeds, emerged, fleeing in hot haste from covert. Following close upon them, the head and shoulders of a young male lion, nearly full grown, but not fully maned, showed from among the green and yellow reeds, then disappeared, evidently driven in by the sight of human and, to him, probably dangerous enemies. Farquhar now ran quickly towards the dogs, and with many a

'Hoick in there, Mungo!—At him again, Nelson!—Hoick to him, good Rufus!' and loud encouragement to the rest of his now somewhat sobered pack, at length persuaded them to enter the reeds again. Then he ran back to the post of danger. Now there is a scuffle, the reeds shake ominously to and fro right in the centre, there is fierce loud barking, then a yell of anguish.

'Ah! that's Towler's voice. Poor old chap; I'm afraid he's done for,' cries Farquhar.

Again the reeds crash and shake. Something is moving quickly towards the bottom corner, and is now out in the open! A yellow form flashes forth from the shelter, and makes for the rising rocky ground. Four out of the half-dozen guns roar as with one voice; and the yellow form the same instant turns over upon its side five-and-twenty paces distant, gives a few frantic struggles, and lies dead. Hurrah! it is the lioness. One murdering ~~lion~~ accounted for! With eyes intently watching the reed-bed and the two yet loaded rifles ready in front of them, the four men quickly reload, and are ready again. Again, by dint of much alternate encouragement and rating, the dogs move to the assault; there is another charge inside, and more yells of canine anguish strike upon the air. At length, after another quarter of an hour, there is a sudden rush up hill, a hurried movement of the Boers stationed there towards the river, vehement shouting, three or four shots apparently into the water, and then presently a native runs down with tidings that the young lion has taken to the river, and although more than once wounded, has made good his retreat to the other side.

Once again, the plucky hounds, now reduced by two slain and with another sorely wounded, are cheered into the covert. But it is a forlorn hope, deadly and dangerous, as the poor faithful brutes well know. Inside there, as all men are aware, there yet lurks the great male lion, known by his mighty spoor, and he by this time must be raised to a pitch of anger and desperation rather awful to contemplate. But the men flinch not from their task; they have all been at the game before, and have long since discounted the risk they run, and the lion's blood they mean having at all hazard.

Twenty long minutes elapse, and although the hounds bay fiercely and angrily and approach as near to their foe as they durst, he moves not. At length, gathering more courage, they charge in a body; and with a roar and a mighty splash of the reeds, the wrathful brute comes forth. For one instant he stands motionless, his dark mane—for he is a black-maned lion—marking him out distinctly against the greenish-yellow background of reeds, and four rifles flame out at him at forty paces. Baring his great teeth and growling horribly with pain and rage, the monster flashes out straight for the little knot of hunters. The Boers, who have emptied their weapons, meanwhile have retreated behind their horses to reload, and Farquhar is left standing alone. He still has his two barrels loaded, and as the lion comes on, fires coolly, straight for his chest, first one barrel then almost instantly the other. It is a dangerous chance, and for the moment it succeeds: the lion rolls over on the sand, but,

quick as thought, is up again, and has launched himself at that solitary figure that thus dares to oppose him. Farquhar swings round to escape. Too late! Before he can avoid the danger, he is flung senseless and bleeding to earth; and the lion now stands over him, one huge paw with its claws unsheathed grasping his shoulder. It was an awful moment, and they who beheld the scene never forgot it. The fierce brute glaring in the most devilish wrath, his gleaming teeth exposed, the blood streaming from his lungs and mouth, and yet erect in ferocious pride and majesty, faced the remainder of his adversaries, hesitating whether to attack them or to finish off the victim lying in his power. All this had happened in the space of thirty seconds.

But while the first shots were fired, Bina had been able no longer to restrain herself from the battle. She had approached the group, and seeing her lover's deadly peril, had leapt from her pony and run, revolver in hand, towards his prostrate form. She was now within fifteen paces of the lion. Seeing her danger, three of the Boers, who had hastily reloaded, shamed into forgetfulness of fear, ran up, and just as the lion turned to spring again, and as Bina levelled her revolver and pulled the trigger, they too fired. The bullets took effect, and with a horrible throaty groan, the great brute sank dead beside the body of his foe. The danger was past; but to make sure, the two other rifles, which had now been brought up, were discharged into the tawny recumbent form. Before the smoke had cleared away Bina had run forward, and half-raising the heavy insensible form of the Englishman, had in her love and fear—utterly forgetful of those around her—tenderly kissed the poor pale cheeks and brow. The men gathered round her with astonished looks, her father with a bent brow, for this conduct seemed not quite maidenly.

An examination proved that Farquhar's heart still beat feebly, and that no very serious flesh-wounds had been inflicted. The weight of the lion, the velocity of his spring, and the fearful shock with which he had struck the Englishman to earth, had stunned and all but killed him. But, as the Dutchmen had seen, Farquhar's last bullet—which it was afterwards found had raked the heart and lungs—had unsteady the brute and unsettled his aim. Thus Farquhar had been stricken obliquely, and by only a part of the lion's body. If he had received the full shock, he must have been a dead man.

Tenderly and sadly—for the Englishman had won all hearts by his pluck and daring—the rude farmers carried him, still senseless, up to the kraal, and thence through the gateway to Gert's house. It was a tedious procession; and do what they could, although they halted now and again and strove hard to bring back life to the mute form, they carried him into the house at last still unconscious. As for Bina, she directed their movements and nursed the sufferer's head when the halts were made. No tear or sign of weakness escaped her. Brandy was administered, and cold-water fomentation and bandages constantly applied to the head; but still the senses lay dormant. All the remainder of that day and the next, and great part of the following day, Farquhar lay in a death-like trance, the faintest

movement of the pulse and heart alone betraying that life still tarried within him. On the afternoon of the third day, Gert Swanepoel sent down again for Johannes Swanepoel, the Predikant, who, in accordance with the rules of the Settlement, had acquired and practised such rude surgery as tradition had bequeathed to him. Finally, after much discussion, it was resolved to let blood, and a vein was opened. Within an hour, faint symptoms of returning consciousness showed themselves; towards sunset the nerves of the face moved; stronger respirations came and went, and finally the poor eyes, so long dulled as if in death, opened. Then Bina ran to her bedchamber and burst into a flood of tears, which mightily relieved her long-pent emotions; and then, after a fervent prayer to God, she got up with a lighter heart, and returned to the bedside.

For a week Farquhar lay betwixt life and death; fever set in, and only by such simple remedies as the Predikant could devise, and by the tender and incessant nursing of Bina, was the struggle ended in favour of life. But, the crucial danger past, Farquhar's strong constitution stood to him manfully; and in three weeks more he had turned the corner and was recovering.

THE BURNT TOWN OF TOKAY.

THE historic Hungarian town of Tokay, which gives its name to the celebrated wine, was burnt to the ground in the month of August this year, some twenty houses only remaining from the cruel wreck, which left five thousand people homeless.

Besides being the centre of a busy industry, it is a very interesting district, and has been closely associated with some of the most important events in Hungary's troubled but romantic history. Long before the Magyar was heard of in the chronicle of nations, these sunny slopes were cultivated as vineyards, the vine having been introduced by the Emperor Probus during the Roman occupation of the country. In the ninth century, when the warlike Magyar hosts arrived in Pannonia under the guidance of Alom and his son Arpad, they crossed the Theiss under the shadow of the hill of Tokay, and laid claim to the land as the heirs-general of Attila. Their only title-deeds were some legends about a cup of water from the Danube, and a little grass from the plain; but the scales of justice were weighted with the heavy sword of the conqueror, and henceforth the Slavs, Romanians, and such of the Bulgarians as remained, became subject to the Magyar race. The Hungarians, as the invaders now called themselves, were not slow in developing the resources of their newly-acquired country: the mountains produced iron, copper, and precious stones; the vast plain afforded the richest pasture; and above all, it was a region where the finest wines could be grown.

The unique quality of the Tokay district for vine-culture is due to the soil. The Hegyalia, as it is locally called, is the southern spur of an extended region of trachyte and other volcanic debris, beginning at Eperies, and terminating

in the conical hill of Tokay, which protrudes like a steep fortress into the great plain. This sentinel rock was in far-off times a bluff headland, knee-deep in the waters of the inland sea which existed in this part of Europe before the Danube had made a way for itself through the Pass of Kasan and the Iron Gates. But that was a very long time ago, counting by centuries, though comparatively modern, geologically considered.

Our interest centres just now in the historic vineyards of Tokay; and we learn that the district suffered from rude vicissitudes in the thirteenth century, when the Mongols from Tartary poured in their savage hordes on a peaceful, well-settled, and now Christian country. The king of Hungary, Bela IV., in the thirteenth century, did all in his power to keep back the barbarians, but in vain; for they carried their devastations through the length and breadth of the land. The memory of those evil days still exists, as one may learn from the sayings of the people. 'What the Tartar are you about?' is a common expletive. Naughty children are threatened with the Tartars. But there is a story often repeated of a Hungarian compassionating his enemy. He saw his handsome wife, who had a very sharp tongue, being carried off by the marauders, and he exclaimed: 'Alas, poor Tartar!'

Fortunately for Hungary, the death of the great Khan recalled the leader of this invasion back to Tartary, where he had his own game to play, and the country was once more at peace. In the restoration of things, Bela IV. was mindful of the Tokay vineyards. He imported from Italy a colony of well-skilled vine-growers; and from this time the wine of the Hegyalia had its distinct and special reputation. To give some idea of the value of these vineyards in the middle ages, it is on record that the tithe of the wine, which King Stephen had granted to the Bishops of Erlau, was reckoned in 1380 to be worth ten thousand pieces of gold.

Down to the middle of this century, when great territorial changes took place in Hungary, the rich vineyards of Tokay were largely held by the king—that is to say the Emperor of Austria—and by the bishops and magnates of the land. The Church especially took care to have its share. There is a story told that, in 1562, George Dreskories, Bishop of Funtkirchen, who had a vine-garden at Tillya, a favoured spot near Tokay, when assisting at the Council of Trent, presented the Pope with some of his wine. His Holiness on tasting it pronounced it to be nectar, surpassing all other wines, exclaiming: 'Summum Pontificem talia vina decent.'

The Tokay vintage begins generally in the third week in October, but sometimes even later, and there is a saying that the wine brought home on sledges is the best. Practically speaking there are three kinds of wine made in the district, all from the same grapes, but varying, according to the conditions of the vintage. The 'Essenz,' or Imperial Tokay, is made of the dried berries that have cracked in September, retaining all their saccharine matter; and then being carefully selected, are placed in tubs with spigot holes, through which the juice is allowed to

run from the weight of the fruit only, no pressure being used. It takes years of careful watching before this luscious liquid becomes drinkable wine, and, as a matter of fact, it rarely or never gets into the hands of the merchant. The Ausbruch, which is really the wine generally received as Tokay, is itself a costly product, even in the district itself. It is made by a certain admixture of dried berries with the wine-must of a good vintage. It is supposed to possess remarkable restorative properties in sickness and old age. Another quality is the 'Dry Tokay' (Szamordui), which has the bouquet and strength of the former wines without their sweetness. In making this kind the grapes are pressed as they come from the vineyard without any separation or addition of dried berries. The proportion of alcohol is from twelve to fifteen per cent.

These Tokay wines can be kept to almost any age. At the death of the late Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, the well-known teetotaler, in 1879, Tokay wine in perfect preservation was found in his cellar, which wine had been brought to England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the first half of last century.

In the play of 'High Life below Stairs,' the butler offers his guest anything from 'humble port to Imperial Tokay.' And from many contemporary allusions, there is reason to believe that the wine was better known in England in the last century than in this. Gouverneur Morris in his Diary, written during the French Revolution, mentions having bought at a cheap grocery shop in Paris a quantity of Imperial Tokay for twenty-five cents a bottle. This had been stolen from one of the royal palaces, and was known to have been a wedding present of Maria Theresa to her daughter, Marie-Antoinette. A footnote adds that Mr Morris had sent this, together with other wines, to America, and that the cork of the last bottle, sealed with the double-headed eagle of Austria, was opened on the occasion of a wedding party in New York in 1848.

This identical year of 1848, the great year of European revolutions, brought many changes to Hungary—permanent changes, which have recast her social condition. Formerly, the magnates had everything their own way; they had been in the habit of coming with their overbearing retinues to make merry at the Tokay vintage; the fruits of the earth were for them, and not for the serf, whose neck was under the heel of the noble. But the dawn of a new day was breaking. At the little town of Monok, Louis Kossuth was born, in the year 1802. He grew up to be a reformer, as we know; and there were many who shared his views, even amongst the privileged classes—good men and true, such as Counts Bethlen, Teleki, Wesselenyi, Baron Eötvös, and the great patriot Széchenyi. The story of those days is well known, with all its lights and shades, its mistakes and failures, and its final issue of conciliation and political success, under the guiding hand of the revered Deák. It is all in the newspapers of yesterday; but what a gulf separates the freedom of to-day from the dark and evil past of only forty years ago!

The material results of 1848 were tremendous in Hungary. The session lands of the serfs, held

on the intolerable condition of forced labour, became henceforth their freehold property, and eight millions of serfs received their freedom!

There is no part of Hungary, perhaps, where such a division of property exists as on the slopes of the Tokay hills. The easy and inexpensive transfer of land and the registration of titles to estates, which obtain in Hungary, has helped to promote this state of things. The peasant greatly affects his acre or two of vineyard; the savings of many a long year have been treasured up to buy this source of income for his old age. But, alas! a scourge has fallen on the land, a scourge far worse than the devastating hordes of Tartars, for it is an unseen insect which destroys root and branch of the precious vine, the mainstay of the peasant's industry. The phylloxera made its decided appearance in this district about four years ago, and has already wrought terrible destruction. Unless the Tokay wine-grower be rich enough and patient enough to replant with American vines, there is nothing short of ruin before him. There is a tradition in the country that twice in the lapse of centuries the vines of the Hegyalia have been destroyed, but no written records exist to prove of what nature was the visitation.

It is curious that the true Magyar race, who speak the purest Hungarian, and are the peasant proprietors in the county of Zemplin, form but a small proportion of the dwellers in the town of Tokay. It is not possible to find a more mixed population. To begin with, there are, or were, seventeen hundred Jews, many of them of the poorest class, late importations from the Marmaros Mountains. There are Armenian merchants and Szeklers; German traders from the Zips; Saxons from Transylvania; Slovaks and Rumanians. The Galician Poles are the servants of the community; and there is to be found the inevitable gypsy, who is the tinker, carrier, and above all, the musician of Hungary.

WARNED BY A MOUSE.

I.

THE old manor-house at Barton-Bridge, although one of the quaintest and most picturesque houses in this side of the county, was not half so well known as it deserved to be. Cut off from the high-road by a clump of ancient and well-wooded wych-elm, the few travellers who passed by the plantation gates plodded or drove wearily on up the steep hill beyond it, reached the top, admired the view away across the valley of the Bar, and little dreamed of what a curious old mansion lay hidden among the trees.

Its master and owner, John Trowbridge, was an old-fashioned bachelor, who prided himself on three good things—old books, old wine, and old friends; and though, he had few of the last, and their visits were few and far between, he always boasted that they were 'enough for him, and enough was as good as a feast.' It was a lonely place, too, ten miles from the county town, and six from the station; while the whole hamlet of Barton consisted of about a

score of cottages, all clustered round the tiny church, half a mile down the valley below. The Squire, therefore—as he was everywhere called—when not busy in his library, troubled his head about few things beyond his own domain, lived in a royal sort of cosy comfort on half his income; and gave up most of his time and thoughts to the care of his niece and ward, Miss Grace Rivington, declaring at times she was the plague of his life; and at others, that without her he didn't know what would become of Barton manor. Left an orphan when a mere child, with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds on coming of age, she had grown up at last to be as wilful, high-spirited, and charming a young lady as could be found in all the county-side. In short she was the old man's pet, and managed by dint of coaxing, flattery, and scolding to have her own way 'in things little or big,' as John Trowbridge often confessed. His favourite name for her was, 'the little witch,' 'a wee body, but with a mind and a spirit in it big enough and determined enough to manage the most fussy and troublesome horse in the stable, or out of it.'

These were the two who sat chatting together one wintry evening in November, on the day of her coming of age, when, contrary to all custom in such cases, and in defiance of his urgent entreaty, she had insisted on having no dinner-party and no birthday celebration; but a quiet time 'just for us two,' she said; 'and I can have you all to myself.' Dinner was over, the wine and walnuts were on the table, and that was wheeled up to the blazing wood-fire; Graves, the butler, had departed, and at last she could speak freely.

'My dear, dear uncle,' said she, 'there never, never was, and never will be, anything half so beautiful as the necklace you gave me this morning. I had it in my pocket all dinner-time, and was longing to look at it the whole time.—But why did you spend so much money?'

'Why, my dear? Well, because you are such a naughty, ill-tempered, ugly little shrimp; and I determined that people should look at your diamonds to-morrow, if they wouldn't look at you. As to money, child, I only had them reset; they were my mother's fifty years ago, and her mother's before that—a wedding present from that old Jack Trowbridge whose eyes are now looking down at you from the other side of the room. "Gentleman Jack" they used to call him when he came back from India and brought the diamonds with him.'

'Look!' she said, taking them out of the dainty morocco case—'see, how they shine in the light of the fire! I shall be as grand as a queen to-morrow night at the ball; and in that lovely dress from Paris, so uncle! the very happiest girl in Cornwall! What can I say, what can I do, to thank you—the dearest, goddest, wisest of old uncles?'

'Well, if you won't have any more wine, Miss Grace Rivington, say good-night; be off to bed, and lock up your necklace in a safe place, and keep the key in your own pocket. You'll have a thousand things to do to-morrow; so go now

and get your Beauty-sleep, that you may look your best at night. Half the women will go crazy at the sight of your necklace and gay feathers; and all the men about your lovely face.—But mind, the first quadrille is for me.'

They chatted on for a while, and she playfully reminded him that only a month before he had utterly refused to have a dance at the manor-house, or to let the place be turned upside down for any such nonsense. 'And now,' she added, 'here you are decking me out like a queen, and begging for a quadrille!'

'You're a witch, my dear, neither more nor less, and you know it; and I am an old goose, and don't know it; so, good-night.'

In less than an hour from that time the diamonds were safely locked up in an old oak cabinet, and the happy owner, like most of the household, sound asleep, and dreaming of all the joys of the coming to-morrow.

The morrow came, as most to-morrows do, in good season; heavy with clouds at first, but slowly breaking out into sunshine at last. Miss Grace Rivington, after her Beauty-sleep, came down radiant to breakfast; and that being over, sent off a special messenger to her special friend Florence, at the Grange, with the following brief note:

MY DEAR FLORRIE—Come over at once, if only for half an hour, and you shall see the loveliest necklace to be found in Cornwall. I am to wear it to-night. G. R.

It was but a short walk from the Grange to the manor-house, and in less than an hour after the despatch of the note, the two friends were in full talk by the side of a roaring wood-fire in Grace's own sanctum, a cosy, snug room, with oak panelling and old oak furniture, which opened out upon the lawn. The two girls were in high spirits; the necklace was duly admired, looked at again and again, carefully put away, and locked up; and then came the discussion of dresses, faces, and partners, about which last point there was a considerable difference of opinion, as great almost as the difference in the personal appearance of the ladies themselves. In that difference, in fact, lay the strength of the friendship. Florrie was a tall dark brunette, with an abundance of black hair; a loud, rather masculine voice, and a still more masculine manner, dress, and tastes.

'And now, Grace,' she said at last, 'put away all the fal-lals, and I'll tell you all about yesterday's doings, when you shut yourself up like a hermit, instead of being out in the finest run for the season. There were four of us from the Grange, and about twenty other red-coats, besides Charlie Burton and a couple of militia-men; and we went straight away for Barton Edge, a downright spin of fifty minutes without a check. Then we ran him in, and killed in the open. Coming back, we found again—another forty minutes; lost him, and then home by the harvest-field, where Jack and I and the two militaries went in for a rat-hunt with a couple of terriers.'

'Glad you enjoyed it, my dear; but no rats for me; I hate the very sight of one. The mice behind this old wainscot are bad enough, and terrify me out of my wits sometimes. I am

actually afraid of them, and uncle won't have a single cat in the place, so that we are fairly overrun with them. Ten to one, if I only open the door of the old press, out flies a mouse, and away I go as fast as my legs will carry me.'

'O Grace! what a coward; afraid of a mouse! Never mind, dear; with that necklace on to-night, you'll carry all before you—red coats and black, old staggers and young dandies; they'll all fall in love with that charming little witch of a face of yours. You won't be afraid of them, mice or no mice. I shall stand no chance; but it's time for me to be off; so, good-bye, my dear, until eight p.m.—I shall come early. I'll go out by the window and cut across the lawn.'

II.

It was six o'clock p.m. and Grace Rivington, after an early dinner, had gone up to her own room for the important and laborious work of dressing for her first ball. It had been a fine calm day for November; the fire of wood had all but died out, and the window was still ajar as her friend had left it in the morning. But as it grew darker and colder, and the serious business of the night had to be begun, Grace closed and fastened it, and going to the opposite side of the room, sat down in front of a large cheval glass, and, as many a pretty girl has done before, took a calm survey of herself, and determined to wear the white dress. As she looked at the glass, into which the flickering fire now and then threw a fitful touch of light, she was suddenly startled by a slight rustling sound behind her, as a mouse dashed out and scampered across the floor; and then, turning her head, she saw, to her utter horror, a pair of eyes watching her from one corner of the room, among the curtains, where the mouse had sprung out!

For a moment she was utterly paralysed with dread; and not daring, or able, to move, was about to cry out for help. Luckily for her, the cry was stifled; and then, with a sort of desperate courage, she turned back to her old position, and again looked into the glass, as if nothing had happened. At the very first glance, the two terrible eyes seemed to be still fixed on her from among the dark folds of the curtain; and she shuddered as she looked. It was clearly some scoundrel who had hidden himself there for some plan of robbery, and her life for the moment was in his hands; and all depended on her success or failure in lulling him into a belief that his presence had not been detected.

After a minute of sharp thought, her usual resolve prevailed; her courage rose, and her plan was formed. Without rising from her chair, she drew up to her side a small writing-table, calmly lighted a wax candle, and began writing a series of pretended notes, sealing and addressing each, as if for the post. Over the fourth of these notes she seemed to take much trouble, and, as if not satisfied with it, began to read aloud short bits of it as she went on, with an occasional word of comment: 'We depend on your being here, my dear Jennie, in good time to-night, whatever the weather be; and I send this by a special messenger to say that we shall keep you until to-morrow. I have heaps of birthday presents to show you, and the loveliest diamond necklace.' As she

uttered these last words, she suddenly stopped, and said, as if in a whisper to herself: 'Why, what a goose I am! Old Foster the jeweller has never sent back the rings and necklace, though he faithfully promised I should have them in good time this morning. Jane must go for them at once, or I shall not get them in time.'

Then, having sealed up and directed the last of her pretended notes, she walked with trembling steps to the bell-rope, pulled it, waited for a moment, and next unlocked a drawer and took out her jewel-case. As she did so, the door opened, and the servant appeared. 'Jane,' said her mistress, 'tell Richard to take this note to the Grange, and this to Dr Forbes's at once. There are no answers; but as he comes back, call at Foster the watchmaker's with the other note, and ask for my rings and necklace which he had to clean. As it's getting late, he had better take the pony. The necklace he can put into this box; Foster has the key.' And with these words she handed to the servant her precious jewel-case. In another moment the door was shut, and Grace once more alone, with the pair of eyes watching her intently from behind the curtain.

The owner of the eyes had seen and heard all that had happened, and though slightly puzzled, thought it best not to move as yet; especially as he saw that the young lady was calmly going on with her toilet and had lighted two wax candles.

Meanwhile, Jane herself was slightly puzzled, but, being a well-trained servant, obeyed her mistress's orders. 'Here, Richard,' said she; 'Miss Grace says you're to take the pony as sharp as you can and leave these notes at the Grange and at old Forbes's; and as you come back, call at Foster's for some rings and a necklace that's to go into this case.'

In five minutes he was on his way. The three notes he carried with him were duly delivered, and read with amazement by the recipients. The one to Dr Forbes ran thus:

MY DEAR DOCTOR—Don't be alarmed though I beg you to come straight to the manor-house when you have read this. Say nothing to the servants, but make your way quietly up to the Oak Room, where I wait your coming. Uncle is away at the magistrates' meeting. Love not a moment.
GRACE RIVINGTON.

The second note was this:

MY DEAREST FLORRIE—A mouse has got into the Oak Room, and here I am a prisoner; send your two brothers at once to deliver me—at once.—Ever your affectionate
GRACE

Foster the watchmaker, utterly and hopelessly puzzled, read as follows:

MR FOSTER, take the box which the bearer will give you to Barnet, the parish constable; tell him to bring it here to the manor-house at once.

G. RIVINGTON.

Old Forbes was the first to recover from his amazement and, after a moment's thought, to hurry down from his surgery and rush out of the house—armed with a case of instruments and his biggest stick—without a word to wife or servants, or to himself, but, 'What on earth is

that witch of a girl up to now?' He ran as hard as he could, and in ten minutes, red-hot and breathless, reached the hall door of the manor-house, where he was well known.

'Parker,' said he to the astonished footman, 'Miss Grace says I am to go straight to her room without being announced. I know my way.' Then he walked quietly up-stairs and knocked at the door of the Oak Room, and at once entered.

His patient, with a pale face, and her long hair streaming down over her shoulders, was sitting in a low chair in front of the mirror; the fire had died out into white ashes, and the dim light of the two wax candles left half the room in darkness.

'Grace, what has happened? Are you ill—here, all alone?'

And then came a dead silence, more terrible than any speech. She tried to speak, but for many minutes the effort was vain, and ended in a few broken sobs and still more broken words. While the agony of suspense and fear lasted, she had bravely kept up her courage; but now with safety had come the reaction. Her nerves, after being strung up to the highest pitch, suddenly collapsed; and the doctor was fairly puzzled. But at last, after a sharp effort, came an intelligible sound, and she stammered out: 'Not ill, doctor, not ill; and not alone; he is there behind the curtains!'

Before he could ask 'Who or what is behind the curtains?' out stepped Mr Sikes, to answer for himself, a common roadside tramp of the lowest order, who that very morning had begged for broken victuals at the kitchen door and been rewarded with beer in honour of the day. 'All right, governor,' says Sikes; 'you needn't make no fuss. I ain't done no harm to the young lady; and the window bein' open, you see, I only come in to get a rest.'

But at this moment there was a sudden and tremendous clatter on the stairs, and in rushed not only the two brothers from the Grange and the parish constable, but the whole troop of terrified servants. In the midst, however, of all the noisy confusion, congratulations, and outcries that followed, Sikes continued his speech, with the same unblushing impudence as he had begun it: 'And to think, now, of being took in by that there young gal, a-knowin' all the time that I was behind the curtains, and she ready to drop at a mouse!'

When Grace had reluctantly swallowed a glass of wine, recovered herself enough to tell her brief story and regain her birthday necklace, then arose a fierce discussion as to what was to be done with Mr Sikes.

'Constable,' said the old doctor, 'tie that fellow's hands behind him and lock him up in the Clink until the Squire comes home; and first give him a good ducking in the horse-pond.'

But then the vagabond altered his tune, and put on such a piteous look, and told such a miserable whining tale of starvation and misery, that Grace's voice prevailed; though he did not escape his taste of the pond.

'Let him go, let him go,' she said; 'and take him away at once, before the Squire comes back, which he may do at any minute.—And now, all my dear good friends, a thousand thanks to you,

every one! But begone, all of you, for the clock has struck seven, and I have to be dressed before eight!'

In spite of all difficulties, however, Miss Grace Rivington, in her white dress and wearing her diamond necklace, was the admiration of all beholders that night at the ball. She danced many dances, and not a few with Charlie Burton, who after his marriage told me this true story.

AN HYDRAULIC RAILWAY.

THE idea of a railway in which the carriages should be propelled by hydraulic power, whilst the resistance due to friction on the rails should be greatly reduced by the substitution of sliding surfaces for wheels, a film of water being at all times interposed between slides and rail, is due to Monsieur Girard, an eminent French hydraulic engineer, and dates some forty years back. Shortly before the outbreak of the Franco-German War, Monsieur Girard commenced the construction of a line on his system between Paris and Argenteuil; but during the hostilities that ensued the works were destroyed and the engineer killed. Owing to Monsieur Girard's death, the invention fell into abeyance, until recently revived by Monsieur Barré, a former colleague. At the Paris Exhibition of 1889, a short line on this system attracted considerable interest; whilst no visitor to the Exhibition held in Edinburgh in 1890 can have failed to notice this novel innovation in the modes of rapid transit.

Before passing to an examination of the special features of the invention, and its advantages and adaptability under general or exceptional conditions of working or surroundings, we will briefly lay before our readers a succinct account of the general principle of the new railway.

Two particular points of novelty claim attention—the sliding surfaces in substitution for wheels, and the means of propulsion. Dealing first with the 'patins' or sliding surfaces, each carriage is fitted with four or six sliding shoes, which glide along a broad flat rail, a thin film of water being continually forced by hydraulic pressure between the shoe and the upper surface of the rail, so that the carriage may be said to float along its rails; the motion closely resembling the pleasant easy passage of a sledge across smooth ice. It may here be noted that Monsieur Girard at the commencement of his experiments proposed to float his carriages on compressed air, but speedily abandoned this medium in favour of water under pressure, as a means of reducing to the lowest practicable limit the friction between the supports of his carriages and the rails bearing them. The quantity of water required to maintain a constant film between the 'patin' and rail-surface is necessarily very considerable, and is supplied by a tender accompanying the train, and charged with pressure at intervals. In the case of trains running considerable distances, a steam-engine is required on the tender to maintain the requisite pressure without stoppage.

Without going into minute technical details as to the shoes, we may state that every precaution

has been taken in their design to minimise the consumption of water; and that arrangements are made all along the line for catching the expended water in troughs, with a view to its subsequent utilisation.

Turning, now, to the means of propulsion. Each carriage is furnished beneath its seats with what may be termed a straight turbine, that is, a stout bar running the greater part of its length, and furnished on either side with a series of cup-like recesses in front of each other, and comparable to a water-wheel whose circumference has been flattened, and to which a second water-wheel similarly treated has been secured back to back. Jets placed at intervals along the line, and under considerable hydraulic pressure, impinge on these series of cups, and impart great impetus to the carriages. Ingenious arrangements are made for opening and closing the jets. A lever placed in front of the train opens the jets as it passes over them, whilst a similar mechanical contrivance placed at the rear of the train closes the jets when the train has duly passed over them.

Into the numerous devices and adjustments requisite to secure the efficient working of this part of the gliding railway, it is foreign to our purpose to enter; sufficient to point out that great mechanical resource has been brought to bear on these details; and the regularity and efficacy with which they have operated in the lines already laid down on this system testify abundantly to the skill and ability of the designers.

A special feature in connection with the vehicles employed on the new class of railway now under consideration—we had almost said 'rolling stock'—is their lightness. Owing to the entire absence of all jar, shock, and vibration, the carriages admit of considerably less solid framing than in the case of their prototypes on ordinary lines. Not only does a considerable saving in first cost result from such economy in construction, but a permanent reduction in dead-weight to be hauled forms a favourable item in the advantages of the invention.

A further feature of economy is the saving of all oil and grease required for lubricating the wheels, an item of cost in the working expenses of railways which would fairly astonish those unacquainted with the heavy sum, annually disbursed by our leading lines for such comparatively minor stores.

The excellent and efficient brake-power inherent to the gliding railway deserves some passing notice, as it entirely obviates any necessity for other brakes, being in itself both ample and speedy. Nothing further is requisite beyond stopping the flow of water between the gliding shoe and the rail, the friction between shoe and rails on dispersion of the film of water usually between them being quite sufficient to bring the train to a stand-still in a very short time.

Amongst the special advantages claimed by its introducers for this new competitor as a means of popular locomotion, we have already mentioned the absence of all vibration and jar, together with side rolling motion; to these may be added the pleasant gliding motion, comparable to sleighing over ice, and the absence of

all noise, dust, and smoke. The inventors are sanguine of attaining as high a speed as one hundred and twenty miles per hour, with the greatest facility for bringing the train quickly to a stand-still.

These qualifications would appear to eminently fit the gliding railway for service in cities and tunnels, where noise and smoke form so serious a drawback; and we understand that the new project has been favourably regarded by so great an authority on railway matters as Sir Edward Watkin, whose connection with the underground railways of London and with the proposed Channel Tunnel doubtless indicates that he has recognised the advantages which would accrue to these important undertakings from the adoption of a means of locomotion at once noiseless, smokeless, and expeditious.

It would, in conclusion, be idle to assume that the new railway will not have its difficulties to contend with; the working of so much hydraulic plant in severe frosts must of necessity be faced and overcome; and the question of cost, both as regards maintenance and working expenses, will require careful examination.

The means of locomotion in large cities are many and various, and each year seems to increase their number, from the magnificent overhead railways of New York to what a French writer has described as 'les affreux sonnerans du Métropolitain de Londres.' We have, moreover, tramways of every class—drawn by horses, steam, or electric engines; or, again, by cables—all of which closely compete with vehicular traffic and steamboat service for our carrying-trade. Amongst such numerous and powerful rivals, the progress of the new hydraulic gliding railway will be watched with no small interest, and its career will be followed, not merely by engineers, but by the public at large with keen attention.

IN THE NIGHT.

As I enter the shadowy portals of Night,
To stray in her solitudes vast,
Pale Memory whispers a vanished delight,
And summons a shade from the past.

Lo! my Marguerite plays: the sweet passion and skill
That we loved speak again in her art.
How the strains of her violin sound, at her will,
Like the chords of a human heart!

It is only a dream, such as travellers say
Thirst gives in the lands of the sun;
And the sad, sweet face and the form pass away—
The music and glory are done!

I call on my love in grief's passionate words,
If only one moment, to stay;
But all that I hear is the twitter of birds
That wake in the morning gray.

Where the far-distant Alps seem a cloud-land of snow,
Are a lake, and a valley so fair,
And a sculptured stone, with its record of woe,
To tell she is sleeping there.

W. GOW GREGOR.

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THIS YEAR'S PRAIRIE HARVEST.

By JESSE M. E. SAKIN.

ANYTHING more beautiful, more inspiring almost, than the prairie-lands at harvest-time—in a year such as this has been—can scarcely be imagined. Far as eye can reach, spread the fields of yellow grain, swaying and rustling as the breeze flits over the full and ripened ears, bringing with it the perfume of a thousand wild-flowers and grasses which bloom on the virgin savannas. I thought that earth had never sent heavenward a sweeter incense than the breathings of Nature rising from those harvest-fields.

Canada North-west is jubilant over the golden grain which she has joyfully gathered into her barns. The rains have been plentiful this season, and have amply compensated for the comparative absence of snow during the winter. A scarcity of snow is a serious calamity to prairie farmers, the irrigation of their lands depending as much upon the winter snows as on the summer rains. Those prairies are a pitiful sight in a dry season—the ground all parched and gaping; the grain stunted and brown; the grass shrivelled to its roots; the fire-fiend triumphing over beneficent water-spirits; stock maddened and lost for lack of water; settlers depressed through the failure of their crops.

Folks who grumble over the dreariness of a white-robed earth through long cold months should remember betimes how much they owe to the kindly snows, which are really blessings in disguise!

The grain ripens very rapidly in the North-west, and is dropping from the ear almost when it is 'hardening'; therefore, harvest operations must be gone in haste. The almost universal use of expensive machines for cutting and binding, &c., goes to prove that farming out West 'pays' on the whole; but when a very abundant harvest is to be garnered, there is always need of extra labourers; and farm-hands can always earn enormous wages during the autumn, particularly in Manitoba.

As I passed along, I saw two, or four, or even six oxen (or horses) yoked together, and dragging great machines along fields of standing grain; and as the mighty 'rigs' moved onward, strips of earth were shorn of their beauteous dress, which fell along the track in rows of sheaves, symmetrical in shape, uniform in size, neatly tied up, and laid in rigid order at equal distances from one another.

There was no apprehension this season of prairie fires, which wrought such devastation last year; but I heard a great deal about the frosts, and I saw some of their results—on a small scale. Judging by these, I fear 'a frost' widespread must be as bad as a fire. Fortunately, the frosts have been partial and limited, and though they have withered the hopes of a few individual farmers, as a whole the North-west has suffered very slightly from this cause. In many cases the evil might have been averted on the smaller farms, where the frost has been most felt.

'Canny' farmers, taught by experience, can tell when a frost-wind may be coming their way, and they prepare for it. They lay a row of 'smudges' along the wind-side of their fields of grain (a smudge is a little pile of dry grass, sticks, clods of earth, any rubbish, in fact, that will raise a smoke when lighted). The ice-wind stealing along to blight the field is met by the smoke, and compelled to carry its genial warmth to the grain in place of the deadly breath of 'a frost!' I saw a large field thus guarded. There had been a frost in the previous night, and the men had been alert keeping their smudges going with the most perfect success. Fresh piles of rubbish were lying ready if required; but fortunately the frost did not visit that locality again. Two miles farther on a neighbouring field, left to itself, had suffered, and its owner was bewailing his hard fate.

No precautions can be taken against hail showers, and these are as destructive as the frost-winds, though more limited in their operations. One day a shower of those cruel crystals passed

over the spot I stood upon. I could hear the swish and rattle they made, could see the fierce sun-rays flash and scintillate among them. We were amazed that no particle of hail fell on us. The edge of a field of wheat half a mile beyond was 'visited' by a few hailstones from that shower—hailstones as large as gooseberries and wicked as bullets. Five miles across the prairie I saw (two days later) what that same shower had done to a crop which had promised glorious things before the visitation. The grain was lying broken and beaten to the soil; the potatoes and turnips were scattered over the earth, shorn of their green tops; some chickens were pelted to death; a garden over which much care had been expended was a dismal wilderness; the wooden walls of the house were marked by the hailstones as if a shower of partly 'spent' shot, had been rained upon them. It was a sad scene; but my pity was lost in admiration of the manner in which the strong-souled farmer—a man without means beyond what came to him from the land he was cultivating—bore his loss and spoke of the future. Verily, the true North-wester is a Titan in mind as well as in body; and we are glad to know that for one man who may have suffered there are twenty who are rejoicing over well-stocked barns.

Strange to tell, a large proportion of the best grain this season was 'self-sown.' The crops last year were so bad that in many cases it was not worth while to reap, and the grain was left to drop where it stood. From the seed thus left grew some of the goodly crops of this year; and the North-west farmers have thus made the great discovery that the best crops are those raised from grain sown on stubble. A prairie philosopher explains the matter thus: 'When the ground is not ploughed or harrowed, the moisture of the autumn and winter remains undiminished; also the stubble holds its weight of snow, and this snow is a protection against the wind for the young grain coming up.'

Curiously enough, these self-sown fields were free from the plague of 'pig-weed,' which was spreading itself destructively in the adjacent fields. These fields had been ploughed, and the seed sown after the usual method. The philosopher explains that on ploughed land the weed starts with the same advantages as the grain, and being of faster growth, soon chokes out the legitimate crop. But on the stubble the wheat gets a fair start of its noxious rival, and is in possession of the field before the weed has pierced the surface of the earth. Thus the 'choking-out' is all on the right side when the grain is drilled into stubble or left to sow itself.

This pig-weed (a species of *Chenopodium*, or Goose-foot) is a great nuisance, and does not seem to be 'understood.' It grows very rapidly, and soon smotheres up all other plant. There seems no way of getting rid of it except by pulling it up when it is very young. It strikes its roots deep and fast into the soil, and it grows to the height of four and five feet. When pressed and stored, it makes a nourishing 'green feed' for winter use; and the animals eat it greedily in that state. Not a single blade of pig-weed grows

on virgin soil, they told me; but no sooner is the earth turned over, no sooner does the edge of a farm implement furrow the sod, or a wheel break the turf by a 'trail,' than up springs the pig-weed.

Natural hay is abundant and of excellent quality this season; for the 'slews' had been under water for months, and the grass upon them was as soft and green as that of an English lawn. (A 'slew' is a slight depression in the ground where water accumulates, and I fancy the word is a corruption merely of 'slough.') In May, the young farmers were bathing in a slew, where in August they were driving their mower and team of oxen!

On the Indian Reserves the crops were as good as elsewhere. The 'straw' was not so tall; but the wheat and oats had 'headed' beautifully. Indeed, the Red Men's fields could bear comparison with those of the crofters, if not with those of the experienced Canadians.

I brought home from the island of Vancouver a head of oats which looks like a little sheaf, is over six feet tall, and is the product of one ear! I gathered it at random from a field where I saw the tops of men's hats bobbing about, and discovered that men were walking through the corn with those hats on their heads!

The harvest in Eastern Canada, we were told, has not been so good as that of the North-west; therefore, reports from the older provinces must not be understood to include the Dominion as a whole. A significant fact is that emigrants—chiefly of the farming class—from East Canada and from the States are pouring into the Far West-north-west. There is room enough and to spare; but what is better still, there is bread enough and to spare.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER V.—THE NEW MASTER.

FOR the space of a minute a dead silence fell on all who were present at this startling and unaccountable discovery. Richard King was the first to move. He approached to the chair which had contained the dead master of Yewle, and narrowly scanned it and the immediate surroundings. He noticed that the chair had been turned a few inches towards the casement, and the half-smoked cigar which had been held in the dead man's fingers had been dropped on the floor. The casement next received his attention. It fastened by two bolts within, and could not have been opened from the outside except by breaking the thick plate-glass. It stood wide open now. After examining these things, Richard King, pale and stern, turned to the silent crowd until his eye rested on the butler. 'Who has had the key of this room since I was here yesterday?' he demanded.

'No person has had the key,' was the prompt answer. 'It has not been one second out of my possession.—Moreover, Mr Richard, you yourself were the last that asked to see the master.'

'Are you sure the casement was then fastened?'

'As sure as I am that it is now open, sir.'

'I can bear witness,' observed Francis Gray, 'that it was fastened at nine o'clock last night.'

Richard King turned to him sharply and, as several thought, suspiciously. 'How do you know that, Mr Gray?' he inquired.

'I was walking in front of the house,' answered Gray, dropping his voice, 'and yielded to the impulse to look in at my dead friend. The case—ment was quite secure, and—the body was where you saw it, in that chair.'

'This is a most extraordinary occurrence,' said the coroner. 'Of course, if the body cannot be found, there can be no inquest.—What is to be done, Mr King?'

'The police must be sent for at once,' Richard King answered in a clear hard voice; 'there has been some foul-play here.—Hand the key of that door to me.'

'I don't know your right to demand it just yet, Mr Richard King,' replied the old butler with hot face.

'I am Mr Rowan King's nearest relative.'

'There's a nearer one than you, Mr Richard, though he is not here to-day. And I firmly believe, moreover, that Mr Rowan is as much alive this morning—wherever he is—as you are. He isn't the first of his family the thing has happened to.'

'Take your rubbishy story to the servants' hall,' said Richard King, losing his temper.

Now, it was the fact that every person present was aware of the peculiar fatality of the King family, and there was no doubt that the butler's declaration made an impression. There was just as little doubt that Richard King's loss of temper inspired an opinion not in his favour—an opinion that the ownership of Yewle was too near his grasp to be surrendered without a contest.

All the same no objection could be made to his resolution to bring the police on the ground. In an hour they were at Yewle and in full possession of all the facts. Stokes found a suitable opportunity of impressing his own view of the case upon the officers, which was, that if Mr Rowan was not discovered among the woods—which had been his favourite haunts—they might conclude he had gone off again on his wanderings, and would return to Yewle—Heaven knew when!

As Richard King instructed the officers according to his own view, a minute and exhaustive search was commenced, first in the house, next in the grounds, and gradually enlarging the circle of search until every inch of the park might be said to have been carefully inspected. The result was a perfect blank. Richard King was not satisfied yet that all that was necessary had been done. Wherever a spadeful of fresh earth appeared in the gardens or grounds, he caused the soil to be dug up; wherever there was a drop of water on the estate, in ditch, or stream, or pond, he had it minutely searched and dragged.

As this ghastly work went on, even the men employed upon it, liberally as they were paid, began to grumble and to give unmistakable signs to their employer that they were losing the 'stomach' for it. On seeing this, he tried another plan, which was nightly discussed in the *King's Arms* at the village with a freedom of rustic comment which Richard King would not have liked to hear. He gave the men spirits, and it began to be noticed that he fortified himself with frequent applications of the same stimulant. Lastly, he promised a liberal reward

to the first finder of the body of Mr Rowan King.

'It ain't o' no use,' said the spokesman of the party on a Saturday evening when they had received their wages. 'I, for one, Mr King, don't intend to go on this job o' Monday any further.'

The other men unanimously announced the same resolution.

'Very well, go,' answered Richard King. 'I can find others.'

They went; and after a preparatory bath and toilet, that improved his appearance, Richard King walked over to the vicarage.

Francis Gray was in London now, having lost no time in leaving Yewle when he found this new master unceremoniously take up his residence there; and King was a daily visitor at the vicarage. He was a little embarrassed in regard to the curate, to whom, on the strength of his expectations, he had some time ago promised the living; but, on the other hand, he saw how the obligation of fulfilling that promise would help him in his suit for Agnes King. Where could they remove to so fitly as to the Hall?

He was in ill humour this evening, on account of the conduct of the men, and it took some effort to clear his countenance before he entered the vicarage. With all his cleverness, and with all his solicitude to make himself acceptable in that house, he did not know how abhorrent to the ladies was the work which he was engaged upon. He was not long there when he referred to it. Mrs King had left the room; and turning to Agnes with a look of concern, he said: 'Another week gone and no result. I begin to be fairly astounded, Agnes.' And the boors actually refused this evening to continue the work on Monday.

A look of sickness came for a moment into the girl's face. She hesitated before she spoke. 'Mr King,' she said, 'has it not gone far enough? It is horrible to be digging and dragging like that day after day. Some day the mystery will be cleared up, and what will it all amount to? Merely the simple melancholy fact that Uncle Rowan is dead; and we know that already!'

'Yes; we know it, we know it,' he quickly answered; 'but you cannot see all that depends on—on finding the body—besides giving it a Christian burial.'

No; thank Heaven! the poor girl did not know, or dream.

'Would you abandon this horrible search—to make me grateful to you?' she pleaded, desperately—for the form of words was one she had much thought over, and shrunk from.

'To make you grateful, Agnes!' he answered softly. 'Ah yes—surely, surely!'

'Then you will abandon it?'

She was crimson to the eyes, but was resolute not to falter till she had his promise. He gave it at once; and Agnes was as conscious as he was that the bond was tightening. He went back to the Hall in good spirits that night, thinking less of the promise he had made than of the distance by which the girl was thereby drawn closer to him.

But that he felt himself bound by the promise only as far as the girl's observation extended was evident from his manner of spending the next

three hours. With a bottle and glass beside him, he sat in Rowan King's chair in the study, facing the casement, and marking out, in his thoughts, every path that could be taken from that spot and every place the paths might lead to. 'If his body is at the bottom of the sea, I will bring it up to the surface!'

He staggered up to his bedroom at two in the morning, and slept till the church bell across the park was ringing for service.

It became necessary now to take some steps with regard to the property, of which for so far Richard King was only presumptive owner. The family solicitor came to Yewle and held a private inquiry into the death of Rowan King. Richard King declared that there could be no doubt of his being dead—but Richard was, of course, an interested party. Dr Hayle, however, was certain Rowan King was dead; he had not examined him, he said, and was not in a position to speak as to the cause of death; but it was a lifeless body he saw in that chair. He had written to Francis Gray, and showed a letter from him bearing the same witness. The opinion of the old butler was disregarded by the man of business, who now declared that, on the evidence he had heard, he would proceed to have the late Mr King's will proved.

'Had he made a will?' asked Richard King, concealing his anxiety by walking across to a window and looking out.

'Yes; strangely enough, too, the will was made and executed on the very day of his death. It was posted to me that evening. The document is brief, said the lawyer, unfolding a sheet of foolscap paper, and written in Mr King's own hand. It is witnessed by the butler Stokes, and a gardener named Wilson.'

Here the solicitor paused for a minute, looking over the document. Richard King did not turn from the window.

'The mansion of Yewle, with its furniture, pictures, plate, and heirlooms, his horses and carriages—and so on; everything, in fact, in and about the place—together with all his freehold estates, he bequeaths to you, Mr King.'

Richard King turned round slowly, looking as composed as though he had known all this before. 'Is there anything more, Mr Rintoul?'

'He bequeaths twenty thousand pounds or thereabouts, which lies to his credit in bank or is invested, to his niece Agnes King. That is all the will contains.'

'I am glad he has not forgotten his brother's wife and child,' said Richard quietly. 'Had he not provided for them, I should have considered it my duty to do so.'

The solicitor bowed, and there the interview terminated.

The necessary legal steps were taken; and, after the delay inevitable in a case so unusual, probate of the will was granted. Richard King was now undisputed master of Yewle; and the first effect of the fact was the giving of notice by Stokes the old butler. Instead of accepting the notice, the new master paid him a month's wages and allowed him to go.

The proverbial 'law's delay' caused some three months to elapse before the affairs of the late master of Yewle were fully wound up, for it was found that he had various sums of money invested

in foreign securities not readily realisable. However, Mr Rintoul, the solicitor, at length completed the 'schedule,' and invited Mr Richard King to call upon him. Before going up to London for this purpose he called on the ladies at the vicarage. 'I am going up to see the lawyer,' he said, 'who informs me that everything is wound up at last. As executor, I shall now have twenty thousand pounds to give to you, Agnes. How shall I place it for you?'

The girl no more knew what to do with so much money than if it had been a veritable white elephant; and her mother was not much wiser. After pointing out the various ways in which the money could be invested, Mr King at last said, with a smile: 'We had better let the matter stand over for the present, and talk it over at our leisure later on.'

But Agnes had a suggestion to make, which cost her a little embarrassment. 'Uncle Rowan always meant to provide for Francis Gray, and I would like him to share this money with me.'

'Your uncle Rowan must have had his reasons for what he has done, Agnes, and we are bound to respect them. He chose to give you the money, and you must take it. As for Francis Gray, whenever he wants a helping hand, I shall myself be ready to give it to him. Will that do?'

She did not urge the point further. Then there was a pause, and Richard King was gathering his forces for the real object of his visit to the vicarage.

'There is a matter,' he said to the ladies, speaking slowly, 'which can hardly be postponed any longer, and it is one which I have great difficulty in mentioning to you. You know that this living has been vacant for a long time, and I am being pressed to fill it.'

Mrs King looked startled now; but he raised his hand deprecatingly.

'Rowan King's sentiments in regard to this house are mine also. It is, and shall be, yours as long as you wish to stay in it. But I have ventured to hope,' he went on, with an appealing look to Agnes, 'that—that you would come to the Hall.'

Mrs King looked at her daughter too; and Agnes showed, by her changing colour and tightly clasped hands, that she was conscious the decision rested solely with her.

'Agnes,' he continued tenderly, 'you placed a condition on your consent, which I gladly accepted. But think, Agnes—should I work less earnestly to fulfil that condition if you were my wife? And it would be so much better and happier for all of us. And—pray do not misunderstand me for saying it, but all this is very near to my heart. When your father returns to us, Agnes, will he not be the happier for knowing that no cloud was permitted to rest on those dearest to him?'

The girl was in tears; but when, emboldened by her emotion—which of course he construed as consent—he moved nearer to take her hand, she quietly rose and stepped back a pace.

'Not now,' she said gently—'not now. Give me some time to think.'

'Assuredly,' he answered. 'I am far from wishing to press you, Agnes. But I may, I hope, take some steps now for filling the living? That will in no way interfere with your freedom

of deliberation; only I could not do so without reference to you.'

'Oh yes,' she replied, 'you may certainly do that.'

What more could man wish for? So Richard King thought as he walked exultingly away from the vicarage. Agnes was his now; her last words, giving him liberty to present another occupant to the vicarage, clearly implied her consent.

Why did he seek this girl—this felon's child—so eagerly? She was very beautiful indeed, and worth any man's seeking. Yet one or two persons, who knew Richard King well, would have sought for some other motive. He had two or three times lately been discussing with his steward the subject of repainting and decorating the Hall, and substituting modern carpets and furniture for some of the old things. There had not been a lady in the house for twenty years, and it needed preparation for a new mistress. Accordingly, before starting for London that morning, Richard King announced that a man would be down from town next day to prepare estimates for the renovation of the Hall forthwith, an announcement which it need hardly be said was discussed all over the parish before evening in connection with the master's approaching marriage with Agnes King. The topic was treated with very mixed feelings, which need not be entered into here.

Before starting for the railway station he took time to drop a line to the curate to tell him he might prepare for an early removal to the vicarage.

It was early afternoon when he arrived in London, and driving to an hotel in the neighbourhood of Pall-Mall, he found himself just in time for luncheon. He had made an appointment with the solicitor for three o'clock, and as it wanted an hour of that time he strolled round to a club near St James's Street to which he belonged, and went into the smoking-room. It was a very quiet and decorous-looking club in the daytime; but it was well known that at night high play went on in it and fortunes were wrecked almost every week. He had not been sitting five minutes when a florid and military-looking man, low of stature and unduly fat, came into the room, looked at King, stopped a moment, and approached him. 'King, how are you?' he said in a loud cheery voice.

'Oh, is that you, Saverley?' said King. 'All right, I hope?'

'Not so well as I would wish, King,' answered the other, taking the next chair and speaking in a lower key. 'That's a confounded affair about "Influenza," isn't it? I see you know about it,' he added, pointing to the evening paper in King's hand. The truth was, however, that Richard King had not yet read a word of the newspaper.

'No; what's the matter?'

'Matter? The horse didn't even get a place to-day. In all my experience I have never been hit so hard.'

The truth began now to dawn on Richard King, and his face darkened. Ten days before, he had been in London; and in this very room, after dinner, he had backed that horse heavily—indeed, recklessly, as a man who has been drinking too much will do. He scarcely remembered it next morning, and had given no thought to the matter since.

'I think you booked those bets for me, Saverley?'

'I did; and if I hadn't stopped when I did, you'd have been let in for double the amount. As it is, King, it is a large item even for a rich man like you. You have lost eleven thousand odd.'

Richard King turned pale. 'I was tipsy,' he said, 'when I made these bets!'

'Sh-h-h!' replied Saverley, raising his hand; 'don't let anybody hear you use such words. No; you were not tipsy, King; I wouldn't have allowed you to back a horse if you were; but you were bad enough afterwards. You'd have gone to the carls and lost your estate if I hadn't bundled you into a cab and taken you to your hotel.'

A foolish, tipsy vanity to be regarded as a rich man had brought him to this! It was a terrible blow to begin with; but when he had some brandy-and-soda with Major Saverley, and heard of the men who were irretrievably ruined over the same horse, it comforted him to reflect that he was in a position at least to 'settle.' He was even able to laugh at the matter with his friend.

Then there was a 'plunger' who had just joined the club, and was a rich treat for the birds of prey. To the accounts of this young man's reckless dissipation of his inheritance King listened with a good deal of interest.

'If you were only less socially inclined after dinner, now,' said the Major confidentially, 'you could, being a comparative stranger from the country, have good fun out of the chap. He always comes early, before the others gather in.'

Richard King knew what this meant, and obtained a sufficient description of the plunger to enable him to identify him.

'I'll try what I can do with him this evening,' he said. 'I must be off to keep an appointment with my lawyer now; but I shall dine here.—Are you engaged?'

'Unfortunately, I am; but I will look in about eleven o'clock. You can do a good thing with the plunger if you are careful—perhaps,' he added, 'recoup your loss on Influenza—who knows? Only, my dear fellow, keep your head clear while you are in these premises.'

It was good advice; but, as Richard King thought, unnecessary; of course he would keep his head clear. If he were able to pluck this young fool to anything like the extent hinted at by Saverley, he should not be under the necessity of paying his debts with Agnes King's money; for there was no other way of doing it.

He made the interview with Mr Rintoul as brief as possible; and calling at his banker's to pay in the cheque for Agnes King's inheritance, he at the same time drew out a sufficient sum for the evening's work.

'I must lose a few hundreds at first, to draw him on,' he reflected. 'Eleven thousand! I'll never back a horse again while I live.'

After dining at the club, King, with flushed face and somewhat doubtful gait, proceeded up-stairs to the billiard room. There were card tables round the walls, and one in the recess of a bay-window. The room was unoccupied, except by a young man of vacuous expres-

sion and very dissipated look, who wore a good deal of jewellery. King at once recognised him by Saverley's description, and was able to perceive that, like himself, the young man had been drinking. He smiled at the reflection that his own steadier head gave him the advantage.

'Shall we have a bottle of wine?' suggested King, when, after a few minutes' conversation, they sat down in the recess to 'while away an hour' at cards. The other willingly assented; and then commenced the night's work, the full results of which Richard King did not realise till next morning.

(To be continued.)

GOLD IN THE ARTS.

FROM an historical and political point of view, gold is perhaps the most interesting of all the metals. Since the earliest ages, mankind has had an instinctive attraction for it. Some years ago a celebrated Professor admitted three little children, who could only just walk, into a room where there was a gold ball and a silver ball, each exactly of the same size, upon the floor. They all instinctively stretched out their little hands towards the gold ball, and did not appear to take the slightest notice of the other.

'Its peculiar properties and its scarcity have rendered gold more valuable than any other metal,' says Dr Thomas Thomson. But gold is only valuable on account of its comparative rarity and some of its properties, which are exceedingly remarkable, such as its inalterability when kept exposed to the air, its ductility, and its malleability. In other respects it is far less valuable than iron, which, if we except aluminium, is the most common metal of the earth's strata.

The attempts of the alchemists to convert other metals into gold form an interesting and not altogether unimportant period in the history of the development of science. This period extends more or less over twelve centuries, and though modern chemistry has since been established on a firm basis, there still exist here and there in Europe a few persons who propagate the ideas of the alchemists, and believe that it is not only possible to transmute metals, but that as chemical science progresses so will medical knowledge. But the moderns who speculate upon these medieval ideas do so upon the strength of certain curious and hitherto unexplained chemical phenomena, and appear to have totally abandoned the notion of a *lapis philosophorum* endowed with the property of transmuting metals and prolonging life.

It is astonishing how little attention is paid in general to this extremely remarkable metal, and how few persons reflect upon the peculiarities which distinguish gold from all other substances, and render it so valuable in the arts. Let us glance at some of them here.

The colour of gold is a brilliant yellow: when the metal is pure, it is nearly the orange-yellow of the solar spectrum. When it contains a little silver, it is pale yellow, or greenish-yellow; and

when alloyed to a little copper, it takes a reddish hue.

We do not always see objects precisely in their natural colours: the white light which falls upon them is composed of the seven tints of the solar spectrum (or rainbow), and when a body reflects yellow light, for instance, it absorbs all the other colours. But this absorption is never complete in a first reflection; so that the light reflected from a metallic surface is mixed to a certain extent with undecomposed white light. In order to see the precise colour of a metal, the light of the sun must be reflected from it to a second surface of the same metal, and from this second piece to a third, and so on, until we obtain a tint which does not change by further reflections. In this experiment the undecomposed white light is all absorbed, and the true colour of the metal is seen. In this manner gold is seen to be of a brilliant orange colour; copper, nearly carmine red; tin, pale yellow; silver, white; lead, blue, &c.

But gold can be beaten out so thin that it allows light to pass through it, in which case, though it still appears brilliant yellow by reflected light, it is green as viewed by transmission, that is, by the light that passes through it. This curious effect can easily be observed by laying a piece of gold-leaf upon a plate of glass, and holding it between the eye and the light, when the gold will appear semi-transparent, and of a peculiar leek-green colour.

We have not yet done with the colour of gold. When this metal is precipitated from its solutions by means of phosphorus dissolved in ether, or by means of chloride of tin or sulphate of iron, it is obtained in a very fine state of division—that is, as the finest possible of powders; and though it is in every case the identical uncombined or pure metal, yet its colour is different according to the substance employed to precipitate it; thus, we can obtain gold of a bright ruby colour, of a blue colour, of a brown colour, and of that peculiar purple colour which it also takes when volatilised by an electric discharge.

Now these facts are interesting to photographers, for here we have a metal which takes no fewer than six perfectly distinct colours, according to the mechanical state of division in which we produce it. It is known that silver possesses to a certain extent the same properties; and some writers are of opinion that here lies the secret of producing naturally-coloured photographs.

Gold is rather softer than silver; therefore, to make gold coin and jewellery wear as well as silver, a small quantity of some other metal is alloyed with it. What is termed 'sterling' or 'standard' gold consists of pure gold alloyed with one-twelfth of either copper or silver. In English coin, a mixture of copper and silver is used to make up this one-twelfth.

The specific gravity of gold is 19.50, that is, it weighs nineteen and a half times as much as its own bulk of water. The ductility and malleability of this metal are equalled by no other. By ductility is meant the property of allowing itself to be drawn out into a wire; and by malleability, its property of flattening without splitting under the hammer. The latter quality serves to distinguish instantly between a piece

of gold and a piece of iron pyrites, for instance: a blow with a hammer will flatten the gold, but will cause the pyrites to fly into a hundred pieces. Indeed, gold may be beaten out into a leaf of such fineness that one grain of the metal may thus be made to cover fifty-six and three-quarter square inches. These leaves are so thin and homogeneous, that they allow light to pass through them, as we have seen, and their thickness has been calculated to be about $\frac{1}{100000}$ th of an inch. But we can procure gold much thinner than this. If a thick piece of silver be solidly gilt and drawn out, we obtain, spread over the whole wire, a layer of gold which has only one-twelfth part of the thickness just named. One ounce of pure gold may thus be made to extend to a distance of thirteen hundred miles; that is to say, it would go from London to Mount Hecla, in Iceland, and back again without breaking upon the silver surface. We see, thus, how a little gold may be made to 'go a long way'; and this is turned to excellent account in electro-gilding, the cheapest of all decorations.

Gold can be drawn out into wires which possess considerable tenacity. A wire only one-twelfth of an inch in diameter will bear a weight of about one hundred and fifty pounds. But that is not so strong as iron, copper, silver, or platinum wire. The ductility of gold, however, is so great that one gram-weight of this metal can be drawn out as a wire to a distance of five hundred feet.

We will not occupy ourselves about the exact degree of temperature at which gold melts, but it is said to lie between twelve hundred and ninety-eight and thirteen hundred degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. As soon as it is melted it glows with a beautiful yellowish-green phosphorescence. On cooling it contracts more perhaps than any other metal; this is why it is not fit for casting into moulds, because on cooling it quits the side of the mould and does not reproduce the pattern satisfactorily. In the arts this is obviated by alloying the gold with some metal which contracts less on cooling, such as copper or silver.

It has been proved that the most violent heat of our glass-house furnaces will not cause gold to volatilise, or go off in vapour, though silver and many other metals are vaporised at this high temperature. An ounce of gold was kept for a month in the hottest part of a glass-house furnace, and did not lose weight. However, a still more violent heat will volatilise it: by submitting gold to the heat of a blast-furnace, for instance, the metal may be seen to rise in fumes, which will attach themselves to a plate of silver suspended about five inches above the molten gold, so as to gild it. A moderately strong electric discharge will volatilise gold in the form of a beautiful violet-coloured vapour. In this experiment, if we make use of a gilded silk cord, the electric discharge carries off all the gold, leaving the silk intact. Like all metals, gold is a good conductor of electricity; but there would be no advantage in using it for telegraphic wires or lightning-conductors, as copper is a much better conductor than gold.

One of the most important properties of the latter metal is its inalterability when kept exposed to the air, to water, or to acid emanations.

Most metals in these circumstances rust or tarnish, but gold remains brilliant. Some persons having remarked that the gold used by dentists for stopping decayed teeth disappeared, more or less, after a time, were led to suppose that the saliva contained some substance which acted upon it; but though the saliva acts energetically upon many organic substances, and will attack some metals, it has been proved by an eminent chemist that it has no action upon pure gold. The disappearance of gold used for stopping teeth is simply due to wear or friction. In the same manner, rings, chains, and gold coin become thinner by friction. Dishonest people have taken advantage of this property in the process called 'swagating.'

Gold can be united or alloyed to most of the other metals, and some of these alloys have very remarkable properties. The extraordinary ductility and malleability of pure gold, to which we have alluded, are entirely lost when this metal is alloyed with only $\frac{1}{100000}$ th part of bismuth; and a similar effect is produced with tin, arsenic, and many other metals. Thus, according to the celebrated chemist Hatchett, if two thousand ounces of gold be melted with one ounce of bismuth, the resulting compound metal, or alloy, instead of hammering out into a thin sheet, will not flatten at all, but breaks to pieces. Mercury combines so readily with the precious metal that, being a liquid metal at ordinary temperatures, it is often used to dissolve gold, and, before electro-gilding superseded it, this liquid alloy or 'amalgam,' as it was called, was extensively used for gilding copper and silver.

Copper unites with gold, renders it harder, and gives it that reddish tinge so remarkable in continental jewellery; it resists wear much longer than pure gold, such as is used by the natives of India, for instance.

When gold is dissolved in nitro-muriatic acid it forms chloride of gold, a beautiful yellow liquid, used by gilders, photographers, and others. When this solution is diluted with water, and chloride of tin is added, metallic gold is precipitated as a beautiful purple powder, which is used for gilding and colouring porcelain and glass. This powder is called 'purple of Cassius,' from the name of its discoverer, Andreas Cassius of Leyden, who made it for the first time in the year 1685. In gilding porcelain it is spread upon the pattern by means of a paste, and by the action of heat in the oven it takes the ordinary golden hue and brilliancy; but by modifying the composition of the paste, it yields also rose and purple colours. When a small quantity of it is mixed with the materials used in making glass, the glass produced has a magnificent ruby tint, seen to perfection in the well-known Bohemian glass.

The art of electro-gilding was discovered in 1803 by Brugnatelli, a pupil of the illustrious Volta; it not only superseded the old unhealthy method of gilding by mercury, but placed the use of gold within the reach of the poorer classes. The extremely small quantity of gold which can thus be made to cover uniformly a large surface of some other metal to which it adheres firmly, and resists ordinary friction, gives to the gilt object the external appearance and the properties of pure gold.

Gilding on metals and porcelain consumes large amounts of the precious metal. About one thousand ounces of fine gold are used in Birmingham every week; and in the Staffordshire potteries some seven to ten thousand ounces of gold are used per annum. Photographers employ a great deal of this metal in the shape of chloride of gold, or 'sel d'or,' a compound salt used for intensifying or toning the photographic image.

The production of gold-leaf is a very important industry. The product is extensively used for gilding picture-frames, and for other kinds of mechanical gilding, such as that which is applied to the binding of books and the edges of the leaves. Several of the applications to which we have merely alluded would require a special article in order to give an idea of their extent and importance.

It appears from certain passages in the Bible that in remote ages men were well acquainted with the art of purifying gold by heating this metal in contact with the air, much as we do at the present time; but the art of gilding, colouring glass and porcelain, and spinning flattened gold wire, are all appliances of comparatively modern date.

In making what is called gold wire a cylindrical ingot of silver well gilt is drawn successively through a number of small round holes in a steel plate, each hole being less than the other, till the thread is no wider than a hair. This can now be flattened by passing between two small rollers of polished steel, and so fit it to be used in the making of brocades, laces, embroideries, &c. Spun gold is, in fact, flattened gold wire wrapped over a thread of silk by twisting with a wheel and iron bobbins.

Many centuries before coal or iron was known to them, the inhabitants of Scotland were acquainted with gold. They found it in the beds of streams and rivers, and with the aid of stone hammers formed it into rude ornaments for the decoration of their persons. Antiquarian research has brought to light many curious and interesting facts relating to the use of gold in prehistoric times; and numerous ornaments thus rudely fashioned, are preserved in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh. In the twelfth century, when trade was opened with some of the continental countries, among the first things imported were vessels of gold and silver. In those days the churchmen were the great masters of the useful and ornamental arts, and were so jealous of their skill that they did not wish foreigners to have the sole privilege of supplying plate and jewellery. Accordingly, they turned their attention to working in the precious metals; they became goldsmiths, jewellers, and lapidaries, and after a while they succeeded in making articles that could compete to a certain extent with the artistic work of Italy and Flanders. This is how the art of working in gold and silver began in Scotland, where it afterwards rose to considerable eminence.

Of late years, the manufacture of aluminium bronze, which is copper containing a very small amount of aluminium, has largely taken the place of gold in watchcases, watchchains, pencil-cases, and certain articles of jewellery. But many of the uses to which gold is put cannot be effected by the compound metal just named. There are

other kinds of imitation gold, but they are either far more expensive than aluminium bronze, or not nearly equal to it either in appearance or in quality.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAP. VII.—A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE RATIFIED IN COUNCIL—A GOLDEN DOWRY—THE TREK FOR HOME.

As soon as Farquhar Murray was strong enough, he told Gert Swanepoel and his wife of his love for Bina and of his wish to make her his wife. His proposition was received with unfeigned and almost unmixed pleasure. As Gert said in his bluff way, 'No man could wish for a better-looking or a braver son-in-law; a man shrewdly able to handle a gun, manage a horse, or drive a wagon.' But there were some difficulties. First, there had been no 'op-sitting,' without which solemn form no lover in the Settlement had ever previously been known to win his bride. This objection was overcome by Farquhar's obvious explanation that op-sittings were unknown in England, and quite out of his way. He had approached the girl as any Englishman would have done, and that should surely be held sufficient. But further, much as Gert liked the young man, and would wish to see him united to Bina, no daughter of a Swanepoel had ever married an 'uitlander' (foreigner) or quitted the Settlement to return southward to the old Colony; and, Boer-like, he was unwilling to establish so novel and possibly dangerous a precedent. Why, all the marriageable females of the Rust might be carried off some fine day, and then what would become of the settlement?

Long and protracted discussions were held upon these points. At length Farquhar, after repeatedly pointing out the good that would ensue to the little colony by communication with the outer world, prevailed so far that Gert promised to call a Council of the Settlement, by whom the point should be decided. Accordingly, a meeting was called for the next day, when thirty-one males over the age of twenty-one years assembled in the school-house, which served also as a Council Chamber. It was a curious scene. The thirty-one leathern-coated councillors sat facing the little dais upon which Gert, as standing first in descent from Hendrik Swanepoel, presided. Farquhar was placed in a chair at the side of the dais upon Gert's right hand. When all were seated, Gert rose, and in simple yet effective fashion thus spoke:

'Brethren of Swanepoel's Rust, descendants all of Hendrik Swanepoel the voer-trekker, ye are called here to-day to declare your minds upon a great and solemn question, upon a matter that never yet has been mooted, or so much as thought on since the day when first the weary footsteps of our forefather wandered to this valley. A daughter of the Settlement is sought in marriage by the young Englishman ye now see before you, Mynheer Farquhar Murray. But not this only. Mynheer Murray desires to carry back with him to the old Cupeland, whence we are all sprung, his wife that is to be. He has many reasons in his favour; these he will

presently lay before you, and then ye will decide whether for the first time one of our number, a daughter of our family, shall go forth from among us to other lands we know not of, save by the name and tradition handed down to us from our forefathers. And albeit it is no light thing to say, yet pondering as I have deeply over this matter, I would fain confess that, loth though I should be to lose a beloved child, loth to break lightly or at random the laws of our community, I see no harm or evil in this proposal. Rather, as I think, good may from it spring. By its means we may gain access to that outer world from which we have been shut off these hundred years. As ye all know, it hath been discussed in Council ere now whether it were not wise to seek communication once more with our kindred of the Capeland for the bettering of our knowledge, the improvement of our minds, and the strengthening of our Settlement. And I would make an end of this my talk—always, as ye know, an irksome matter with me—by reminding you that Hendrik Swanepoel, in the wise laws and directions by him framed and bequeathed for our guidance, nowhere forbids communion with the outer world; nay, rather he would seem to have had within his mind some such thing, as ye may know by the nineteenth law of the Settlement.—Ye will now hear whatsoever Mynheer Farquhar Murray hath to say upon this grave matter, and then by your majority decide, Ay or Nay, shall the young man be permitted to take from this Settlement for his wife the maiden Jacobina Hendrika Swanepoel, eldest daughter of myself, Gert Hendrik Swanepoel?

Farquhar after a slight pause then rose, and the buzz of deep-toned whispers which had run around at the conclusion of Gert's oration at once ceased. In a clear, straightforward, earnest speech, delivered of course in Dutch, he strove by every art and argument within his power to impress upon his hearers the advantages that would accrue to the settlers by intercommunication with the great world. He suggested that one of their young men should be permitted to accompany Bina and himself to the Cape Colony, thereafter to return laden with the innumerable improvements in wagons, weapons, implements, books, and other worldly gear that a hundred years of civilisation had produced. He pointed out that the immense wealth of gold and ivory possessed by the Settlement would procure inestimable advantages for them. All these things, all the wonders and glories of that unknown outer world, portrayed with the greatest fire and imagination that he could throw into his subject, the young man placed before the wondering minds of the simple people before him. As he admitted in his own soul, these things appealed as much to the selfish as to the noble side of their natures, and no doubt, viewed in the abstract, were not altogether likely to prove unmixt blessings to so primitive, so happy and contented a society. But Farquhar was deeply in love; he played for the highest stake a man may win, and he knew that unless he could fire the imaginations and kindle the enthusiasm of these rude farmers, he would never attain his end. He ceased at length, and noted with inward satisfaction that among the younger men his words had created an unmistakable impression.

A primitive debate of an hour or more followed, first one then another of the settlers stepping up to the dais and speaking. The father of the Settlement, Cael Johannes Swanepoel, a bent white-bearded tottering old man, stood forth, and leaning on his staff feebly protested against the monstrous proposal that was laid before them. Was it for this that a hundred years of toil and pleasure, of storm and sunshine, of battle and danger, had passed over their heads, that the Settlement, now peaceful and happy, was to be invaded by new men and dangerous ideas? For his part, and he spoke as the last remaining member of the community who knew and remembered their forefather Hendrik, he warned them all solemnly and with his dying voice against this proposal. 'Allenagtig!' No good, but evil, would come of it. They wanted no outlanders over-running their country and reeking them of their lands. Finally, the aged conservative sank into his seat exhausted and indignant.

At length all had fished, and the hands were counted. First: For the marriage of Bina Swanepoel with Farquhar, and for her departure from the Settlement! Amid anxious excited looks from all, twenty-three hands went up in favour. Against the proposal eight hands were raised. Second: For permission for one male of the Settlement to proceed to the Cape Colony with Murray and Bina, on condition of returning within two years! The same number of hands in favour, the same number of malcontents. The matter was therefore decided in favour of Farquhar by a majority of fifteen.

After heartily thanking the Council for its consent, and amid much boisterous congratulation and good-humoured laughter, Farquhar quitted the meeting, and hastened up to the house to acquaint Bina with the result. When Gert came in afterwards, it was decided that, as he and his wife were very loth to part from their child, the departure should not take place for fourteen days, and meantime the marriage ceremony should be arranged.

Now, this was a matter of serious difficulty with Farquhar. Looking at the thing in an honest and straightforward light, he had decided in his inmost heart that he could not be lawfully bound to Bina in wedlock except by a marriage in Cape Colony solemnised by a duly-qualified clergyman. It was a delicate matter to explain to Bina, but it must be done. The next day, as Gert sat smoking on the terrace after breakfast, he informed Farquhar that he desired to provide Bina with such a portion as would befitt her for the station of her husband and her entry into the civilised world. After Farquhar had left the Council yesterday, he had obtained the unanimous consent of all the members that as much gold as could conveniently be carried in the Englishman's wagon should be placed at the disposal of the departing couple. Gold was to be had in any quantity, and they had no use for it except to convert it into plates and table-gear. Further, Gert had made up his mind, after much consideration, that his second son, Jan, a lad of nineteen, should accompany them to the Cape, provided with sufficient gold to bring back three or four good new wagons and a supply of implements, guns, utensils, cutlery, clothing, and books, all of the most modern style and to be approved and chosen

by Farquhar. Provided with these, after a stay of a few months with Farquhar, the young man was to find his way back to the Settlement.

For the magnificent dowry thus proffered the Englishman thanked Gert very heartily, although as he said he was already really sufficiently well off. The second proposition fell in exactly with his own views, and would tend to smooth his marriage difficulty very considerably. The legal validity of any form of marriage celebrated in the Settlement he looked upon with doubt, and he had fully made up his mind that his future wife could not and should not be claimed as his own until they had reached the Cape. The announcement that Jan would travel down with Bina and himself at once removed a mighty load from his mind. Jan would act capably as a chaperon for his sister. Once they had quitted the Rust, Farquhar would explain his scruples to his brother-in-law, and while Bina occupied the wagon, Jan and himself would share the tent at night. All this he now fully explained to Bina, who thoroughly agreed with him. Meanwhile it was arranged that the next day should be devoted to getting as much gold as in Farquhar's opinion could conveniently be taken with them. Bina bargained on accompanying the expedition, laughingly pointing out that it was only fair she should assist in picking up her own dowry.

At daybreak on the following morning, therefore, a large party set out for the mountains about seven miles distant, where the river took its source, and where the main deposits of gold were to be found. It was a merry cavalcade, provided with such spades and picks as the settlement possessed, fashioned for the most part of hardwood. Farquhar had determined if possible to keep the knowledge of the gold region from his own servants, fearing lest, on reaching the Colony, they might induce some avaricious and probably unprincipled speculators to undertake the journey and invade the Settlement. His followers were therefore sent into the valley for the day, and then taking with them a number of Bakotwa as helpers, and Farquhar himself driving the wagon, having harnessed the oxen, they proceeded. A detour of some distance brought them, after skirting the outer base of the mountains that shut in the valley, to the foot of a neighbouring and higher range. Here they entered a kloof through which ran the main stream of the Blyde River, now greatly narrowed. Several minor streamlets flowing from the mountains had to be crossed, and at length, as the torrent became lessened and the ascent more laborious, the wagon was halted, and the oxen outspanned. A search keenly instituted in the shallow sandy stream bed presently brought to light several good-sized lumps of gold, some mingled with quartz, others almost pure pieces of metal, much rounded by the action of storm-torrents, and sometimes coated with reddish-brown rusty-looking earth.

The rapid discovery of these nuggets at once opened Farquhar's eyes to the enormous value of the auriferous deposits contained within this mighty pile of mountain. A careful and regulated hunt was now conducted, not only up the bed of the clear shallow stream itself, but in every part of the bottom of the ravine, which

narrowed as it trended upwards. A glance at the surroundings told the Englishman how this mass of treasure had been laid bare. Apparently some bygone convulsion of Nature in the dim and remote ages had split asunder the mountain at this place. Masses of quartz mingled with gold had then and from time to time, as centuries passed by, fallen from the cliff walls and rolled downwards. The tiny stream of water, at first trickling down the cleft thus formed, afterwards, as its bed became washed deeper and deeper, gathering in volume and rushing headlong to the valley beneath, and the rain-storms washing year by year upon the precipices, had disintegrated and swept down the precious metal, cleansing and rounding it century by century as it rolled. And thus had been prepared for the hand of man these lumps and nuggets to-day so assiduously sought after. It was a curious and striking quest that for the dowry of old Hendrik Swanepoel's great-great-grand-daughter.

As the day wore on, the little cairn of gold formed down at the wagon grew rapidly. Lumps weighing from a few ounces to masses of four and five hundred ounces were discovered, and often with some difficulty carried down. Only pure or almost pure nuggets were selected, many rich pieces imbedded in quartz being rejected. The heaviest nugget, as Farquhar afterwards ascertained upon having it weighed at the bank in Grahamstown, scaled just over six hundred ounces, and was sold for two thousand one hundred pounds. In all, the pile of gold gathered that day scaled out some eight thousand ounces of pure ore, and brought Bina and her husband a fortune in hard sovereigns of thirty-two thousand pounds.

Farquhar was not of an avaricious or exorbitant nature. If he had been otherwise and had chosen to have remained a week or two in this kloof, as he might easily have done, he would most certainly have carried away without difficulty a huge fortune. As it was, only a mile or two of ground was explored, and the fabulous riches of that ravine were scarcely disturbed.

At four o'clock the gold-seekers were re-assembled at the wagon, and then the chests which had been emptied for the purpose were filled, fastened up with strong 'reins' of koodoo hide, and placed at the top end of the wagon. Then quitting the shadow of the towering peak that stood sentinel over one of the richest gold-deposits in the world, just as its tall cone blushed in the hot red glow of African evening, the merry party hied them homewards for their valley. On reaching Farquhar's camp the treasure-boxes were first covered over with skins, and afterwards the finest of the elephant tusks were piled over and around them. Mindful of his future wife's comfort, he had determined to sacrifice the bulk of his ivory, with which the wagon was nearly filled, so that plenty of space was now available for Bina's quarters, on the long journey that lay before them. Having thus carefully concealed the gold from the prying eyes of his men, Farquhar rode back to the Rust, and despatched two of his followers to look after the camp.

At length all preparations were completed, the last fortnight was ended, and Bina's modest trousseau prepared. The girl had provided her-

self from the home-spun materials long since woven by herself and her mother, and now fashioned, under Farquhar's laughing and somewhat bewildered guidance, costumes that should on her entry into civilisation more accord with modern usages than her every-day huntress dress. The preliminary leave-takings were now made, and the day came when the marriage ceremony and their departure were to take place. The wedding—preliminary only in Farquhar's and Bina's eyes—was safely and decorously got through, and then, with tearful parting from Bina's own dearly-loved family, the two rode off amid the cheers and hearty good-wishes of the whole settlement, drawn out in array, accompanied by Jan, and escorted by a number of the male settlers as far as Farquhar's camp.

Before Bina quitted the beautiful valley and issued from the gateway, she drew rein just upon the spot where Farquhar had first set eyes upon Swanepoel's Rust, to look once more upon her old home. For the last time she gazed with swimming eyes over the dear and well-remembered scene. The great wall of environing mountain wherein the peaceful vale lay lapped; the sweet and silvery river flowing peacefully through the vernal pastures; the golden patches of the corn-lands; the white-walled homesteads, the bosky timber, and the flocks and herds dotted here and there about the landscape—all these things were imperishably printed in the memories of herself and her husband. Then the wagon was got under weigh, and the last farewells said to the troop of farmers who had ridden out with them for a few miles from the Settlement. Finally, when the mountains lay like blue clouds upon the horizon as they viewed them just before sunset of the next day, they bade a long and regretful farewell to Swanepoel's Rust. But before this time Bina had dried her tears, and in the society of Farquhar now looked forward to many a thousand happy days to come.

Of the long and adventurous eight months' trek before the three wayfarers and their followers reached Cape Colony time and space forbid to tell. Bina employed the long days and evenings profitably in learning English, and proceeding with other subjects; for Farquhar had a supply of books with him, and by the time Great Namaqualand was passed, she could read and speak the language almost perfectly. At length the Orange River was crossed, and the Colonial boundary reached. Finally, Graaf Reinet was gained, and in that charming old-fashioned Dutch town, well named 'the gem of the desert,' Farquhar and Bina were made one, Jan giving his sister away. After a fortnight's delightful rest in Graaf Reinet, they proceeded to Grahamstown, and at last arrived at Farquhar's own farm, Wolf-fountain. Farquhar was greeted by all his numberless friends as one risen from the dead, and his beautiful wife and her origin—which latter, for reasons connected with the Swanepoel settlers, has never been exactly revealed—were long the theme of praise and conversation and criticism in Albany circles.

As for the adventurous expedition of Farquhar, his wife, and Jan back to Swanepoel's Rust, undertaken a year later through Mosmede and the Amboella countries, the perils they passed through, the battles that they waged with men and beasts before reaching the Settlement; the attack subse-

quently made upon the Rust by a gang of freebooters, who, through Andries the Hottentot, had heard of the store of gold to be found in that region, and of their subsequent and final return to the old Colony, these things are graven in the hearts of Farquhar and his wife and of the Swanepoel settlers.

It is many years ago, but Farquhar Murray has never forgotten the day on which he first set eyes on his wife in the far African wilderness. Nor, on her part, surrounded as she is by a handsome loving family, has Bina abated one whit in the love and admiration for her husband that then sprang within her breast. Untiring diligence, an excellent governess at their home after their second return to Grahamstown, and a year's trip to England, completed Bina's education; and sometimes now Farquhar laughingly laments the peerless Diana, as she appeared when first he happened upon her in the forest, and declares that he never would have married her if he had thought she could have so changed her nature and her attire amid the comparative refinements and amenities of a Colonial existence.

THE END.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SCHEMES for the exploration of the unknown region around the South Pole have been brought forward several times since Sir James Ross, half a century ago, conducted an expedition there in the two wooden ships *Erebus* and *Terror* . This expedition, brought about at the suggestion of the British Association, and backed by a parliamentary grant, was as successful as could have been expected. Two huge volcanoes, rising from what was assumed to be land belonging to a vast Antarctic Continent, were discovered, and had conferred upon them the names of the two ships just cited. The Magnetic Pole was, it was estimated, approached within one hundred and fifty miles, and many observations of a valuable character were noted. It has long been pointed out that, with the aid of steam-power, much grander results may be achieved, and a fresh exploration scheme was brought before the British Association by Admiral Ommaney in 1885. With the energetic co-operation of Baron Nordenskiöld, the Australians are now contemplating an Antarctic expedition which is to start in the autumn of next year; and its fortunes will be followed with intense interest by all those who feel within them that spirit of adventure which seems to be the birthright of English-speaking nations.

A curious and interesting discovery was made in the Crimea last summer during some archaeological explorations there; this consisted in the unearthing of several skeletons, the bones of which had been painted. Professor Grempler, of Breslau, believes that these skeletons are the remains of the original inhabitants of the country, the Cimmericians of Herodotus, whose custom it was, like the Persians in their 'Towers of Silence,' to expose their dead in high places so that birds might consume the flesh. The skeletons, when thus cleaned and bleached by exposure to the air and sun, were then treated with mineral pigments. Similar graves have been found in

Central Asia, but they are of rare occurrence. It is the intention of the Professor named to exhibit these curious relics of a past method of burial at the Anthropological Congress to be held at Paris.

Mr J. L. Cloudsley of Westminster has invented a Gas Valve Indicator, which can be attached to the front of a meter to show the exact cost of the gas consumed. It consists of a cardboard dial with a pointer, round the edge of which are figures representing hundreds of cubic feet of gas. Against each figure is given the equivalent cost at a stated price per thousand, so that if the current price should vary, as it constantly does, the dial would have to be replaced by a new one. Setting aside this disadvantage, the little contrivance will be valued by those who like to see at a glance the state of their account with the gas company, a feat which is only possible to a few under existing conditions. The pointer receives its motion from the ordinary indicator of the meter, and each completed thousand is marked by another pointer on a second dial which rests centrally within the major one.

Those who are acquainted with the chronic state of semi-starvation to which a large residuum of our town populations is unfortunately subject, must have often felt a heart-pang when they have read each month that so many hundred tons of fish had been seized and condemned in our principal markets as unfit for human food. This waste goes on year after year, and no one seems to move a finger to stop it, for what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Mr J. L. Hamilton, M.R.C.S., of Brighton, has more than once pointed out that fresh fish can be made into an almost imperishable food by taking certain simple precautions, and he once more advocates a trial of his system. It consists in bleeding the fish before the blood has clotted, gutting and cleaning it with an abundance of sea-water, and transferring it at once to refrigerating chambers, or dry-air stores, as in the frozen-meat trade. Where a cold chamber is out of the question, peat-moss litter, he says, will preserve the cleaned fish fairly well. Unless some philanthropist is inclined to try this very hopeful method of meeting a crying evil, we fear that nothing will be done, unless indeed it should prove to be advantageous to the interests of those who rule the markets.

We have heard a great deal lately about the abuse of newly-discovered drugs which in America especially, and by means of the hypodermic syringe, are injected under the skin to give an artificial stimulant to the nerves. The habit grows upon its victims, like alcoholism, and the dose has to be constantly increased to attain the desired result. But the latest reported application of the syringe is of a still more degrading character, for it aims only at giving an improved appearance to the complexion. The 'hypodermic blush,' as it is called, is attained by discharging a small amount of colouring matter beneath the skin of the cheeks. The effect is immediate, and the blush, we are told, 'lasts two hours.' We are glad to learn, however, that the patient soon after exhibits a greenish-yellow complexion, which is not beautiful, and that the syringe cannot be used without leaving an ugly little scar upon the flesh.

An American paper lately published an interesting list of small inventions which have brought

large sums of money to the patentees, a result which is not so much due to American ingenuity, perhaps, as to their admirable patent law, which is designed to encourage invention, rather than, as is the case in this country, to tax it to the utmost. Among the inventions cited are mentioned those malleable iron shoe-plates and tips which find an enormous sale, and which have brought their contriver royalties amounting to a quarter of a million sterling. Roller skates have also brought their patentee a goodly sum; while the happy idea of sticking emery powder on cloth has proved most profitable. Toys which have won popularity with the young folks have brought small fortunes to their contrivers, and among them may be specially mentioned the simple device of a wooden ball with an attached elastic thread which causes it to return to the hand. 'Pharaoh's Serpent' was the fanciful name given to a chemical compound which when burnt makes an enormous quantity of ash of a spiral form. This little device had a great run a few years back, and brought money to its originator. The Chameleon Top is also a very profitable toy. It would appear that the simplest devices, provided that they meet the wants of a large number, bring far more money to an inventor than one which may perhaps mark an epoch in the world's industries and cost its originator a life's work.

The *Electrician* tells of a new application of the electric current in glass factories. When a sheet of window-glass is made it is blown into a cylindrical shape in the first instance; and the cylinder, before being cut down longitudinally, and allowed to unbend on a flat surface, so as to form the sheet, has its ends cut off. This was formerly done by wrapping round the part to be cut a piece of white-hot glass fresh from the melting-pot. By the new plan the separation is made far more neatly by placing round the glass a thin wire, and afterwards causing an electric current to traverse that wire. The metal becomes red hot, is removed, and a drop of cold water applied to the heated surface, with the result that it cracks all round where the wire has touched it. A ready plan for cutting off the bottom of bottles has long been in vogue, which consists in tying round the part where the separation is to be made a piece of string soaked in spirit. This is afterwards ignited, and a drop of water applied, as in the case just described.

It seems strange that the Chinese, who have been so forward with many important industrial applications, should be behindhand in the matter of coinage. Hitherto, China has had no silver coinage, but has depended on Mexican and Japanese dollars mainly, as well as upon some which were issued by the old Hong-kong Mint. In the country districts, silver was taken by weight and fineness in lieu of coins, and was carried about in small blocks called 'shoes.' When a purchase was made, a bit of the metal of the required weight was chipped off the block with a hammer and chisel. But at last, by imperial proclamation, a first silver coinage has been issued. This document warns the people that the new coins are to be taken at their standard value, that the price is not to be lowered, and that they are not to be rejected as strange. It also points out that the new coins are like foreign dollars, except

that there is a curling dragon, outside of which characters are embossed. On front, are the words 'Current coin of Kwang-hsu' and 'Minted at Canton.'

Forty years ago, the experiment with a pendulum by which Foucault sought to make the rotation of the earth sensible to the eye, made a great and popular sensation. The experiment, first conducted in the cellar of a house at Paris, was repeated before crowds of onlookers at the Pantheon. A few weeks later, the same experiment was carried out on a far larger scale at the then famous Polytechnic in London, the pendulum consisting of a wire forty-five feet long, furnished with a bob of twenty-eight pounds, while it swung across a divided circle sixteen feet in diameter. Once more, we understand, the old experiment is to be repeated in the city where it originated. The place of experiment will be the Eiffel Tower at Paris, and the pendulum will be suspended from the centre of the second platform. This pendulum will comprise a bronze wire nearly four hundred feet long, with a steel ball attached weighing two hundred pounds. The advantage to be gained by repeating Foucault's experiment upon this immense scale is not apparent. Such a pendulum will undoubtedly keep up its motion for an extended time, but unless air-currents are carefully provided against, the results will be greatly interfered with.

Powdered steel, made by suddenly quenching in cold water steel which has been brought to a very high temperature, and afterwards reducing the metal in a stamping-mill, is said to be better and cheaper for many polishing purposes than emery. The quenching operation renders the metal not only very hard, but exceedingly brittle, so that it is quite possible to pulverise it. It is carefully sifted to different grades of fineness before use.

In Cumberland, north of the Duddon Estuary, there has been worked for the past twenty years a valuable mine of hematite iron, a form of ore which is of particular value for admixture with certain kinds of steel. The mine has been worked as close to the sea as was practicable without running a risk of flooding the workings; and the proprietors were at length induced to seek a fresh concession from the landowner, to enable them to win the ore from underneath the sea-bed. This necessitated the building of a vast wall or barrier to keep the sea at bay, and this difficult undertaking has just been successfully completed. The wall is two-thirds of a mile in length; and is fifty feet high from foundation to parapet. As it is exposed to the full fury of south-westerly gales and Atlantic rollers, the work has had to be carried out in a very solid and substantial manner. It is hoped that its erection will permit the working of the mine for twenty-five years, a matter of great importance to the district, seeing that fifteen hundred men find employment there.

Dr C. W. Jones, of Bowdon, Cheshire, has invented a 'Therapeutic' Smoking Pipe, with which the pleasant weed may be indulged in without any fear of nicotine finding its way to the system. The pipe can also be used for the inhalation of volatile medicaments in certain cases, when such administration is desirable.

The pipe is of somewhat complicated construction, and comprises different chambers, in which the smoke is robbed of its noxious ingredients as well as cooled in its passage towards the mouth. It possesses several advantageous features which should commend it to smokers who are careful of their health.

According to the *Kew Bulletin*, the pine forests of Bavaria are being attacked by a terrible pest known as the *Nonnen*, which is the caterpillar of a certain moth (*Liparis Monarcha*), which at intervals has infested continental forests for a couple of centuries back. The loss which will accrue to the state forest revenue next year is expected to reach the sum of forty thousand pounds. Birds, as well as wasps and other insects, prey upon the creatures; but the most formidable destroyer is in the shape of an 'exhauster' associated with a brilliant electric light. The light attracts the creatures to its proximity, where there is a huge funnel, through which a strong exhaust current of air is forced, sucking them into an aperture below ground, where they remain buried. It is said that a similar pest appeared in 1853 in East Prussia; but a storm drove the moths into the sea, from which they were subsequently thrown up in the form of a huge bank several miles in length.

What promises to be a most important industry has been established at Swansea; this is a new process for the manufacture of seamless tubes from blocks of solid metal, and is named after its inventors, two brothers, the Mannesmann Process. The method will meet with its widest applications in the treatment of steel, and the metal selected must be of the very finest quality. Red-hot bars of the metal are passed between conical rolls of peculiar construction, and they pass out at the other side in the form of seamless tubes. A peculiar feature of the process is that in these tubes the fibre of the metal, instead of being parallel, is twisted round in a spiral, thus giving immense strength to the product. Great power is requisite to produce this result, and this is achieved by the employment of a fly-wheel, which weighs sixty tons, and which stores up about ten thousand horse-power. Tubes of any thickness or diameter can be produced by a change in the position of the conical rolls. The new process will have many applications in different departments of steel manufacture, among which may be noted hollow rails and tubes for bridge construction of large span. The works are in the hands of an English company, and have lately been visited by representatives from the Admiralty, Board of Trade, Lloyd's, and other public bodies.

A new process of etching glass has recently been patented in this country by Messrs Meth and Kreither of Berlin. It may be briefly described as a stamping process by means of india-rubber dies. These dies or stamps are charged with a specially compounded etching fluid, of which hydrofluoric acid naturally forms a part, and the design is impressed upon the glass by them, the fluid eating its way into the surface of the bottle, lamp shade, or other article so treated.

Mr Ernest Hart has lately delivered an address which is full of melancholy interest in pointing to a new form of intoxication which has gradually become common in Ireland. From this paper it

seems certain that ether-drinking has assumed in the sister island alarming proportions. It would seem that the noxious habit prevails chiefly in the southern part of the county of Londonderry. The liquid is mostly supplied from England, and is smuggled as drugs, for if it were openly sent as ether, an extra carriage rate would be charged on account of the explosive nature of the fluid. The intoxication produced by this compound differs from that which is produced by alcohol, in that the effects pass off so rapidly that the person affected can get drunk half a dozen times in one day. The effects of this intoxicant are violent excitement, pugnacity, and loss of self-control, so that the victim to this new form of vice is exposed to accident as well as great danger from the inflammable nature of the fluid indulged in. The public will echo Mr Ernest Hart's sentiment, 'that it is necessary that the legislature should take some step to put down this pernicious ether habit by restricting the sale of the drug to its legitimate uses'.

The frequent accidents from the use of petroleum or paraffin lamps have caused a number of safety devices to be introduced, some of which we have already noticed in these columns. Messrs S. Smith & Co., of Compton Street, London, E.C., have forwarded to us specimens of a new form of burner which they have just introduced under the name of the 'Pottlethwaite Automatic Extinguisher,' which appears to fulfil its purpose admirably. This burner is furnished with the usual dome with a slot across, for the accommodation of the flat wick, common to paraffin lamps. But this dome differs from those in ordinary use in not being a fixture, but in being perfectly loose, and made of cast iron. Its weight acts upon springs below, which open a pair of shutters just above the wick, but should the lamp be overturned, the dome immediately falls off, releasing the springs below, and the shutters close above the wick and at once extinguish the flame. It will be seen that this form of burner has the merit of simplicity, and that there are no complicated parts to get out of order.

A NEAPOLITAN ISLAND

Most people enter Baia by the high rail from Naples. Confessedly, this is the more convenient, as well as the more sentimental method. You are ever by the shore of the Neapolitan sea, treading the very ground the great (but not always good) ancients trod, and passing the ruins of their country houses. For my part, however, I walked into the village from Cumæ—that bare hill by the western sea, which was once a city. This approach is somewhat eccentric. A ridge of upland runs parallel with the coast along the peninsula, in a corner of which Baia nestles, and the Romans clove the ridge in twain, that their transports might not suffer by the tiresome ascents and descents. The road therefore goes in a defile, the white sides of the tufa on either hand blinding the eyes when the sun is bright. But the bay soon comes as a relief, Pozzuoli is visible on the other side of it, fragments of baths and temples and other buildings of the Augustan age

face one at every step. It is evidently a neighbourhood mightily classical.

But in spite of its strong reputation, Baia is not very genial towards the wayfarer. By the time I had reached it, the sun was near setting, and I longed for the repose of an inn. Baia, however, was not for such as I. The proprietor of one hotel explained that he existed solely to provide luxurious repasts for the Luculli and Hellogabali of the nineteenth century. These aristocratic gourmands were content to eat in his house, with the sea scape of the bay before their eyes, from as fine a terrace and bower of orange trees as ever distracted a man from his cares. Having dined, they returned to Pozzuoli by moonlight, or even to Naples, if the wind was fur and in the right quarter. And at the second hotel they told a like tale, more curtly. Not even a bribe could make them set up a bed in the house for a single night. They were very emperors of innkeepers, and held their heads scientifically high.

Anon I was received in a humble cottage on a cape of land that jutted towards the sea. Something seductively like a bed was laid athwart six chairs in the corner of a room, and two or three blankets capricious with fleas, completed the necessary arrangements. I should hardly have credited a friend who had bragged of fleas as on the morrow of this restless night, I felt empowered to discourse upon them. Still, it was Baia. Not every one in this age may sleep in Baia. It was well therefore, that the experience should write itself up in red letters, even though of irritation. It was a pitchy dark evening, before bedtime, and in my post prandial groppings cut side, with a cigar, I all but walked plump into the sea from an ancient pier. In the shells of the temples and baths which stood up grimly in the gloom, all the traditions of romance rendered it extremely probable that at such a time one might have met unnumerable most interesting sights.

The daylight was of clear gold all over the bay, and upon the mean huts of Puz, and its castle high above it, when I started the next day to walk to the ferry of Minicola, for the island of Procida. I have never seen a fairer morning. The vines were beaded with dew, which had not yet fled before the sun in the blue heavens. The road was lively with peasants in their national dress, going to and fro with asses and mules, and much song. And there was a glow of colour upon the reddish and purple earth of the gardens and vineyards which would have sent the blood of an artist in ecstatic motion through his veins.

With me went an old fisherman of Baia, whom in desperation I had bidden do just what it pleased him to do. He had vowed me for an hour the previous evening, to take him and his boat to Procida. I had refused. And lo! when at five o'clock I abandoned my tiresome bed, there stood the graybeard outside, awaiting me, and fully determined not to leave me till some of my silver had passed to him. I told him that I walked fast, hoping thus to deter him. 'Saint Anne and the Madonna,' said he, 'will give me

the needful strength to walk fast also.' The ancient encumbrance was nigh fourscore, yet he never left me—in spite of my periodical protestations that I knew the road as well as himself—until I was behind a door in the hotel of Procida. Even then I heard him declaiming to himself after this style: 'To think that I should have come so far from my home, and all for but three francs—a poor old man like me!' But no sooner did he realise that I was deaf to his self-com-miserations than he went smartly away, and returned to the mainland, as happy, no doubt, as two days' pay for no work could make him. He was not wholly an unpleasing old creature, though much in the way, and his confidences had even something of unconscious pathos about them. As, for example, when he told me of his domestic vicissitudes: 'Twelve children have I had, of whom eight rest in Paradise, and four find their living among the vines.'

No wonder the old Romans, with a craving for the intenser pleasures of life, built them villas in this radiant neighbourhood. I declare it is impossible to convey an idea of the exhilaration and beauty of the villages between Baia and the Cape. They are all upland, with winding paths leading down to the sea at their base. And from amid their profuse vegetation of beans, peas, and flax, as well as the haughtier orange tree and camellia, what indescribable views of Vesuvius to the east, with its light vapour pendent in the air, shaped like a waterspout, and of dim mountain shapes from the isle of Ischia on the other side! Capri, too, lifted its rocky head above the clouds of morning mist which lay in opaque innocence of evil intention from horizon to horizon, out at sea. The fronds of the palms which beautify the villas of the Neapolitan plutocrats who nowadays inhabit this captivating ridge hardly fluttered in the still sweet air.

Thus we come, towards seven o'clock, to the dead sea or lagoon of Miniscola. The popping of guns here and there tells of the qual-hunters at work. The shores of the dead sea are marked at intervals with little white houses, in which the sportsman may find accommodation for himself, his dog, and his gun. This seaboard was of old the Champs Elysées of dead Greeks and Romans. The tombs still stand cheek by jowl with the infrequent houses. But of course they are now void of occupants. My old companion recounts with envy and unction of the exhuming of sundry of these long-buried ancients: how the skeletons that were once rich men held a valuable gold piece between their dead teeth, and those of the poor only a copper coin worth three-halfpence, and how these gold coins sell to strangers at an excellent price. Charon has forgotten to anticipate these robbers of his dead: one could almost think it a pity. In truth, however, the Champs-Elysées are a most cheerful place of sepulchre. With the sun on the water of the stagnant sea and on the sails of the fishers' boats in the sparkling Mediterranean beyond, there is a picture to win the hearts of others besides the painters and 'hunters' who love these shores.

The sand by the sea, where a long tongue of a peninsula separates the dead from the living waters, is jet black, significant of its volcanic origin. A few yards seawards there is further a pinnacle of lava which tells its story. But the

subterranean ravager must have been curbed here a long time ago, centuries ere the Champs Elysées were established.

We tarry, and wander awhile by the beach, and under the lee of the steep tufa cliffs to the west, in search of a boat to take us across the channel to Procida, which looks enchanting from our standpoint. Happily, it is too early in the day for the sea to be ruffled. We may thus hope to make a brisk passage. Later, a cross-wind is wont to disturb the water in the strait, and though the distance is but two miles, when this is so one may spend an hour or two, or perhaps half a day, in conflict with the current.

At length the ferry-boat appears from the other side. One by one, expectant passengers drop from points of the adjacent cliffs that seem inaccessible and prolific of nothing but marl and boulders. We soon muster a boatful; and when all is ready, the modern Charon of the Champs Elysées—a swart giant with cunning eyes—seizes his prey, one at a time, in his arms, and carries them through the surf to his boat, poised with difficulty on the crest of each wave which here breaks from the long swell of over the way. He is but a careless Charon, however, for he looses one of his victims leg first into the sea, and the others he casts upon the boards of his barque as if they were mere bales of merchandise.

Gradually the isle of Procida, with its vineyards and white houses, comes within readier vision. It is as pretty and compact a little property as a man could wish to possess. In length it is hardly more than two miles, with an indented shore, and, towards Ischia, an engaging pocket gulf called Chiajolella. Its breadth averages a mile. The one town of the island, also called Procida, straggles vaguely all over its surface. One is never out of sight of houses. They lift their white walls by the side of the paved roadways, which also are multitudinous; and would be quite wearisome to the eyes were their colour and that of the walls unrelieved by the varied green of orange and almond trees, pines, aloes, and fig-trees, which contest with the vineyards the soil of this fertile but all too limited little spot. It is one of the most balmy of islands. No matter in what quarter the wind may be, there is always a perfume. And of course it is in a part of the world where winter is not a word for snow and chill winds; and there is nothing in the nature of a factory here to match odour against odour.

Released from my hoary incubus of Baia, I roamed about Procida for a few hours. The thoroughfares climb from the Marina by dark and unpleasant alleys, which brighter, however, when the upper level of the isle is attained. Then they disperse, like the capillaries of the arterial system. You may go north, south, east, or west, at your pleasure, and be in no fear of straying irrecoverably. For my part, like a timid sheep, I followed the sound of one bell after another—ringing the islanders to mass, for it was a festival—until I had seen a score of churches, and was hopelessly at discord with the compass. It was then necessary only to strike for the shore, when the landmark of Ischia to the west, or Vesuvius to the east, was a sure indication of the direction of the Marina.

There are people who find this placid little

island contenting for a week. They must be of the class who, like the spider, carry their resources within themselves. The ordinary person, unless he come professedly to be nourished on its air, will weary of it in a day. It grows fair wine, of which, however, you cannot drink much without feelings of remorse. It has a clean hotel on the Marina. You ascend to it by a number of steep stone steps, at the top of which the cook and the landlord receive you with a generous welcome, and usher you into a suite of rooms containing a multitude of pictures of the Virgin, and several large statues of saints and waxen biblical groupings under glass cases. The landlord is a mild old man, who prattles about religious services and macaroni with equal interest, and who would be astounded to hear that his birthplace has provided so famous a hero of the world as him we call John of Procida. The inn has balconies full of flowers and a terrace on the roof; and from both, one may look across the blue strait at the *Champs Elysées* and *Vesuvius*, and dream day-dreams from morn to eve.

There could be no cheaper place of residence for a housekeeper troubled by the fear of bills than this same little island. House-rent is a trifle. Vegetables of twenty kinds grow almost without encouragement. Fruit is tendered to the stranger as a free gift—something no more fit to be appraised at francs and cents than the hips and haws of our own hedges. A lamb costs but half a crown. Fish may be had for the catching. There is abundance of wine, and an unlimited supply of fresh air.

In contempt of the heat, in the afternoon, I wandered up the rough slope that attaches the town of Procida to the castle rock at its south-western corner. The cobbled road was destitute of people. The wise Procidians were sitting in the cool dark shade of their basement rooms, content to view the glare of the sun-shine at a distance. I could see them playing cards among the barrels of wine in these apartments, furnishing many a picture for such artists as love plenty of gloom and romantic detail.

Like so many other of the massive old relics of the kind in Italy, the castle of Procida is now a barrack. It is, however, but half a barrack; the other half is used as a house of detention. There could be no surer prison for the convict. The seaward walls of the pile are vertical with the cliffs; and from the castle windows one may look down several hundred feet of brown rock, thick with varied grasses and plants, at the eddy of white foam where the blue water chafes against the island base.

Hard by the castle is a decaying monastery, built, like it, on the edge of a precipice. Up and down its damp ruined corridors I walked in solitude, listening to the echo of my own steps. It was sweetly cool here after the white sunlight upon the outer stones. The wooden doors that let upon the corridor were corrugated by the havoc of worms, and the destructive action of the salt sea-breezes. There were names on the doors: Brothers Raphael, Gabriel, Savonarola, and the like. But the carls were antique and griny, and might have been nailed upon the wood a century ago. There was no sound in the place to-day. I called and stamped my feet, but response there was none. Either the monks

had all gone to their long home, or they were enjoying most profound siesta. And so I left the building, and I know not to this day whether it is an inhabited or a deserted establishment.

From the castle and the monastery I went elsewhere; and so from point to point until I had circumvented the island. Ere the steamer for Ischia was at anchor off the stumpy pier by the white church of the Marina, it seemed to me that I had gossiped in every part of Procida. To be companionable, I had drunk wine with all sorts and conditions of people: old dames and young girls, grandsires and their grandsons; in mean little houses by the roadside; and in spacious overground cellars in the midst of the vineyards of the rich *proprietary*, whence he obtained his wine. Everywhere there was sunlight and a soil teeming with fertility, everywhere bright eyes and a glad-some freedom of speech. Some complained of poverty; yet, while they complained, they stood in the middle of their well-stocked gardens, and confessed they never lacked the common needs of life. But one and all declared their love for their little island home: the seductions of the mainland were as nothing to them; they hoped to die as they had lived, in Procida.

DEATH AT THE END.

World I were dead and lying in my grave,
At rest from fretting doubts and carking cares.
Be kind, oh Heaven, and listen to my prayers;
Grant me the only favour that I crave—
Six feet by three of earth to hide my dust:
I ask no tombstone or memorial bust;
I ask for death; what is beyond I'll brave.

Little of good or evil have I wrought;
No happiness or pleasure have I known
But it hath been with sorrow interwoven;
All hath slid from my grasp that I most sought.
My life, though short in years, is long in grief;
Night follows day, but brings me no relief,
And passing years have only sorrow brought.

There is one goal to which our courses tend;
The way lies over mountains, torrents, plains,
Through velvet pastures and quiet country lanes:
To some the pleasant scenes enjoyment lend,
While others weary toil up rocky slopes
Dejectedly, and almost void of hopes.
But one fate waits for all—Death at the End.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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OVERPRESSURE IN SCHOOLS.

IN this age of competition with foreign nations, education is necessary, yes, even compulsory, in order that our nation may hold her honoured position among the others. But the modern ideal of education, unfortunately, is defective. It is not balanced well: it leans to one side—namely, the perfection of the mental powers, to the disparagement of the physical. Both have a right to be cultured; and this was recognised by the ancient Greeks, who gave to each equal attention. Music and Gymnastics were the two subjects taught in their schools. The former comprised Science, Literature, and Arithmetic—these being mental exercises; while the latter comprehended all physical exercises. We would do well to follow their example in this respect, and educate physically as well as mentally, and thus relieve the overpressure which at the present day exists in almost every school. The alarming extent of this evil is daily becoming more apparent. If we calmly considered what overpressure is, and what it entails, we would start with horror to think that such a system ever obtained a record in the educational annals of this enlightened nineteenth century.

In the first place, what is meant by overpressure? Literally, it means attempting to fill a measure or capacity with more than it can conveniently contain; and this is what we strive to do with the mental capacities of our young people, the pride of our nation, our hope for the future. It is a well-known fact in the medical profession that the bones of a child's head are not completely joined till after the seventh year. Nor is the brain so well developed that it can bear severe mental strain till, at least twelve years of life have been reached; so that to force upon the child at an early age, when the brain is in a tender and growing condition, studies that require matured mental effort, is to cause such injury to its delicate tissues, by dint of over-exertion, that they become as it were congested by the surcharge of blood.

It may not be generally known, that mental effort causes a flow of blood to the blood-vessels of the brain. But every one will admit that delicate elastic vessels which are often over-filled will in time lose their elasticity. This is decidedly the case when the tender and growing vessels in the head of a child are too frequently gorged with blood. Thus, the precocious child being forced to a point beyond which he cannot go, loses to a certain extent his brain-power, and seldom afterwards exhibits that brightness of intellect which was the unfortunate cause of his forced education. Like a plant taken from a hothouse, he lacks that robustness and vigour which belong to those who have developed their faculties in the open air of natural training. Nay, even worse than that—his mental power may fail, break down, and reason may be impaired. Unfortunately, this result is only too common, and yet the march of forced education proceeds, in spite of disaster to many hapless victims. We find that in our elementary schools the requirements of the 'Code' press heavily, while in the higher-class schools, cramming for the examinations has a deleterious effect.

In the case of dull children, attendance at school is irksome, and of little avail in the way of education, while the efforts of the instructor seem wasted. (This is sometimes due to the largeness of the class; for such children are best taught individually, or in small classes, and the attempt should not be made to urge them to the same standard as their brighter brethren.) Weakly, puny youngsters are by the state of their physical strength unfitted for prolonged or severe mental effort. It is a common thing for the mothers of such children to complain that they chatter of school and lessons in their sleep, and some of them are so nervous that any unexpected sound makes them start and tremble. Is not this sufficient evidence that in such cases the poor little brain has been sadly overtaxed? Then in the case of half-starved children, who will deny that it is sheer cruelty to force them to undergo severe mental strain? Yet these three classes,

with few exceptions, are expected to accomplish work suited for young people of a totally different calibre.

We are not so lavish in the matter of supplying, by legislation, food or fresh air for our youths (it would be of greater advantage to the nation if we were); but at a great amount of national expense, we urge superabundant quantities of mental food on undeveloped brains, which by their imperfect state are unfitted to digest the same.

It is only natural that children should learn; but the matter should be placed before them in such a simple and agreeable form that they would learn in a natural way. It is a strange thing that a child experiences but little difficulty in learning his mother-tongue, and that, too, at a very early age. Why, then, can his studies not be so arranged that in an easy and natural manner he may acquire the knowledge required of him? Thus his life at school would be thoroughly enjoyable, instead of being, as it is in many cases, a 'weariness of the flesh.' In many of our public schools it is quite the custom for children of tender years to remain in school for over two hours at a time, especially in the afternoons, when they cannot fail to feel fatigued with the studies of the morning. It is indeed a pitiable sight to see in our seminaries row upon row of little ones, full of life and vigour, obliged to 'sit still,' during the greater part of five hours every school-day.

Let a visitor pass through almost any of our public schools in the morning after the classes have assembled, and he will notice how fresh and lively the children seem. Then let him pass through the same school before the classes stop working for afternoon dismissal, and he cannot fail to be struck by the listless, restless, or drooping appearance of almost every child there. The reason for this can be explained by the fact that Nature has implanted in all healthy children a desire to exercise their limbs; and when this natural impulse is 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' the health of those concerned must necessarily suffer.

If for every hour of mental work, ten minutes were granted for recreation, that time would not be wasted, for cessation from mental labour for a time gives the powers of the mind greater vigour. The very name 'recreation' suggests that, and it would not be difficult to find recreation which at the same time would amuse and instruct. It is surely time that something were done to relieve this crying evil of overpressure.

One step in the right direction would be to abolish lessons in the afternoons, and substitute physical work or exercises, which in their turn should not be so severe as to overstrain the muscles. The proper education of our youths is one of the most important topics of the day, and in every part of that education strain or overpressure of any kind must be studiously avoided. If lessons, and lessons only, with short intervals of play, occupied the morning hours, when the mental vigour is at its best, the afternoon hours might both pleasantly and profitably be arranged in giving instruction in physical exercises and manual labour. For example, in

boys' schools the pupils might be taught the elements of some trade or profession. In girls' schools, sewing, cookery, laundry-work, household-work, and the elements of such employments as are suited to women, might be taught. In infant schools, Kindergarten with a view to the above might profitably be given; and in all three schools, singing, drill (comprising physical exercises and deportment) and art-work—such as drawing, painting, modelling, and in the upper classes wood-carving—would take up a considerable portion of the time. Thus brain, eye, hand, lungs, and limbs would each have their portion of training.

The benefits of following some such system as this are quite apparent. The morning hours being best suited for brain-work, would be set aside for that special branch; while the change from mental to manual labour would be both pleasant and refreshing. Financially, it would be useful too, for the garments and articles made by the children might be disposed of at a price sufficient at least to defray the cost of the materials.

Even if separate trades were not taught, the children could be instructed in the use of tools and technical terms; and thus, by having the hand as well as the head educated, they would become more apt as workmen and workwomen. Why is it that for every vacancy that occurs in the Civil Service, clerkships, or similar employments, there is such an overwhelming number of candidates, while the supply of thoroughly efficient domestic servants, both male and female, seems at its lowest ebb? Can we not trace in this superabundance on one hand and deficiency on the other the effects of the present system of teaching?

The object of this paper is not in any way to depreciate education—for without that, man's highest powers and qualities lie dormant—but to point out prevalent errors in the general system of organisation as practised at the present day, in the hope that some remedy may be found to eliminate these. Let Britain educate her offspring in hand as well as head, in body as well as mind, and she will produce a race of stalwart sons and well-formed daughters, well developed both mentally and physically, and of whom any nation might be proud.

THE SURGEON OF GASTER FELL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—HOW THE WOMAN CAME TO KIRKBY-MALHOUSE.

BLEAK and windswept is the little Yorkshire town of Kirkby-Malhouse, and harsh and forbidding are the fells upon which it stands. It stretches in a single line of gray stone, slate-roofed houses, dotted down the furze-clad slope of the long rolling moor. To north and to south stretch the swelling curves of the Yorkshire uplands, peeping over each other's backs to the skyland, with a tinge of yellow in the foreground, which shades away to olive in the distance, save where the long gray scars of rock pretrude through the scanty and barren soil.

From the little knoll above the church one may see to the westward a fringe of gold upon an arc of silver, where the great Morecambe sands are washed by the Irish Sea. To the east, Ingleborough looms purple in the distance; while Pennigent shoots up the tapering peak, whose great shadow, like Nature's own sun-dial, sweeps slowly round over a vast expanse of savage and sterile country.

In this lonely and secluded village, I, James Upperton, found myself in the summer of '85. Little as the wild hamlet had to offer, it contained that for which I yearned above all things—seclusion and freedom from all which might distract my mind from the high and weighty subjects which engaged it. I was weary of the long turmoil and profitless strivings of life. From early youth my days had been spent in wild adventure and strange experiences, until, at the age of thirty-nine, there were few lands upon which I had not set foot, and scarcely any joy or sorrow of which I had not tasted. Among the first of Europeans, I had penetrated to the desolate shores of Lake Tanganyika; and I had twice made my way to those unvisited and impenetrable jungles which skirt the great tableland of the Roraima. As a soldier of fortune, I had served under many flags. I was with Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley; and I fought with Chanzy in the army of the Loire. It may well seem strange that, after a life so exciting, I could give myself up to the dull routine and trivial interests of the West Riding hamlet.

And yet there are excitements of the mind to which mere bodily peril or the exaltation of travel is mean and commonplace. For years I had devoted myself to the study of the mystic and hermetic philosophies, Egyptian, Indian, Grecian, and mediæval, until out of the vast chaos there had dimly dawned upon me a huge symmetrical design; and I seemed to grasp the key of that symbolism which was used by those learned men to screen their precious knowledge from the vulgar and the wicked. Gnostics and Neo-platonists, Chaldeans, Rosicrucians, and Indian Mystics, I saw and understood in which each played a part. To me the jargon of Paracelsus, the mysteries of the alchemists, and the visions of Swedenborg were all pregnant with meaning. I had deciphered the mysterious inscriptions of El Biram; and I knew the import of those strange characters which have been engraved by an unknown race upon the cliffs of Southern Turkestan. Immersed in these great and engrossing studies, I asked nothing from life save a garret for myself and for my books, where I might pursue my studies without interference or interruption.

But even in the little moorside village I found that it was impossible to, shake off the censorship of one's fellow-mortals. When I went forth, the rustics would eye me askance, and mothers would whip up their children as I passed down

the village street. At night, I have glanced out through my diamond-paned lattice to find that a group of foolish staring peasants had been craning their necks in an ecstasy of fear and curiosity to watch me at my solitary task. My landlady, too, became garrulous with a clatter of questions under every small pretext, and a hundred small ruses and wiles by which to tempt me to speak to her of myself and of my plans. All this was ill to bear; but when at last I heard that I was no longer to be sole lodger, and that a lady, a stranger, had engaged the other room, I felt that indeed it was time for one who sought the quiet and the peace of study to seek some more tranquil surrounding.

In my frequent walks I had learnt to know well the wild and desolate region where Yorkshire borders on both Lancashire and Westmorland. From Kirkby-Malhouse I had frequently made my way to this lonesome wilderness, and had traversed it from end to end. In the gloomy majesty of its scenery, and the appalling stillness and loneliness of its rock-strewn melancholy solitudes, it seemed to offer me a secure asylum from espionage and criticism. As it chanced, I had in my rambles come upon an isolated dwelling in the very heart of these lonely moors, which I at once determined should be my own. It was a two-roomed cottage, which had once belonged to some shepherd, but which had long been deserted, and was crumbling rapidly to ruin. In the winter floods, the Gaster Beck, which runs down Gaster Fell, where the little sheiling stood, had overswept its bank and torn away a portion of the wall. The roof, too, was in ill case, and the scattered slates lay thick amongst the grass. Yet the main shell of the house stood firm and true; and it was no great task for me to have all that was amiss set right. Though not rich, I could yet afford to carry out so modest a whim in a lordly way. There came slaters and masons from Kirkby-Malhouse; and soon the lonely cottage upon Gaster Fell was as strong and weather tight as ever.

The two rooms I had out in a widely different manner—my own tastes are of a Spartan turn, and the outer chamber was so planned as to accord with them. An oil-stove by Rippingille of Birmingham furnished me with the means of cooking; while two great bags, the one of flour, and the other of potatoes, made me independent of all supplies from without. In diet I had long been a Pythagorean, so that the scraggy long-limbed sheep which browsed upon the wiry grass by the Gaster Beck had little to fear from their new companion. A nine-gallon cask of oil served me as a sideboard; while a square table, a deal chair, and a truckle-bed completed the list of my domestic fittings. At the head of my couch hung two unpainted shelves—the lower for my dishes and cooking utensils, the upper for the few portraits which took me back to the little that was pleasant in the long wearisome toiling for wealth and for pleasure which had marked the life I had left behind.

If this dwelling-room of mine were plain even to squalor, its poverty was more than atoned for by the luxury of the chamber which was destined to serve me as my study. I had ever held that it was best for the mind to be surrounded by

such objects as would be in harmony with the studies which occupied it, and that the loftiest and most ethereal conditions of thought are only possible amid surroundings which please the eye and gratify the senses. The room which I had set apart for my mystic studies was set forth in a style as gloomy and majestic as the thoughts and aspirations with which it was to harmonise. Both walls and ceilings were covered with a paper of the richest and glossiest black, on which was traced a lurid and arabesque pattern of dead gold. A black velvet curtain covered the single diamond-paned window; while a thick yielding carpet of the same material prevented the sound of my own footfall, as I paced backwards and forwards, from breaking the current of my thoughts. Along the cornice ran gold rods, from which depended six pictures, all of the sombre and imaginative caste, which chimed best with my fancy. Two, as I remember, were from the brush of Fuseli; one from Noel Paton; one from Gustave Doré; two from Martin; with a little water-colour by the incomparable Blake. From the centre of the ceiling hung a single gold thread, so thin as to be scarce visible, but of great toughness. From this swung a dove of the same metal, with wings outstretched. The bird was hollow, and contained perfumed oil; while a sylph-like figure, curiously fashioned from pink crystal, hovered over the lamp, and imparted a rich and soft glow to its light. A brazen fireplace backed with malachite, two tiger skins upon the carpet, a buhl table, and two reclining chairs in amber plush and ebony, completed the furniture of my bison study, save only that under the window stretched the long bookshelves, which contained the choicest works of those who have busied themselves with the mystery of life.

Boehme, Swedenborg, Damton, Berto, Lacci, Sinnett, Hardinge, Britten, Dunlop, Amberley, Winwood Read, Des Mousseux, Alan Kardec, Lepsius, Sepher, Tolkio, and the Abbé Dubois—these were some of those who stood marshalled between my oaken shelves. When the lamp was lit of a night and the lurid flickering light played over the sombre and bizarre surroundings, the effect was all that I could wish. Nor was it lessened by the howling of the wind as it swept over the melancholy waste around me. Here at last, I thought, is a back-eddy in life's hurried stream, where I may lie in peace, forgetting and forgotten.

And yet it was destined that ere ever I reached this quiet harbour I should learn that I was still one of humankind, and that it is an ill thing to strive to break the bond which binds us to our fellows. It was but two nights before the date I had fixed upon for my change of dwelling, when I was conscious of a bustle in the house beneath, with the bearing of heavy burdens up the creaking stair, and the harsh voice of my landlady, loud in welcome and protestations of joy. From time to time, amid her whirl of words, I could hear a gentle and softly modulated voice, which struck pleasantly upon my ear after the long weeks during which I had listened only to the rude dialect of the dalesmen. For an hour I could hear the dialogue beneath—the high voice and the low, with clatter of cup and clink of spoon, until, at last, a light quick

step passed my study door, and I knew that my new fellow-lodger had sought her room. Already my fears had been fulfilled, and my studies the worse for her coming. I vowed in my mind that the second sunset should find me installed, safe from all such petty influences, in my sanctuary at Gaster Fell.

On the morning after this incident I was up betimes, as is my wont; but I was surprised, on glancing from my window, to see that our new inmate was earlier still. She was walking down the narrow pathway which zigzags over the fell—a tall woman, slender, her head sunk upon her breast, her arms filled with a bristle of wild-flowers, which she had gathered in her morning rambles. The white and pink of her dress, and the touch of deep-red ribbon in her broad drooping hat, formed a pleasant dash of colour against the dun-tinted landscape. She was some distance off when I first set eyes upon her, yet I knew that this wandering woman could be none other than our arrival of last night, for there was a grace and refinement in her bearing which marked her from the dwellers of the fells. Even as I watched, she passed swiftly and lightly down the pathway, and turning through the wicket gate, at the farther end of our cottage garden, she seated herself upon the green bank which faced my window, and strewing her flowers in front of her, set herself to arrange them.

As she sat there, with the rising sun at her back, and the glow of morning spreading like an aureole round her stately and well-poised head, I could see that she was a woman of extraordinary personal beauty. Her face was Spanish rather than English in its type—oval, olive, with black sparkling eyes, and a sweetly sensitive mouth. From under the broad straw hat, two thick coils of blue-black hair curved down on either side of her graceful queenly neck. I was surprised, as I watched her, to see that her shoes and skirt bore witness to a journey rather than to a mere morning ramble. Her light dress was stained, wet, and bedraggled; while her boots were thick with the yellow soil of the fells. Her face, too, wore a weary expression, and her young beauty seemed to be clouded over by the shadow of inward trouble. Even as I watched her, she burst suddenly into wild weeping, and throwing down her bundle of flowers, ran swiftly into the house.

Distrained as I was, and weary of the ways of the world, I was conscious of a sudden pang of sympathy and grief as I looked upon the spasm of despair which seemed to convulse this strange and beautiful woman. I bent to my books, and yet my thoughts would ever turn to her proud clear-cut face, her weather-stained dress, her drooping head, and the sorrow which lay in each line and feature of her pensive face. Again and again I found myself standing at my casement, and glancing out to see if there were signs of her return. There on the green bank was the litter of golden gorse and purple marsh-mallow where she had left them; but through the whole morning I neither saw nor heard anything from her who had so suddenly aroused my curiosity and stirred my long-slumbering emotions.

Mrs Adams, my landlady, was wont to carry up my frugal breakfast; yet it was very rarely

that I allowed her to break the current of my thoughts, or to draw my mind by her idle chatter from weightier things. This morning, however, for once she found me in a listening mood, and with little prompting, proceeded to pour into my ears all that she knew of our beautiful visitor.

'Miss Eva Cameron be her name, sir,' she said; 'but who she be, or where she come fra, I know little more than yourself.' Maybe it was the same reason that brought her to Kirkby-Malhouse as fetched you there yourself, sir.'

'Possibly,' said I, ignoring the covert question; 'but I should hardly have thought that Kirkby-Malhouse was a place which offered any great attractions to a young lady.'

'It's a gay place when the fair is on,' said Mrs Adams; 'yet maybe it's just health and rest as the young lady is seeking.'

'Very likely,' said I, stirring my coffee; 'and no doubt some friend of yours has advised her to seek it in your very comfortable apartments.'

'Heh, sir!' she cried, 'there's the wonder of it. The ledly has just come fra France; and how her folk came to learn of me is just a wonder. A week ago, up comes a man to my door—a fine man, sir, and a gentleman, as one could see with half an eye. "You are Mrs Adams," says he. "I engage your rooms for Miss Cameron," says he. "She will be here in a week," says he; and then off without a word of terms. Last night there comes the young ledly herself—soft-spoken and downcast, with a touch of the French in her speech.—But my sakes, sir! I must away and mak' her some tea, for she'll feel lonesome-like, poor lamb, when she wakes under a strange roof

A VERY LARGE KITCHEN.

A FEW years ago I was seated one evening in my hotel in an Algerian town; I was recovering from a fever which had left me great weakness and sleepless nights, for which my friendly French doctor had prescribed a cup of 'bouillon' before going to bed, telling me that I should sleep 'comme une souche.' I had taken my landlady into my confidence, and she had that evening sent me up a bowl of a moderately hot liquid, fair in colour, in which specks of oil floated like satellites round planets of toasted bread. While painfully endeavouring to struggle through this treatment, I was agreeably surprised by a visit from my doctor, a most amiable member of the (almost always) amiable family of 'I Medici.' He congratulated me on my obedience to his orders; and then, giving a look at the compound before me, exclaimed: 'But what have you there! I never told you to follow a course of water-cure.' On my explaining to him the friendly treaty with my hostess, under which she was to give me of her 'pot-au-feu,' he remarked that what I was then feebly attempting to eat had probably once had claims to be so called, but that, from the amount of water that had been added, it had lost all right to the name. He suggested that I should return it to the kitchen with a request

that it be sent up to me hot in half an hour's time. 'In the meantime,' he said, 'you will receive from me a small corked jar, which I will get from the neighbouring grocer; and you will dissolve in your soi-disant "pot-au-feu" a piece of the size of a small bean of what it contains. For several days you will repeat this operation twice a day; and you will always take a cup of it before going to bed.'

On my inquiring the name of the panacea, he told me that it was 'Liebig's Extractum Carnis;' and on my explaining my fancied dislike for all such preparations, he said that I should alter my views, adding that it was one of the few good things which the Germans had given us.

I am bound to say that, in consequence, as I believe, of this regime, I had hours of uninterrupted sleep, which had been for some time unknown to me. I followed the treatment for several days at the end of which time I felt equal to enter the lists with Sandow, Samsoh, & Co. Since then, I have always carried with me in my travels one of the small pots of Liebig's 'Extract of Meat;' and in many hotels, which shall be nameless, I have had reason to be most grateful to my acquaintance made in Algeria.

Lately, I found myself at Fray Bentos, a small and picturesque town of South America, in the 'Republica Oriental del Uruguay'—'libre y constituida.' I was anxious to pay a passing visit to this country on my way up the river Uruguay, into the interior, and I had especially some piscatorial projects in view. My curiosity with regard to the country was rewarded, for there is much to be seen in a delightful climate, and my fishing was satisfactorily accomplished. I am bound, however, to add that life in Fray Bentos leaves something to be desired, and I was therefore much pleased to find myself within a mile and a half of one of the most remarkable establishments I have ever visited, Liebig's 'Extract of Meat' Factory, where I was able to renew acquaintance with my friend under circumstances very different from those in which I first knew him in another continent. That little corked jar to which I have expressed my gratitude, and which we see advertised through the known world, passes through some millions of hands; but I doubt if many persons know more of the history of its parentage, birth, and education than I did when I first paid a visit to the factory. I confess to having been astounded when I came to see the magnitude and completeness of the machinery brought to bear on the fabrication of the contents of so small and insignificant an object. It has occurred to me that some of the details which I learned may interest others in these days when everything is called on to explain its 'raison d'être.'

Some fifty years ago, Baron Justus von Liebig was happily inspired to make abstract scientific researches into the nature of meat, of which he gave the world of science in Germany the benefit in 1847 soon after which time, starting with a stock in trade of some five or six oxen, he made his 'Extract of Meat' in the Königliche Hof Apotheke of Munich, from which the king of Bavaria and some members of the royal family alone then derived the benefit. It was looked upon as a medical discovery, treated as an article of the pharmacopoeia and sold as such, for medical

purposes, in the chemists' shops of the town. The price was at first prohibitive—forty or fifty shillings per pound. As time passed on, the five or six oxen became some two or three hundred, and the price fell to twenty or twenty-five shillings per pound, though it was still considered a medical luxury.

In 1865 the Liebig Company was formed, an English Company, floated chiefly by English capital, for which a factory and the necessary buildings were erected in 1867-68, on some rising ground on the banks of the Uruguay. These buildings have since steadily grown, and at the time of writing these lines cover from seventeen to eighteen acres of land. The number of cattle slaughtered since the establishment was at first started has been nearly three million, of which the money value may be fairly estimated at some thirty-seven million dollars—or in English money, at over eight million pounds. To carry on so large a service requires the permanent employment of some seven hundred persons, which means, when wives and children are counted, a colony of nearly two thousand. A branch establishment exists at Antwerp for carrying out some of the details of this gigantic business, where a staff of two hundred is employed. The slaughtering season lasts for about seven months of the year, during which one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty thousand animals are killed; and as many as twelve hundred have been slaughtered in a single day. In a country where beef is so abundant, the company have no great price to pay for what they purchase, albeit that they are 'gourmand' in their tastes; and they ask for and get all that is best of the four-year-old cattle in the herds which graze in the district. Still, there is necessarily a great variety in the weights of the animals of which the troops are composed, and so it is that an average price per head is generally paid. I have not the right to speak positively on this question, on which I have only hearsay information; but I am inclined to believe that in estimating the prices paid at thirteen dollars for a bullock and nine dollars for a cow I am not far wide of the mark. Assuming the dollar to be worth 4s. 2d., this would give the cost in English money of the respective animals at £2, 14s. 2d. and £1, 17s. 6d.; and buyers or sellers of such stock in Great Britain would scarcely credit their senses on seeing the excellence of quality which is sometimes to be obtained for these prices. I had the opportunity of seeing very large numbers of animals thus acquired, and venture to say that among them there were many for which I would have nodded as a buyer at Falkirk Tryst.

The company, with the view of not being entirely dependent on the farmers of the surrounding country, are to a small measure their own growers, if I may use the expression, and have acquired, and are acquiring, farms on which their managers rear and fatten their own cattle. These farms, or estancias as they are called, probably represent some thirty leagues of land; but, as the figures which I have given above will show, the count for which the company are dependent on the outside vendors is a large one. Impressed with the importance of reducing this necessity as much as possible, they lose no favourable opportunity of acquiring fresh land; but some four

hundred leagues would be probably required for their wants, and it may be reasonably assumed that the day is far distant when they will be landowners to such an extent.

Furnished with an introduction to the gentleman in charge of the interests of the company, I was enabled in the most satisfactory manner to carry out my wish of visiting the factory, accompanied by one of his relatives, fully competent and amiably willing to give me a lucid explanation of all I saw. There are of course many secrets of the great success which the company have arrived at, secrets which would doubtless be of value to rival inquiring chemists and engineers; but into these I had no idea of investigating, and I can only undertake to tell of what I saw and heard.

I was first taken through the innumerable workshops; and in the first of these into which I was admitted I could have fancied myself in one of the treasure stores of Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp. All was silver, or seemed so to be—silver lit up by furnaces; silver whirling through the air, in constant movement, brandished in the hands of an army of workmen; silver waiting, glittering, in dark corners, till wanted for use. I could have believed that I saw before me the riches of the mines of South America, in waiting to provide for the silver currency of Europe, till reflection, and my informant, told me that this was the tinsmith's dépôt, where are manufactured the hundreds of thousands of pots and boxes and jars which are annually required to hold the productions of the company's huge kitchen. The storerooms are equally wonderful. Of monster dimensions, they apparently contain all that would be required by carpenters, masons, ironsmiths, engineers, and painters, for the needs of a fair-sized town; for the company carry on all these trades for themselves, and are independent of all outside aid. Equally marvellous in their extent and completeness are the carpenters' shops, the gas-works, the tin-look bronzing department, the ice-making, and the innumerable industries carried on side by side. Having given a general idea of the magnitude of all this, the outside work of the establishment, I must give my readers as good a notion as I can of the proceedings required to produce 'Liebig's Extract.'

Around the ground on which the buildings above mentioned stand are many enclosures, or 'corrals,' for the animals which arrive from the various estancias, in which they are kept as long as may be required to enable them to rest after their journey, before being called into requisition for the wants of the establishment; when so wanted, they are driven, not as cattle are too frequently driven, but slowly and temperately, down a narrow road, some four hundred yards long, with high walls on either side, and gates at intervals, which are occasionally closed, to prevent any overcrowding, till they arrive at the final enclosure, a boarded pit, into which some thirty animals might be put, but which is never full. This opens into the monster hall in which and its appurtenances all the operations which succeed the killing are carried on. The opening is bridged over by a beam about the height of an ordinary-sized animal's head; and on a level with it, on the side farthest removed from the

enclosure, is a stage on which stands the butcher. Around it is a gallery on which assistants are placed. One of these walks along till above the animals who stand below him, 'unconscious of their doom,' and throws a lasso over the horns of the nearest one. This is immediately put into communication with machinery below, by which the animal is pulled forward the short distance which separates him from his executioner, his head and horns being brought up against the beam above mentioned. The butcher stands with his knife raised above the head thus presented, into the back of which he makes one powerful well-directed thrust, long habit giving him un-failing facility, which cuts the spinal cord, and the animal falls lifeless on the sloping ground below. The carcase is immediately dragged on a trolley into the hall beyond, where it is taken possession of by an army of men, skinned, be-headed, cleaned, and cut up, in almost less time than it takes me to write this page; and the pieces thus cut up are carried off by another set of assistants to be hung up in a Brodingtonian larder. Other animals are brought to their fate in rapid succession, for some six or seven hundred are daily killed; and this figure has been often increased to twelve hundred.

The sections and joints of the animal which have been placed in the 'larders' are left hanging there a certain time until the operation of cooking begins. Gigantic boilers are then brought into use, and every part of the beast is turned to account; the meat is boiled and reboiled; the juice—extracted from it to the last drop by the hands of powerful machinery—is filtered and re-filtered, until, in the final filter-beds, an endless stream of pure beef-tea flows out, filling the air with an aroma which would excite the envy and admiration of the chef of the 'Café Anglais' or any other gastronomic potentate. Everything here is carried on with elaborate care and cleanliness; and on arriving in the department of the final stages of filtration, I was ruthlessly required to abandon my cigarette, which had been my solace through the first acts of the drama, as 'no smoking allowed' is the law of the Medes and Persians in this branch!

The 'beef-tea' thus produced—I have no better name to give to it—then passes through the operations of evaporation and condensing, from which a rich syrup results, which fills monster troughs, whence it is poured into large tin cans. Here it is allowed to cool, taking the form and consistency of 'Extract.' The cans are then soldered up, packed in wooden cases, and shipped to the company's dépôt at Antwerp.

All the stages which the Extract has gone through have been so carefully superintended that there is every certainty of its being uniform in quality; but, to make assurance doubly sure, on its arrival at Antwerp each tin is opened, some Extract is taken out, and submitted to the analysis of M. von Pettenkofer, or one other of the chemists of the establishment, who gives his 'imprimatur' to the tin before the contents are put into the jars of various sizes, of which the annual sale is over eight million.

In order to give an idea of the sustaining qualities of the contents of these little jars, it may be well here to mention that it was shown to me that to produce one pound of Extract,

forty pounds of meat are used, and this fact will explain the large number of cattle required for the company's use.

In another branch of the building the ox tongues, with which so many travellers are acquainted, are preserved, going through bath-rooms of trying temperature. These are put into the bronzed tins to which I have already alluded, and are then sent to the Antwerp dépôt, where they are labelled and shipped to all parts of the world.

Elsewhere, the bones and the fat are boiled down, the tallow is collected, and the fat is refined and doubly refined. The former is shipped at the company's wharfs, where two or three ships are always lying, and some nine or ten thousand pipes of it are annually sent away. The latter is not in sufficiently large quantities to make it an article of commerce for Europe; but in the country and in China it is in great request for cooking purposes, and many a cook at home would be glad to have the assistance of Liebig's 'refined fat.' In naming this I have named the last of the edible productions of the company so far as mankind is concerned; but there is probably no better food for animals than the meat which is produced in another large branch of the factory from the meat out of which the Extract has been made, which is dried and then ground down; and there are few more efficient fertilisers than the guano mixture of bones and meat. Large quantities of each of these preparations annually leave the company's wharfs; but the greater part is taken into the German market. I think it would be a gain to the British farmer and stock-rearer if he were more alive to their value.

Of the slaughtered animals there now remain but the hides to mention, which are scrupulously cleaned and salted, and of which some one hundred and seventy thousand are annually shipped. In this process no waste is allowed, the cuttings and the sinews from the hocks and other parts being sold to the manufacturers of glue.

I have thus hastily taken my readers through this monster hive, in which all appear to be working bees—I detected no drones—and of these workers I wish to add a few words, for it would, I believe, be difficult to find a band of workers in a foreign country better deserving of praise. Many nations are there represented, and some of those employed have been for many years in the company's service, and look on the firm's interests as their own. I had a conversation with one whose duties are certainly among the least agreeable of the establishment, and I ventured to suggest that occasionally he might find them so; but his reply was, that each day made them more interesting to him, and that he liked his position and responsibilities better than ever. The theory of crystallisation, propounded by Stendahl (Henri Beyle) in his *L'Amour*, occurred to me, and I left him, reflecting that it was fortunate that he did not see with my eyes. But if the employed deserve to be so well spoken of, it appeared to me that the company are fully sensible of the fact, and that they do all in their power to recognise zealous and loyal services. It is impossible to find a working colony in possession of a larger share of comfort and, in some instances, I may say of luxury.

The Liebig Company are a long way ahead of all similar establishments in South America; therefore I was anxious to see for myself what they do and how they do it. But there are innumerable other 'saladeros' throughout the country, in many of which good work is done; and the field is open to many more, for the demand through the Old World for Extract of Meat and for tinned meats is larger than can be believed; and in no country can the manufacture be carried on so advantageously as in South America.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

By P. L. McDERMOTT.

CHAPTER VI.—CONFIDENCE.

It was ten o'clock when Richard King awoke, with a racking headache and a burning throat, the sure and retributive consequences of a night of excess. The physical misery of the man's condition was not the worst of it; he had no recollection of how he got back to his hotel and to bed; no recollection of the hour of his return or of the hours which preceded it: his memory of last night was, in fact, a harrowing blank. It was in vain that he tried to collect his impressions; his head throbbed and his throat burned, and further than the point at which he had sat down in the empty room with the 'plunger,' his memory failed to carry him.

Dragging himself out of bed, he stretched out a shaky hand to the bell and rang. In a minute a knock answered at the door. He opened it, and saw a man-servant standing in the passage.

'Bring up a bottle of brandy and a few sodas,' King said; 'I expect a friend or two presently.'

'Gentleman waiting below, sir,' replied the waiter, covertly surveying the guest with intelligent eye.

'All right,' said King quickly. 'Don't tell him I'm up, just yet. I'll ring again when I'm dressed. Make haste, there's a good fellow.'

The man soon returned, put the tray on the table and retired. Richard King having helped himself to the brandy-and-soda, threw himself on his back in the bed and began to think. Faint gleams came to him now out of the chaos, but they were dim and uncertain. He recollected faces, but knew not whose they were. Presently he thought of his pocket-book as a possible witness, for he remembered clearly enough the sum he had drawn from the bank. Richard King looked blank when he found the pocket-book empty, except for an 'I.O.U.' scrawled in pencil by some party whose signature was illegible to him, and whose indebtedness was only ten pounds. In his bitterness of spirit he tore the paper up and flung the pieces in the fireplace.

The brandy mounting to his muddled brain gradually caused his thoughts to become more confused and wandering, and he had drifted into a condition of pitiful distress when it gave him relief to hear another knock at the door. He had forgotten about the gentleman who was below, and wondered who it was. The familiar voice of Major Saverley, asking if he were up,

'No; I haven't turned out yet, Saverley,' he answered, unlocking the door, 'but was just thinking of doing so.'

He envied Saverley his fresh looks and clear eyes, and invited him to have some brandy-and-soda. The major poured a thimbleful of the spirit into a glass, added a bottle of soda water, and seated himself on the foot of the bed.

'It is bad in the morning,' he observed, referring to the brandy. 'A good breakfast is the best preparation. You don't go on like this down in the country?'

'Certainly not, Saverley; 'it's only in London one falls into evil ways.' As he spoke, he filled another tumbler for himself, Saverley silently observing the process with grave curiosity.

'Are you going home to-day?' the visitor asked.

'Yes, I suppose so. I have nothing to keep me in town.'

There was silence for a while. Saverley had plainly come to speak about something connected with the previous night; and Richard King, fearful of what might have happened, shrank from broaching the topic. Few men in his prostrated condition are courageous, though it is often the case that there has been nothing to fear. He tried to fortify himself with more of the drink.

'Don't take any more,' advised Saverley; 'have a cold bath and a good breakfast and it will pull you together.—When are you starting?'

'Oh, any hour; it's only three hours' run.—What are you doing to-day?'

'That was a terrible mistake you made last night, King,' said the major, ignoring the question, 'in taking that insipid-looking Frenchman for the plunger. Why, not a man in the club would sit down single-handed with Duloc; and the worst was, the mischief was done before people began to come in. I heard all about it when I arrived.'

'Then you were not there before I left?' asked King uneasily.

'No; they had taken you away half an hour before I came.—How much did you lose?'

'I haven't the least idea—a thousand or so, I suppose; that was all the money I had with me.'

It was not so bad, after all, was Richard King's reflection. It certainly was not pleasant to lose a thousand pounds at one sitting, but it might have been much more. If it had not been for the money he had lost on that horse, he would have borne it with equanimity. He would have to pay that out of Agnes King's money; but then, he would hurry on the marriage, and she should never know.

Saverley's next words caused him to start up in the bed in a sitting posture: 'I was sorry to hear that you lost a great deal more than a thousand, King. You paid them with cheques.'

Richard King was sobered now, and began to remember something of it. He remembered signing cheques. He asked Saverley to hand him his coat, in the breast-pocket of which was the cheque-book. Examining the counterfoils with fearful eyes, the amount he had lost in these few hours' mad play utterly dismayed him. He had drawn four cheques—two to M. Duloc, one to a Captain Briggs, and one to a Mr J. S.

Lance. He had no recollection of the latter two; but the sum-total of his losings, including the thousand which he had had in cash, was eight thousand three hundred and fifty pounds.

He mentioned the amount to Saverley, who emitted a long low whistle. 'Stiffish that, my boy, along with the eleven thou. lost on "Influenza." Well, you can afford it; but it will do you good. Some men I know have paid from three to five times as much for their experience. I'm awfully sorry, all the same.'

Richard King lay back on the pillow for several minutes with his hand on his eyes. Agnes King's money was all gone except a few hundred pounds. He himself had none. Two or three months ago the prospect of a rent-roll of four thousand a year was a prospect of opulence; but how poor it seemed now! With the changes to which he had committed himself at the Hall, and other schemes of self-indulgence which he had been anticipating on the strength of Agnes King's fortune, he felt his need of a large sum of ready-money as something almost desperate. At all events, the estate was free from encumbrance, and he could borrow on mortgage.

'Have you anything particular on your hands at present, Saverley?' he asked by-and-by. 'I mean, could you come down and stay with me for a bit? It's rather dull; but I have a good billiard table, and it may not be much of a bore.'

Major Saverley had no pressing engagements, and had, besides, one or two good reasons for being glad of the invitation, a shortness of cash being one of them. But he made some show of hesitation, all the same.

'The fact is, Saverley, I'll be awfully grateful for your society until I shake off the effects of this. I have no one at all down there.'

'Very well, King; I'll come,' said Saverley. '—Turn out now like a man, and have a bath and breakfast; and while you are doing so, I'll drive round to my rooms and get my port-manteau.'

'Then we will start as soon as you return; and you might, while you are on the way, cash a cheque for me at my banker's. I haven't got a shilling.'

Major Saverley took the cheque which Richard King filled in and signed, and went away. In about an hour and a half he returned, and found King sitting in the coffee-room, after breakfast, reading a morning paper.

'Ha!' he exclaimed cheerfully, 'that's better now.—When does your train start?'

'In twenty minutes, from Waterloo,' said King rising, 'so we have not much time to lose. I will just pay my bill.'

They arrived at Yewle early in the afternoon; and after luncheon, the rest of the day was spent in going over the mansion and park for the gratification of Major Saverley. One part of the park Richard King avoided—that which adjoined the vicarage. He had not the moral courage to go there, and certainly did not intend to introduce his friend Major Saverley. For three days after his return from London, Mrs King and Agnes did not see him.

On the fourth morning a note was brought to him from Agnes King, which is given below. If

Agnes could have seen the alarm caused to Richard King by her letter, she would have been greatly astonished.

DEAR 'MR KING—Mr. Warwick, from Sou- chester, who used to be my father's solicitor, came to see us yesterday; and my mother men- tioned to him the various proposals you so kindly made about investing the money for me. Mr Warwick said he was in a position to place the money on an excellent mortgage which would bring in eight hundred pounds a year of income. I was very glad to avail myself of the oppor- tunity of relieving you of the trouble of looking after this matter, and Mr Warwick has accord- ingly been instructed to invest the money for me. I am sure you will be glad to be rid of the duty of disposing of it. I daresay Mr Warwick will write to you.—Believe me yours truly,

AGNES KING.

'It will never do to let this thing go on,' he reflected, drawing a deep respiration. 'I can manage the women well enough; but if the lawyer gets into it'—

But the lawyer was 'into it,' as he found from a communication which Mr Warwick sent him in the course of the day. And the money was all gone, every penny! What was to be done? Richard King saw only one course open to him: he must mortgage Yewle. Yet even, in that desperate necessity he shrank from going to the solicitor, Mr Rintoul, on such an errand, so soon after succeeding to the estate. If this lawyer Warwick had not come upon the scene, Richard King could have managed matters very well until Agnes was his wife, after which all would have been well for him. Now, if he could not persuade her to recall the instructions to Mr Warwick and fix an early day for the marriage, he must borrow money on the security of the property.

Richard King was a very close man, as a rule confiding his thoughts to no one, and never having an intimate friend. But he was in a difficulty now in which the advice of a friend would be of value. Should he confide in Major Saverley? Saverley was a man of the world, and as such would be a useful adviser; but King's ruling instinct of distrust held him back from opening his embarrassments to this friend.

He decided first to go over to the vicarage. Agnes King was at the window reading a letter—not a letter addressed to herself, but to her mother—from Francis Gray, when she saw him approaching. She put the letter away, and received him with just enough colour in her face to give him pleasure.

Holding her hand until she drew it away, he took a chair near her and at once said: 'I was glad to receive your note about the money, Agnes, and I have had one from Mr Warwick also. Your wishes shall be carried out; but, oddly enough, I was just thinking of borrowing that money from you myself.'

The girl opened her eyes wide. 'But you don't want money?' she said, with surprise.

'Not for myself—no; it is for the estate I want it. I have brought an experienced friend down from London, who has been looking over the place, and he strongly advises me to borrow twenty or thirty thousand to improve the pro-

perty, which would more than repay the outlay in a short time.'

'I shall be glad if you borrow my money, then,' said Agnes. 'You had better see Mr Warwick about it. I am sure he will be pleased.'

This was not exactly what Richard King wanted. It was his object to avoid having to account for Agnes King's money, rather than to give a mortgage on the estate for it.

'I have been hoping, Agnes,' he said tenderly, 'that we might be in a position to arrange these matters without the intervention of lawyers. Do you know, since Mr Warwick has come upon the scene, I have felt that he is standing between you and me. And oh, Agnes, Agnes! you little know how I want you, darling. I have so many schemes in my head in regard to the house, and the estate, and the church, and the grounds; but I cannot get up resolution enough to do anything until I have you with me!'

She was deeply distressed. She knew how anxious her mother was that she should become Richard King's wife, and he was an ardent wooer, whom, without good cause, it was hard to refuse. All this Agnes felt the force of; but when it came to a crisis, she was unable to say 'yes' all at once; she was unable to resist a secret craving for more time. So she pleaded with him again for a little more delay, and of course he had to grant her prayer, although he did so with much secret chagrin.

The confidencé with Major Saverley took place after dinner that evening, and it was a remarkable one. Unconsciously drawn by Major Saverley, Richard King related the circumstances connected with the death of the late master of Yewle, and the disappearance of the body before the inquest could be held. He also described the terms of the will.

'You don't think Rowan King is alive, then? The thing would seem possible,' said Major Saverley, a little maliciously.

'There is no doubt of his being dead. And, to my mind, there is just as little doubt that his death was not a natural one. The secret removal of the body the night before the inquest makes it certain there was foul play.'

'Do you suspect any person?'

Richard King rose and paced uneasily to and fro, thinking whether it would not be better to trust this man with everything, now that he knew so much.

'It has been a grievous burden to me,' he said at length; 'and the burden, I feel, would be the lighter for being shared. I believe you could be trusted with anything.'

'As you like, King. I never invite any man's confidence, nor accept it unless I wish to serve him.'

'Listen, then. The reason I have been anxious to make Agnes King my wife is, to ward suspicion off from her father. He was at Yewle that night his brother was murdered, having come here direct from Portland. His wife and daughter saw him; others, I believe, saw him.'

'And you think—'

'I am only afraid. What would a jury say? At the first hint of his having been here, the unfortunate man would be hunted all over the country. I want to avert suspicion from him—'

to publicly show my faith in him—by making his daughter my wife.'

'That is very noble of you, King. I understand it all now; you may fully trust me.'

The major that night sat on the side of his bed, thinking. He inferred more than he had been told in words. Richard King had spent his cousin's money, and was in difficulties thereby; he believed her father had murdered his own brother, and he wanted to marry the daughter to shield the father; with the same view, doubtless, he had done his best to find the body in order to make clear that it was murder. The major shook his head, and resolved to return to London.

When Richard King, on the death of Rowan, assumed the mastership of Yewle, Francis Gray's decision to leave the place was immediately taken, and as quickly carried out. He knew he was not acceptable in any way to Richard King; and even if it were otherwise, that which he had witnessed in the vicarage garden was sufficient in itself to drive him away.

After blankly staring the great solitude of London in the face for a few days, Gray brought him of the only person he knew, even slightly, and resolved to go to him. This was Mr Rintoul, the solicitor.

Mr Rintoul had a very long conversation with him about matters at Yewle. Gray had no hesitation in telling the solicitor everything he knew.

'There is some mystery at the bottom of all this, Mr Gray. Poor Charles King's mind is unhinged, I have no doubt; but that he should kill his brother—is such a thing possible?'

'I could no more believe it than that he forged the cheque,' answered Gray. 'But if he was condemned for the one, it is equally probable he might be condemned for the other—if accused.'

'Richard King seems resolute that some one shall be accused, to judge from the efforts he is making to discover the body. Have you any idea at all as to what has become of it?'

'Not the faintest. Only for what Dr Hayle told me, I should almost be disposed to share the belief of old Stokes.'

'The conclusion would seem to be inevitable that the murderer removed the body to avoid the disclosures of an inquest; and if so, the question arises, how did he get in? He must have had assistance. It is a terrible thing that Charles King should have been about the place that night. One is afraid to move, not knowing what might happen. I suppose it is certain Stokes kept the key of the study in his possession?'

'Absolutely certain, I should say. There must have been a duplicate.'

'Well, well; I hope Richard King's quest for the body will fail, for I greatly distrust that man's motives. I am sorry to hear that he occupies such a footing at the vicarage; if I had any influence there, I would advise them not to allow him into the house. His mother will not live with him at Yewle.'

'That is singular,' said Gray with surprise.

'But the fact, all the same,' was the dry

response.—'Well, now, about yourself, what do you propose doing?'

'I hardly know, I am *ignorant* of London.'

'Leave me your address, and perhaps I may hear of something to suit you.—Morley's Hotel? I think you would be better in private lodgings, Mr Gray.'

To this Francis Gray agreed, and Mr Rintoul gave him the address of a house in Brompton.

The solicitor's good offices proved very fortunate for Gray. He not only obtained most eligible lodgings, but in the course of a week was offered the post of private secretary to a City gentleman who occupied himself largely with social and benevolent movements, and whose residence was within ten minutes' walk of Francis Gray's lodgings. One other young man lived in the house, and a pleasant friendship sprang up between the two. The second lodger, by name Seymour, was cashier in a bank, and a gentleman; and before long it seemed indeed as if fate had thrown the two together.

One Sunday afternoon, as they were walking in Kensington Gardens, Gray happened to make an allusion to Yewle and the death of his friend Rowan King. Seymour turned quickly and inquired: 'Do you remember the forger's case, in which a clergyman was convicted?'

'I remember it very well—it has never been out of my thoughts.'

'How very odd! It was I who received the two cheques across the counter from Mr King. I was abroad at the time of the trial, and only knew the result on my return home.—And do you know,' he added abruptly, 'strong as the evidence seems to have been, I have never been able to convince myself that Charles King forged the second cheque. The motive was so unaccountable: he did not want the money.'

Gray was thinking for a minute or two, and then laid his hand on the other's arm. 'Let us sit down,' he said, 'and go over that again.'

They seated themselves on a garden seat beneath a tree.

'Do you remember, Seymour, whether anything in his looks or manner struck you, when he came to the bank with the second cheque?'

'One or two things struck me, though I did not think of them till afterwards. His eyes were shifty, and avoided me, and he seemed hurried in his manner. Another thing there was, too—he wore a different coat and hat. In the morning he was dressed in a coat of material they call "diagonal," and wore a low felt hat, as clergymen usually do; but when he came the second time, he wore a silk hat and a coat of broadcloth. If the charge had not been made against him afterwards, I should not have collected these details.'

'They were rather singular,' observed Gray. 'I have never seen Charles King in a tall hat. The broadcloth I can say nothing about, for I took no particular notice of the materials of his clothes.'

'Do his wife and daughter live down there still?'

'Yes, they are still at the vicarage.'

Francis Gray had only written to Mrs King once since leaving Yewle, to tell her of the appointment he had obtained; but for two or

three days after this conversation he thought a good deal over another letter. But he was deterred from writing freely by the fear that Mrs King would show the letter to Richard King, in whom she placed so much trust. He did write a long letter at last, for the most part full of recollections of Yewle and inquiries about themselves; and only at the end did he add a somewhat dim assurance that he had not yet given up the hope of clearing the vicar's name. This was the letter which Agnes was reading that evening when Richard King came to the vicarage after his visit to London.

A PLACE OF TOMBS.

ONLY a week past mid-April, yet it is high summer in Canton—the sun, after an unwanted two months' holiday, having thought fit to suddenly bestir himself. There is gfumbling anent thermometer and mosquitoes as we dawdle over the breakfast-table, loth to leave the shade of the veranda and the cool greenness of 'Shamenee.' The European settlement with its pretty houses in their gardens and turf vistas under tall banyans, separated only by a narrow canal from the maze of streets, is a marvellous contrast to the dirt and bustle of the city.

At last the prospect of the 'White Cloud' mountains prevails; we summon up courage, and saunter over the grass to the water where our roomy, covered boat is waiting. The tide being in our favour, four Chinese rowers take us swiftly down the yellow 'Pearl River'; a breeze comes pleasantly through the white jalousies, lulling one of our party to sleep notwithstanding the endless fascination of the river-life. It has been described many times; but there is something always new in the vast crowd of boats where, in the space of a few feet, generations are born, live, and die. Every species of craft throngs the rapid current: the simple 'dugout'; the smart sampan, decorated with coloured prints and gay matting; long passenger-boats propelled by men turning a stern-wheel; 'slipper-boats,' cargo-boats, salt-boats, 'flower-boats' (which for euphony's sake may be called floating cafés, chantants), and great tawny-sailed junks. A collision seems imminent every moment, but it never occurs. Placid babies gaze at you from their mother's back as she plies her oar; ducks and chickens keep up a perpetual chorus; all shout at the top of their voices till the wide water-way is a very babel; but the boat-people seem on good terms with each other, and are a healthy contented race.

After an hour we turn up a canal and land at the city limit. We scramble up the slippery steps, following a gentleman bearing a bamboo, from which swing two cats in cages, that animal being highly appreciated in China, and make our way through a narrow street with quaint red signboards dangling overhead, and evil-smelling 'chow' shops on either hand, where fragments of pork, vegetables, decaying fish, and cakes of appalling aspect tempt the customer. In an open space our chairs are waiting—no one can be energetic with the shade temperature over eighty—and off we start in single file, our bearers going at a short trot despite the unevenness of the road. They grunt and groan and shout to each other continually: 'A bridge!' 'Yes.' 'All right.'

'Slippery ground!' 'Yea.' 'All right.' 'A large puddle!' 'Yea.' 'All right;' and so on, according to the obstacle encountered.

In front, four or five miles away, rise the 'White Cloud' Mountains to the height of eleven hundred feet, their fine outline clear against the sky, blue shadows sleeping in the gullies. The plain below gives a fair idea of the interior of China and its painstaking cultivation, a peaceful country with every available inch turned to account.

We pass by fishponds where a man is sorting fish out of a hand-net; farmhouses, the women coming to their doofs to gaze at the 'white barbarian'; through rice-fields where the path is so narrow that the chair hangs above a depth of watery ooze. Here and there among the newly turned fields is a patch of vivid green—rice-plants awaiting transplantation; a crop of trefoil; or lotus with their exquisite leaves, each plant growing alone in wet mud. The Celestials are lotus-eaters; but the food has lost its virtue since the days of Ulysses, for the 'heathen Chinese' takes opium when he wants to dream.

The road winds on through sparse bamboo plantations, past hedges in fresh spring green, starred with jessamine and tiny white wild-roses; and all along the way, on every scrap of rising ground are graves! those of poor people for the most part, whose relations cannot afford a granite slab, and only a sod of turf shows some one lies below, some one who has worked out his life's story among the toiling millions, who has joined the great majority, and so become an object of reverence to his countrymen. For their dead the Chinese choose the best and fairest places; they visit the graves each year; and now, just after the 'tomb-sweeping' festival, from every sod and from every headstone flutters a paper charm.

We meet many country people bearing produce to the city: a chirping brood of chickens, or yellow ducklings, two or three pigs dangling helplessly in bamboo baskets—eggs, vegetables; and worshippers with bundles of mock-money to be burnt at the graves, that so the spirit may have wherewithal for a comfortable existence in the land of shades; or a roasted pig and cakes to be spiritually partaken of by the departed, and actually by the survivors. We are near the mountains now; the road grows greener; a thread of water has worn for itself a baby cañon, its red sides clothed with ferns, new pink-tinged fronds just uncurled. Above, little wild-flowers in the grass, ground ivy and yellow cistus, give a look of home.

A crowd of beggars accost us with the eternal 'Cumshaw, cumshaw,' some of them lepers, distressing objects, whom we gladly leave behind.

As we reach the outlying spurs, the mountain-top sinks out of sight behind the lower hills, and we are amidst a world of tombs, 'a nation underground!' For centuries, Canton has carried its dead to this sacred soil, and for miles they lie thick as at Kensal Green. The poor stone slabs beside grand family burying-places of hewn granite, curved like a horseshoe, the grandest consisting of three horseshoes, one beyond the other. The origin of this figure is lost in antiquity. 'It has been so always,' the priests tell us. 'It is good,' they say; and when a death occurs, they send for the fortune-teller, who predicts a lucky day for the burial, and going out to the hill-side,

chooses a lucky spot. They are crowded together, hundreds, thousands of tombs, up to the very summit of the mountains, some ornamented with tall granite pillars, others with fantastic stone lions, all alike decked with paper charms.

Our coolies pause a moment, then begin to ascend, long flights of rough granite steps forming the path; and we climb to where a stream comes tumbling down a shady gorge with trees hanging on its ferny banks, where stands our goal, a Taoist temple, dedicated to the Genius of the glen. Passing various uncouth images, degenerations of pure nature-worship, we mount the wooden steps to the guest-chamber, and there—what a view! All about us the leaves wave and rustle, framing the triangular picture of which our gorge forms the base; below us stretches the wide fertile country, the river such a mere thread that junks seem sailing through fields; a tall pagoda rises skywards, and line upon line of blue misty hills. The breeze blows fresh and cool up the valley; a luxurious meal is on the table; we are vulgarly hungry.

After tiffin we sit and talk about everything to the music of leaves; no drawback to our contentment save the painful uprightness of the wooden chairs; and when the sun grows low, those who are not too lazy wander farther up the mountain for a wider view.

Everywhere the dead are lying in the peaceful silence, waiting, waiting, even as we, who with all our boasted wisdom can only trust 'that what will come and shall come must come well.' The shadows lengthen; it is time to turn homewards. We go down to the old refrain while evening steals over the land, and the moon rising, lights us up the river.

DOLLY.

A WESTERN SKETCH.

DOLLY and he were friends. How or why the friendship was first struck up is unknown. But this much is certain, that the first advances must have come from Dolly herself. For a friendship of any kind, much less a friendship with a chubby, dimpled little maiden was not much in Jim's line.

There was nothing attractive about Jim—quite the reverse. A great hulking fellow, with a sullen face and evil eyes, who, young as he was, had dipped more freely into life's book than is well for any man to dip. And Jim had not come out of the ordeal unsoiled. It was a rough place, that little Western mining camp in which he worked—a rough place, full of rough men, with whom, moreover, he was no favourite.

'I calculate,' said Judge Remip, who was taking his ease outside after a hard day's work, and blowing in a gentle, meditative sort of way the curling smoke from his pipe—'I calculate that a more thorough-paced young scoundrel than that Jim don't walk the earth—darned if he do!'

This sentiment, as fully embodying the views of the camp, was received with nods of assent. 'And yet,' said the Judge, taking the pipe from

his mouth, the better to enforce the remark, 'Dolly there seems sort o' struck with him.'

'That's so,' said Big Ben thoughtfully.

The camp uttered a growl or two of protest. What did Dolly see in him? was what the camp wanted to know—a question more easily asked than answered.

Pretty baby Dolly! with her dimpled face and brown eyes—darling baby Dolly! the God-given bit of childhood which was blossoming in the midst of that band of wild, hard-living, hard-drinking fellows, not one of whom at his wildest and worst would have done aught to harm her.

'Jest look at 'em,' said the Judge, raising himself up on his elbow from the soft grass.

The men followed his gaze; and about twenty yards away, appearing over the prairie ridge, they saw the two: Dolly seated on Jim's beautiful horse, Red Mustang, one of Jim's strong arms thrown protectingly around her; the other carrying her basket of berries, full to an extent that showed that Dolly's chubby little hands had never gathered them alone.

Dolly herself was regarding the luscious fruit admiringly. 'Daddy'll yike 'em, Dim, won't he?' they heard her remark.

'Well!' said Jim savagely, 'seem' as it is Daddy, I've no doubt he will. Daddy's ready for most all he can get.'

There was a sufficient amount of truth in the statement to cause a smothered laugh of amusement amongst the listeners, in which Daddy, otherwise the Judge, good-humouredly joined.

Dolly did not laugh; instead, her brown eyes grew troubled. Jim's remark had savoured of disloyalty to Daddy, and loyalty to Daddy was part of Dolly's simple creed. Suddenly she brightened. 'So am I,' she announced.

'Are yer, now?' asked Jim.

'Iss,' said Dolly. 'Aren't you?'

Jim made no reply. Catching sight of the spectators, he lifted Dolly and the berries roughly to the ground, and went on his way in his customary moody silence.

Dolly, apparently quite used to such treatment from her strange friend, picked up her basket and trotted contentedly to her father's side.

'Who've you been with, Dolly?' said Big Ben, catching her up in his arms and tossing her to the sky.

'Dim,' said Dolly from Ben's shoulder.

The men laughed.

'Well, I am surprised,' said Big Ben loftily—'a little gell like you taking up with such as him. I wonder at you, Dolly.'

For answer, Dolly buried her hands in Big Ben's curls, laughing gleefully. Whereupon a glorious game of romps ensued.

However, it so happened that Jim was to give a practical answer to Dolly's question as to whether he was ready for all he could get, by committing a theft—a daring theft, and by no means his first, although for the first time discovered.

'Caught red-handed,' said Big Ben, his hand tightening ominously on his heavy stock-whip.

The camp was soon ablaze with the news, and from every side there flocked angry fierce-

eyed men. They made short work of such sinners in those days. A few yards of rope and the nearest tree used to settle the business effectually. A man might gamble or swear or use his pistol as freely as he pleased, but in such a community, theft was necessarily the unpardonable crime.

'To the right about!' said Big Ben sternly.

Jim scowled at him. He did not ask for mercy, knowing that it would be useless. He would have been the last to offer it in such a case himself.

Suddenly, attracted by the tumult, appeared Dolly, looking out at the world from her great sun-bonnet.

'Run away!' said the Judge sharply; 'this 'ere ain't no place for little gells.'

Dolly was an obedient little soul, and in an ordinary case would have obeyed. But baby as she was, something of the significance of the scene came home to her: Jim standing alone amidst that ring of cruel faces.

She gazed pitifully at him.

'Go away, Dolly,' said Big Ben; 'you've nothing to do with him! He's a thief.'

Dolly's eyes sought Jim's for a denial.

As he met them with his own reckless defiant ones, a something else flashed into them, and then and there he uttered a downright lie: 'Don't you believe 'em, Dolly; I ain't nothing of the sort.' And, half involuntarily, he threw a wistful glance at Big Ben.

Spite of his roughness, Big Ben must have had a soft spot somewhere, for, bending down to Dolly, he said gently: 'There, you see, Dolly, I must have been mistook. This 'ere fellow, instead of being a thief, is a virtuous youth, a innocent angel, in fact.—Now, run away.'

So Dolly departed, satisfied.

After she left, silence and hesitation fell upon the men. The little scene had touched them. After a whispered consultation, the Judge, stepping forward, cut the cord round Jim's wrist, saying, curtly: 'Here, you young scoundrel, we'll let you off this time. But clear out of this; we don't want no thieves here.'

Without a word, Jim turned on his heel. Some men would have left the place at once; Jim was made of different stuff. Expelled from the camp, he built himself a cabin on the outskirts, not trying to live the disgrace down, but enduring it with the dogged obstinacy which was part of his nature. The miners, even Big Ben, ignored him completely; for Ben, for all that instant of softness, had certain rugged fibres of pride about him which led him to treat a thief with merciless justice.

The effects of this 'severely setting-alone' system were not very apparent, which was no doubt the reason of its being carried on so long. If Jim had only shown a proper spirit of penitence, he would have been forgiven. But, except that he was a trifle surlier, he went on his way pretty much as before, even Dolly being treated in public with savage silence. But as she was not alienated, there is reason to suppose that he mended his manners when they were alone together. For together they still were at times; and although muttered protests went up from the camp on such occasions, not a man but had manliness enough to refrain from making

Dolly part of Jim's punishment. So she and 'Dim' and Red Mustang had many a fine scamper together over the prairie.

But there came a time when Jim and Red Mustang between them were to do a fine work—a time when a sudden danger loomed out, and Jim rose to it like the brave man that he was—when with clenched teeth he subdued the demon within him, and proved that on occasion he was ready—not for all he could get, but to give up all that he had. For a savage 'whoop' rang out one night on the unsuspecting camp. Men knew what it was, and sprang to their feet with a snarl of rage. Rifle in hand they rushed out.

'Injin,' said the Judge, coolly loading his rifle; and in the moonlight gleamed the dusky painted figures. There was little love lost between Injin and white man. The 'man-and-a-brother' theory had not been propounded on either side. It was war to the knife on both. 'Steady! boys, steady!' said the Judge, to whom such scenes were by no means new. 'Ready there? Now—at 'em!'

And 'at 'em' it was. Down swung the muskets, out flashed the shot, and with a look that was not good to see upon their faces, the 'boys' began their work—sharp work—butchery. The savages swarmed into the camp only to be cut down. It was soon over. But the Indians had fought bravely, and, old tried hand as he was, an uneasy light had leapt to the Judge's eye. 'It was a close shave,' he muttered, wiping the great drops of sweat from his brow as he watched the fleeing band—'a close shave. A little more, and'—The pause was suggestive.

The day was already breaking when the Judge turned in home. 'Hope the little lass hasn't been scared,' he thought; and involuntarily, a queer tender gleam passed over the weather-beaten face as he thought of his 'little lass.'

'Dolly!' he said, opening the cabin door.—There was no answer.—'Dolly!' and then again a little quicker 'Dolly!'

Again that night the men were aroused by a cry—an awful cry, wrung from a strong man in pain; and when they hurried forward, it was to find the Judge with the fashion of his face all changed, pointing to the empty cabin, on whose floor shone the gleam of a tomahawk. That and the confusion of the place told its tale all too plainly: Dolly had been carried off by the Indians!

And not a man amongst them but shuddered; for Indian revenge is a very horrible thing at its best, and the pitiful helplessness of a little child would have no weight with a Blackfoot warrior on the war-path, especially if the child's people had defeated his own.

In the dazed silence, Jim stepped forward—Jim, with his shoulders well squared, and a resolute look on his face. He eyed the group rather scornfully. 'Going to stop here all day?' he asked. 'Bein' as this is just the right time to give your horses a rest! I'm off!' And so he was, he and Red Mustang together, racing over the plain. But not before he had seized the Judge's hand in a fierce grip, saying with a totally unexpected catch in his voice: 'Jedge, if I can, I'll bring

her back.' Not much, but it meant a great deal.

Thoroughly roused, the rest followed his example—not one hung back. All that fleet horses and brave hearts could do would be done for the little one.

I used to think Red Mustang the finest horse in the world, and never wondered at Jim's pride in her. A beautiful creature she was, indeed, and, what was more to the purpose, swift and strong. She had been peculiarly vicious, and Jim had broken her in himself. I was present at that breaking-in, and, boy as I was, I remember to this day my feeling of admiration as Jim quietly mounted her.

'He's a blessed young scamp,' said a man near me in involuntary delight; 'but, by Jove! he can ride!'

So he could. Red Mustang exerted all her powers—which were by no means slight—in the way of bucking, rearing, shying, kicking, and plunging, to no purpose. With his feet well in the stirrups and a firm grip of her sides, Jim stuck on, sparing neither whip nor spur, and making the lash curl round her in a way that I thought then, and still think, was brutal. But when, all trembling, she bowed her beautiful head, and with the dark fires of her eye owned him master, he flung away the whip and never used it again. That was just Jim.

But after the first memorable tussle, when it had been so emphatically decided whose will was to be obeyed, master and horse came to a very good understanding. Red Mustang's affection, indeed, had something pathetic in it, and the fact that she showed the reverse to every one else certainly did not lessen Jim's for her.

Over the prairie the little cavalcade started, Red Mustang, with that easy swinging stride of hers, taking the lead, and keeping it. But Jim pulled her up sharply as there came a triumphant shout from behind: 'Here's the trail!'

Riding up, Jim looked at it with his keen eyes. 'That's no trail!' he said contemptuously.

Now, the rest of the men having stated that it was the trail, and being at least as well able to judge as Jim, did not receive his remark in the pleasantest spirit.

'It *are* the trail,' said Daryl Dash, in a quietly conclusive way, as if that settled it.

'But it aren't!' said Jim squarely.

Now Daryl Dash was one of the most trusted hands in the camp, and being backed by Big Ben, the rest naturally took his side.

'This ain't no time for foolin',' they said very sternly. 'Here's the trail, plain as can be; and we're goin' to follow it up.'

'I'm not foolin',' retorted Jim with a kind of desperate earnestness. 'That trail's too plain for Injins to have left, unless they done it a' purpose. I can find the trail right enough if you let me. Trust me, boys.'

My poor Jim! As a man sows so shall he reap. What had he done, in all his reckless, dissolute life, to be trusted now? He was not trusted; nay, more; he was left, half mad with anger and despair, to find his trail alone.

'Take it, or leave it,' the men had said as they galloped off upon their trail.

Away in the east the sun was touching the sky

with red-gold light. Great crimson bars flecked with orange, gleamed out broadly, and then melted into the softer harmony around, and before one knew it, the whole shining mass united and out flashed the sun. But before it did that, Jim had made up his mind to do a very risky thing—to rescue Dolly single-handed. Who else was there to do it? The others had ridden away in a direction which was every moment taking them farther away from the right track.

'My God!' he said wildly. Was it a prayer from those rough lips?—a prayer which the Good Shepherd heard and answered? For Jim played a hero's part that day. He found the trail. For the sun glinting downwards, caught the light of a small pink object on the brushwood, and rested there lovingly. Nothing much—just the torn string from a little child's sun-bonnet. But at the sight Jim broke into a suppressed whistle of triumph, and raced Red Mustang forward as she had never been raced before. I never like to think about that ride. Enough, the Red Mustang responded loyally to the situation. From 'noon to dewy eve' she carried Jim steadily. But when, trembling, foam-flecked, and parched with thirst, he stopped her as the Indian camp loomed in sight, he knew that his work was cut out.

'Quiet! old lass! quiet!' he said, cautiously dismounting and patting her with a look on his face that few but Dolly or Red Mustang had ever seen there.

The gallant beast seemed to understand, and suppressing a whim, rubbed her nose wistfully against the caressing hand.

Half gliding, half creeping forward, Jim took in the situation at a glance. The Indians had evidently only just stopped, and were hastily improvising a sort of camp. But unsuspicious as they were of being followed so soon, Jim knew that this first careless bustle of arrival would not last long, but that sentries would be set to guard against any approach. Suddenly his blood thrilled; for there before him, not a dozen yards away, lay Dolly reposing on an old blanket in the healthy sleep of childhood.

It was a foolish thing to do, perhaps, considering the state Red Mustang was in; but then Jim was desperate. How he crawled forward, seized Dolly, and got back with her to Red Mustang unperceived, he could never have told himself. But get back with her he did, and in a flash the three were off.

'Dim!' said Dolly, clinging in blissful content to the rough red-shirted arms.

'Ay, Jim answered, glancing down at her as he tightened Red Mustang's girth; 'you go to sleep, Dolly.'

So Dolly's little brown head nestled down, and Jim and Red Mustang made what speed they could, which was not a very great speed, although there came scuds from behind which made the mare tear forward and turned Jim white. The Indians were in pursuit!

Mile by mile, hour after hour, that fearful race went on. The rugged line of hills which marked the camp were in sight now. But could Red Mustang hold out? She was already trembling ominously, and Jim knew that the time was come. If she were to reach the camp at

all, it must be without his weight on her back.

'Dolly!' he said with a shake which made Dolly open her sleepy eyes. 'I want you to do something for me,' he went on persuasively; 'I want to get down here, I've—I've—a particular reason for wanting to get down here'—and the arm holding Dolly as gently as a woman's kept her head turned well forward. 'Red Mustang'll take you to the camp all right, if you'll be a brave little gell and go alone.'

'Oh!' and Dolly's frightened clutch was very firm.

'Will you, Dolly?' said Jim feverishly. 'Dolly! Dolly! Little lass! Will you? For me.'

'Iss, Dim,' said Dolly with quivering lips.

Dismounting, Jim fastened her swiftly and firmly to the saddle, and gave Red Mustang the word. 'Good-bye, Dolly;' and Jim's moustache brushed the rosy lips.

'Dood-bye, Dim,' said Dolly.

Red Mustang whinnied uneasily. 'But her master had told her to go, and she went.

'She'll do it,' said Jim with a great sigh of relief.

The Indians were very close now.

In a curious, concentrated kind of way, Jim gazed at the plain, which the moonlight was kindling into peaceful beauty. Then, with an ugly light in his eye, he drew out his bowie-knife and turned to face what was before him.

'Whoso giveth a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, he giveth it unto me.' And Jim had given more than that—he had given his life; for the next day Big Ben and the rest found him on the plain—scalped.

CURIOSITIES IN SHOE-LEATHER.

THE sandal, which was the first foot-protector, was followed by shoes left open at the toes. These were in turn succeeded by wooden shoes, and subsequently by others, so pointed and turned up that they were known as 'piked' shoes. This caprice of fashion was copied from France, where shoes were worn 'tipped on the snouts with thin horns half a foot long.' The rage for these pikes became of such an extravagant nature that it had to be put down by statute, and broad-toed footwear then came into vogue. This last fashion ran so much to the opposite extreme as to impede walking, so royal proclamations prohibited any one wearing shoes 'broader at the toe than six inches.'

Boots were first made of leather, and afterwards of iron and brass for war purposes, as we know from the 'brazen-booted Greeks.' Boots were much used in ancient as in modern times for riding and walking. Sometimes they were of such a clumsy kind that any movement in them must have been both ungraceful and difficult. A pair of soldier's boots, which were found in a cupboard of an ancient building in Surrey, are described as weighing about ten pounds each. They were made of the thickest hide, lined and padded, with very thick soles, and large rowelled spurs attached by steel chains. It is said that Charles XII. of Sweden wore boots of a similar kind; and it is not so long since

our forefathers were hampered with remarkably solid and heavy footgear.

To the Celestials no relics are more valuable than the boots that have been worn by a magistrate. If he resigns and leaves the city, we are told a crowd accompanies him from his residence to the gates, where his boots are drawn off with great ceremony, to be preserved in the hall of justice. This is the more easy to believe when we remember that John Chinaman is rather ceremonious on occasion with respect to wearing his own boots. In his belief that there is nothing like old boots, the heathen Chinese is not peculiar. Relic-hunters have discovered that—hidden away for the most part in the family museums of our great houses—there are boots and shoes treasured for their age, or valued for their historical associations. Collecting remarkable boots and antique shoes threatens to become the rage amongst some ladies of title. Let us hope they will not forget to include as a curiosity the high-heeled boot of modern times.

In Dresden there is said to be on view a number of boots, shoes, and slippers, once worn by emperors, kings, queens, and princes, which should be of much interest to relic-hunters and shoe-collectors. A citizen of New York is said to have in his possession a shoe and a sandal which were worn by Queen Elizabeth more than three hundred years ago. The shoe is in a wonderful state of preservation. Americans who show such a weakness for royalty may be interested to learn that from the latest accounts one of our Princesses has in her wardrobe a couple of pair of shoes to match every dress, and a lot of coloured Russia-leather, morocco, and black shoes.

As well provided with footgear would seem to be a member of the peerage whose hobby is to have an extensive assortment of boots. Every day of the year has its own special pair, which is worn for the day, and then placed upon the trees that belong to it until its turn comes round again. It is easy to believe that this strange whim necessitates the employment of a valet, whose work consists entirely in polishing and generally attending to the multitudinous foot-coverings of his master.

A curiosity in the way of shoes is one which belonged to Louis XIV., said to be preserved in a palace in Venice. On its heel, we are told, the Dutch painter Vanloo portrayed a battle-scene with wonderful neatness of execution for so large a subject on so small a scale. An interesting addition to collections of such curiosities would be the lady's shoes which, it is said, were recently worn at a ball in Paris. In the leather near the toe of each was inserted a watch.

An amusing calculation has been made that the powdered shoe-leather worn from off the soles of foot-passengers on streets and pavements in London alone would amount to about a ton of shoe-making materials per day. It is not so absurd to imagine that some day these waste particles may be utilised, when we hear that vast quantities of old shoes are ground by mills into fine dust, which is mixed with india-rubber, subjected to a great pressure, coloured, and sold cheap as natural leather, for which it probably makes a sorry substitute.

Boots and shoes that have retired from business through decrepitude may come in handy in still more strange ways. In passing under some trees, a gentleman's notice was attracted by an old boot fastened to a branch. As he approached it, a bird flew out. On examination, the boot was found to contain a nestful of young birds.

From an Italian source it is reported that on the death of a poor old cobbler, when his relatives appeared on the scene to claim the succession, they were carrying all that was of any value away, when some one noticed an old shoe hanging on a nail above their heads. It was hauled down more in jest than earnest, when behold! it turned out to be hard and heavy; and on a closer inspection the shoe was found to contain a sum of fifty thousand francs in gold and bank-notes. Truly, a strange banking-place and lucky find.

Boots and shoes have been used by sailors to drink rum out of and to bale boats. But surely the most extraordinary use ever made of a shoe—since the old woman of nursery-rhyme fame lived in one—was the following. A dwarf-son of French peasants was so small that at his birth a doll's wardrobe had to do duty for linen on the occasion. At his christening, his mother thought he was far too small to carry on the arm, so she made him a little bed in her own wooden shoe, and in this way carried him to church. The same wooden shoe afterwards served him for a cradle till he was six months old. Further—we are told that when the child learned to walk, and the village cobbler was ordered to make him a pair of shoes, he found the task so difficult that he had to give it up, and no wonder, for at six years old the dwarf was only twenty-two inches high, and weighed eight pounds.

DOROTHY.

DOROTHY is debonair;
Little count hath she or care;
All her gold is in her hair.

And the freshness of the Spring
Round this old world seems to cling
When you hear her laugh or sing.

On her sunny way she goes;
Much she wonders—little knows
Love's as yet a folded rose.

All her smiles in dimples die;
Glad is she, nor knows she why
Just to live is ecstasy!

Lightly lie the chains, methinks,
That have daisies for their links;
Youth's the fount where pleasure drinks.

Dorothy is debonair;
Little count hath she or care,
Sunshine in her heart and hair.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWN.

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A NIGHT IN RAMAZAN.

It has been a terribly hot day. All day long, heavy black clouds have rolled up from the Adriatic and circled round the mountains that shut in plain and lake; but not a drop of rain has fallen upon the parched and dried-up soil. The growling of the thunder has been incessant, though not a breath of air has stirred the heavy leaves, or freshened the close unwholesome atmosphere that scorches throat and lungs, and seems to weigh oppressively upon one's very limbs.

But evening has come at last, and the good folk of Scodra are trudging slowly homeward from the bazaar. In the high-road facing the burial-ground in which Ali Haidaar Pasha lies buried, a knot of Mohammedans in gold-embroidered jackets and voluminous 'fustanelles' are standing just outside the great double gates leading to the courtyard of one of the richest aghas in the city. They are watching for the evening gun from the citadel, which will tell them that their weary fast is over for the day, and that they may go in to the evening meal. From sunrise to sunset not a morsel of food, not a single cup of coffee, has touched their lips; they have passed the long hot hours of a sultry summer day without even drinking a drop of water or smoking a single cigarette. Some of them have had to work during the day, and some have tried to sleep away the laggard hours in the stifling rooms of the harem, and it is small wonder if, faint and exhausted, they look with angry eyes upon the Christian shopkeepers and labourers who plod along the dusty road, puffing at their cigarettes with an air of having had as much coffee as they pleased to drink all day long. We are now in the last quarter of the moon, for it is more than three weeks ago that the great fast of Ramazan began, and the strain is beginning to tell even upon the strongest men, and to show itself in their haggard looks and hollow cheeks. But at last the sixteen sultry hours of fasting are coming to a close. The city already lies in shadow, for the sun has sunk behind

Mount Tarabos, though the castle rock and the citadel itself are still in full sunlight.

Gradually the shadows creep up the hill and quench the blaze of light in which the parapets were bathed, and then the eyes of the watchers are gladdened by the sight of a dull red flash, followed by a ball of smoke that shoots out between the parapets from one of the old iron guns that keep the key of North Albania. At the same moment the wailing cry of half-a-dozen muezzins rings out from the mosques close by, and with a sigh of relief, the expectant group turns and troops, with swaying fustanelles and a jauntier air, through the great gates, to break its long fast at the evening meal, which a great clattering among the women-kind shows to be nearly ready.

This great fast is held in memory of the Hegira; but though all good Mohammedans religiously fast during the day, yet they are allowed to feast during the night-hours between sunset and sunrise. Very often friends and relations come to these evening festivities, and sometimes strangers are invited. During the past week we have twice been to entertainments at Mohammedan houses after nightfall, and to-night we are going again with an English friend who is spending a week or two in Scodra, and is naturally anxious to see all that he can of native life. Luckily we have not been invited to the tedious dinner or supper, but only to the 'musical at home' which is to be held afterwards; and so, as we have a little time to spare, we enter a café to see how the evening is passing there. We sit down on a bench against the wall, in front of a bare wooden table, and call for coffee. Our entry causes some little sensation, for I am well known; and the sight of two Franks in a poor native café is something out of the common. However, our enterprise is not rewarded, for the place is deplorably dull; two or three groups of poorer Albanians sitting gloomily over their coffee are the only representatives of the merry company we hoped to see; while in the centre of the room two Mohammedans are having their

heads shaved by the silent proprietor of the combined kâp and barber's shop and his assistant. My friend was in high spirits when we entered; but a few minutes of this funereal gloom have effectually taken all the fun out of him, and so we hastily swallow our coffee, and leave the melancholy 'khanji' still scraping away at his customer's forehead.

The beginning of the evening has not been promising, but I console my visitor with the assurance that at Fîscâ Agha's house things will be very different. We therefore make a fresh start, accompanied by Marco, a Christian of the town who, on the strength of being able to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'Oui, monsieur,' in addition to the broken Italian common to his kind, passes for a skilled linguist, and looks upon all travellers as his lawful prey. He precedes us, dressed in full mountaineer costume, over which he wears a shabby old ulster, several sizes too small for him, put on as a precaution against the fever that he insists is lurking in the sultry night-air. In his right hand he carries a tightly-rolled lady's umbrella of green silk, a gift from his last master; and in his left he swings a lantern, to guide us through the narrow streets of the Mohammedan quarter. On our way we pass three Zingari who are playing softly the air of Hadji Ali; and then passing out of the narrow street into an open space, we come to the great double gates of Fîscâ Agha's house. After the usual challenges, one wing of the gate swings open, and we enter the courtyard, being rather taken aback by what seems to be the ghost of a huge white bird stretched across the yard. It is, however, only the agha's best fustanelle which he has had washed in view of the coming Feast of Bairam, and has hung across the courtyard to dry. As the fustanelle is thirty or forty yards long round the hem, it is not surprising that it seems to stretch through the darkness like the white wings of some giant bird, to eyes not accustomed to such an amplitude of petticoat.

By the light from an open door we make for the wooden staircase that leads to the balcony on the first floor, where Fîscâ Agha greets us, and escorts us to the room in which the merrymaking is going on. The place is crowded; but by dint of pushing and elbowing, the agha pilots us across the floor to the seat of honour on the divan by his side. Instantly an attendant gives us each a brass ashpan, another offers us cigarettes with his hand on his heart, a third brings us coffee, and a fourth sweetmeats. We are bound by etiquette to refuse nothing, and the coffee and cigarettes we enjoy; but the sugar-plums we slip into our pocket handkerchiefs at the first convenient opportunity. After we have exchanged compliments with our host and our friends and acquaintances, the music, which our entrance had interrupted, strikes up again. The musicians are three in number, and squat on the floor at the opposite end of the room. The leader plays

on the 'guzla,' a kind of mandolin, across whose two wire strings he tinkles his little cherry-bark 'plectrum' with a grave and dignified air. By his side is an old man, with huge horn spectacles balanced on his hooked nose, who holds a fiddle upon the floor at arm's length, and scrapes away solemnly with a clumsy bow on the strings that are turned away from him. The third musician is a pale and melancholy youth, who bangs a tambourine upon his knuckles, knees, and elbows, with mournful repetition, going through all his movements as if he were moved by clockwork. Of course they play 'Hadji Ali, the Pirate of Dulcigno,' as surely as the street-boy at home whistles the latest comic song; for Hadji Ali was an Albanian hero, and the Mohammedans of Scodra are in heroic mood just now. It is a weird and plaintive melody in the minor key, necessitated by the setting of the two wire strings of the guzla, and, though it sounds like a dirge pure and simple, is played in Scodra at feasts and festivals of every kind. Occasionally, the tambourine breaks into a long-drawn howl, drawing Hadji Ali's name through his nose, in a fashion that reminds us of a dog baying the moon. There are fifty or sixty verses of 'Hadji Ali,' and though the tambourine's effort is the only attempt at singing, the musicians take us religiously through the air over and over again till the full number of verses is accomplished. It seems never ending; but at last, just as we are falling asleep, the wailing tune fades softly away, and the Hadji may be considered as disposed of for to-night.

More coffee, more sweetmeats, and more cigarettes are pressed upon us, and then some of the servants begin to clear a space in the centre of the room by pushing the people into the corners and making them stand close round the walls. Presently, a hungry-looking young fellow, dressed simply in a loose cotton shirt and trousers, begins walking round in a circle, keeping time to the rhythm of the three musicians, who have struck up another plaintive air. He walks round and round, waving his hands and balancing himself first on one foot and then on the other, but doing nothing else, while we sit anxiously wondering when he is going to begin. My English friend soon has enough of this sort of thing, and whispers to me to lend him my scarf-pin. He then opens his pocket-knife, and waits resignedly for the dance to end. As soon as he gets his opportunity, he makes signs to Fîscâ Agha that he is going to perform something; then wrapping his handkerchief tightly round his thumb, pricks his skin surreptitiously and squeezes out a drop of blood. Then with his knife he goes through the pantomime of cutting off his thumb by smearing the blood in a thin line round beneath the nail. The Albanians crowd round, looking on him as an escaped lunatic, when suddenly with a rapid lick of his tongue and a dab of his handkerchief he has made the long gash disappear, and has completely healed what looked like a very serious wound. This feat arouses every one's curiosity; we are nearly stifled by the pressure of the onlookers, and my friend has to do his trick over and over again until his thumb is as full of holes as a sieve,

and he bitterly repents his desire for fame. Luckily for him, a counter-attraction draws the public attention from him, and a scolding voice makes every one turn to look at the other side of the room, where three small boys have profited by the general crowding round our divan to take a yataghan from the wall and to set to work at carving their thumbs and fingers in imitation of the marvellous Frank. Happily, before much harm is done, the yataghan is taken away and the boys soundly cuffed; and I quietly restore the pin to my scarf in the general confusion.

After more coffee comes the great dance of the evening, and again the gaint youth pirouettes round the ring. This time, however, something more striking is to be performed, and so one of the boys lends him his white fustanelle; another, a gold-embroidered jacket and waistcoat of crimson cloth; a third, his gaiters, ornamented in similar fashion; and a fourth unwinds the long silk sash from his waist and throws it to the dancer. Again the slow rhythmic walk begins to the melancholy music of the guzla; but after a few circles the dancer stops once more. Fisci Agha and Ibrahim Bey Castrati then draw their keen, blue Damascus blades, inlaid with verses of the Koran in gold, from their scabbards, and hand them to the silent dancer, who receives them solemnly, and once more retires to the centre of the ring. Taking the yataghans by their hilts, he stretches out his arms, places the sharp points in his girdle, and resumes his walk round the room. After a few circles, the music quickens, and the dancer breaks into a polka-mazurka step, with the blades still sticking into his girdle. Again the music gets faster; the colour rises to the dancer's face; he raises the points of the yataghans and places them beneath his armpits, and every few paces bumps the floor first with one knee and then with the other. Faster and faster grows the music, wilder and wilder grows the dancer, dashing himself on the floor with ever-increasing energy, with arms still outstretched and points turned inwards; till at last he bursts into a frantic valse in the middle of the room, and spins round, a confused mass of white fustanelle and gold and scarlet coat, with the bright steel-blue blades gleaming beneath his extended arms. Suddenly both music and dancer stop, and hurriedly returning the yataghans to their owners, the performer plunges into the crowd of onlookers, and disappears to take off his borrowed finery. No one troubles to applaud; it is the dancer's business; he is paid for it, and has done his duty, that is all.

By this time it is considerably past midnight, and so some one is sent to rouse Marco from the slumber into which much coffee and unlimited cigarettes have plunged him. As for ourselves, we each drain at a gulp, before leaving, a tumbler of the sweet pink sherbet that the Albanians love, for our throats feel like lime-kilns from excessive smoking. I have the curiosity to count the cigarette ends in my ashpan; they are seventeen, and though the tobacco is good, yet the paper is very coarse and hot. Our rising is the signal for the general break-up of the entertainment. Fisci Agha sees us to the great gates; and, as we follow the sleepy Marco and his lantern over the cobble-stones that pave the road,

the mournful melody of 'Hadji Ali' means through the warm still air from the side-street down which the three musicians are solemnly making their homeward way.

THE SURGEON OF GASTER FELL.

CHAPTER II.—HOW I WENT FORTH TO GASTER FELL.

I WAS still engaged upon my breakfast, when I heard the clatter of dishes, and the landlady's footfall as she passed towards her new lodger's room. An instant afterwards she had rushed down the passage and burst in upon me with uplifted hands and startled eyes. 'Lord 'a mercy, sir!' she cried, 'and asking your pardon for troubling you, but I'm feard o' the young leddy, sir; she is not in her room.'

'Why, there she is,' said I, standing up and glancing through the casement. 'She has gone back for the flowers she left upon the bank.'

'Oh sir, see to her, boots and her dress!' cried the landlady wildly. 'I wish her mother was here, sir—I do. Where she has been is more than I ken; but her bed has not been lain on this night.'

'She has felt restless, doubtless, and had gone for a walk, though the hour was certainly a strange one.'

Mrs Adams pursed her lip and shook her head. But even as she stood at the casement, the girl beneath looked smilingly up at her, and beckoned to her with a merry gesture to open the window.

'Have you my tea there?' she asked, in a rich clear voice, with a touch of the mincing French accent.

'It is in your room, miss.'

'Look at my boots, Mrs Adams!' she cried, thrusting them out from under her skirt. 'These fells of yours are dreadful places—effroyable—one inch, two inch; never have I seen such mud!—My dress, too—voilà!'

'Eh, miss, but you are in a pickle,' cried the landlady, as she gazed down at the bedraggled gown. 'But you must be main-weary and heavy for sleep.'

'No, no,' she answered, laughing. 'I care not for sleep. What is sleep? It is a little death—voilà tout. But for me to walk, to run, to breathe the air—that is to live. I was not tired, and so all night I have explored these fells of Yorkshire.'

'Lord 'a mercy, miss, and where did you go?' asked Mrs Adams.

She waved her hand round in a sweeping gesture which included the whole western horizon. 'There!' she cried. 'O comme elles sont tristes et sauvages, ces collines! But I have flowers here. You will give me water, will you not? They will wither else.' She gathered her treasures into her lap, and a moment later we heard her light springy footfall upon the stair.

So she had been out all night, this strange woman. What motive could have taken her from her snug room on to the bleak wind-swept hills? Could it be merely the restlessness, the love of adventure of a young girl? Or was there, possibly, some deeper meaning in this nocturnal journey?

I thought, as I paced my chamber, of her drooping head, the grief upon her face, and the wild burst of sobbing which I had overseen in the garden. Her nightly mission, then, be it what it might, had left no thought of pleasure behind it. And yet, even as I walked, I could hear the merry tinkle of her laughter, and her voice upraised in protest against the motherly care wherewith Mrs Adams insisted upon her changing her mud-stained garments. Deep as were the mysteries which my studies had taught me to solve, here was a human problem, which for the moment at least was beyond my comprehension.

I had walked out on the moor in the forenoon; and on my return, as I topped the brow that overlooks the little town, I saw my fellow-lodger some little distance off among the gorse. She had raised a light easel in front of her, and with papered board laid across it, was preparing to paint the magnificent landscape of rock and moor which stretched awfully in front of her. As I watched her, I saw that she was looking anxiously to right and left. Close by me a pool of water had formed in a hollow. Dipping the cup of my pocket flask into it, I carried it across to her. 'This is what you need, I think,' said I, raising my cap and smiling.

'Merci, bien,' she answered, pouring the water into her saucer. 'I was indeed in search of some.'

'Miss Cameron, I believe,' said I. 'I am your fellow-lodger. Upperton is my name. We must introduce ourselves in these wilds if we are not to be for ever strangers.'

'Oh then, you live also with Mrs Adams,' she cried. 'I had thought that there were none but peasants in this strange place.'

'I am a visitor, like yourself,' I answered. 'I am a student, and have come for the quiet and repose which my studies demand.'

'Quiet indeed,' said she, 'glancing round at the vast circle of silent moors, with the one tiny line of gray cottages which sloped down beneath us.'

'And yet not quiet enough,' I answered, laughing, 'for I have been forced to move farther into the fells for the absolute peace which I require.'

'Have you then built a house upon the fells?' she asked, arching her eyebrows.

'I have, and hope within a few days to occupy it.'

'Ah, but that is triste,' she cried. 'And where is it, then, this house which you have built?'

'It is ever yonder,' I answered. 'See that stream which lies like a silver band upon the distant moor. It is the Gaster Beck, and it runs through Gaster Fell.'

She started, and turned upon me her great dark questioning eyes with a look in which surprise, incredulity, and something akin to horror seemed to be struggling for a mastery.

'And you will live on the Gaster Fell?' she cried.

'So I have planned.—But what do you know of Gaster Fell, Miss Cameron?' I asked. 'I had thought that you were a stranger in these parts.'

'Indeed, I have never been here before,' she answered. 'But I have heard my brother talk of these Yorkshire moors; and if I mistake not, I have heard him name this very one as the wildest and most savage of them all.'

'Very likely,' said I carelessly. 'It is indeed a dreary place.'

'Then why live there?' she cried eagerly. 'Consider the loneliness, the bareness, the want of all comfort and of all aid, should aid be needed.'

'Aid! What aid should be needed on Gaster Fell?'

She looked down and shrugged her shoulders. 'Sickness may come in all places,' said she. 'If I were a man, I do not think I would live alone on Gaster Fell.'

'I have braved worse dangers than that,' said I, laughing; 'but I fear that your picture will be spoilt, for the clouds are banking up, and already I feel a few raindrops.'

Indeed, it was high time we were on our way to shelter, for even as I spoke there came the sudden steady swish of the shower. Laughing merrily, my companion threw her light shawl over her head, and, seizing picture and easel, ran with the lithe grace of a young fawn down the furze-clad slope, while I followed after with camp-stool and paint-box.

Deeply as my curiosity had been aroused by this strange waif which had been cast up in our West Riding hamlet, I found that with fuller knowledge of her my interest was stimulated rather than satisfied. Thrown together as we were, with no thought in common with the good people who surrounded us, it was not long before a friendship and confidence arose between us. Together we strolled over the moors in the mornings, or stood upon the Moorstone Crag to watch the red sun sinking beneath the distant waters of Morecambe. Of herself she spoke frankly and without reserve. Her mother had died young, and her youth had been spent in the Belgian convent from which she had just finally returned. Her father and one brother, she told me, constituted the whole of her family. Yet, when the talk chanced to turn upon the causes which had brought her to so lonely a dwelling, a strange reserve possessed her; and she would either relapse into silence or turn the talk into another channel. For the rest, she was an admirable companion—sympathetic, well read, with the quick piquant daintiness of thought which she had brought with her from her foreign training. Yet the shadow which I had observed in her on the first morning that I had seen her was never far from her mind, and I have seen her merriest laugh frozen suddenly upon her lips, as though some dark thought lurked within her, to choke down the mirth and gaiety of her youth.

It was the eve of my departure from Kirkby-Malhouse that we sat upon the green bank in the garden, she with dark dreary eyes looking sadly out over the sombre fells; while I, with a book upon my knee, glanced covertly at her lovely profile, and marvelling to myself how twenty years of life could have stamped so sad and wistful an expression upon it.

'You have read much,' I remarked at last. 'Women have opportunities now such as their mothers never knew. Have you ever thought of going farther—of seeking a course of college or even a learned profession?'

She smiled wearily at the thought. 'I have no aim, no ambition,' she said. 'My future is

black—confused—a chaos. My life is like to one of these paths upon the fells. You have seen them, Monsieur Upperton. They are smooth and straight and clear where they begin; but soon they wind to left and wind to right, and so mid rocks and over crags until they lose themselves in some quagmire. At Brussels my path was straight; but now, mon Dieu, who is there can tell me where it leads?

'It might take no prophet to do that, Miss Cameron,' quoth I, with the fatherly manner which twoscore years may show towards one. 'If I may read your life, I would venture to say that you were destined to fulfil the lot of woman—to make some good man happy, and to shed around, in some wider circle, the pleasure which your society has given me since first I knew you.'

'I will never marry,' said she, with a sharp decision which surprised and somewhat amused me.

'Not marry; and why?'

A strange look passed over her sensitive features, and she plucked nervously at the grass on the bank beside her. 'I dare not,' said she, in a voice that quivered with emotion.

'Dare not!'

'It is not for me. I have other things to do. That path of which I spoke is one which I must tread alone.'

'But this is morbid,' said I. 'Why should your lot, Miss Cameron, be separate from that of my own sisters, or the thousand other young ladies whom every season brings out into the world? But perhaps it is that you have a fear and distrust of mankind. Marriage brings a risk as well as a happiness.'

'The risk would be with the man who married me,' she cried. And then in an instant, as though she had said too much, she sprang to her feet and drew her mantle round her. 'The night-air is chill, Mr Upperton,' said she, and so swept swiftly away, leaving me to muse over the strange words which had fallen from her lips.

I had feared that this woman's coming might draw me from my studies; but never had I anticipated that my thoughts and interests could have been changed in so short a time. I sat late that night in my little study, pondering over my future course. She was young, she was fair, she was alluring, both from her own beauty and from the strange mystery that surrounded her. And yet, what was she, that she should turn me from the high studies that filled my mind, or change me from the line of life which I had marked out for myself? I was no boy, that I should be swayed and shaken by a dark eye or a woman's smile, and yet three days had passed, and my work lay where I had left it. Clearly, it was time that I should go. I set my teeth, and vowed that another day should not have passed before I should have snapped this newly-formed tie, and sought the lonely retreat which awaited me upon the moors.

Breakfast was hardly over in the morning before a peasant dragged up to the door the rude hand-cart which was to convey my few personal belongings to my new dwelling. My fellow-lodger had kept her room; and steeled as my mind was against her influence, I was yet conscious of a little throb of disappointment that

she should allow me to depart without a word of farewell. My hand-cart, with its load of books had already started, and I, having shaken hands with Mrs Adams, was about to follow it, when there was a quick scurry of feet on the stair, and there she was beside me all panting with her own haste.

'Then you go, you really go?' said she.

'My studies call me.'

'And to Gaster Fell?' she asked.

'Yes, to the cottage which I have built there.'

'And you will live alone there?'

'With my hundred companions who lie in that cart.'

'Ah, books!' she cried, with a pretty shrug of her graceful shoulders.—'But you will make me a promise?'

'What is it?' I asked in surprise.

'It is a small thing; you will not refuse me?'

'You have but to ask it.'

She bent forward her beautiful face with an expression of the utmost and most intense earnestness. 'You will bolt your door at night?' said she, and was gone ere I could say a word in answer to her extraordinary request.

It was a strange thing for me to find myself at last duly installed in my lonely dwelling. For me, now, the horizon was bounded by the barren circle of wiry unprofitable grass, patched over with furze bushes, and scarred by the protrusion of Nature's gaunt and granite ribs. A duller, wearier waste I have never seen; but its dullness was its very charm. What was there in the faded rolling hills, or in the blue silent arch of heaven, to distract my thoughts from the high thoughts which engrossed them? I had left the great drove of mankind, and had wandered away, for better or worse, upon a side-path of my own. With them, I had hoped to leave grief, disappointment, and emotion, and all other petty human weaknesses. To live for knowledge, and knowledge alone, that was the highest aim which life could offer. And yet upon the very first night which I spent at Gaster Fell there came a strange incident to lead my thoughts back once more to the world which I had left behind me.

It had been a sullen and sultry evening, with great livid cloud-banks mustering in the west. As the night wore on, the air within my little cabin became closer and more oppressive. A weight seemed to rest upon my brow and my chest. From far away, the low, rumble of thunder came moaning over the moor. Unable to sleep, I dressed, and standing at my cottage door, looked on the black solitude which surrounded me. There was no breeze below; but above, the clouds were sweeping majestically across the sky, with half a moon peeping at times between the rifts. The ripple of the Gaster Beck and the dull hooting of a distant owl were the only sounds which broke upon my ear. Taking the narrow sheep-path which ran by the stream, I strolled along it for some hundred yards, and had turned to retrace my steps, when the moon was finally buried beneath an ink-black cloud, and the darkness deepened so suddenly, that I could see neither the path at my feet, the stream upon my right, nor the rocks upon my left. I was standing groping about in the thick gloom, when

there came a crash of thunder with a flash of lightning which lit up the whole vast fell, so that every bush and rock stood out clear and hard in the livid light. It was but for an instant, and yet that momentary view struck a thrill of fear and astonishment through me, for in my very path, not twenty yards before me, there stood a woman, the livid light beating upon her face and showing up every detail of her dress and features. There was no mistaking those dark eyes, that tall graceful figure. It was she—Eva Cameron, the woman whom I thought I had for ever left. For an instant I stood petrified, marvelling whether this could indeed be she, or whether it was some figment conjured up by my excited brain. Then I ran swiftly forward in the direction where I had seen her, calling loudly upon her, but without reply. Again I called, and again no answer came back, save the melancholy wail of the owl. A second flash illuminated the landscape, and the moon burst out from behind its cloud. But it could not, though I climbed upon a knoll which overlooked the whole moor, see any sign of this strange midnight wanderer. For an hour or more I traversed the fell, and at last found myself back at my little cabin, still uncertain as to whether it had been a woman or a shadow upon which I had gazed.

For the three days which followed this midnight storm I bent myself doggedly to my work. From early morn till late at night I immured myself in my little study, with my whole thoughts buried in my books and my parchments. At last it seemed to me that I had reached that haven of rest, that oasis of study for which I had so often sighed. But alas for my hopes and my plans! Within a week of my flight from Kirkby-Malhouse, a strange and most unforeseen series of events not only broke in upon the calm of my existence, but filled me with emotions so acute as to drive all other considerations from my mind.

A TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

FIFTY-FOUR years ago the first railway in Canada, a short line of sixteen miles, was opened in the province of Quebec. Even in their wildest dreams, our colonial kinsmen would not then have conceived the possibility of a Trans-continental Railway stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast; yet the greater part of this difficult enterprise has been accomplished during the present decade, and it is now possible to enter the cars at Montreal and to travel without a change straight through to Vancouver, on the shores of the Pacific, a distance of nearly three thousand miles.

The union of the four eastern provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia into one confederation by the British North America Act of 1867 gave the first impetus to this great design, which was still further accelerated by the addition of Manitoba and the Northwest Provinces three years later, and the subsequent accession of British Columbia in 1871. In 1875, the enterprise was definitely taken in hand by the Canadian Government; but local jealousies

and the strife of political parties in the Parliament Houses at Ottawa prevented the actual work of construction from making any very effectual progress. At length, towards the close of the year 1880, it was decided by almost universal consent to entrust the undertaking to private enterprise; accordingly, in the early part of 1881 the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was chartered by the Government, and entered into a contract to complete the work within the limit of ten years.

But although the Government had thus handed over the direct management of the affair to a private company, their contributions towards the success of the undertaking were numerous and important. During the six years which had passed before the granting of the charter, the whole country from Ottawa to Vancouver had been carefully surveyed—in itself no inconsiderable undertaking—and the line of route determined upon. One thousand miles of railway were also handed over to the company, including the previously completed line running from Quebec to Ottawa; a shorter line in British Columbia, extending as far as Kamloops Lake; and a partially finished section, four hundred and twenty-five miles in length, in the then almost unknown region extending from Lake Superior to Winnipeg. In addition to this the Government bestowed upon them a subsidy of twenty-five million dollars, together with eighteen million acres of land lying along the projected line of route.

With these liberal contributions, the company vigorously commenced the formidable task of bridging over the remaining nineteen hundred miles of country, extending in an almost unbroken line from Ottawa to British Columbia. Early in 1881, operations were begun in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, and in the course of the year one hundred and sixty miles of railway were completed, stretching westward towards the Rocky Mountains. During the following year, still more rapid progress was made, an additional two hundred and ninety miles of railroad being constructed. In 1883, in spite of engineering difficulties, the line reached the summit of the Rockies; and in 1884 was carried as far as the Selkirk, more than ten hundred and fifty miles from Winnipeg. So rapidly did the work proceed, that it is reckoned that at least three miles of railroad were completed on every working day. Meanwhile, the line was being advanced with equal energy through the difficult region lying between Ottawa and Lake Superior, till at length, early in 1885, a continuous line of rail connected Manitoba and the North-west Provinces with Eastern Canada. At the same time extensive operations were being carried on in British Columbia, the company starting from Kamloops Lake, and working eastward to meet the line of rail as it steadily advanced from Winnipeg. The two bands of workers eventually met at Craigellachie, in Eagle Pass, an opening in the Gold Range of mountains, at a distance of two thousand five hundred miles from Montreal, and upwards of four hundred from Vancouver. There, on November 7, 1885, was laid the last rail of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and by midsummer of the following year the whole line was in working order.

A journey across a part or the whole of the company's lines is the best means of realising the magnitude of the enterprise thus successfully accomplished. Alike to the lover of the picturesque, to the sportsman, and to the emigrant, the Canadian Pacific Railway offers almost unprecedented advantages. The scenery is varied and picturesque; lake and river and plain follow one another in almost endless succession, while towards the west coast, the great chain of the Rocky Mountains and other less important ranges offer an agreeable variety to the landscape. Game of all sorts abounds in the neighbourhood of the Rockies; and the planter and ranchman of the north-west are conveyed swiftly and comfortably to their destination in the colonist-cars specially provided by the company.

On the east coast, the best point of departure is Montreal, which is easily accessible either by rail from New York or by the direct sea-route up the St Lawrence from Liverpool. The Pacific express leaves the terminus at Montreal at 8.40 every Monday night, and reaches its destination at Vancouver at 2.25 the following Sunday afternoon. Travellers new to the country here make their first acquaintance with the American cars, which, unlike the railway carriages on almost all European lines, are entered by doors placed at each end of the compartment. A narrow gangway runs down the middle, and each car is arranged to seat eighty passengers. Freedom of locomotion is also secured by the possibility of passing from one car to another, each being united to the one adjoining by a platform protected on both sides by a firm iron hand-rail.

Leaving the island on which Montreal stands, the railway soon deserts the banks of the St Lawrence, and ascends the valley of the broad and beautiful Ottawa. In four hours' time, Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is reached. For some miles before approaching the city, a fine view is obtained of the Parliament Buildings, beautifully situated on a bold cliff overlooking the river. Above the town, a white cloud of mist and spray shows the position of the Chaudière Falls; while for a considerable distance along the river the banks are lined with immense piles of lumber.

Between Ottawa and Port Arthur, a choice of routes is provided. The Lake route goes by Toronto and Owen Sound, and thence by the company's steamers across Lakes Huron and Superior; the All-rail route runs, due west, skirting the northern shores of Lake Superior. In cases where time and expense is no object, the Lake route is to be preferred, as it gives an opportunity of visiting Toronto, the second largest city in the Dominion. Situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, it is handsomely laid out in blocks on the invariable system of every American town of any size and importance, and contains numerous parks and public buildings. Toronto University, one of the finest specimens of architecture in North America, was unfortunately burnt down in the early part of the present year and its valuable library all but destroyed. The Falls of Niagara are also within easy reach, either by railway *via* Hamilton, or by the steamer which crosses the western extremity of the lake, and disembarks passengers at Lewiston, a small

town on the Niagara River, about seven miles below the Falls.

The two routes unite again at Port Arthur, a rapidly growing town, situated on the head-waters of Lake Superior, at a distance of nearly one thousand miles from Montreal. Long piers, and wharfs crowded with shipping, great piles of lumber, coal, and merchandise, heavy freight-trains laden with grain, flour, and cattle, meet the view on all sides, and help to indicate the daily increasing importance of the traffic of Manitoba and the North-west. The neighbourhood of Lake Superior used to be the headquarters of the once formidable tribe of the Ojibways, amid whose territories Longfellow laid the scene of his celebrated poem of *Hiawatha*.

Winnipeg is the next stage in the westward journey. For a considerable time after leaving the shores of the lake the railway runs through a wild rocky district. It was through this region that General Wolseley led his army in 1870, to suppress a rebellion of the half-breeds on the Red River, in the course of which he gained the experience in the use of boats for conveying infantry, subsequently utilised on a far larger scale in the ascent of the rapids of the Nile. Some of these abandoned boats are still to be seen from the railway. Since the advent of the railway, Winnipeg has grown from an obscure frontier post into a considerable town of upwards of thirty thousand inhabitants. From the advantages of its situation, it has become the natural centre of the traffic of the North-west. At a distance from Montreal of about fourteen hundred miles, it is almost exactly in the centre of the Dominion. North and south and west it is provided with hundreds of miles of excellent water accommodation; while on the other hand it stands on the very verge of the grain-bearing districts of Canada, which extend westward almost to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The farmers and ranchmen of the North-west, the hunter and trapper from Hudson Bay, the Indians and half-breeds of the Red River, all bring the fruits of their industry to Winnipeg, there to receive in exchange the products of a more advanced civilisation.

After leaving Winnipeg, the entire character of the country changes. For hours the railway pursues its course through the midst of the wheat-growing districts of Manitoba and the North-west. Beyond the comparatively narrow belt of cultivated land on either side of the line, the boundless prairie extends to the far-distant horizon. As the Rocky Mountains are approached, the country again assumes a more broken appearance. Antelope, moose, elk, and other smaller game, become more and more frequent; while traces of the now almost extinct buffalo are still to be seen here and there along the line of route. At Crowfoot, the first view of the Rockies is obtained, still, however, more than a hundred miles away; and at Calgary their ascent is commenced. The railway gradually ascends the valley of the Bow River, until at Banff the highest point of the pass is gained at an elevation of one mile above the sea-level, though the higher peaks of the range tower for another seven thousand feet towards the sky.

Leaving Banff, the railway follows the course of the Columbia River down the celebrated

Kicking-horse Pass. Soon another range of mountains, the Selkirks, come into view, their sides clad with a dense growth of forest, individual members of which rise to a height of over three hundred feet. When the summit is reached, the scenery is of almost indescribable grandeur. All around are glaciers, by the side of which the greatest in the Alps would be dwarfed into insignificance. Descending by a series of loops and curves, the Columbia River, now considerably broader and deeper after its great detour round the base of the Selkirks, again comes into view. One more range of mountains has still to be crossed. The Gold Range, however, being cleft directly across its middle, presents no obstacles to the railway, which here pursues its way for forty miles between two vast walls of almost perpendicular cliff. As the Pacific coast is approached, farms and orchards become frequent, a climate being reached somewhat resembling that of our own island; and at length at 2.25 on Sunday afternoon, the train reaches its destination at Vancouver, having accomplished its long journey of three thousand miles in six days thirteen hours and thirty-five minutes from the time of its departure from Montreal.

A single glance at the map will show the most casual observer the importance of this railway to the future of Canada. Its immediate effect was to make the consolidation of Canada into a united whole a reality as well as a name. The great iron road running through the length and breadth of the land bound together provinces the most remote; and, like the arteries of the human body, conveyed the life-giving blood of commerce from one end of the Dominion to the other. Places which could formerly be reached only after a long and arduous journey, now, by means of the railway, became accessible in a few days. Villages rapidly grew into thriving towns, and farms and homesteads sprang up in the uncultivated wilderness. Increased facility of transit also gave rise to a corresponding increase in production. The farmers of Manitoba and the Northwest, being enabled to forward their produce to the sea-coast at comparatively low rates, at once commenced to export wheat and other kinds of grain in large quantities. The annual export has continued steadily increasing, and has now, five years after the completion of the railway, risen to a considerable importance.

The Canadian Pacific Railway also holds out inducements to visitors bound for China and Japan. In the fast-sailing steamers of this company which run from Vancouver to Hong-kong and Yokohama, the journey from Liverpool has been shortened by several days, thus effecting a saving both of time and expense; and already the mails are conveyed by the new route. It is possible also, under certain conditions, that the same railway might form an invaluable means of communication with our Indian empire and other possessions in the East.

The energy, the skill, and the science of the white man have aroused Canada from the lethargy in which she has for so long been entranced under the rule of her former inhabitants. Commerce and civilisation have sprung up in the track of the railroad, like the flowers which arose beneath the tread of the virgin goddess of Spring. Even now, the vision of Longfellow's ideal Indian

warrior seems well on its way towards realisation:

All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

Another fifty years of uninterrupted progress and prosperity will bring this vision to a literal fulfilment; and Canada, whether as an independent community, or as a self-governing dependency of the British empire, will doubtless play an important part in the future history of the world.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER VII.—ON THE TRACK.

THE day after writing his letter to Mrs King, Francis Gray was surprised by a visit from Mr Stokes, and then learned for the first time that the old butler had left Yewle.

‘I had hoped to die there, Mr Gray,’ the old man said sadly; ‘but I couldn’t bear the house with its new master. I only hope he’ll drink himself to death before long.’

‘Drink?’ said Gray, surprised.

‘He’s always drinking; it’s notorious all over the parish, to everybody except the ladies at the vicarage. It’s downright criminal, Mr Gray,’ exclaimed the old man, bringing down his hand heavily on the table, ‘that the man should be allowed to marry Miss Agnes. He’ll break her heart in three months, and her mother’s too.’

‘But is it certain, Stokes, that she is going to marry him?’

‘Certain? He’s getting the house ready for her, and the curate is going to live in the vicarage as parson of Yewle.—Mark my words, Mr Gray; it’s some dark scheme he’s carrying out in marrying the poor girl. And he’ll get back her money too.’

‘That reminds me, Stokes, to ask you a question. You remember I was over at the vicarage the last evening Mr Rowan was alive. Was it while I was away that he made his will?’

‘It was. Master was very restless and fretful. Lord bless you, Mr Gray, he must have written out twenty wills that evening, to judge by the lot of paper he tore up and flung in the basket. And this is how it was, as Wilson the undergardener can tell you. Master rang for me, and when I came in, he had two big sheets of paper before him, full of writing. Wilson was doing something outside in the grounds, and master called him in, too. “I have made my will,” he said, “and I want you both to witness my signature.” He took up first one sheet and looked over it, then the other, and then looked from one to t’ other, for all the world like a man that didn’t know which it was to be. “This is the one,” he said at last; and we both looked on while he signed it, and then signed our names to it. “Now it’s done,” said master; and he took the

other one and tore it up in bits, and flung them in the basket along with the rest. But after we left him, master grew dreadfully fidgety again, for Wilson saw him going about the grounds; and in an hour or so Wilson came round for a glass of ale and says to me: "Mr Stokes, master ain't satisfied with that will: mark my words, Mr Stokes, if he don't tear it up and make another!" And sure enough, Mr Gray,' continued Stokes, 'the words were hardly spoken when master rang for me. Wilson went back to his work, though the six o'clock bell had gone; and when I came into the study, there was another will ready to be signed! Master said he had made a mistake in the other one; and Wilson was called in again, and we witnessed him signing this one. He seemed satisfied now—although,' added Stokes solemnly, 'the Lord alone can account for it, seeing that the will left Yewle to Mr Richard King!—Next morning, after finding master dead in his chair, I had the presence of mind to look and see whether the last will wasn't torn up too; but it wasn't.'

'How could you tell that, Stokes? You couldn't identify the last will, if it had been torn up like the other, among a basketful of fragments.'

'I could, Mr Gray, because the last one, I noticed, was wrote out on white paper, and all the others was on blue paper.'

Francis Gray was the only person to whom Rowan King had given any explanation of his reason for disposing of Yewle as he had done. To him it was quite intelligible, if not quite satisfactory; but Yewle had to go to somebody, and if not to Charles King, then to whom else could it be left except to Richard? The bequest of the twenty thousand to Agnes King rather marked Rowan's affection for the girl than any alteration of the arrangements for his brother's emigration. There was nothing, therefore, in the contents of the will to surprise Francis Gray.

The thought of Agnes becoming the wife of Richard King was dreadful to the young man. He knew—he had overheard—the understanding on which she had promised; but King must have been working on her weakness to bring her to forego the condition now. Her father's name was not cleared, and it was more than doubtful whether Richard King was not deliberately deceiving her with his promises. That Agnes did not love him, Gray would have sworn.

His employer being absent from London for a week, Gray had little or nothing to do, and one evening he wrote a line to Mr Rintoul to ask if he might call next day. The solicitor answered, naming an hour.

In the course of the interview, Francis Gray was startled on hearing from Mr Rintoul that Richard King had lost the girl's money at gambling. 'It is the talk of his club,' said Mr Rintoul; 'and now he is about to borrow twenty-five thousand on mortgage. It is the first mortgage that has ever been placed on the estate,' said the solicitor regretfully. 'I am afraid Mr Richard will run through the old acres.'

'Could no means be devised, Mr Rintoul,' Gray asked, with a little embarrassment, 'to put a stop to this marriage?'

The solicitor observed him with attentive

interest for a moment. 'There is only one person who could prevent it,' he answered.

'Who is that, Mr Rintoul?'

'Charles King.'

'Then I am afraid it cannot be prevented,' said Gray despondently. 'Charles King is ignorant of all this, and is gone out of England—no one can tell where.'

'How do you know that?'

'I infer it from what he said to Stokes that night at Yewle.'

'But he had no money?'

'Oh yes; he gave Stokes a ten-pound note; indeed, I have the note myself, as I gave Stokes gold for it. No doubt Mrs King had furnished her husband with the money.'

'Has it not struck you,' asked the solicitor, 'as inconsistent with the intentions which Charles King avowed to his wife, that he should leave the country?'

The question brought Francis Gray again in contact with the terrible fear which no confidence in the vicar's innocence could wholly extinguish—the fear that it was his insane hand that struck the fatal blow that night. How vividly he remembered poor Mrs King's terror the next morning, until she was assured that there had been no murder!

'I know what is in your mind, Gray,' said the solicitor. 'I have the best reason to know, however, that Charles King is in England. He is a ticket-of-leave man, and is bound to report himself at stated times to the police. He has done so within the past week in London.'

'A guilty man would never do that,' exclaimed Gray with excitement.

'At least an accused or suspected man would not.—But who accuses or suspects him? It is not even known—beyond all doubt—that Rowan King was murdered. Richard King suspects it, as his efforts to discover the body have proved; and his object is to fasten the crime on some individual. Is not that quite clear?' asked the lawyer dryly.

Francis Gray was aghast, for the first time, with the horrible suspicion that Richard King's aim was to suggest that the murder had been committed by Charles King. He knew that the vicar had been at Yewle that night.

'Mr Rintoul,' said Gray, pale with horror, 'this is all too terrible to think of. It would be better for Agnes King if she were dead. The man's schemes are inscrutable. Could you not see the vicar and talk to him? He would not be afraid of you.'

'I have tried to see him, but he has disappeared once more. All that can be done is to wait till he has to report himself again.'

'You may not be able to catch him just then. Doesn't he seem to be avoiding recognition?'

'That certainly is so. I know nothing of his motives. They may be very wandering ones, for his first impulse, I think, in any difficulty should have been to come to me.'

Francis Gray stood up and walked over to the window of the solicitor's room, which looked out on the Victoria Embankment. He did not know what to do or what to suggest. But above and beyond all, the prospect of Agnes King becoming the wife of the master of Yewle was an agony to him.

The keen solicitor saw this, and rather startled him by saying: 'I suspect strongly, Mr Gray, that—you won't mind my speaking plainly!—that you are in love with Agnes King yourself. If this is so, why don't you go and carry her off?'

'For several reasons, Mr Rintoul. In the first place, I don't know at all whether she cares a pin about me—I'm inclined to think she doesn't; in the second place, she is engaged to Richard King; and lastly, her mother is very desirous of seeing them married.'

'Then I don't see what we can do. He will make her his wife.'

Francis Gray sighed. 'I confess, sir,' he said, 'that—without any thought of myself—it was the hope that you might be able to do something to stop the marriage that made me wish to see you.'

'How have you become so certain that the marriage is near at hand?'

Gray described the visit he had had from Stokes in so far as it bore upon the matter. Then, without having given a previous thought to the subject, he asked: 'Do you recollect, Mr Rintoul, the kind of paper on which Mr Rowan King's will was written?'

'Of course I do,' replied the lawyer, looking up with some surprise. 'It was common blue foolscap.'

'Blue?'

'Blue foolscap, such as you can purchase at any stationer's shop.'

For half a minute the young man's rising excitement deprived him of words, and when he spoke he fairly startled the impassive man of law.

'Then, Mr Rintoul, there was a later will made that evening—a will written on white paper!'

After Gray had repeated the butler's story to Mr Rintoul, the latter sat for some minutes with his finger-tips pressed to his forehead. 'If the butler's recollection of that evening is correct,' he said at length, 'the matter begins to wear a serious look. But there are one or two points which want clearing up. Mr Rowan posted to me the blue will on the day before his death, and it was of this will that probate was granted. Supposing him, then, to have made the second will, why did he not destroy the first?'

'I can answer that,' said Gray. 'The post leaves Yewle at five o'clock, and according to Stokes it was after six when he and Wilson were called into the study a second time. The bell dismissing the workmen—the six o'clock bell—had already gone.'

'Very well.' Another point still remains. Supposing this second will to have been made, what has become of it?'

'It will either be somewhere in the study—or, the alternative was inevitable, 'Richard King will have discovered and destroyed it.'

'Just so,' said Mr Rintoul; 'or it may possibly have been in the dead man's pocket; who knows? However, the great point is to put it beyond doubt that a second will was made; after that we can look for it.'

'What do you propose to do?'

'I myself can do nothing,' said Mr Rintoul, shrugging his shoulders. 'I am Mr Richard King's solicitor for the present, though I am not speaking to you in that capacity. I think you

had best run down to Yewle yourself—a stranger hanging about the place would arouse suspicion.'

'What could I do at Yewle?' Gray asked, with beating heart.

The lawyer explained. He was to go down, ostensibly to visit the ladies at the vicarage—no one would ascribe any other motive—and to obtain from Wilson, the gardener, his independent account of what happened that evening in the study. If this agreed in the main with Stokes's story, he was to bring the man into Southeaster to Mr Warwick, Mr Charles King's solicitor, with whom it would rest to take such steps as he thought proper to follow the matter up.

'Meantime,' said Mr Rintoul, 'I will take care that Mr Richard does not get the twenty-five thousand on the estate.'

Francis Gray was somewhat excited going back to his lodgings. He started for Southeaster within an hour, without sending word to the vicarage; he did not desire Richard King to know he was coming.

He reached Southeaster after dark. Having dined at his inn, he was at a loss how to spend the remainder of the evening—at a loss, rather, how to restrain his impatience till next day. He thought there would be no harm in ascertaining whether Mr Warwick, the solicitor, was at home, and if so, at what hour it would be convenient to see him next day. He readily found the house, and sent in his card on learning Mr Warwick was at home.

The solicitor immediately came down. He had never met Gray before, but of course knew quite well the relation in which he had stood towards the late master of Yewle. His reception of the young fellow was therefore mixed with a good deal of curiosity as to the object of his visit.

'I only arrived an hour ago,' Gray explained, 'and am anxious to see you to-morrow, before going on to Yewle. I have merely to inquire when you could give me an interview?'

'Would not the present moment do? If you have dined' (Gray said that he had), 'then I can give you a cigar, and we can have a quiet talk together.'

'Thanks; I should be very glad.'

Mr Warwick led the way to his study. 'I think I can guess the subject of your visit, Mr Gray,' said the lawyer, handing him a box of cigars. 'These have been unfortunate matters at Yewle.'

'It is to be hoped they will not become still more unfortunate, Mr Warwick.'

'You refer to the marriage of Richard King and Miss Agnes? Ah, yes; that would be regrettable. Richard was by no means a popular man when he lived in this town—of course all we are saying is in confidence?—and few people were sorry when he left it. They were not sorry at the bank.'

'It is about Richard King and Yewle—and still more, Charles King and his wife and daughter—that I have come to see you, Mr Warwick. Mr Rintoul has advised me to come to you. Some things I have myself discovered, and others I have been told, which may lead to important consequences. I will be entirely open with you in everything, even as to my secret

thoughts, known only to myself, if you ask me concerning them.' Francis Gray spoke earnestly.

'That will be right, Mr Gray,' said the solicitor.

'But is there, in the first place, no possibility of preventing this marriage? Richard King has some powerful secret motive for desiring to make Agnes his wife, and he is pressing her to it. Her mother desires it. Now, I will frankly say, Mr Warwick, that if that marriage takes place, it will so paralyse me, as being the *ne plus ultra* of misfortune, that I shall move no further. He will break her heart in three months; he is drinking hard; he has lost all her money at gambling, and is now raising twenty-five thousand pounds on mortgage. If the marriage takes place, all will be lost!'

The vehemence of Gray's speech and manner made his secret as clear to Mr Warwick as it had been to the London lawyer.

'I knew all you have just told me, Mr Gray. King is drinking harder than ever now, because I have, as the solicitor of Agnes King and her father, and by instructions, taken action for the recovery of the young lady's fortune. On the other hand, the mortgage business does not seem to go on—I don't know why. But I will give him no quarter.'

'If, however, the marriage takes place, what further can you do?'

'That would certainly be an extinguisher,' answered Mr Warwick, smiling. Then he added, noting the effect of the announcement on the young man: 'As for the marriage, that has been effectually stopped.'

The blood rushed to Gray's face, and he half rose from the chair. 'Mr Warwick,' he exclaimed, 'that is good news indeed! Now, one can go to work with a light heart. I do not ask you how it has been done—I am so satisfied with the fact—but I thought there was only one person with authority enough to stop the marriage.'

'You were quite right; that one person has stopped it.'

'Miss King's father?'

'Her father. Through me he has sent his daughter his written command not to become Richard King's wife.'

'You know where he is?'

'I know where he is to be found. But remember, Mr Gray, he is not the same man whom you knew in former years, neither is he in the same position.'

'I know it all, Mr Warwick—too well I know it. But I feel that we are nearing the end. I am going to Yewle to-morrow, and it is time I told you my business there.' Then he related to Mr Warwick the story of the two wills, as well as what had passed that day between Mr Rintoul and himself. It was, however, disappointing to observe that Mr Warwick seemed not very interested. He explained why.

'Suppose, now, the gardener Wilson confirms the butler's story, and it is placed beyond reasonable doubt that there was a will executed later than that which gave Yewle to Richard King. In the first place, that will may never be found. It certainly will never be found if it was unfavourable to Richard King and it fell into his

hands. Apart from this last consideration, it would be time enough to estimate its importance when we knew its contents. It may merely have left the twenty thousand pounds to Agnes King's father or mother, instead of to her; or, indeed, his solicitude about yourself may have led Rowan King to leave you a few thousands to start you in life. The main fact might remain as it is, that Yewle was left to Mr Richard King.'

Recalling the conversation with Rowan King that day, Francis Gray felt struck with a considerable deal of probability in the last supposition. It was like what Rowan would have done, even if he deducted only a thousand from the twenty for his provision. The thought was depressing, but nevertheless he declared his resolution to go on with the matter as far as he was able.

'Go on with it, by all means; it can do no harm,' said Mr Warwick. 'But better than all would be the clearing of poor Charles King's name from the foul stain which darkens it, and which is killing the man before his time.'

'That may happen too, Mr Warwick, sooner than you expect,' replied Gray with a quiet confidence that made the lawyer glance at him sharply. 'From the beginning, one fixed idea has held itself in my mind, and latterly I have fancied I have found more light. I am still, however,' he added, looking frankly at Mr Warwick, 'so far from any certainty, that it would be dangerous to speak what is on my mind. A day might be enough to clear everything; who knows?'

'Don't speak till you are sure, Mr Gray; that is an excellent rule.'

MESSAGES FROM THE SEA.

MANY a good ship has sailed for some more or less remote part of the round world and unaccountably failed to reach her appointed haven. The auspices may have been favourable for her departure; but no human eye has lingered lovingly upon her graceful hull and snow-white extended pinions after that instant in which her tapering spars were hidden from view by the rotundity of the intervening waters. It seems scarcely credible that such well-built ships as massive men-of-war and clipper merchantmen could disappear below the boundary-line of sea and sky as utterly as if they had never been. Nevertheless, notices of missing ships are far from infrequent in the daily papers; but they are soon forgotten by all save the widowed and fatherless mourning the loss of their bread-winners, whose battered bodies have been denied the rites of sepulture by the greedy ocean. The ancients believed that in such instances the shade of the deceased was compelled to wander for a century either along the banks of the fabled Styx or around the dead body. It was considered a most solemn duty for every one meeting with an unburied corpse to perform the last offices to it. Sprinkling dust or sand three times upon the lifeless body was deemed sufficient for the purpose; and this custom still holds in a modified form, for it is usual to scatter a little

earth upon a coffin when it is lowered into the grave.

There is a melancholy satisfaction in tending the last resting-places of those we love, and the Americans have set apart a day for strewing flowers upon the tombs of the soldiers who lost their lives during the fratricidal struggle between the Federals and the Confederates. The ever-restless sea, that joins the nations it divides, is of such vast extent that the paval architect's most magnificent masterpiece is comparatively but a point upon its surface. A sudden squall sweeps all before it. The tiny nautilus recovers from the fury of the wind; but the noblest ship caught unprepared is overturned, and her fate remains involved in speculation.

Where is she? Like a well-trimmed bride,
She sailed in bright array,
And light hearts with her on the tide
Embarked; but where are they?

It has for centuries been the practice of those who go down to the sea in ships to throw overboard corked-up bottles containing written statements for identification, in order to test the direction of the drift of ocean currents, or in the fond hope that friends in the old homesteads should hear from their wanderers on the trackless main, if perchance these fragile messengers be cast upon a frequented sea-coast. More scientific attempts have recently been made to derive precise information by this means; and Prince Albert of Monaco has done much to improve our knowledge of the circulation of the waters of the North Atlantic Ocean. Glass bottles, hollow copper spheres, and oaken barrels, were all employed by him as sea letter-carriers. The United States Hydrographic Department has instituted a similarly accurate but less costly system, which is attended with excellent results. Very few of the innumerable bottles containing messages that are thrown into the sea fulfil the expectations of their senders. We have often tried, but unsuccessfully. Barnacles readily attach themselves to the drifting bottles, and soon sink them. A good example of a barnacle-laden bottle, picked up in the English Channel, may be seen in the exhibits of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Should a bottle-messenger reach the land, it may lie neglected on a lonely beach for many months. One despatched by an American shipmaster in 1837 was picked up after twenty-one years on the west coast of Ireland. Another, sent adrift in 1826 by an officer of Her Majesty's ship *Blonde* in mid-Atlantic, was found on the coast of France after a lapse of sixteen years.

Columbus encountered a hurricane near the Azores when returning home from his first voyage in quest of the ill-defined Cipango in 1493. Fearing that his frail craft would not outlive the violence of the storm, he wrote a summary of his discoveries on a piece of parchment, which was placed within a cask and launched overboard. This precious autograph document has never put in an appearance.—A whaler found a sealed bottle floating at sea in 1849. It contained documents from Sir J. Franklin, bearing the date June 30, 1845, which was but a few weeks after the illustrious navigator had set sail for the inhospitable regions

circumjacent to the North Pole, whence he did not return. Her Majesty's ship *North Star* was sent with stores for the *Investigator* and *Enterprise*, searching for the Franklin expedition. A copy of the Admiralty despatch was placed in each of twelve cylinders provided for that purpose. Seven of the cylinders were deposited on headlands, and the remainder were put inside of casks, which were thrown overboard, to drift whithersoever wind and current should determine. Each cask carried a staff surmounted by a small flag, in order to attract the attention of any passing vessel.

The United States Arctic discovery ship *Jeannette*, better known as the *Pandora* of Sir Allen Young, from whom she was purchased, was crushed by the ice in seventy-seven degrees north latitude, one hundred and fifty-five degrees east longitude; and was perforce abandoned by her gallant crew, but few of whom survived the subsequent sufferings to which they were exposed by the inclemency of the weather. Her commander, Lieutenant De Long, U.S.N., before leaving her to lend the retreat in which he perished, carefully sewed up a record of the events of the voyage within a piece of black india-rubber, placed the package in an empty boat water-cask, and entrusted it to the mercy of the waves, in the hope that, should all the devoted band perish, their fate should not be shrouded in uncertainty. The cask-messenger was faithless to its trust. Several articles which had belonged to this ship were found near Julianshaab, on the Greenland coast, in June 1884, just three years after her loss. It is supposed that they were drifted thither on a mass of ice by way of the North Pole. In consequence of this message from the sea, Dr Nansen, the Arctic explorer, proposes to make another attempt to penetrate the icy fastnesses of the Arctic regions.

Clement Wragge, the Ben Nevis meteorologist, threw overboard one hundred and fifty well-corked bottle-messengers during the passage from Australia to England in 1878. Only six of them were heard of afterwards. One was picked up at the entrance of Mobile Bay, after having made a circuit of five thousand five hundred miles in two years. It had drifted from thirty-seven degrees north latitude, thirty-eight degrees west longitude, through the Caribbean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico.

A bottle-message from the ship *Dunmore*, despatched when she was in twenty-seven degrees north latitude, twenty-six degrees west longitude, on the north-east verge of the Sargasso Sea, reached Cuba, a distance of three thousand two hundred miles, in four hundred and thirty-seven days.

The United States surveying ship *Washington* sent a bottle adrift in thirty-seven degrees north latitude, sixty-nine degrees west longitude, on July 31, 1846. The paper that it contained bore the following words: 'Any person finding this will please notice the date and position through the papers, as a means of ascertaining the course of the current.' It was picked up eleven months later between Puffin Islands and the Skelligs.

One of the most remarkable messages from the sea on record was that sent in a bottle from the burning East Indiaman *Kent*, by Major (afterwards Lieutenant-general) McGregor. It had

been hastily written in pencil on a scrap of paper addressed to John McGregor, Esq., Commercial Bank, Edinburgh, and put into a bottle, which was corked, sealed, and committed to the deep, with but faint hope that it might reach its destination. This took place on March 1, 1825, in forty-eight degrees north latitude, ten degrees west longitude; and, strange to say, the bottle was picked up by a person bathing on the shore of Barbadoes on September 30, 1826. The paper itself when returned to the writer was slightly stained, but still legible. Had every soul on board the *Kent* perished, this scrap of paper would have explained their sad fate by fire or by water. This memorable message was worded as follows: 'The ship, the *Kent*, Indianman, is on fire. Elizabeth, Joanna, and myself commit our spirits into the hands of our blessed Redeemer. His grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering eternity.—D. W. N. MCGREGOR, March 1, 1825, Bay of Biscay.'

The ill-fated *Kent* lay burning fiercely at this time, and an awful death seemed imminent, for the vessel that eventually rescued crew and passengers had not yet hove in sight, so that cold words of prose would fail to do justice to the fortitude of Major McGregor.

The late Charles Reade, in *Harold Cash*, has based a thrilling incident upon the erratic conduct of a bottle-messenger. Captain Dodd believed that his ship, the *Agra*, would not weather a Mauritius cyclone which she was experiencing about fifty miles to the southward of that island. He put bank-notes to the amount of fourteen thousand pounds into a bottle, together with a few loving lines to his wife, and definite directions to any stranger who should have the good luck to find it. The cork of the bottle was secured with melting sealing-wax, a piece of oil-skin tied over that, and finally another coating of wax applied to the exterior of this oilskin. It is also said that some preparation was rubbed over the bottle, in order to close its pores and to protect it against other accidents. A black-painted bladder was attached to the bottle by means of stout tarred twine, in order to invite investigation. The words, '*Agra* lost at sea,' were painted on the bladder in bold white letters. A mighty mass of water swept the *Agra's* deck; and the bottle, which Captain Dodd had placed in his capacious pocket in readiness for the final plunge, was washed overboard. The gale took off; sail was made on the *Agra*; and the lookout having reported that a man was floating on the water, a boat was lowered. Captain Dodd himself steered the boat towards the supposed man, which proved to be the lost bladder with its bottle containing the bank-notes. Needless to say the notes were soon in a safer receptacle.

Hoaxes by means of bottle-papers are frequent. A small tin capister enclosing a paper on which was written, 'The screw steamer *Great Britain* foundered off the Western Islands,' was found floating at the mouth of the Mersey in January 1860. This message naturally caused intense anxiety to all interested, and her agent placarded the Liverpool walls with bills offering a reward of one hundred pounds sterling for the discovery of the base perpetrator of the hoax.

A few months ago, a bottle was found on the foreshore of the Ouse, near Ousefleet, containing

a piece of parchment bearing this inscription: 'The *Meteor* is sinking. Struck on an iceberg. God help us. Send help immediately.—Second mate, ALFRED JOHNSON, April 26, 1890.' The American North Atlantic Pilot Chart shows that a barque, the *Meteor*, did collide with a berg on the Banks of Newfoundland on February 17; but her crew were rescued by the steamship *Marengo* of Hull. This fact would appear to have been the foundation for this palpable hoax.

The National Life steamship *Erin* is supposed to have foundered during the terrible gales that devastated the Atlantic in the early part of this year, and the hoaxer has not been slow to avail himself of the opportunity. A bottle containing a message from a New-York banker, said to have been a passenger in that steamship, has been picked up on the Cornish coast. Another curious specimen was cast ashore in Ballycotton Bay in October 1889. It contained a small piece of paper, with the following intimation written on it in ink: 'The barque *Jana*, of Bilbao, going down, all hands on board. God save us all. Good-bye to my dear wife, Jane Murray, Ganges Street, Newcastle.' There is no such ship belonging to Bilbao; and, moreover, the name is English for a foreign ship, and is the same as that of the reputed wife. This, however, was evidently the work of a novice.

It must not be assumed, however, that all bottle-messages found on the various coasts are due to an evil desire for mystification. A bottle found in Druidge Bay in November 1889 contained a message from an apprentice named Westerley. It stated that the writer was ill-used by the chief-officer of his ship, which was leaking badly. This bottle-paper is the only information received from that vessel since she sailed some months ago, and her insurance money has been paid.

Messages by 'homing' pigeons are unavailable at sea. Sea-birds, however, have sometimes been used with good effect. In 1845, Captain Farley, of the *Ann Baldwin*, saw a Cape pigeon flying around his vessel with a piece of wood dangling to its leg. The bird was caught, and there was found written on the wood: 'Brig *Cumana*, J. Hoodless, Commander, lat. 58° S., long. 68° W.' On the reverse side was: 'Allow the bearer to pass. May 1845.' The *Cumana* herself afterwards arrived at Arica, where the *Ann Baldwin* lay at anchor; and Captain Hoodless at once identified his message.

Captain Smith, of the ship *Kistna*, bound from Sydney, N.S.W., to San Francisco, caught an albatross, around the neck of which was a piece of brass bearing the following inscription: 'E. O'Brien, July 5, '89, lat. 37° 20' N., long. 143° W.' Captain Smith took possession of the message, and released the aerial messenger.

Several large albatrosses were following the barquentine *Jasper* one day in February last. One was caught; and a piece of quill about two inches long discovered securely fastened round its neck. This quill was unsealed, and a slip of paper taken from it containing the following message: 'Feb. 9, '90, lat. 48° S., long. 164° E. All well. Posted by an albatross. Ship *Janet Court*, Glasgow.' This ship was outward bound from Liverpool to New Zealand, and at that date was due in about the position indicated in the message.

We once saw an albatross off Cape Horn which had been captured at some previous period, and released, for he had a very conspicuous pair of red spectacles painted around his eyes.

A large shark's head at the Royal United Service Institution has a history of its own. This shark was captured by Lieutenant Fitten, R.N., while cruising in the West Indies. A bundle of papers found on opening the shark proved to belong to an American brig, the *Nancy*, which had been overhauled by another British man-of-war, and sacrificed her papers to escape condemnation as a lawful prize to the British ship. They were swallowed by the shark, and ultimately led to the condemnation of the *Nancy* and another vessel, the *Christopher*.

UNOFFICIAL QUERIES.

'MORNIN', sir! 'Could you tell me the best way to get to Fleet Street?' is the first question put to me on entering my desk at our district post-office; for be it known my office is somewhat out of the way, though on the edge of the City. After getting the desired information, the querist departs without a word of thanks.

The next querist comes in in a violent hurry, and after staring all over my office, blurts out, 'Hanged if I can see it!' Then peering between the bars of the brass grating which guards my desk, he asks, 'Can you let me see your "Burglar Alarm?"' Notwithstanding my assurance that there is no such article on the premises, the man gives me an incredulous look and puts the question, 'This 'ere's a post-office, ain't it?' to which I simply nod. 'Well, I thought them things was allus kep' at post-offices;' and I answer by a shake of my head. Here a new idea crosses the man's brain, and thinking he has caught me, says, 'Wot was the row as I 'erd when I come late last night?'

For the first time catching the drift of the man's queries, I reply briefly, 'Electric bell.' The delighted 'That's it!' told me better than a longer answer would that I had hit the point.

Producing a well thumbed and fingered pocket-book, with its useful adjunct in the shape of a stumpy bit of lead-pencil, he proceeds, after giving the pencil a preliminary lick, to make an entry therein. Turning a business eye on me, he asks, 'I say, Mister, can you tell me the price o' the fixin'?' and again I answer by a shake. Apparently, he is not satisfied with his own orthography, for after writing a little, he looks up and asks, 'Ow d'you spell it?' Supposing, by the query, that he means 'electric,' I spell it for him in a short tone that warns him no more questions will be answered, so he moves to the door, turning round when there, as an after-thought, to say 'Thank ye, sir,' and slowly disappears.

Work goes on for some little time without interruption, and I become gradually absorbed, when 'Please, sir, 'ave you got a onelove

[envelope] to fit this?' tendering at the same time a cabinet photo under the bars. I inform my small inquirer that she can get one next door, and bend to work again, when another querist appears. This time it is a lady. 'Have you a book on knitting?'—'No, madam.'—'Could you tell me how or where I could obtain one?'—'Probably Mrs Weldon's or Mrs Leach's books contain such information, and they can be got at any news-agent's;' and with profuse thanks my fair interrogator vanishes. Dead silence for one minute. 'Is your clock right, sir?' and a big burly drayman thrusts his head in at my door and peers round to catch the nod I make without lifting my head. 'Thanky.'

Directly after, a stout old lady enters, and putting a very wet umbrella on my counter, asks if she may be allowed to shelter from the rain whilst waiting for the tram, at the same time supplementing the inquiry by a request for a piece of string to tie up a parcel which had lost its tie-band. A piece being furnished, she removes the umbrella, and placing it in an upright position, leaves it to take care of itself, whilst she spreads a thing which looks like a soiled apron over the wet spot, and putting various articles and small packets on it, rolls all up together in a fashion of her own, tying it with the piece of string. Catching up her umbrella, which has made a small lake on my floor, she rushes out, slamming the door in her haste to get away.

My next querist is a gentleman, who, after transacting his business, asks politely if I can tell him how to find a family by the name of G——; adding, that at one time they lived in the first house in the street on the right, but he had been there and had found the house empty. A jury list is offered in lieu of a directory: after a silent perusal, the book is put down, and with a courteous 'Thank you; good-day,' my visitor glides away.

An old and fussy gentleman next appears, and, with a half-worried, half-hesitating tone in his voice, begins: 'I beg your pardon, sir! Have you such a thing as a bit of cotton-wool about your person? Or—or—or about your office anywhere?' looking hopelessly round at the shelves and fixtures as he spoke. 'I—I—a forgot to put a bit in my ears before leaving my house, and now I find the cold air pierces my ears very forcibly. I make it a point never to go back, sir, because it is very unlucky.'

Cotton-wool is not an article of much use in my office, but still a bit is found, is offered, and accepted; and this time for my pains I get a courtly bow in addition to the thanks.

Presently, a keen-looking man enters, evidently a tradesman in good circumstances. I attend to his orders and wait on him in silence. When he has done, he puts his chin on the top rail of my guard, and eyeing me critically, asks abruptly: 'Which is the best way to collect a debt so as to get the money? Bad debt, been due long time,' he adds.

I gravely put on my considering-cap, and say, 'Well, it is an awkward job, and you must be guided by circumstances. You can send a bill; you can send a person or an agent; you can also send a lawyer's letter, or a County Court summons; but if you want the money now, the best

way is to go for it yourself.' No thanks this time.

A baby voice now utters a request in baby accents, and a headless doll is forced under my guard by several pushes. 'P'ease, my dolly is byaked [broken], an' mamma says oo yend steeing yax to mend it;' which I manage to understand as a request for some sealing-wax, so I push the broken-backed, headless doll back, accompanied by a bit of red wax; and the curly-haired cherub flits out.

'What's the name o' them wot lives over in New Zealand un Australia?' asks a schoolboy at my guard. So close has he put his face to it, that the end of his nose and the edges of his lips protrude on my side through different holes. I do not quite see the point this time, but do not answer, thinking as I still scribble on that more will be asked. After waiting a second, the boy says: 'I mean them wot used to live thar, un is dying.' Seeing light, I briefly reply, 'Maoris;' and the boy goes off, saying the while: 'It's in my night lesson, un I forgot wot it wos. Father said as you'd know, cos all you post-officers knowed jography.'

I go on without a break for some little time, and as it is getting near the end of the day, work busily, in the hope of finishing soon, when a woman with a very fat baby comes in, depositing the child on my counter, and leaving it, much to my terror and astonishment, for I ask myself what if it should fall, and I gaze at it in fascinated horror. The mother does not trouble about it or seem to fear any such thing, for she plants herself before my guard, and pushing a very soiled card under the guard with a sudden flip of her fingers, asks if I will 'rub a bit of rubber on the back to take the marks off?' I push it back, and curtly say I cannot spare time; but she is not to be done, and says: 'Well, give me the rubber, and I'll do it myself.' I feel in my pockets, but fail to find any, and tell her so; upon which she picks up her baby, gives me a withering look, and saying scornfully, 'A fine sort of post-office,' marches out and bangs the door.

No sooner shut, than open it is thrown, and a whole bevy of young ladies rush in. 'Can you tell us if to-morrow is a free day for Kensington Museum, please?' I pass my new map over the guard and state that a list of places and days is on the back. After much searching, a hopeless 'I can't find it' reaches my ear; and so, if I want any peace, I know I must give or find the desired information, so I give it. As they troop out, I rise wearily and shut my office.

When I get indoors, my sister says, 'You look tired, Tom,' in a sympathetic tone, and she bustles about, getting supper and doing other things to make a tired man comfortable. Just as I am getting to an end of my writing, she looks over my shoulder and asks, 'Are you bound to finish that to-night?' to which I nod an affirmative. Then she says timidly, 'You've made a blot on that sheet,' pointing with her finger to a disfiguring spot of ink on one page.

'Shall I copy it out for you?' she asks kindly, and being the most agreeable of all the unofficial questions put to me that day, I assent. Dead silence for a bit, and I stretch myself on the

sofa and gaze. Presently she looks up and exclaims in dismay, 'Tom, I can't get all my copy on one sheet. What shall I do?'—'Put it on another;' and I fall asleep.

TWO HOURS IN A PRISON.

As honest people have to pay taxes to secure the punishment of rogues, and as these individuals must be housed, fed, and clothed during their term of imprisonment, it may possibly interest some of our readers to have an account of what we saw during two hours in the Birmingham Jail. Since the prisons have become Government property, their number has been considerably diminished, in the hope of thereby reducing the annual expenditure. Each building has its proper allotment of prisoners; consequently, there is less liability to overcrowding than formerly. The governors and sub-officials have been replaced by military men. The rules regarding the admission of visitors are far stricter than they used to be; indeed, it is now a privilege to be allowed to go over a prison.

On reaching the building, the visiting magistrate, who accompanied us, rang the bell of the central gateway, upon which the keeper let us into the courtyard, and then, ascending some steps, produced his keys and opened the gates of the prison. The vestibule of the great central hall was entered, and we were introduced to a military personage, who proved to be the chief warder. The hall is particularly striking. It is long, lofty, light, and airy, so constructed that officials stationed at the various points can see from end to end, there being no corner or pillar where any one can hide; even the staircases and galleries are of metallic trellis-work. With clanking of keys, the chief warder took us into one of the men's cells, which was a sample of the rest. It was empty, the prisoners in that set being out for exercise, which they are allowed to have one hour a day. The cell was narrow, but a good height, well ventilated, and exceedingly clean. The floor was damp, the prisoner having washed it as a part of his daily duty. The plank which formed the bed was set up endwise in one corner, and the bed-clothing rolled like a knapsack and placed on the top. There was a little table, stool, brush, comb, tin plate, and mug. The window, of thick glass and strongly barred, was high up; the door was ponderous, and its lock so made that, if necessary, it could be turned three times, but only one of the head officials could turn it the third time. In the middle of the door was an arrangement for passing the food through to the occupant; whilst near the top was a clever contrivance whereby the warder could look into the cell without being seen by the prisoner. The gas in each cell is under the control of the officials, and the bell, which the prisoner can ring, strikes an indicator, showing the number of the cell to which the bell belongs.

The prisoners march out to exercise under the eye of an officer, while another watches them during the exercise, which consists of quick walking along the paths of an extensive piece of ground, enclosed by high walls; the intervening space is utilised for growing vegetables for the prison consumption. On passing the chief warder,

each man had to salute him; which gave us an opportunity of observing the faces. "Some looked hopelessly depraved, whilst others showed an intelligence and a certain innocence which made one feel that they were not regular 'jail-birds.' The felons are distinguished from their less guilty comrades in crime by being dressed in a lighter brown; but all wear a badge on the left breast bearing the number of the cell to which they belong: by that number they are known, and not by any name. On returning from exercise, each prisoner as he enters the central hall has to answer to his number, which is noted by an officer, who stands slate in hand.

The prisoners are employed in some kind of work, though not all of an apparently punitive character. Every part of the building, both the men's and the women's divisions, is scrupulously clean, and this, it appears, is most welcome to some of the prisoners, who do not like the compulsory cleanliness of place and person. The ventilation seems perfect, and the fare, of its kind, is good. The food, which is given out according to weight and measure, is prepared and cooked by prisoners under supervision. The soup was cooking when we were in the kitchen, and both smelled and tasted savoury. Large boilers were filled with gruel, being prepared for an evening meal. In another part, small brownish loaves were being made and baked. All the prison cooking is done by steam.

The most painful sight was that of the treadmill, which grinds the corn, and the pumping, which raises the water. Each man is partitioned off, so that he cannot see his neighbour, and not a word is allowed to be uttered, but absolute silence prevails, broken only by the stern voice of an officer when any prisoner lags in his work. The oakum-picking is also very hard work, to judge by the stuff we tried, and in winter it is so unbendable that it has to be softened.

It made one sigh to see some of the nice faces of the female prisoners. Not a few unfortunate creatures, we are told on authority, find themselves within the walls of our prisons through the vindictiveness of their mistresses. Who that has spent even two hours in a jail would have any one 'taken up,' except when compelled for the public safety? The weary, monotonous routine, the rigid discipline, the ever-following official eye, the ceaseless clanking of keys, and the silence, apart from the punishment imposed and the disgrace incurred, are sufficient to make even a two hours' visit a memory for life.

The prisoners daily assemble for prayers in the chapel. The men sit on hard bare benches with wooden backs, the officials so placed that they can see each prisoner. The females, with their warders (also women) sit in a gallery at the end of the chapel. Their faces cannot be seen, because a lattice-work is thrown across the entire length of the gallery. A multitude of thoughts rushed into one's mind to see such faces turned upon one, and to hear such voices join in selected portions of the Church service.

Books are lent to the prisoners according to their behaviour, a privilege which they appreciate. Under certain regulations, their friends may visit them. The visiting-room is divided into compartments for each visitor, and a seat is provided for an officer. The prisoner enters

by another door into a compartment facing the visitor, but each is so divided and caged off that nothing can be passed or thrown to the prisoner.

Alas! on some, neither severity nor kindness produces any salutary effect; and when they are again sent into the midst of teeming populations, they join themselves to others as bad, or worse, repeating even greater enormities, and again falling into the hands of the law. To come into actual contact with the criminal classes is to make one devoutly thankful that so many are striving to counteract the tide of evil running through the land. God speed all such, when or where or however they may be working!

CHOOSING THE MISTLETOE.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and all the land
Had donned a robe of spotless white,
When through the orchard, hand in hand,
We went amid the waning light.
For you had left the cheerful town,
And walked a mile across the snow,
To hold the apple branches down,
And help me choose the mistletoe.

Each tempting bough with frost was wreathed;
The creamy berries grew so high,
They shone like pearls in silver sheathed
Against the brightness of the sky.
It must have been the sunset red
Which lent my cheeks that crimson glow,
As, softly o'er my drooping head,
You—held a spray of mistletoe.

The glory of the west grew pale
And faded to a primrose bar;
Grave Twilight dropped her misty veil,
And clasped it with a diamond star.
The chimes rang out for Evensong
Before we thought 'twas time to go:
It always seems to take so long
When two must choose the mistletoe.

Since then, the years have rolled away,
And other lips sweet stories tell;
And other lovers stroll to-day
Adown the path we loved so well.
Dear heart, old memories make me weep,
But you—you only smile to know
That with Love's dearest gifts I keep
A withered spray of mistletoe.

E. MATHESON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE TEMPLE.

THERE is probably no barrister or student nowadays who would voluntarily spend Christmas in the Temple. A literary junior, desirous of writing up Temple ghosts, may perhaps occasionally linger on in chambers in the hope of meeting with the shade of Blackstone or some other eminent lawyer who has been 'called' from the English Bar; or of holding converse with one or two white-robed, red-crossed, spirits of knightly form, who would tell him the mysteries of their cross-legged companions in arms, whose effigies in the Temple Church are the cause of so much learned inquiry. As a rule, however, the 'Templars' haunts' are quite deserted at this time of the year; the silk gowns have gone to their stately homes to enjoy a well-earned rest from

The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pett dispute, the dull debate;

and the juniors, with the gallantry for which juniors have been famous from time immemorial, are delighting the fair inmates of many a country house by their wit and softened speech.

But in olden days say, two hundred years ago, or less, when all Templars resided in the Temple under a sort of collegiate government, and were subject to numerous rules laid down by the Benchers of their Inn as to dress, growing of beards, and good behaviour generally—things were very different. If the Temple is now a lonely place at Christmas-time, and the grand old Hall a veritable 'banquet-hall deserted,' the contrary was the case when the Benchers, in their annual parliament expressly summoned, 'entered into solemn consultation' to devise plans for the spending of a right merry Yuletide, and at the close of their deliberations, 'in token of joy and good liking,' passed beneath the hearth and sung a carol.

Christmas was truly a 'solemn,' if a merry, reality then. Grave, indeed, were the deliberations of those old-time Benchers when, with the consciousness of a great responsibility, they con-

sidered the way to be glad. They were believers in things being done decently and in order: every detail in the preparations for their annual rejoicings was carried out with great exactitude, as is evidenced by the record that 'the Steward was commanded to provide five fat brawns and all manner of spices, flesh and fowl;' and 'the chief Butler to have ready 'a rich cupboard of plate, silver and parcel-gilt, besides twelve fine large tablecloths of damask, the historic green pots, torches, bread and ale.' The Constable Marshal, too, was ordered to supply 'a fair gilt compleat harneys with a nest of feathers in the helm, and a fair poleaxe to bear in his hand, so as to be chevalrously ordered on Christmas Day.'

The actual festivities, or 'hospitable Christmas-ings,' as they were called, commenced with a grand dinner in Hall on Christmas Eve, when the tables were arranged with much ceremony by the Marshal, and the company placed according to their several degrees with great precision, from the learned judge to the newly-joined student. Each course was brought in preceded by the minstrels, sounding their instruments, and followed by the Steward and the Marshal, who made three solemn curtsies as they passed each table.

At the end of the dinner, the musicians sung a song at the highest table, and 'the officers addressed themselves every one in 'his office to avoid the tables in fair and decent manner from one table to another, until the highest should be solemnly avoided, the musicians standing right above the harth side with the noise of their music sounding.' After dinner came the revels and dancings, which were continued during the twelve following days; and each day, after dinner and supper, the senior Master of the Revels sang a carol, and commanded others of the company to sing with him, which we are told was always 'very decently performed.'

On Christmas Day, after hearing divine service at the grand old Temple Church—built by their predecessors the Religious Knights—the lawyers

breakfasted in Hall, 'with brawn, mustard, and malmsey.' The first course at their Christmas dinner, which was thoroughly English in every respect—as indeed are the educational dinners of the Temple to-day—was always 'a fair and large board's head upon a silver platter with minstrelsy.'

The grandest ceremony of all took place on the following day, St Stephen's Day, when a sort of drama, in which the company personated various characters, accompanied by music and dancing and a good deal of pageantry, was enacted. The chief personage on this occasion was termed the 'Lord of Mirule,' who was attended by his courtiers—Sir Francis Flatterer, Sir Randle Rackabite, Sir Morgan Munchance, and Sir Bartholomew Baldbreech. The performance commenced with the entry of the Constable Marshal arrayed with 'a fair rich complete harneys, white and bright and gilt with a nest of feathers of all colours upon his crest or helm, and a gilt poleaxe in his hand.' The Constable was accompanied by another officer, called the Lieutenant of the Tower.

Preceding these officials were sixteen trumpeters, four drums, and fifes, and four men in white 'harneys' bearing on their shoulders the model of a tower. When this procession had walked three times round the fire to the sound of music, the Constable, Marshal and Lieutenant of the Tower knelt before the Lord Chancellor—who was always invited on these occasions—and prayed to be taken into his service. Then came the 'Master of the Game' and the 'Ranger of the Forest,' the former clothed in green velvet; and the latter in a suit of green satin, and having in his hand a bow and several arrows; each of these officers also carried a hunting-horn slung over his shoulder. On arriving at the fire, they blew together 'three courageous blasts of venery,' and paced round about it three times; and then, making three curtsies, desired to be admitted into the service of the Lord Chancellor. After some other formalities, a fox and a cat were hunted round the Hall by nine or ten couple of hounds, their deaths terminating these strange proceedings.

During the revels, persons offending against any of the rules were committed to the custody of the Lieutenant of the Tower; but if they could make their escape to the buttery and bring into Hall a manchet on the point of a knife, they were set free, the buttery being regarded as a sanctuary.

The last of the revels was held in the Inner Temple Hall on the 2d of February 1733, when, after dinner, the whole company joined hands and danced round the coal-fire, according to one of their old customs, to the singing of the ancient song, 'Round about the Coal-fire.'

And so the Templars' revels are ended, and their spirit-actors gone; their Benchers no longer meet in 'solemn consultation' at Christmas-time; and the student of to-day is denied the pleasure of playing games with the Lord Chancellor.

It seems a pity that none of these ancient Christmas ceremonies are now observed in the Temple, where so many of the customs of old English life are still kept up. Perhaps some of the proceedings at the 'hospitable Christmasings' might not accord with nineteenth-century

ideas of propriety; but surely no harm would result if Bench and Bar, after wrangling with one another all the year, joined hands once more around the coal-fire and sang a carol 'in token of joy and good liking.'

THE SURGEON OF GASTER FELL.

CHAPTER III.—OF THE GRAY COTTAGE IN THE GLEN.

It was either on the fourth or the fifth day after I had taken possession of my cottage that I was astonished to hear footsteps upon the grass outside, quickly followed by a crack, as from a stick, upon the door. The explosion of an infernal machine would hardly have surprised or discomfited me more. I had hoped to have shaken off all intrusion for ever, yet here was somebody beating at my door with as little ceremony as if it had been a village alehouse. Hot with anger, I flung down my book, withdrew the bolt just as my visitor had raised his stick to renew his rough application for admittance. He was a tall powerful man, tawny-bearded and deep-chested, clad in a loose-fitting suit of tweed, cut for comfort rather than elegance. As he stood in the shimmering sunlight I took in every feature of his face. The large fleshy nose; the steady blue eyes, with their thick thatch of overhanging brows; the broad forehead, all knitted and lined with furrows, which were strangely at variance with his youthful bearing. In spite of his weather-stained felt hat and the coloured handkerchief slung round his brown muscular neck, I could see at a glance he was a man of breeding and education. I had been prepared for some wandering shepherd or uncouth tramp, but this apparition fairly disconcerted me.

'You look astonished,' said he, with a smile. 'Did you think, then, that you were the only man in the world with a taste for solitude? You see that there are other hermits in the wilderness besides yourself.'

'Do you mean to say that you live here?' I asked in no very conciliatory voice.

'Up yonder,' he answered, tossing his head backwards. 'I thought as we were neighbours, Mr Upperton, that I could not do less than look in and see if I could assist you in any way.'

'Thank you,' said I coldly, standing with my hand upon the latch of the door. 'I am a man of simple tastes, and you can do nothing for me. You have the advantage of me in knowing my name.'

He appeared to be chilled by my ungracious manner. 'I learned it from the masons who were at work here,' he said. 'As for me, I am a surgeon, the surgeon of Gaster Fell. That is the name I have gone by in these parts, and it serves as well as another.'

'Not much room for a practice here,' I observed.

'Not a soul except yourself for five miles on either side.'

'You appear to have had need of some assistance yourself,' I remarked, glancing at a broad white splash, as from the recent action of some powerful acid, upon his sunburnt cheek.

'That is nothing,' he answered curtly, turning

his face half round to hide the mark. 'I must get back, for I have a companion who is waiting for me. If I can ever do anything for you, pray let me know. You have only to follow the beck upwards for a mile or so to find my place.—Have you a bolt on the inside of your door?'

'Yes,' I answered, rather startled at this sudden question.

'Keep it bolted, then,' he said. 'The fell is a strange place. You never know who may be about. It is as well to be on the safe side.—Good-bye.' He raised his hat, turned on his heel, and lounged away along the bank of the little stream.

I was still standing with my hand upon the latch, gazing after my unexpected visitor, when I became aware of yet another dweller in the wilderness. Some little distance along the path which the stranger was taking there lay a great gray boulder, and leaning against this was a small wizened man, who stood erect as the other approached, and advanced to meet him. The two talked for a minute or more, the taller man nodding his head frequently in my direction, as though describing what had passed between us. They then walked on together, and disappeared in a dip of the fell. Presently I saw them ascending once more some rising ground farther on. My acquaintance had thrown his arm round his elderly friend, either from affection, or from a desire to aid him up the steep incline. The square burly figure and its shrivelled meagre companion stood out against the sky-line, and turning their faces, they looked back at me. At the sight, I slammed the door, lest they should be encouraged to return. But when I peeped from the window some minutes afterwards, I perceived that they were gone.

For the remainder of the day I strove in vain to recover that indifference to the world and its ways which is essential to mental abstraction. Do what I would, my thoughts ran upon the solitary surgeon and his shrivelled companion. What did he mean by his question as to my bolt? and how came it that the last words of Eva Cameron were to the same sinister effect? Again and again I speculated as to what train of causes could have led two men so dissimilar in age and appearance to dwell together on the wild inhospitable fells. Were they, like myself, immersed in some engrossing study? or could it be that a companionship in crime had forced them from the haunts of men? Some cause there must be, and that a potent one, to induce the man of education to turn to such an existence. It was only now that I began to realise that the crowd of the city is infinitely less disturbing than the unit of the country.

All day I bent over the Egyptian papyrus upon which I was engaged; but neither the subtle reasonings of the ancient philosopher of Memphis, nor the mystic meaning which lay in his pages, could raise my mind from the things of earth. Evening was drawing in before I threw my work aside in despair. My heart was bitter against this man for his intrusion. Standing by the beck which purled past the door of my cabin, I cooled my heated brow, and thought the matter over. Clearly it was the small mystery hanging over these neighbours of mine which had caused my mind to run

so persistently on them. That cleared up, they would no longer cause an obstacle to my studies. What was to hinder me, then, from walking in the direction of their dwelling, and observing for myself, without permitting them to suspect my presence, what manner of men they might be? Doubtless, their mode of life would be found to admit of some simple and prosaic explanation. In any case, the evening was fine, and a walk would be bracing for mind and body. Lighting my pipe, I set off over the moors in the direction which they had taken. The sun lay low and red in the west, flushing the heather with a deeper pink, and mottling the broad heaven with every hue, from the palest green at the zenith, to the richest crimson along the far horizon. It might have been the great palette upon which the world-painter had mixed his primeval colours. On either side, the giant peaks of Ingleborough and Pennine looked down upon the gray melancholy country which stretches between them. As I advanced, the rude fells ranged themselves upon right and left, forming a well-defined valley, down the centre of which meandered the little brooklet. On either side, parallel lines of gray rock marked the level of some ancient glacier, the moraine of which had formed the broken ground about my dwelling. Ragged boulders, precipitous scarps, and twisted fantastic rocks, all bore witness to the terrible power of the old ice-field, and showed where its frosty fingers had ripped and rent the solid limestones.

About half-way down this wild glen there stood a small clump of gnarled and stunted oak-trees. From behind these, a thin dark column of smoke rose into the still evening air. Clearly this marked the position of my neighbour's house. Trending away to the left, I was able to gain the shelter of a line of rocks, and so reach a spot from which I could command a view of the building without exposing myself to any risk of being observed. It was a small slate-covered cottage, hardly larger than the boulders among which it lay. Like my own cabin, it showed signs of having been constructed for the use of some shepherd; but, unlike mine, no pains had been taken by the tenants to improve and enlarge it. Two little peeping windows, a cracked and weather-beaten door, and a discoloured barrel for catching the rain-water, were the only external objects from which I might draw deductions as to the dwellers within. Yet even in these there was food for thought; for as I drew nearer, still concealing myself behind the ridge, I saw that thick bars of iron covered the windows, while the rude door was all slashed and plated with the same metal. These strange precautions, together with the wild surroundings and unbroken solitude, gave an indescribably ill omen and fearsome character to the solitary building. Thrusting my pipe into my pocket, I crawled upon my hands and knees through the gorse and ferns until I was within a hundred yards of my neighbour's door. There, finding that I could not approach nearer without fear of detection, I crouched down, and set myself to watch.

I had hardly settled into my hiding-place when the door of the cottage swung open, and the man

who had introduced himself to me as the surgeon of Gaster Fell came out, bareheaded, with a spade in his hands. In front of the door there was a small cultivated patch containing potatoes, peas, and other forms of green stuff, and here he proceeded to busy himself, trimming, weeding, and arranging, singing the while in a powerful though not very musical voice. He was all engrossed in his work, with his back to the cottage, when there emerged from the half-open door the same shadowy attenuated creature whom I had seen in the morning. I could perceive now that he was a man of sixty, wrinkled, bent, and feeble, with sparse grizzled hair, and long colourless face. With a cringing sidelong gait, he shuffled towards his companion, who was unconscious of his approach until he was close upon him. His light footfall or his breathing may have finally given notice of his proximity, for the worker sprang round and faced him. Each made a quick step towards the other, as though in greeting, and then—even now I feel the horror of the instant—the tall man rushed upon and knocked his companion to the earth, then whipping up his body, ran with great speed over the intervening ground and disappeared with his burden into the house.

Case-hardened as I was by my varied life, the suddenness and violence of the thing made me shudder. The man's age, his feeble frame, his humble and deprecating manner, all cried shame against the deed. So hot was my anger, that I was on the point of striding up to the cabin, unarmed as I was, when the sound of voices from within showed me that the victim had recovered. The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, and all was gray, save a red feather in the cap of Penitent. Secure in the failing light, I approached near and strained my ears to catch what was passing. I could hear the high querulous voice of the elder man, and the deep rough monotone of his assailant, mixed with a strange metallic jangling and clanking. Presently, the surgeon came out, locking the door behind him, and stamped up and down in the twilight, pulling at his hair and brandishing his arms, like a man demented. Then he set off, walking rapidly up the valley, and I soon lost sight of him among the rocks.

When the sound of his feet had died away in the distance, I drew nearer to the cottage. The prisoner within was still pouring forth a stream of words, and moaning from time to time like a man in pain. These words resolved themselves, as I approached, into prayers—shrill voluble prayers, pattered forth with the intense earnestness of one who sees impending an imminent danger. There was to me something inexpressibly awesome in this gush of solemn entreaty from the lonely sufferer, meant for no human ear, and jarring upon the silence of the night. I was still pondering whether I should mix myself in the affair or not, when I heard in the distance the sound of the surgeon's returning footfall. At that I drew myself up quickly by the iron bars and glanced in through the diamond-paned window. The interior of the cottage was lit up by a lurid glow, coming from what I afterwards discovered to be a chemical furnace. By its rich light I could distinguish a great litter of retorts, test tubes, and con-

deners, which sparkled over the table, and threw strange grotesque shadows on the wall. On the farther side of the room was a wooden framework resembling a large hencoop, and in this, still absorbed in prayer, knelt the man whose voice I heard. The red glow beating upon his upturned face made it stand out from the shadow like a painting from Rembrandt, showing up every wrinkle upon the parchment-like skin. I had but time for a fleeting glance; then dropping from the window, I made off through the rocks and the heather, nor slackened my speed until I found myself back in my cabin once more. There I threw myself upon my couch, more disturbed and shaken than I had ever thought to feel again.

Long into the watches of the night I tossed and tumbled on my uneasy pillow. A strange theory had framed itself within me, suggested by the elaborate scientific apparatus which I had seen. (Could it be that this surgeon had some profound and unholy experiments on hand, which necessitated the taking, or at least the tampering with the life of his companion? Such a supposition would account for the loneliness of his life; but how could I reconcile it with the close friendship which had appeared to exist between the pair no longer ago than that very morning? Was it grief or madness which had made the man tear his hair and wring his hands when he emerged from the cabin? And sweet Eva Cameron, was she also a partner to this sombre business? Was it to my grim neighbours that she made her strange nocturnal journeys? and if so, what bond could there be to unite so strangely assorted a trio? Try as I might, I could come to no satisfactory conclusion upon these points. When at last I dropped into a troubled slumber, it was only to see once more in my dreams the strange episodes of the evening, and to wake at dawn unrefreshed and weary.

Such doubts as I might have had as to whether I had indeed seen my former fellow-lodger upon the night of the thunderstorm, were finally resolved that morning. Strolling along down the path which led to the fell, I saw in one spot where the ground was soft the impressions of a foot, the small dainty foot of a well-booted woman. That tiny heel and high instep could have belonged to none other than my companion of Kirkby-Malhouse. I followed her trail for some distance till it lost itself among hard and stony ground; but it still pointed, as far as I could discern it, to the lonely and ill-omened cottage. What power could there be to draw this tender girl, through wind and rain and darkness, across the fearsome moors to that strange rendezvous?

But why should I let my mind run upon such things? Had I not prided myself that I lived a life of my own, beyond the sphere of my fellow-mortals? Were all my plans and my resolutions to be shaken because the ways of life of my neighbours were strange to me? It was unworthy, it was puerile. By constant and unremitting effort, I set myself to cast out these distracting influences, and to return to my former calm. It was no easy task. But after some days, during which I never stirred from my cottage, I had almost succeeded in regaining my peace

of mind, when a fresh incident whirled my thoughts back into their old channel.

I have said that a little beck flowed down the valley and past my very door. A week or so after the doings which I have described, I was seated by my window, when I perceived something white drifting slowly down the stream. My first thought was that it was a drowning sheep; but picking up my stick, I strolled to the bank and hooked it ashore. On examination it proved to be a large sheet, torn and tattered, with the initials J. C. in the corner. What gave it its sinister significance, however, was that from hem to hem it was all dabbled and discoloured with blood. In parts where the water had soaked it this was but a discoloration; while in others the stains showed they were of recent origin. I shuddered as I gazed at it. It could but have come from the lonely cottage in the glen. What dark and violent deed had left this gruesome trace behind it? I had flattered myself that the human family was as nothing to me, and yet my whole being was absorbed now in curiosity and resentment. How could I remain neutral when such things were doing within a mile of me? I felt that the old Adam was too strong in me, and that I *must* solve this mystery. Shutting the door of my cabin behind me, I set off up the glen in the direction of the surgeon's cabin. I had not gone far before I perceived the very man himself. He was walking rapidly along the hillside, beating the furze bushes with a cudgel and bellowing like a madman. Indeed, at the sight of him, the doubts as to his sanity which had risen in my mind were strengthened and confirmed. As he approached, I noticed that his left arm was suspended in a sling. On perceiving me, he stood irresolute, as though uncertain whether to come over to me or not. I had no desire for an interview with him, however; so I hurried past him, on which he continued on his way, still shouting and striking about with his club. When he had disappeared over the fells, I made my way down to his cottage, determined to find some clue to what had occurred. I was surprised, on reaching it, to find the iron-plated door flung wide open. The ground immediately outside it was marked with the signs of a struggle. The chemical apparatus within and the furniture were all dashed about and shattered. Most suggestive of all, the sinister wooden cage was stained with blood-marks, and its unfortunate occupant had disappeared. My heart was heavy for the little man, for I was assured I should never see him in this world more. There were many gray cairns of stones scattered over the valley. I ran my eye over them, and wondered which of them concealed the traces of this last act which ended the long tragedy.

There was nothing in the cabin to throw any light upon the identity of my neighbours. The room was stuffed with chemicals and delicate philosophical instruments. In one corner, a small bookcase contained a choice selection of works of science. In another was a pile of geological specimens collected from the limestone. My eye ran rapidly over these details; but I had no time to make a more thorough examination, for I feared lest the surgeon should return and find me there. Leaving the cottage,

I hastened homewards with a weight at my heart. A nameless shadow hung over the lonely gorge—the heavy shadow of unexpiated crime, making the grim fells look grimmer, and the wild moors more dreary and forbidding. My mind wavered whether I should send to Lancaster to acquaint the police of what I had seen. My thoughts recoiled at the prospect of becoming a witness in a cause célèbre, and having an over busy counsel or an officious press peeping and prying into my own modes of life. Was it for this I had, stolen away from my fellow-mortals and settled in these lonely wilds? The thought of publicity was repugnant to me. It was best, perhaps, to wait and watch without taking any decided step until I had come to a more definite conclusion as to what I had heard.

I caught no glimpse of the surgeon upon my homeward journey; but when I reached my cottage, I was astonished and indignant to find that somebody had entered it in my absence. Boxes had been pulled out from under the bed, the curtains disarranged, the chairs drawn out from the wall. Even my study had not been safe from this rough intruder, for the prints of a heavy boot were plainly visible on the ebony black carpet. I am not a patient man at the best of times; but this invasion and systematic examination of my household effects stirred up every drop of gall in my composition. Swearing under my breath, I took my old cavalry sabre down from its nail and passed my finger along the edge. There was a great notch in the centre where it had jarred up against the collar-bone of a Bavarian artillery-man the day we beat Van Der Tann back from Orleans. It was still sharp enough, however, to be serviceable. I placed it at the head of my bed, within reach of my arm, ready to give a keen greeting to the next uninvited visitor who might arrive.

STRONG MEN.

THE reappearance of Sandow, the Strong Man, on London stages recalls to mind the marvellous feats of strength in which he rivalled with Samson, another strong man, and which excited the wonder of the metropolis last year. This time, Sandow is accompanied by a man still stronger than himself, whom he discovered in a stone quarry near Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, lifting huge blocks of stone into trucks. The stage name of this marvel of strength is Goliath; and a Goliath he is in muscular power. This giant, who is six feet two and a half inches high, weighs twenty-seven stone, and measures sixty-five inches round the chest, and thirty-three inches round the head. It is an easy task for him to march round the stage with a cannon weighing four hundred pounds on his shoulder. It appears to be quite as easy for Sandow to lift Goliath, who represents a weight, be it observed, of three hundred and seventy-eight pounds, several feet off the ground with his first finger, and next by the waist high above his head. Yet all their feats, or similar ones, have been performed, and even excelled before. For

instance, on March 28, 1841, Thomas Thompson lifted three barrels of water, weighing together eighteen hundred and thirty-six pounds. He also put an iron bar on his neck, seized hold of its two ends, and bent it until the latter met. On another occasion he raised with his teeth a table six feet long supporting at its farthest end a weight of one hundred pounds. He also tore without serious effort a rope of a diameter of two inches, and lifted a horse over a bar.

Some years ago a negro appeared in London who, with one hand and his arm out straight, lifted from the ground a chair on which was seated a full-grown man having on his lap a child.

It is on record that a German, called Buchholz, lifted with his teeth a cannon weighing about two hundred pounds, and fired it off in that position. While performing at Epernay, in France, the same feat, the barrel of the gun burst. Maraculously, he was not killed, although several of the fragments were thrown over fifty yards away. Recently, at Berlin, two strong men appeared, one of whom performed the same trick as Sarson and his rival Sandow of bursting iron chains by contracting, and so enlarging, the biceps of his arm.

There are stories of other strong men who did not appear in public. A butcher lived in South Holland who killed calves by strangling them. A Dutch Count, in a private entertainment, bent an iron bar by beating it with his right hand against his left arm, protected by a leather bandage, bending it afterwards straight again by beating it the other way.

Charles Louvier, a carpenter of Paris, found it child's play to roll a tin basin between his fingers into a cylinder. On one occasion he carried off a soldier on guard who had gone to sleep in the sentry-box, depositing both on a low churchyard wall close by. An equally amusing story is told of a Dane, Knut Kundson, a locksmith, who, while standing in a window on the ground-floor, lifted with one hand half a bullock from the shoulder of a butcher who was toiling past with his load.

That well-known historical personage, Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, has furnished the subject for many a tale of his wonderful muscular power. We need refer only to one characteristic story, in which, however, he met his match. On the occasion in question he entered a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod. To show his suite how strong he was, picking up several horseshoes, he broke one after the other, asking the blacksmith whether he had no better. When it came to paying the bill, the Elector Augustus threw a six-dollar piece on the anvil. It was a very thick coin. The blacksmith took it up, broke it in half, saying: 'Pardon me; but I have given you a good horseshoe, and I expect a good coin in return.' Another six-dollar piece was given him; but he broke that, and five or six others; when the humiliated Elector put an end to the performance by handing the blacksmith a louisdor, pacifying

him by saying: 'The dollars were probably made of bad metal; but this gold piece I hope is good.'

An Italian, Luigi Bertini, of Milan, performed a similar feat; besides horseshoes, he broke nails a finger thick. An historical personage of recent times, the Duke of Gramont, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Napoleon III., who had to declare war in 1870, frequently astonished the ladies at evening parties at court by bending a twenty-franc piece with his aristocratic hand.

There are records likewise of strong women, although they are comparatively rare. In the time of Louis XV. there was an actress engaged at the Théâtre Français, Mademoiselle Gauthier, who could break a coin between the fingers of one hand, and roll a silver plate into the form of a cup of conical shape. No one could bear the pressure of her hand, and only Maurice de Saxe, one of the strongest men of his time, was able to open her closed hand. In the same century there lived in England a woman, Miss Lettie Thompson, who could break chains with her hand. Miss Kerra, a young mulatto woman, who appeared in most of the capitals of Europe, was, we believe, the first to perform the feat, while hanging with the bend of her knees in a trapeze, of holding a man at his belt with her teeth and turning him rapidly round with her hands. The same trick was performed more recently, amongst others, by Miss Leona Dare and Miss Carrie Wilton. It cannot be said that this is exactly a fitting performance for women, or that the exhibition of the weaker sex as athletes generally is an altogether edifying spectacle. It ought to be discouraged as much as possible, as degrading to the sex, leaving other considerations entirely out of the question.*

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER VIII.—DARKENING.

It was with a full heart Francis Gray found himself approaching the familiar woods of Yewle the next forenoon. It was a light heart, too, for the load no longer pressed upon it of his fear of Agnes King's marriage. He did not enter the village, but leaving the hired fly at a farmhouse a mile off, walked through the well-known lanes until he arrived at that very spot, behind the garden wall, where he had heard Agnes give her conditional promise to Richard King. Leaning his arms on the wall, in the same posture as on that former occasion, his eyes wandered over the garden. There was not a shrub or flower-bed in it that was not familiar to him, and yet it seemed so long since he had seen them last. Do what he would to keep away unpleasant thoughts, that former scene rose before him again. He saw the man's bent head, heard his earnest pleadings, and like a picture the face and figure of Agnes King stood before him. With the resuscitation of that scene came also the remembrance of the resolve on which he had himself gone to the vicarage the night preceding it—the resolve to ask Agnes King to grant him the right, by

virtue of his true love for her, to follow her wherever she went. And he asked himself, with fear and trembling, whether she would now, if he was bold enough to ask her, give him the same conditional promise which she had given to Richard King—the promise to be his wife if he cleared her father's name?

He recalled his thoughts suddenly, and wondered how long he had been standing there. A vault over the wall landed him in the vicarage garden, and he was advancing towards the house when he heard his name spoken close by, in a startled but familiar voice: 'Frank!'

She was standing at the door of a summer-house, her hands clasped on her bosom, and her face red with surprise, looking at him. In a moment he had both her hands caught in his own, and was feasting his hungry eyes on her changing face. Not a word could he speak, his heart was so full, and the impulse to take her in his arms was almost more than he could resist.

'Shall we sit down, Agnes?—we have often sat here—and it seems so long ago since I last saw you.'

The girl smiled, and led the way into the bower, where they both seated themselves on a wooden bench.

'You frightened me so, Frank, until I recognised who it was. Why did you not let us know you were coming, for we should have been so glad?'

'Is your mamma at home?'

'Yes; she has lain down for an hour. Mamma sleeps ill at night,' said Agnes with a look of concern, 'and I am so glad when she can get even an hour's rest during the day.'

For a considerable time they talked of old days and parish topics, and no reference was made to Yewle or the family troubles. In this way the old familiarity was restored between them before Agnes suggested their going in for tea.

Mrs King was still in her chamber, and they had their tea alone. Unconsciously, Francis Gray began to look in the girl's face so often and earnestly that his gaze made her blush.

'Agnes, how like old times this is,' he said.

'It would be,' she answered, 'if poor papa were here. Oh Frank! do you think it will ever come to pass?'

He was not prudent to suffer himself to be carried away, but he did. 'Yes, Agnes, yes! And, Agnes—if I should myself be the principal means of restoring your father to you in his spotless honour—if that should be, Agnes, why, there would be no prouder man living.'

It sounded a rather poor ending—rather poor substitute for what his tongue was running to, but feared at the last to say. The girl's subtle instinct read what was in his thoughts, what indeed was written so plainly in his face and shone in his eyes. She coloured deeply and rose, and Gray stood up too.

Agnes King was a very brave girl where occasion called for it. Instead of shrinking away from his glowing gaze with maiden tim-

idity she stood erect before him, looking at him without fear, and placing her hand on his arm, said: 'Frank, be quite clear with me. Do you think you can clear my father of that shame?'

'I hope to do it, Agnes. I have thought of nothing else for many months. Things have come to me slowly, but they have kept coming, one by one.—I suppose what I have heard is true,' he added suddenly, 'that you are not going to marry Richard King?'

'I am not,' she answered, removing her hand from his arm and stepping back a pace. 'I never wanted to marry Mr King; I never liked Mr King. I had consented to the idea as a duty.'

'Ah—I know, Agnes. He would never have done, or tried to do, that which he promised. Let that pass.—It is partly in reference to your father's case that I have come down to-day, and I hope to go back with a lighter heart than I left London with.'

They were both silent after this for some time. It was not an awkward silence, because they were both unconscious of it, being occupied with their own thoughts. In this state of things Mrs King entered the room, and her surprise was as great as her pleasure on seeing Francis Gray.

They had a great deal to say while Mrs King was having a cup of tea, which does not closely concern this story. Richard King, it appeared, had gone to London that day, which made it the easier to see Wilson, the under-gardener, who was therefore sent for to come over to the vicarage. Gray said nothing to the ladies as to the purpose for which he wanted to see the man.

'Now, Mrs King,' said the young man after they had done tea, 'I want you to carry your mind back to that day when Mr King went to London to pay the two thousand pounds. I recollect myself every detail of the proceedings over at the Hall. Could you remember the clothes Mr King wore going to London?'

'Yes, even to the socks he wore,' she answered with surprise. 'As for the clothes, Frank, since poor Charlie never kept more than two suits—one for Sunday and one for week-days—those he wore are easy to remember.'

'There is one article of dress which I do not think Mr King ever wore,' said Gray; 'I mean a tall hat.'

'No; he never wore one.—But what does all this tend to, Frank?'

'You know what broadcloth is—did he ever wear broadcloth?'

'Never!—Frank, Frank, what is it?'

The poor woman's excitement was growing pitiful—remember, this was the first ray of hope she had had, all those sad years—and even Agnes pressed close up to the young man.

'I'm afraid I ought not to tell you,' he said, 'until I am surer. But how can I help it?'

'You can't help it—you mustn't help it, Frank!—Agnes, make him tell you—oh the years!'

She could say no more; but the girl drew closer, and placing her two hands on his shoulder, with the pleading innocence of a sister, simply said, looking into his eyes: 'Frank!'

'It is not much, after all,' he answered, 'and it may raise false hopes. It means that the person who paid the forged cheque into the bank wore a broadcloth coat and a silk hat. I know the cashier who received both the cheques, and he has told me this. When Mr King came to the bank in the morning he was dressed in his usual way.'

'Frank! Frank! God bless you for this,' exclaimed poor Mrs King, bursting into tears; 'I feel now the morning is coming on indeed!'

'One or two more questions I must ask, Mrs King. Can you at all remember the train he came home by that day? It may not be of any consequence at all, but if you were certain of the fact, it might be as well to know.'

She could not give the hour of the train; but she was certain of this, that her husband was home for tea, which they always had at four o'clock.

It was a disappointment to Mrs King in the first moments of her new hope that Gray should have to leave Yewle again that evening. But it was necessary, and he promised either to come again soon, or to write and let her know how matters were going on; indeed, he felt it would be downright cruelty to leave her in suspense an hour longer than could be helped.

He took leave, therefore, and, accompanied by Wilson the under-gardener, proceeded to the farmhouse where he had left the fly. On the way, Wilson told him exactly the same story as Stokes had done.

Gray explained to the man the issue which was involved in the matter of this second will, and Wilson promptly agreed to accompany him to Soucheater then and there. They all detested the new Squire.

He brought Wilson straight to Mr Warwick, who took down in writing the man's statement; and afterwards, when they were alone, Gray told the solicitor the result of his inquiries at the vicarage, and explained the significance of the difference of dress pointing to two different persons.

Mr Warwick was interested now, for he felt much more the wrong from which his old friend and client suffered than the loss or otherwise of Yewle itself.

'This is capital as far as it goes, Gray,' he said; 'but it goes only as far as negative proof. To get Mr King's sentence reversed we must have positive proof as to the identity of the person who forged and paid into the bank that fatal cheque—who, in fact, personated Charles King. And having proved his identity, we must establish his motive. All this looks at present a difficult task.'

'If we discover the individual, Mr Warwick, the motive will be found not far off. I myself have no doubt of his identity.'

The lawyer wheeled suddenly round and regarded the young man keenly. 'You surprise me,' he said. 'You must be a born detective.'

'No, Mr Warwick. But think how long this matter has been in my thoughts—four years now—and it will not seem strange that points should strike me as they arose. It was the merest accident that sent me to lodge in the same house with the bank cashier; it was the

merest accident that led to our talking of the forgery. Of course I was naturally on the alert for all he could tell me, and I had my old suspicion to clothe with each new fact that came to my knowledge.'

'I see all that. I think you had better telegraph for your friend the cashier to come here to-morrow. I should like to see Stokes too.'

This Gray agreed to do, and wrote out the two telegrams on the spot at the lawyer's request. The latter also wrote a telegram to some person, and taking the three, said he would despatch them himself.

'While you are out, Mr Warwick, could you learn at the bank whether Mr Richard King was there on the 5th of May—the day the forged cheque was handed in at the bank in London?'

Mr Warwick started. 'I can easily find that out, Gray. But take care—your feeling against that man may be tempting you too far. This is dangerous ground.'

'I have hinted it to no one but you. If Richard King was at his duties as usual on that 5th of May, my suspicion falls to the ground, and shall never be known. But if he was not in Soucheater that day,' said Gray, with rising colour and quick breath, 'and if he was in London, then, Mr Warwick, he was the man who brought that forged cheque to the bank! I have just learned from Mrs King that on that day her husband was back from London in time for tea at four o'clock, so that he must have travelled down by the train which leaves London at 12.45, while it was after two o'clock when the forged cheque was paid into the bank.'

'That is a very important discovery,' said Mr Warwick, as he went out. Half an hour afterwards he returned with the information that Mr Richard King was not at his bank in Soucheater on the 5th of May, and it was believed that he was in London.

When Francis Gray was at the vicarage he was told that Richard King had gone to London; but though this was believed to be the case, he was still at Yewle.

Major Saverley had left Yewle the morning after the interview in the study.

During that day, Richard King wrote to Mr Rintoul instructing him to negotiate as quickly as possible a loan of twenty-five thousand pounds on mortgage—for purposes of estate improvement,' as he explained. But his excesses were beginning to tell upon him, and the day before that on which Francis Gray visited Yewle, he stayed in bed all day and all the succeeding night, and rose very early next morning—ill, indeed, but sober.

Going down to the study before the household was as yet astir, his eye fell on a heap of letters and newspapers which had come through the post during the past days. The newspapers he felt no interest in, but the letters he gathered up and carried back to his bedroom. 'Curiously enough, the last three of the letters were the only ones that produced any effect upon him. The first of the three was from his mother, and it brought to his mind that he had written begging her to come, at least for a visit, to Yewle. What she said in reply need not be stated here;

but he tore the letter angrily into fragments and flung them about the floor. The next was no more composing, being a somewhat peremptory notification from Mr Warwick that if his client's money were not paid to her credit into the Southeater Bank in three days, legal proceedings would be instituted. The third was from Mr Rintoul, stating with maddening formality that steps were being taken to raise the money required on mortgage; but that, owing to questions certain to be raised regarding title, there would be some difficulty and delay in obtaining the money.

Richard King, turning the two lawyers' letters over in his mind, was able to see that he was in a rather desperate situation, from which he must promptly extricate himself. Either of two things must be done at once—he must be married to Agnes King, or he must get money. With this estate in his possession, for which he had hungered so long, he was in greater straits for money than he had ever before been in his life.

In the course of the day, Richard King dressed and went down to the study. He had come to the resolution to go over to the vicarage that evening and have one answer or the other; he could wait no longer. The girl's reluctance to say the final word made him fear that some accident might any moment intervene to cast the whole project to the ground. He did not yet know that this catastrophe had happened, for he had not been at the vicarage for nearly a fortnight.

Money, money, money! If he paid a thousand per cent. for it he must have what he required immediately. He would sell every stick on the estate; he would sell every heirloom in the house—

Richard King, lying back in the same chair in which the late Squire had sat dead, gave a violent start. His eyes were fixed with a look of deep excitement on the great safe in a corner behind the fireplace. There were precious stones there—thousands and tens of thousands of pounds' worth, it was said—studding a casket containing nothing more precious than a dead woman's hair! Strange to say, up to the present moment he had no more thought of that old safe, than he had of the cobwebbed lumber in the garret. He was deeply excited now. If all the stories were true, there was wealth enough in that safe to buy another estate like Yewle! And was it not his, like every other thing in the house?

But it had to be got at first. He took a chair over to the safe, and began to turn forward and backward, in a hundred chance combinations, the index on the lock; it was, however, of no use. He did not expect it would be any use. The secret of the combination had died with Rowan King, and the safe could only be opened by violence now. Violence he would apply, and lose no time about doing so.

The elation inspired by this most opportune discovery gave him greater confidence as he crossed to the vicarage about an hour after Francis Gray had left it. Dwelling on the thought of his suddenly-discovered wealth, he had hardly a misgiving as to the result when he reached the door; so strong did it make him, that he went into the house without a thought of those apologetic explanations of his protracted

absence which he had been preparing an hour or two before.

Mother and daughter were in the drawing-room. Neither spoke when he came in, which struck him as strange. Then he thought they were offended at his late neglect, and he fell back on his apologies. To his chagrin, these were coldly received. But presently Mrs. King, glancing at his face in a way that made him uncomfortable, asked him if he would not have a cup of tea.

'Many thanks,' he answered; 'I have had some tea; but I should be glad of more. I should ask you to let me wait for dinner, only that I must start for London presently on pressing business, and I can get a late dinner there.'

'We had heard, earlier in the day, that you were already in London.'

'I had been speaking of it. There is some business connected with the property to be arranged.—And now,' he said, looking from one to the other, 'there is one business, nearest to me of all, which I must beg permission to attend to at the same time.—Agnes, may I give instructions for your marriage settlements to-morrow and procure a special license?'

Agnes looked at her mother.

'Nay, Agnes,' said Mrs King; 'I think you had better answer for yourself.'

It has been said before that, when occasion demanded, Agnes King was a very courageous girl. She was equal to the occasion now, fortified as she was by the relief of being free of this engagement. 'Mr King,' she answered, looking straight in his eyes, 'I can never be your wife. I am afraid I can hardly be even your friend. My father has forbidden me.'

The man sprang to his feet as if he had been struck. 'Your father! Where is your father?'

'I do not know. If I did, Mr King, I would go to him.'

'Your father has no authority over you, Agnes. Long ago, he forfeited it. Since then, he has doubly forfeited it. This is mere madness; you must not let such interference come between you and me. How has he forbidden you? Has he been here again?'

'No,' replied Mrs King; 'my husband' has not been here since the night you know of. But he has written this injunction to Agnes through Mr Warwick. Agnes will not disobey it.'

There was no mistaking the firmness of either mother or daughter in this matter, and Richard King did not mistake it. But it was so utterly foreign to anything he expected that it staggered him. He leaned against the mantelpiece for some two or three minutes in silence, looking at the two ladies.

'Very well,' he said; 'that is the end. I have made a fool of myself, and the triumph is yours to enjoy while you may.'

Even the gentle-spirited Mrs King rose against this insult with crimson face. 'Shame on you, Mr King!'

'I ask a thousand pardons,' he continued in the same tone. 'But before I go, allow me to explain to you the extent of self-interest which urged me to seek this marriage. In the first place, Mrs King, after your husband's conviction,

I pitied you both; and when, in course of time, Rowan King gave me to understand that I was to be his heir, I resolved to make to you and your daughter all the reparation I could for the misfortune which had fallen upon you. I resolved to make Agnes my wife, the mistress of Yewle, so that no person dare point the finger of pity at the felon's daughter or his wife. Since the night of Rowan King's death, my motive for hastening the marriage has been far more powerful—you needed "shielding" from a greater misfortune—and it was only I who could have done this for you.—I perceive, Mrs King, my meaning is not entirely unknown to you," he observed, as the poor woman's face grew ashy pale, and the work dropped from her fingers.

He stood, looking at her white terror, and the wretch seemed to take enjoyment from the contemplation of it, until he received an unexpected surprise. Agnes, rose, and facing him with high colour and heaving bosom, said: 'Go on, Mr King. Explain yourself more clearly, so that we may fully understand.'

'Very well,' he said. 'Your father visited this house secretly that night—the night his brother was murdered'—

'Murdered! You yourself told us'—

'I told you it was heart disease. It was murder, however; a knife was sent to Rowan King's heart as he sat in his chair, and he never moved again. This fact is known to others besides me; ask Dr Hayle, for one. Your husband, Mrs King, after leaving here, went over to the Hall, and was seen lurking behind the bushes by Stokes the butler. The butler, who knew him well, spoke to him, and your husband told the servant that he was going into the study, through the open casement, to see his brother.—Next morning, his brother was found murdered.'

'God have mercy on us!' murmured the poor wife, putting her hands to her face and bowing her head. Her daughter glanced anxiously towards her, but held her erect attitude.

'If the faintest suspicion of these facts were to go abroad, nothing could save your husband from a terrible fate. I do not say he was guilty; I am only pointing out what the verdict of the world would be.—Was it selfish or ungenerous of me, Agnes, to seek to shield him from all suspicion by making his daughter my wife? Indeed,' he added, without thinking, 'had it not been for the disappearance of Rowan King's body, whoever effected it and wherever it was taken to, the coroner's inquest would have set the police to work, and, I am afraid, they would quickly strike the scent.'

'Exactly, Mr King,' said the girl, with beautiful scorn; 'and therefore you left nothing undone to find the body for the coroner and police! Thank God, my father will soon be cleared of the stain of one crime, and Heaven is too just to allow the perpetrator of either to escape!' As, having delivered this bolt, Agnes addressed herself to attendance on her mother, and no further notice was taken of him, Richard King, inwardly raging, left the house and went back to the Hall. Here he had some dinner, and a great deal to drink with it; and then, cursing with every turn of the wheels, drove to the station and went to London by a late train.

He did not go to his accustomed hotel that

night, and it was late next morning before he rose. It was not to see lawyers that he had come to London; his business proved to be of quite another character. Driving to a well-known safe-maker's establishment, Richard King examined a few safes, and selected one, for which he paid twenty guineas. He gave his card, and after requesting the safe to be sent down to Yewle within a week, said: 'I want the services of an experienced man to open an old safe for me which contains a number of family papers. Can you send me down such a man by the first train to-morrow morning?'

Asked who the makers of the safe in question were, he said he did not know—it was a very old one, and had been in the house many years. But it had fitted to it an American 'combination' lock, the secret of which could not now be found, as the late owner was dead.

The kind of workman wanted was promised; and then Richard King drove round by his club, in hope of meeting Major Saverley. He wished to see him for two purposes—first, to settle a little betting transaction in which King as usual was the loser; and second, to consult with the Major, as an experienced man of the world, how best to raise a sum of money should the safe prove unfruitful of its reputed diamonds.

But he did not find the Major at the club; he therefore wrote him a letter, enclosing a cheque, and asking a waiter to give it to Major Saverley whenever he should enter the club; then he drove to the station, and so home to Yewle.

Next morning Richard King was up early to receive the workman from London, as he did not wish the servants to know the purpose of the man's visit. He therefore led him directly to the study, where breakfast had been laid for him.

After the workman had breakfasted, he proceeded to examine the safe. It was a strong one, and he expressed the opinion that he would require to drill the door of the safe in order to open the lock; a course which Richard King told him he was quite free to take if he found it necessary.

'I have bought a new safe,' he explained, 'so that I shall not want to use the old one again.'

'In that case, sir,' replied the man, 'there will be the less difficulty in opening it—no difficulty at all.'

Richard King was in high spirits. The vision of the wealth which the sale of all the stones in that casket would bring him compensated for the mortification of the interview at the vicarage; indeed, his thoughts were so concentrated on the one object of obtaining possession of the treasure, that there was no room in his mind for anything else.

'Old Nick himself, sir,' said the mechanic, after toying with the combination for a minute, 'couldn't open one of these things unless he knew the figures.—But a drill,' he added, settling down on one knee and commencing to bore, 'is a tool that overcomes most of them things.'

It was tedious work, however, for the metal was hard and thick. At last one hole was completed, and Richard King was stooping over the man, examining it, when the door of the study opened. He sprang round, sharply and angrily;

but the colour left his face and his limbs trembled when he encountered, a few feet from him, the stern eyes and set lips of the vicar of Yewie.

SOME EARLY COLONIAL NEWSPAPERS.

THE first paper published in Australia lies before us—a news-sheet, very badly printed on four pages of foolscap paper. At the top of the first sheet, beneath its title, 'The Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser,' is a very rude little wood-engraving, representing a ship with a union jack, and an allegorical female figure seated on the shore. Around the cut is the legend, 'Thus we hope to prosper.'

Amongst the official advertisements on the first page may be noticed the following instance of paternal government: 'The Governor having permitted Mr Robert Campbell to land four thousand gallons of spirits for the domestic use of the inhabitants, from the *Castle of Good Hope*, it will be divided in the following proportions—namely, for the officers on the Civil Establishment (including Superintendent and Storekeeper), one thousand gallons; for naval and military commissioned officers, one thousand gallons; for the licensed people, one thousand gallons; to be distributed to such persons as the Governor may think fit to grant permits to, one thousand gallons.—By command, W. N. CHAPMAN, Secretary.'

Ships were neither last, nor frequent in those days. The latest intelligence from home, given at Sydney, in this newspaper of March 5, 1803, is that of a dreadful fire that broke out at Woolwich, nearly a year before, on the 20th of May 1802. Nor were they large. The *Castle of Good Hope*, with its tonnage of only a thousand tons, is stated to be 'the largest ship that has ever entered this port,' although several men-of-war had been there.

The Gazette's 'Notice to Correspondents' is couched thus: 'Two Slip Boxes will be put up in the course of the ensuing week (one in front of the Issuing Stores at Sydney, the other in a window of the Court House at Paramatta) for the reception of such Articles of Information as persons who are possessed of the means may think fit to contribute.'

The venture lived till 1843, and went through many vicissitudes. The first number was published on a Saturday; but for several years the journal appeared on Sunday, that the editor might include 'the whole of the ship news and other interesting matter for the preceding week.'

The printer's great difficulty was the scarcity of paper. It was war-time, and communication between England and her colonies was cut off for months at a time. Many articles of commerce ran out altogether, and others fetched fancy prices. As early as 1805 an advertisement appeared in the Gazette for 'any quantity of demy, medium, folio post, or foolscap paper, for the use of printing, and which, if by any accident from damp or slight mildew, rendered unfit for writing, will answer the purpose.'

The next year the editor, who was also printer, proprietor, and business manager, offered a 'liberal deduction to any subscriber furnishing paper, namely, six sheets of demy, eight of foolscap, or

twelve of quarto letter-paper,' but notwithstanding this, he had to announce on the 31st of August that, 'As we have no certainty of an immediate supply of paper, we cannot promise a publication next week.' Quarto letter-paper at the time was being retailed at the rate of from six to eight shillings per quire; and when ladies went to the grocery store, they took with them a stocking, at one end of which they put the tea they bought, and at the other their sugar. Paper was too precious to be used in wrapping grocery goods. Small wonder, then, that the numbers of the Gazette that appeared in war-time varied in colour, texture, size, and material. Once it had to be printed on one side only of thin China paper; at another time, it appeared without any margins, the printer's type, which had to keep its frame, having come to the very edge.

Nor was scarcity of paper the only difficulty with which the printer-editor had to deal. The type was bad; and at times he had to make his own ink—one of the most difficult and disagreeable tasks that can possibly devolve to the printer of a paper. Many numbers were in consequence almost illegible.

Payment for the paper, which was a sixpenny one, might be made in copper coin, grain, or bills; but so great were the arrears that, in 1809, the editor refused to continue its publication till Government interposed with his debtors.

Besides 'the invention and obtaining of news,' the editor had to distribute the type, work the paper off at press, and deliver it to the Sydney subscribers. It is not surprising that one number contained only twelve lines relating to the news of New South Wales, and that the columns of another—with the exception of two lines of ship news and four of market prices—were filled with advertisements and excerpts from English newspapers.

With its grand development into a demy of four pages of five columns on January 1, 1824, we must leave the checkered career of this pioneer newspaper. Its ink and type were still execrable, but they were not worse than those of its 'brother type in the sister colony' of Tasmania, the 'Hobart-Town Gazette,' and its appearance in its new form created quite a sensation. Even the rival editor was struck with astonishment at the production of 'such a monster weekly,' and inquired enviously how it was done.

The first newspaper of Tasmania was a purely Government publication, a quarto leaf, called 'The Derwent Star and Van Diemen's Land Intelligencer.' It was printed for 'a few weeks in 1810 under a tree in the woods by Messrs Barnes and George Clark, Governor Collins having brought out a foolscap press, type, &c.' Politics being absolutely excluded 'from its consideration, anecdotes and English news formed its staple commodity, and towards the end of the year it ceased to exist.

On Saturday, June 1, 1816, Andrew Bent, 'the Franklin of Tasmania,' established under Government authority, with Government resources, and with Government pay, 'The Hobart-Town Gazette and Southern Reporter.' The first number consisted of two foolscap pages, and contained the official order, signed by J. A. Lascelles, Secretary, respecting the birthday of George III. One pound of fresh meat and half a pint of spirits

are to be furnished to soldiers and constables, that their loyalty may be duly maintained.' Several items of local news were also detailed in it, and more than one anecdote not a little coarse.

As in the case of its Sydney rival, subscribers were dilatory and ungenerous during the early years of the Gazette's career, and it had to be printed with wretched ink, at one time on 'common Chinese paper, no more than half the size of foolscap, and of which two sheets were consequently obliged to be pasted together.'

An act of 1824 granted the Tasmanian press comparative liberty; and the editor, with the change of the paper's title to 'The Hobart-Town Gazette, and Van Diemen's Land Advertiser,' grandly declared, 'We esteem ourselves a beacon, placed by Divine graciousness on the awfully perilous coast of human frailty.'

The next year, for calling the Governor 'the Gideonite of tyranny,' he was arraigned for libel, and convicted. With his imprisonment the 'Hobart-Town Gazette' ceased to exist.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

'WELL, sergeant-major, what do you think of our few colonel?' I asked the senior non-commissioned officer of my troop, just as I reported myself, having returned off furlough.

During my absence, our popular commanding officer, Colonel Needham, had exchanged with Colonel Rowland, of the 22d Plungers, as that regiment was about to proceed to India. The latter gentleman, therefore, had been gazetted to the command of my regiment, the 12th Dragoon Guards, in which I held the rank of sergeant—which then occupied the barracks in the Midland county town of Snowborough.

The troop sergeant-major, whose name was Markham, looked black, and muttered something like an oath. He answered: 'No good! He's the hottest character that ever I came across. He'll send the regiment to blazes before he's done with it. Already there's been a regular upset. Captains Groves and Sandhurst have sent in their resignations, and so has Lieutenant Hills; they can't stand his ways; and no wonder. The time you were away, Sergeants Wilson and Jones, besides four corporals, were tried and reduced for offences that Colonel Needham would scarcely have thought it worth while to give a reprimand for. A dozen men have been court-martialled, and the poor fellows are now in 'chokey' for doing nothing that I am aware of. Several of the fellows have deserted; and about twenty whose friends can afford to shell out the needful have applied for discharge by purchase. Matters are at present in a nice pickle. Colonel Rowland is a warm specimen; blessed if I don't think he's off his blooming head!'

'What sort of a man is he in appearance?'

The sergeant-major glanced out of the window, and said: 'Why, there the gentleman is, talking to little Daisy Treloar.'

I looked in the direction indicated. Colonel Rowland was a tall, smart-looking soldier, who sported a huge dark waxed moustache. He was smugly chatting to the daintiest child of the regiment, the six-year-old girl of our adjutant, Mr Treloar.

'Colonel Rowland appears fond of that youngster,' continued Markham. 'He's always leading her about barracks.—Oh, I forgot; I didn't tell you about our gallant commanding officer's love affair! I believe he's a widower; but he hadn't been a week in the regiment before he proposed to Captain Groves's eldest daughter. The young lady—and I don't blame her—wouldn't take it on, as I believe she's engaged to her cousin, a baronet, who has lots of tin, and is a captain in the Foot Guards. That, I think, was the beginning of the bother. Immediately, the colonel started annoying old Groves as much as he could; therefore the captain sent in his papers. The rest of the officers backed up Groves, who's a first-rate sort, as you know. Now the lot cold-shoulder the colonel as much as they dare; he doesn't seem chummy with one, excepting Mr Treloar. Well, as things go, nobody feels safe. You or I, old chap, might lose our stripes and go back grooming, if old Rowland gets his knife into either of us.'

Five minutes later, as I was passing by the square in the direction of the non-commissioned officers' mess, a strident voice sung out 'Sergeant!' I turned, and perceived Colonel Rowland, who had just stepped out of the quartermaster's stores. I saluted him, and stood to attention. The colonel's features were pale, but strikingly handsome. His eyes were dark and piercing, but still a trifle restless, as it struck me at the time. He asked curiously: 'What is your name?'

'Thompson, colonel,' I replied.

'How is it that I haven't seen you before?'

'Just come off furlough, colonel.'

The officer surveyed me critically, and said: 'Get your hair cut at once!' Then turning on his heel, he walked away.

With exceeding alacrity I sought out the regimental barber, and had the operation performed.

That night Colonel Rowland, with a vicious expression on his face, accompanied by Adjutant Treloar, marched into one of our troop stables while the men were busily engaged in grooming. Suddenly he stopped and inquired: 'Who's sergeant-major of this troop?'

'Sergeant-major Markham, colonel,' I answered.

'Bring him to me.'

A moment later, Markham stepped forward.

Pointing to a horse's kit, Colonel Rowland asked: 'Where are the stirrup leathers belonging to that saddle?'

'At the saddler's shop for repairs, colonel,' replied Markham.

'Then why did you not procure substitutes? I had an order entered in the order-book a day or two ago that each kit should be kept complete. You have neglected your duty by not attending to my mandate in this instance.—Mr Treloar, send this sergeant-major to his room under arrest.—Who's senior sergeant?'

'I am, colonel,' I replied.

'Then see about these leathers immediately.'

In a few minutes I procured the articles from the quartermaster's store. Just as the trumpet sounded 'Leave stables,' up marched the colonel, who looked to see that the leathers were in place. Then he turned to me and said: 'You have got your hair cut?'

'Yes, colonel.'

'Quite right. I like a man who attends to my orders at once.—Yes, it's cut, but deuced badly cut, all the same. Was the barber sober at the time?'

'Yes, colonel.'

'If he had been intoxicated, and you had neglected your duty by not putting him in the guard-room, I should have had you tried by court-martial. No shirking the obligations pertaining to discipline with me—remember that!'

In the pettifogging fashion just illustrated, Colonel Rowland constantly got a lot of good men into trouble, and, consequently, nearly drove the regiment to the verge of mutiny. Some of the oldest non-commissioned officers and troopers he accused of awkwardness, and sent them to do the goose-step on the square with the recruits. His drilling of the regiment was incessant and tedious. It being just after harvest, the colonel obtained the permission of various farmers to exercise in their fields, and often we were unnecessarily taken miles distant for the purpose of performing evolutions. Besides, the colonel evinced great solicitude about the clothing; and by assiduously finding fault here and there, had a large proportion of the members of the corps under stoppages for new articles of toggery.

By reason of the intercession of Adjutant Treloar, Markham was let off with a severe reprimand. About a week later, however, the unfortunate fellow was 'put on the shelf'—the military slang term for being placed under arrest—for another alleged tramping breach of discipline, and tried and reduced.

Rumours were now rife that the eccentricities of Colonel Rowland had been brought under the notice of the Horse Guards authorities, and that the worthy officer might likely be suspended in his command, prior to his conduct being reported upon by a court of inquiry.

'Old Bedlam,' as the men had nicknamed the colonel, had a curious habit of pacing about until the small-hours in front of the officers' house, which it may be mentioned was built at right angles with the wing in which the stables and troop-rooms were located.

One bright moonlight night I was in charge of the guard, and had just visited the sentries at two P.M., when I was startled by the sharp crack of a rifle. Imagining that some man had committed suicide, I called on a file of the guard and rushed off to investigate the matter. At once I was confronted by Colonel Rowland, who was terribly excited. 'Sergeant,' he almost screamed, 'you heard that report? Some miscreant has attempted to assassinate me! The bullet passed within a few inches of my head. I saw the flash from that window—there!' and he pointed in the direction of one of my own troop-rooms. 'Quick; get a light of some kind, and bring all your spare men!'

I hastily summoned the remainder of the guard, and rushing across to the wing, snatched a lantern from one of the stable sentries. Headed by the frantic Colonel Rowland, we rushed up-stairs and entered the suspected room. The men had been awakened by the report close to their ears, and were engaged in partially dressing, with the view of examining into the mystery.

'Where is the villain?' roared Colonel Rowland. 'I'll have the scoundrel hanged or shot!'

Markham, who was at his duty as private, said: 'My impression is that the shot was fired from the veranda outside, sir.'

The colonel grabbed the lantern from me with the intention of inspecting that region, when the candle toppled over and was extinguished. There was a waxy couple of minutes of stamping and swearing on the part of the excited officer, until a trooper struck a lucifer. A carbine was discovered lying on the veranda. The colonel eagerly snatched it up, and held the butt to the light to examine the number. '563, by Jove!' he yelled. 'Who's 563?'

'My carbine, sir,' answered Markham, without hesitation. 'It must have been taken from the rack!'

'You lie, you murderer!' responded the officer.

'—Here, you men of the guard, seize the villain; take him to the cells and clap him in irons.'

'—By Jove, that was your revenge, was it? you assassin you, because I had you reduced for being ignorant of your duty!—Away with him!'

At that instant a voice from behind the crowd of men growled: 'Curse you, you tyrant! Who-ever fired the shot, it was a pity he missed you!'

'Mutiny, rank mutiny, by Heaven!' shouted Colonel Rowland. 'I command you to point the fellow out who spoke just now!'

There was dead silence; not one of the men responded.

The colonel went on: 'I'll give ten guineas to whoever tells me the name of the villain!'

But the proffered bribe was of no avail; and the troopers, who were minus their shoes, slipped quietly back to their cots.

'We shall see, we shall see!' hissed the officer viciously.

Poor Markham, who doubtless thought it useless to protest, was conducted by the men of the guard to a cell, and there, by the personal direction of Colonel Rowland, was put in irons.

The colonel did not return to his quarters; he settled down by the guardroom fire. The men of the guard did not attempt to sleep, but sat on benches in silence.

Privately, I sent word to the regimental sergeant-major, who knocked up Mr Treloar. That officer came promptly to the guardroom. He endeavoured to persuade the colonel to go to his rooms; but the latter peremptorily declined. Then the adjutant seated himself beside his distracted commander. They indulged but little in conversation. Sometimes, Colonel Rowland asked a few questions about little Miss Daisy. But at intervals his brow grew dark, as his mind seemed to revert to the outrage, and he would mutter between his teeth: 'The murderous villains; we shall see, we shall see!'

When it was broad daylight, I was ordered to accompany the officers to the spot where the colonel had been when the shot was fired at him. On making a minute examination we found that the bullet had touched the gravel some distance off, and had ricocheted. Following up the line of fire, we discovered that the missile had flattened against the farthest extremity of the front wall of the officers' house. With a grim smile, Colonel Rowland picked up the battered piece of lead and placed it in his pocket.

Just after the collection of the reports at stable roll-call at six that morning, the regimental orderly sergeant-major came over to the guard-room and said to me: 'Ringwood of your troop is absent. He answered his name all right last night. Must have broken out of barracks.'

'The fellow who fired the shot, for a fiver!' I said to myself.

Ringwood was a desperate man, of a reputed revengeful nature. He was one of the lot whom the colonel had been instrumental in getting court-martialled, and he had only been released from prison a day or two previously. That he might have attempted to commit murder seemed to me very probable. (Later, it transpired that the absentee had made off with a suit of plain clothes belonging to an officer's servant who slept in his room.)

Stepping over to my troop stables, I called the oldest soldier aside and asked him whom the troopers suspected.

'Why, Ringwood, of course, sergeant,' he answered. 'He had been tellin' the fellows as 'ow he would try something on!'

'And what is the feeling of the men?'

The trooper replied emphatically: 'A feelin' that I thought I'd a never come across in this good old regiment, as used to be, while I was in it. The whole lot say, "Bad luck to Ringwood for takin' such a duflin' aim!" That will give you an idea of what the feelin' is, sergeant.'

'This "killing-ne-murder" sentiment was lamentable in the extreme; still, I could hardly wonder at it.

Another surprise of this day of surprises. Captain Groves, who had been on leave prior to being gazetted out, reported himself within barracks, having received, as we afterwards ascertained, a War Office mandate to return to his duty in the regiment. When Colonel Rowland was informed that his authority had thus been set aside in the matter, he was transported with fury. He construed it into an angury of further changes that concerned him personally.

The officers were early astir, and stood in little knots about the barrack square, discussing the subject of the attempt that had been made to take the commanding officer's life.

About ten o'clock the weather suddenly changed; a drizzling shower fell, and a dense white fog settled down. All at once the colonel made his appearance. As the compliment due to him, the sentry turned the guard out; but the officer peremptorily bade them 'turn in.' His face was indeed a study; its expression, as it appeared to me, was that of a delight almost fiendish. He shouted to the trumpeter, 'Sound "Orderly sergeants."' A minute later, the barracks resounded with the 'call.'

Then the colonel entered the orderly-room, which was next door to the guardroom.

'What's up?' I asked an orderly, when the business for which the summons had been issued was over. He answered: 'Old Bedlam has ordered a mounted parade for all hands; light drill, with caps and jackets; bandmen to fall in with their troops, without instruments; dismounted men to take over the guard, of which the sergeant cook is to be in command.'

'Oh, confound the thing!' I muttered in dis-

gust. I was dead tired by reason of my previous night's vigil, and did not feel in humour for going out to drill.

'Trumpeter, sound "Boot and saddle,"' the regimental sergeant-major sung out of the orderly-room; then he said to me: 'Sergeant Thompson, get your men ready to be relieved.'

When the 'fall in' sounded, there was, contrary to general anticipation, no parade, and consequently no close inspection of overalls and caps. Colonel Rowland simply marched us off, and when barracks were cleared, we broke into a swinging trot. I was sergeant of the advanced guard, and the colonel left his proper place at the head of the regiment, and rode just ahead of me, to direct the file of men who were leading. In spite of the heavy mist, I could perceive that he selected an out-of-the-way road, and made for the high ground that lies to the north of the town of Snowborough. The colonel, who frequently consulted a map which he held in his hand, shouted alternate commands to the trumpeter to sound 'Walk' or 'Trot.' When, as near as I could guess, we had traversed a distance of seven or eight miles from barracks, he drew rein, and attentively examined a rudely constructed gate that gave entrance to a field on our right. 'Halt!' he immediately cried to the attendant trumpeter; then he said to me: 'Sergeant, dismount, and throw open that gate.'

When I had performed that operation, the colonel marched the regiment into the field of stubble, and ordered it, on the move, to form in column of squadrons.

Colonel Rowland now shouted to the adjutant: 'Mr Treloar, I wish you particularly to remain by that gate until further orders from me; the senior lieutenant will take your place.'

'Very well, colonel,' replied the surprised adjutant; 'but as the fog is so dense, can I have a trumpeter with me to warn you in case a cart or other vehicle enters the field?'

'Certainly,' said the commanding officer; then he thundered: 'Form line on the leading squadron!'

To our front the ground fell gently; but excepting a dismal expanse of stubble, nothing was visible outside the distance of a hundred and fifty yards or thereabouts. When we had moved forward a good distance the command 'Halt; dress!' was given.

How well I remember the appearance of the regiment at that particular moment! I was on the extreme right, and I could perceive Captain Groves in the centre, in front of the squadron of direction—though beyond him the features of the line of officers were hardly recognisable. Away in front loomed the figures of the colonel and trumpeter, the men and horses seeming to be of preternatural size. Suddenly the colonel disappeared ahead, and the trumpeter remained. A pause of a minute or two, and the thud of the hoofs of the colonel's horse was heard as he galloped up and resumed his place.

'Walk, march!' he shouted. 'Trot,' 'Gallop,' rang out the trumpet in succession. Then Colonel Rowland wildly shrieked 'Charge!' a command which was instantly accompanied by the inspiring trumpet call.

The regiment thundered down the slope in

magnificent style and with a terrible impetus. It was a long charge, much longer than was customary. The situation was very novel, considering the bank of thick white mist ahead.

Suddenly an agonised voice from the rear cried: 'Halt, for Heaven's sake—halt!'—a command which was followed by the three-note trumpet call.

Obediently, the well-trained regiment pulled up in a few horses' lengths.

'About; march!' and every snorting horse was turned, and in higgledy-piggledy fashion we moved to the rear, up the hill. The commands came from Adjutant Treloar, who appeared in a condition of terrible excitement. And strange, not a word of remonstrance from Colonel Rowland!

A whispered communication from the adjutant to Captain Groves, and the latter officer started and turned as pale as death. Then in tremulous accents, betokening considerable emotion, he shouted: 'Officers, fall out!'

When he had returned a good way up the field, we formed up in proper order. The regimental sergeant-major took the command, and marched the regiment home to barracks. As we filed out of the field, the gate was held open for us by a stolid-looking, middle-aged rustic. Some of the troopers addressed chaffing remarks to the yokel; but at the time we little knew what we had to be thankful to him for!

On our return, 'Stables' was sounded, and soon all the men were busy grooming. There was no sign of any of the officers, and I had my suspicions that something was wrong. I was more than astonished when Markham suddenly made his appearance.

'Hulloa!' I cried, 'who let you out?'

'Released by order of Captain Groves!'

'What about the colonel, then?'

'We won't be troubled with him any more; and I can't help saying, a good job, too. I have just got the news from the orderly-room clerk.—Did you see that farmer's cart that was driven to the door of the officers' house just now? Well, it contained the colonel's dead body! His horse came down with him at the charge, and he broke his neck!'

This intelligence speedily spread all through the stables, and the troopers looked sobered and thoughtful. But it could not be denied that there was but little regret felt for the untimely death of our commanding officer, as all were relieved with the knowledge that the reign of terror which he had instituted had come to an end.

One incident that afternoon, however, touched the hearts of all who witnessed it. Poor little Daisy Treloar, who, somehow or other, had heard the news, sobbed bitterly while she was being led by her father to his quarters.

It was years later before I heard the true story of that awful morning, as the officers for long kept the matter a close secret. I shudder still when I think of it.

At the end of the field, in the direction in which we moved, there is a rock overhanging the bed of the river beneath, which has a sheer unbroken descent of about sixty feet! The only protection was a slender one-railed fence. Over

that, precipice our frenzied colonel, when he gave the command to charge, intended to sweep the whole regiment, where every man and horse would have been done to death!

Certain marks on the map found on his person showed that he must well have matured his terrible plan. The shot fired at the madman doubtless accelerated his design of wholesale murder; and, as has been described, he was specially favoured by the thick mist. As it was, he fell the only victim to his horrid scheme.

The awe-stricken officers found the mangled bodies of man and charger at the bottom of the cliff. The horse they stripped of its trappings; then the carcass was dragged to the adjacent rapid river and pushed into the water. It was never heard of again.

Colonel Rowland's corpse was borne to the nearest farmhouse, where the only procurable vehicle, a cart, was requisitioned, and the remains were conveyed to barracks.

The maniac's design to save Adjutant Treloar from the universal destruction—probably by reason of his affection for that gentleman's little daughter—proved, providentially, to be the means of our escape.

Shortly after we were ranged in the field, the rustic before alluded to approached Mr Treloar and warned him about the dangerous situation of the rock, on account of the mist. The alarmed adjutant at once divined the fiendish intention of the insane colonel; also why he himself had been singled out for salvation. Then, accompanied by the trumpeter—who did not hear the colloquy with the rustic—he galloped after the regiment, and literally snatched it from the jaws of death by calling a halt just in the nick of time!

That rustic never knew what service he had rendered to justify an anonymous gift of a hundred pounds—subscribed by the grateful officers—which enabled him to start a milkshop and live happily ever afterwards.

At the coroner's inquest on the body of Colonel Rowland, the evidence of the regimental surgeon was considered satisfactory. It was partially true; and was to the effect that deceased's horse had come down with him, which had the result of breaking his neck. A verdict was returned accordingly.

With military honours, the coffin was taken to Snowborough railway station, and then despatched by train to the residence of the dead officer's brother.

Next Gazette intimated that Major Anderson, a very popular officer, who had been on sick-leave during all the commotion, had obtained the colonelcy of the corps; also Captain Groves became major; and Mr Treloar, captain.

The reduced non-commissioned officers were reinstated; men under sentence got the remainder of their terms of punishment remitted, and matters regimental went on in a very satisfactory fashion.

About the mysterious shot fired at Colonel Rowland? Well, Ringwood, who had managed to reach New York, admitted in a letter to a late comrade that he was the guilty party. The fellow considerably sent word to that effect, so that nobody else might be punished for the offence.

And Daisy Treloar? She grew up a fine girl, and married a captain in the royal navy. Her wedding presents, given by the officers of ours, especially those who were in the ranks on that awful morning, were superb and costly. All were fully cognisant of the fact, that by reason of mad Colonel Rowland's fondness for her, she was indirectly the means of her father being luckily enabled to call 'Halt!' just as we were rushing forward to certain death.

A FIND OF OLD CHINA.

A PERIOD of about one hundred and fifty years has now elapsed since the Swedish barque *Göteborg*, in full sail for Europe, encountered a heavy gale when nearing the coast of Sweden, struck upon a dangerous rock, foundered, and became a total wreck. She was the property of an association of merchants of Gothenburg, and was returning from China laden with a cargo of silk, silver, tea, and a great quantity of valuable articles of Chinese manufacture, including upwards of thirty thousand blue-and-white china bowls of different shapes and sizes.

About twenty-five years ago a diver named Boum made an attempt to raise the cargo, but only succeeded in bringing to the surface a small quantity of china, most of which was broken when blasting portions of the wrecked ship in order to get access to the silver and more valuable articles. Some of these were eventually recovered; but their value was not nearly sufficient to defray the enormous expenses of the undertaking, which was therefore abruptly abandoned.

Ten years after this the idea was conceived by an English merchant of raising by means of divers the greater part of these bowls, and disposing of them to dealers in curiosities, connoisseurs, and collectors of old china. He succeeded in floating a company, secured the necessary diving apparatus, and the work was commenced and carried on with great care and in a very enterprising spirit, the result exceeding all expectations. During the first few weeks, however, the divers found nothing but pieces of broken china, and were unable to bring to the surface any articles of value. The top deck of the vessel had been blown right off by the blasting operations of previous divers, and the second deck had fallen in, causing considerable damage to the pottery ware. The divers were compelled to dig seven or eight feet into the clay to enable them to reach some portions of the cargo, and their task was rendered still more difficult owing to the splinters of broken pottery, which frequently cut their hands, although they were provided with suitable gloves for the work. At last their arduous efforts were rewarded with success, and many thousands of unbroken china articles were brought to the surface, consisting principally of plates, teacups, and bowls of various designs and qualities. A small quantity of silver-plate was also discovered, which was evidently intended for the royal family of Sweden, as it was embellished with the monogram of Frederick I. A great number of the teacups were particularly fine and elegantly shaped, being almost equal to glass in transparency.

It had, no doubt, been intended to smuggle in

a portion of the pottery and silver ware, as the divers found that many hundreds of these articles were carefully hidden away in the hold of the vessel. There is even a tradition in the neighbourhood that the *Göteborg* was purposely run aground by the officers and crew; and it is believed that many valuables were removed from the ship soon after she struck upon the rock. The bulk of the cargo was, however, ultimately brought to England, and the market literally flooded with these blue-and-white bowls.

It was at this time that the rage for old and oriental china was at its height. Considerable excitement was created by the strange discovery of these thousands of curious bowls; and the interest attaching to the fact of their having remained for so many years beneath the sea, together with the dangers and difficulties which attended their recovery, caused them at first to realise high prices as curiosities. Unfortunately, however, for the promoters of the scheme, the craze, which was then at its zenith, commenced to decline rapidly, and the financial result of the enterprise proved so disastrous that the company was thrown into liquidation.

The bowls, a large quantity of which still remain in the possession of curiosity dealers and collectors, can now be purchased at a merely nominal price, many of them with the shells and seaweed still adhering. A lot of valuable oak-planks were also recovered, which were not at all damaged by the water, and these have since been sold at high prices to connoisseurs and manufactured into art furniture.

Such is the brief history of a great enterprise, in which many men risked their lives and thousands of pounds were expended. The record of the cargo can be found in the ship's papers, which are preserved in the Museum of Gothenburg. The rock on which the barque was wrecked has since been named '*Göteborgsgrundet*,' and a full account of the recovery of the cargo was published in the Swedish newspaper *Göteborgs Posten* of the year 1875. Though the thrilling details of the occurrence were then the subject of considerable interest and excitement, they have long since sunk into complete oblivion.

A ZETLAND WINTER.

Now frowns the sun-god on the Northland dark,

And turns away the brightness of his face

From hill, and shore, and sea a dreary space,

And stills the glad some singing of the lark.

Now lies the Northland all, snow-sheeted, stark,

And steel-cold skies are ever steeped in Night,

Save where the moon-elves dance in silver light,

And gleaming stars the rapt eye's limit mark.

Hence comes it that the fiery Northland heart

Is touched with Sorrow, and the tale of doom,

And sings the Winter's deep encircling gloom,

In living words, whence soul-fires glowing, dart;

That mighty thoughts, like wild Auroras, sweep,

And fling their splendours o'er the Northern Deep.

J. J. HALDANE BURGESS.

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THE LAST YEARS OF SIR WALTER.

A FRESH impetus will be given to the study of the writings and the life of Sir Walter Scott by the recent publication of his private Journal. It has been issued and most admirably edited by Mr David Douglas, Edinburgh. The Journal covers the period from November 20, 1825, to April 16, 1832—the year of his death. The original consists of two small quarto volumes bound in vellum, and furnished with strong locks. The manuscript is closely written on both sides, and towards the end, remarks the editor, shows painful evidence of the physical prostration of the writer.

The beginning of the Journal towards the close of the year 1825 coincides singularly with the approach of the great financial calamity which wrecked Scott's fortune and darkened the remaining years of his life. His career up till that time had been of great brilliancy. There is nothing like it in the annals of literature. From early manhood he had worked with his pen. He had collected the Ballads of the Borders and published them, and done other literary work, before he gave to the world the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' in 1805. He was then thirty-four years of age—showing that his genius, like other strong and vigorous growths, was slow in maturing. The 'Lay' caught the ear of the world at once. Its splendid panorama of Border chivalry and Border romance opened up to the public a new source of intellectual pleasure. So decided was the success of the 'Lay' that Constable the publisher offered its author one thousand guineas for the next poem, 'Marmion,' without having seen a line of the manuscript. When, in 1808, the latter poem did appear—like the 'Lay,' in a magnificent quarto form, price a guinea and a half—two thousand copies were disposed of in less than a month. It would be interesting to know what poet of the present day could make such a venture with such success.

Other poems followed, and it was not until the passionate verse of Byron had taken possession

of the public taste that Scott felt his time was come to retire from this field of effort. The result, in 1814, was the novel of 'Waverley,' the first of a series of stories which are all but unequalled in prose fiction for the strength and versatility of creative power displayed by their author. Until 1825, Scott held the field in this department of literature. In that year also the great shadow of disaster began to draw around him. He, with his printers and publisher—the Ballantynes and Constable respectively—had for years carried on a system of doing business which was fraught with much danger to all concerned. The novels had been so successful that the individuals concerned in their production foresaw nothing but continued prosperity, and they heavily forestalled the profits. They were spending their money, in fact, before it was earned. Scott had purchased Abbotsford and other properties at high prices, and at the time when the failure occurred he had received ten thousand pounds (in bills) for three new novels, not a line of any of which was written. It is easy, of course, for us all to be wise after the event; but this clearly was a hazardous way of doing business. At length in January 1826, Hurst and Robinson, the London agents of Constable, collapsed, and with them went down not only Constable and the Ballantynes, but Scott himself—he being found, in the long run, personally responsible for the enormous debt of £130,000. This painful event overshadows the whole of the Journal which Scott shortly before had begun to keep, and gives to the most of it a tincture of sadness and melancholy.*

The first note of trouble is sounded under date November 22, 1825. 'Here,' he says, 'is matter for a May morning, but much fitter for a November one. The general distress in the city

* As the readers of Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' are aware, that biographer has drawn largely from the entries in the Journal now printed in full, so that it is difficult in making quotations to avoid occasionally reproducing in part what appeared in Lockhart's pages fifty years ago.

[London] has affected P.H. & R., Constable's agents. Should they go, it is not likely that Constable can stand, and such an event would lead to great distress and perplexity on the part of J. B. [James Ballantyne] and myself. Thank God, I have enough at least to pay forty shillings in the pound, taking matters at the very worst, but much distress and inconvenience must be the consequence. I had a lesson in 1814 which should have done good upon me, but success and abundance erased it from my mind. But this is no time for journalising and moralising either. Necessity is like a sour-faced cookmaid, and I a turnspit whom she has flogged ere now. If "Woodstock" [which he was then writing] can be out by 25th January, it will do much, and it is possible. . . . Could not write to purpose for thick-doming fancies; the wheel would not turn easily, and cannot be forced.

But the financial situation was found to be much worse than Scott had anticipated, and he joined in a bond for £5500 for the relief of Hurst and Robinson. This transaction, which he thought at the time would go far to end all difficulties, had a temporarily cheerful effect on his spirit, and on December 7 he writes: 'I have much to comfort me in the present aspect of my family. My eldest son, independent in fortune, united to an affectionate wife, and of good hopes in his profession; my second, with a good deal of talent and in the way, I trust, of cultivating it to good purpose; Anne, an honest, downright good Scots lass, in whom I would only wish to correct a spirit of satire; and Lockhart is Lockhart, to whom I can most willingly confide the happiness of the daughter who chose him and whom he has chosen. My dear wife, the partner of early cares and successes, is, I fear, frail in health—though I trust and pray she may see me out. Indeed, if this troublesome complaint goes on, it bodes no long existence. My brother was affected with the same weakness, which; before he was fifty, brought on mortal symptoms. The poor major had been rather a free liver. But my father, the most abstemious of men save when the duties of hospitality required him to be very moderately free with his bottle, and that was very seldom, had the same weakness which now annoys me, and, I think, was not above seventy when cut off. Square the odds, and good-night, Sir Walter, about sixty. I care not, if I leave my name unstained and my family properly settled. *Sat out rickshaw.*'

His prophecy was fulfilled; he was only sixty-one when he died. In the meantime the commercial crisis was maturing, and Scott soon found that he would have to borrow £10,000 upon his estate of Abbotsford, if, indeed, he might not have to yield up the estate altogether. Abbotsford was very dear to him. 'I was,' he writes on December 18, 'to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from those dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters. There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog because it has been mine.—I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress.' Then he adds

pathetically: 'I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere.—This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things are. Poor Will Laidlaw! poor Tom Purdie! this will be news to wring your heart, and many a poor fellow's besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread.'

Further on, under the same date, and in the midst of conflicting thoughts, he says: 'An odd thought strikes me: When I die, will the Journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read as the transient pout of a man worth £60,000, with wonder that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced such a litch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry has hung up his scutcheon for some 20s. a week, and where one or two old friends will look grave and whisper to each other, "Poor gentleman," "A well-meaning man," "Nobody's enemy but his own," "Thought his parts could never wear out," "Family poorly left," "Pity he took that foolish title." Who can answer this question?'

The result of the crash was that Scott, as already stated, was left with a debt to pay of £130,000. At this time he was busy with 'Woodstock'—a novel which he wrote in three months, and for which he received £8228. He also in the course of the year 1826 finished his 'Life of Napoleon,' for which he received £12,000. Here was £20,000 within twelve months; and this, added to the profit arising from other works on sale, enabled him at the end of the year to clear off £40,000. Yet, with all this marvellous energy, and all its marvellous results, certain of his creditors were merciless in their prosecution of him, and he frequently went about in momentary terror of being apprehended and consigned to a debtor's prison. But the magnanimity of one other creditor—Sir William Forbes, the banker—finally averted this affront. Sir William paid the amount in question, some £2000, and ranked for it only as an ordinary creditor. Scott did not know of this act of generosity till some time after. Nor was all his trouble at an end even then, for in May of that year his wife, Lady Scott, died at Abbotsford.

But no calamity could abate Scott's zeal in the use of his pen for the resuscitation of his estate. In 1827, he published, besides numerous reviews, &c., the first series of 'The Chronicles of the Canongate,' and the 'Tales of a Grandfather;' in 1828, 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' and other works; in 1829, 'Anne of Geierstein,' a 'History of Scotland,' and the third series of 'Tales of a Grandfather;' in 1830, he issued many volumes on various subjects; in 1831, came 'Count Robert of Paris' and 'Castle Dangerous.' Along with all this mass of work, he found time to issue a collected edition of his novels, furnished with prefaces and notes by his own hand. Altogether, these were years of stupendous effort.

The Journal of this period is full of interest, both personal and literary. It gives us a great deal of insight into his methods of thinking and working; and with all the melancholy that pervades its entries, there is ever and anon a bright flash of humour lighting up the gloom, or a pat quotation or an apt story to turn away the sting

of some unpleasant thought. Many of his entries, too, bear upon other matters than his pecuniary difficulties. Thus, when in London in 1828, he writes: 'Dined by command with the Duchess of Kent. I was very kindly recognised by Prince Leopold. I was presented to the little Princess Victoria—I hope they will change her name—the heir-apparent to the Crown as things now stand. How strange that so large and fine a family as that of his late Majesty should have died off and decayed into old age with so few descendants! Prince George of Cumberland is, they say, a fine boy about nine years old—a bit of a pickle, swears and romps like a brat that has been bred in a barrack-yard. This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely by the Duchess and the principal governess that no busy maid has a moment to whisper—"You are heir of England." I suspect if we could dissect the little head we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal Family, but does not look as if she would be pretty. The Duchess herself is very pleasing and affable in her manner.'

Being much admired abroad, Scott was constantly receiving presents of various kinds. One of these was amusing. He had done some service for a gentleman who had settled in New South Wales, and who consequently thought it proper to bring Scott home a couple of Emus. 'I wish,' says Scott, 'his gratitude had either taken a different turn, or remained as quiescent as that of others whom I have obliged more materially. I at first accepted the creatures, conceiving them, in my ignorance, to be some sort of blue and green parrot, which, though I do not admire their noise, might scream and yell at their pleasure if hung up in the hall among the armour. But your emu, it seems, stands six feet high in his stocking soles, and is little better than a kind of cassowary or ostrich. Hang them! they might eat up my collection of old arms for what I know. No! I'll no Emuses!'

During 1831, a very great change for the worse took place in Scott's health. His diligence at his desk, added to his usual official work, had been too much for the overworked brain, and the presence of paralysis began to make itself felt in his system. In the course of that year he found it necessary that he should go abroad in search of health, and the Government of the day, though opposed to Scott's party in politics, generously placed a frigate at his disposal. But a change for the better did not take place. When at Malta, Scott conceived a design for a new novel, and actually began it. But the power of continuous work was now fast leaving him, and his efforts at his desk became more and more intermittent, and latterly futile. When he at length reached Rome, paralysis had seized effectually upon his shattered frame, and the last entry in his Journal, dated April 16, 1832, is left unfinished:

'We entered Rome by a gate renovated by one of the old Pontiffs, but which I forget, and so paraded the streets by moonlight to discover, if possible, some appearance of the learned Sir William Gell or the pretty Miss Ashley. At length we found an old servant, who guided us to the lodging taken by Sir William Gell, where

all was comfortable, a good fire included, which our fatigue and the chilliness of the night required. We dispersed as soon as we had taken some food, wine, and water. We slept reasonably, but on the next morning—

This is the last we have of Sir Walter. His cry was now for 'Home! home!' All the glories of Rome and Venice, Italy and the Rhine, which he had looked forward to with eagerness, were now but so many barriers between him and his own country—that 'land of brown heath and shaggy wood' which he loved so well. He arrived at the port of Leith in July, but was quite unconscious of all that passed around him, and so, in this state of mental oblivion, did he reach Abbotsford, only once waking up into brief consciousness when he saw the towers of his own home. On the 21st September the end came. On that day, says Lockhart, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed, and closed his eyes.'

THE SURGEON OF GASTER FELL.

CHAPTER IV.—OF THE MAN WHO CAME IN THE NIGHT.

THE night set in gusty and tempestuous, and the moon was all girt with rugged clouds. The wind blew in melancholy gusts, sobbing and sighing over the moor, and setting all the gorse-bushes groaning. From time to time a little sputter of rain pattered up against the window-pane. I sat until near midnight glancing over the fragment on immortality by lamblichus, the Alexandrian platonist, of whom the Emperor Julian said that he was posterior to Plato in time, but not in genius. At last, shutting up my book, I opened my door and took a last look at the dreary fell and still more dreary sky. As I protruded my head, a swoop of wind caught me, and sent the red ashes of my pipe sparkling and dancing through the darkness. At the same moment the moon shone brilliantly out from between two clouds, and I saw, sitting on the hillside, not two hundred yards from my door, the man who called himself the surgeon of Gaster Fell. He was squatted among the heather, his elbows upon his knees, and his chin resting upon his hands, as motionless as a stone, with his gaze fixed steadily upon the door of my dwelling.

At the sight of this ill-omened sentinel, a chill of horror and of fear shot through me, for his gloomy and mysterious associations had cast a glamour round the man, and the hour and place were in keeping with his sinister presence. In a moment, however, a manly glow of resentment and self-confidence drove this petty emotion from my mind, and I strode fearlessly in his direction. He rose as I approached, and faced me, with the moon shining on his grave bearded face and glittering on his eyeballs. 'What is the meaning of this?' I cried as I came up on him. 'What right have you to play the spy on me?'

I could see the flush of anger rise on his face. 'Your stay in the country has made you forget

your manners,' he said. 'The moor is free to all.'

'You will say next that my house is free to all,' I said hotly. 'You have had the impertinence to ransack it in my absence this afternoon.'

He started, and his features showed the most intense excitement. 'I swear to you that I had no hand in it,' he cried. 'I have never set foot in your house in my life. Oh sir, sir, if you will but believe me, there is a danger hanging over you, and you would do well to be careful.'

'I have had enough of you,' I said. 'I saw the coward blow you struck when you thought no human eye rested upon you. I have been to your cottage, too, and know all that it has to tell. If there is law in England, you shall hang for what you have done.' As to me, I am an old soldier, sir, and I am armed. I shall not fasten my door. But if you or any other villain attempt to cross my threshold, it shall be at your own risk.' With these words I swung round upon my heel and strode into my cabin. When I looked back at him from the door he was still looking at me, a gloomy figure among the heather, with his head sunk low upon his breast. I slept fitfully all that night; but I heard no more of this strange sentinel without, nor was he to be seen when I looked out in the morning.

For two days the wind freshened and increased with constant squalls of rain, until on the third night the most furious storm was raging which I can ever recollect in England. The thunder roared and rattled overhead, while the incessant lightning flashes illuminated the heavens. The wind blew intermittently; now sobbing away into a calm, and then, of a sudden, beating and howling at my window-pane until the glasses rattled in their frames. The air was charged with electricity, and its peculiar influence, combined with the strange episodes with which I had been recently connected, made me morbidly wakeful and acutely sensitive. I felt that it was useless to go to bed, nor could I concentrate my mind sufficiently to read a book. I turned my lamp half-down to moderate the glare, and leaning back in my chair, I gave myself up to reverie. I must have lost all perception of time, for I have no recollection how long I sat there on the borderland betwixt thought and slumber. At last, about three or, possibly, four o'clock, I came to myself with a start—not only came to myself, but with every sense and nerve upon the strain. Looking round my chamber in the dim light, I could not see anything to justify my sudden trepidation. The homely room, the rain-blurred window, and the rude wooden door were all as they had been. I had begun to persuade myself that some half-formed dream had sent that vague thrill through my nerves, when in a moment I became conscious of what it was. It was a sound, the sound of a human step outside my solitary cottage.

Amid the thunder and the rain and the wind, I could hear it—a dull stealthy footfall, now on the grass, now on the stones—occasionally stopping entirely, then resumed, and ever drawing nearer. I sat breathlessly, listening to the eerie sound. It had stopped now at my very door, and was replaced by a panting and gasping, as of one who has travelled fast and far. Only the thickness of the door separated me from this

hard-breathing, light-treading night-walker. I am no coward; but the wildness of the night, with the vague warning which I had had, and the proximity of this strange visitor, so unnerved me that my mouth was too dry for speech. I stretched out my hand, however, and grasped my sabre, with my eyes still bent upon the door. I prayed in my heart that the thing, whatever it might be, would but knock or threaten or hail me, or give any clue as to its character. Any known danger was better than this awful silence, broken only by the rhythmic panting.

By the flickering light of the expiring lamp I could see that the latch of my door was twitching, as though a gentle pressure were exerted on it from without. Slowly, slowly, it rose, until it was free of the catch, and then there was a pause of a quarter minute or more, while I still sat silent, with dilated eyes and drawn sabre. Then, very slowly, the door began to revolve upon its hinges, and the keen air of the night came whistling through the slit. Very cautiously it was pushed open, so that never a sound came from the rusty hinges. As the aperture enlarged, I became aware of a dark shadowy figure upon my threshold, and of a pale face that looked in at me. The features were human, but the eyes were not. They seemed to burn through the darkness with a greenish brilliancy of their own; and in their baleful shifty glare I was conscious of the very spirit of murder. Springing from my chair, I had raised my naked sword, when, with a wild shouting, a second figure dashed up to my door. At its approach my shadowy visitor uttered a shrill cry, and fled away across the fells, yelping like a beaten hound. The two creatures were swallowed up in the tempest from which they had emerged as if they were the very geni of the beating wind and the howling rain.

Tingling with my recent fear, I stood at my door, peering through the night with the discordant cry of the fugitives still ringing in my ears. At that moment a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the whole landscape and made it as clear as day. By its light, I saw, far away, upon the hillside, two dark figures pursuing each other with extreme rapidity across the fells. Even at that distance the contrast between them forbade all doubt as to their identity. The first was the small elderly man whom I had supposed to be dead; the second was my neighbour the surgeon. For an instant they stood out clear and hard in the unearthly light; in the next, the darkness had closed over them, and they were gone. As I turned to re-enter my chamber, my foot rattled against something on my threshold. Stooping, I found it was a straight knife, fashioned entirely of lead, and so soft and brittle that it was a strange choice for a weapon. To render it the more harmless, the top had been cut square off. The edge, however, had been assiduously sharpened against a stone, as was evident from the markings upon it, so that it was still a dangerous implement in the grasp of a determined man. It had evidently dropped from the fellow's hand at the moment when the sudden coming of the surgeon had driven him to flight. There could no longer be a doubt as to the object of his visit.

And what was the meaning of it all? you ask.

Many a drama which I have come across in my wandering life, some as strange and as striking as this one, has lacked the ultimate explanation which you demand. Fate is a grand weaver of tales; but she ends them, as a rule, in defiance of all artistic laws, and with an unbecoming want of regard for literary propriety. As it happens, however, I have a letter before me as I write which I may add without comment, and which will clear all that may remain dark.

KIRKBY LUNATIC ASYLUM,
Sept. 4, 1885.

SIR—I am deeply conscious that some apology and explanation is due to you for the very startling and, in your eyes, mysterious events which have recently occurred, and which have so seriously interfered with the retired existence which you desire to lead. I should have called upon you on the morning after the recapture of my father; but my knowledge of your dislike to visitors, and also of—you will excuse my saying it—your very violent temper, led me to think that it was better to communicate with you by letter. On the occasion of our last interview I should have told you what I tell you now; but your allusions to some crime of which you considered me guilty, and your abrupt departure, prevented me from saying much that was on my lips.

My poor father was a hard-working general practitioner in Birmingham, where his name is still remembered and respected. About ten years ago he began to show signs of mental aberration, which we were inclined to put down to overwork and the effects of a sunstroke. Feeling my own incompetence to pronounce upon a case of such importance, I at once sought the highest advice in Birmingham and London. Among others we consulted the eminent alienist, Mr Fraser Brown, who pronounced my father's case to be intermittent in its nature, but dangerous during the paroxysms. 'It may take a homicidal, or it may take a religious turn,' he said; 'or it may prove to be a mixture of both. For months he may be as well as you or me, and then in a moment he may break out. You will incur a great responsibility if you leave him without supervision.'

The result showed the justice of the specialist's diagnosis. My poor father's disease rapidly assumed both a religious and homicidal turn, the attacks coming on without warning after months of sanity. It would weary you were I to describe the terrible experiences which his family have undergone. Suffice it that, by the blessing of God, we have succeeded in keeping his poor crazed fingers clear of blood. My sister Eva I sent to Brussels, and I devoted myself entirely to his case. He has an intense dread of madhouses; and in his sane intervals would beg and pray so piteously not to be condemned to one, that I could never find the heart to resist him. At last, however, his attacks became so acute and dangerous, that I determined, for the sake of those about me, to remove him from the town to the loneliest neighbourhood that I could find. This proved to be Gaster Fell; and there, he and I set up house together.

I had a sufficient competence to keep me, and being devoted to chemistry, I was able to pass

the time with a fair degree of comfort and profit. He, poor fellow, was as submissive as a child, when in his right mind; and a better, kinder companion no man could wish for. We constructed together a wooden compartment, into which he could retire when the fit was upon him; and I had arranged the window and door so that I could confine him to the house if I thought an attack was impending. Looking back, I can safely say that no possible precaution was neglected; even the necessary table utensils were leaden and pointless, to prevent his doing mischief with them in his frenzy.

For months after our change of quarters he appeared to improve. Whether it was the bracing air, or the absence of any incentive to violence, he never showed during that time any signs of his terrible disorder. Your arrival first upset his mental equilibrium. The very sight of you in the distance awoke all those morbid impulses which had been sleeping. That very evening he approached me stealthily with a stone in his hand, and would have slain me, had I not, as the least of two evils, struck him to the ground and thrust him into his cage before he had time to regain his senses. This sudden relapse naturally plunged me into the deepest sorrow. For two days I did all that lay in my power to soothe him. On the third he appeared to be calmer; but alas, it was but the cunning of the madman. He had contrived to loosen two bars of his cage; and when thrown off my guard by his apparent improvement—I was engrossed in my chemistry—he suddenly sprang out at me knife in hand. In the scuffle, he cut me across the forearm, and escaped from the hut before I recovered myself, nor could I find out which direction he had taken. My wound was a trifle, and for several days I wandered over the fells, beating through every clump of bushes in my fruitless search. I was convinced that he would make an attempt on your life, a conviction that was strengthened when I heard that some one in your absence had entered your cottage. I therefore kept a watch over you at night. A dead sheep which I found upon the moor terribly mangled showed me that he was not without food, and that the homicidal impulse was still strong in him. At last, as I had expected, he made his attempt upon you, which, but for my intervention, would have ended in the death of one or other of you. He ran, and struggled like a wild animal; but I was as desperate as he, and succeeded in bringing him down and conveying him to the cottage. Convinced by this failure that all hope of permanent improvement is gone, I brought him next morning to this establishment, and he is now, I am glad to say, returning to his senses. — Allow me once more, sir, to express my sorrow that you should have been subjected to this ordeal, and believe me to be faithfully yours,

JOHN LIGHT CAMERON.

P.S.—My sister Eva bids me send you her kind regards. She has told me how you were thrown together at Kirkby-Malhouse, and also that you met one night upon the fells. You will understand from what I have already told you that when my dear sister came back from Brussels I did not dare to bring her home, but preferred that she should lodge in safety in the

village. Even then I did not venture to bring her into the presence of her father, and it was only at night, when he was asleep, that we could plan a meeting.

And this was the story of this strange group, whose path through life had crossed my own. From that last terrible night I have neither seen nor heard of any of them, save for this one letter which I have transcribed. Still I dwell on Gaster Fell, and still my mind is buried in the secrets of the past. But when I wander forth upon the moor, and when I see the little gray deserted cottage among the rocks, my mind is still turned to the strange drama, and to the singular couple who broke in upon my solitude.

THE PETROLEUM TRADE:

ITS DEVELOPMENTS AND ITS DANGERS.

THERE is no department of British mercantile industry which has developed with such marvellous rapidity as the Petroleum Trade. Since its beginning in 1859, when the total importations were about 2,000,000 gallons, it has increased by leaps and bounds until, in 1889, the amount brought into the United Kingdom reached the total of 102,647,478 gallons.

The existence of native petroleum, naphtha, or rock-oil, as it has been indiscriminately denominated, has been known to the inhabitants of Persia and Japan from time immemorial. It is to the Persian language that we must go for the derivation of the term naphtha, the root *nafuta* meaning to exude; and the oil was so called on account of its exuding from the soil. The native naphtha of Persia and Japan would seem to have furnished the natives with a lamp-illuminant from the very earliest ages. Its first authentic use in Europe would, however, seem to date back no farther than the later part of last century, when a limited supply of 'lamp-oil,' obtained from a district in Calabria, was utilised by the Italian peasantry to light their dwellings. It is an interesting fact that the first use to which petroleum was put in this country was not that of a luminant. Its chemical composition rendered it a most useful medium for preserving substances which have a strong affinity for oxygen. Chemists employed it in preserving potassium and metals possessed of kindred qualities. Hot naphtha, it was discovered, dissolved phosphorus and sulphur, and deposited them on cooling. It was found to be, too, an excellent solvent for gutta-percha, caoutchouc, camphor, fatty and resinous bodies generally, and hence it was extensively used in the arts for these purposes. Its great use, however, is as a source of artificial light, and notwithstanding the present use of coal-gas and electric lighting, the employment of petroleum for this purpose still increases.

A perusal of the sources from which our supplies are obtained shows that the increase obtained from the Russian oil-wells in the neighbourhood of the Caspian is enormous. In 1883 the Muscovites supplied us with 500 barrels. Last year the imports from the same quarter amounted

to 771,000 barrels. During the same six years the supply from the United States had but increased from 1,329,000 to 1,355,000 barrels. That in the short space of six years Russian shipments should increase from practically nothing to more than half of those from America is most remarkable. Such phenomenal developments as these naturally call into existence the provision of means for adequate transit and storing of such enormous quantities.

At first, petroleum was brought into this country in barrels or boxes carried in the holds of wooden sailing-vessels. As far back as 1872, ships were built at Jarrow for the purpose of carrying petroleum in bulk; but these vessels were never employed in the trade. Prior to 1886, some ordinary cargo-vessels underwent costly alterations to convert them into petroleum-carriers; but they were only partially successful. The later petroleum steamers are spar-decked, and range from 250 to 300 feet in length, and from 1500 to 2500 tons gross register. They have their machinery at, oil-holds up to the maindeck, and a long trunk from ten to fifteen feet wide from the main to the spar deck. The latter acts as a feeder, and allows the oil to expand and contract without dangerously affecting the vessel's stability. To have the holds half full with the oil free to wash about, reduces the ship's righting moment, and consequently the utmost care has to be taken in loading and discharging. Water ballast-tanks are commonly fitted, and a peculiar saddle-shaped tank, patented by Mr C. S. Swan, has been found specially useful. The oil-hold is divided into compartments by a centre line bulkhead, and by transverse bulkheads about twenty feet apart, and the ordinary structural details are modified in many respects, on account of the difficulties attendant upon making the work oil-tight. These vessels are all supplied with powerful pumps, and have large oil and water mains led along the maindeck, with branches into the holds, and connections to meet pipes from the shore. The oil is pumped into large reservoirs at the port of discharge.

A cargo may consist of several qualities of oil, and these are separated from each other by narrow water-spaces. Some two years ago, a sailing-vessel was built by the Barrow Shipbuilding Company to the order of an Antwerp firm. She was designed to carry petroleum in bulk in competition with the steamers. The success attendant upon this new departure may lead to the more extensive construction of vessels of a similar nature. Petroleum vessels cannot be used for any other purpose on account of their peculiar arrangement and smell. A proposal to carry palm-oil in a similar manner has been found impracticable on account of the corrosive ingredients which attack the steel, instead of preserving it, as petroleum does. Apropos of this new departure in British shipbuilding, it is stated that the Persians as far back as 1760 were known to carry petroleum in bulk in their own vessels on the Caspian. Petroleum-carriers are generally fitted with the electric light, so as to ensure a minimum of risk from fire. With every precaution that modern science can suggest, the carriage of this oil is beset with much difficulty and danger.

The specific gravity of petroleum varies from

-75 to -8, and it is so susceptible to change of temperature that an increase of forty degrees Fahrenheit increases its bulk two per cent. The vapour, given off is very inflammable, and it is this that constitutes the chief danger of petroleum-carrying. So long as the tanks are filled with the crude petroleum and securely closed, there is practically no danger, for there is no available space where the gas can accumulate. But where the tanks are not filled, or where the vapour from the oil is allowed to escape into the hold-spaces, and is not removed by adequate ventilation, a spark or light may cause the most disastrous consequences. Dr Dupré, Professor of Chemistry to the Westminster Medical School, and chemical adviser to the Explosives Department of the Home Office, describes the crude oil as a light-brown turbid liquid, showing a strong green fluorescence, with a specific gravity at the temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit of 0.795. When submitted to fractional distillation, the following results were obtained :

	Degrees Fahr.
Begins to boil at about	120
5 per cent. distilled over at about.....	270
10 per cent. distilled over at about	300
15 per cent. distilled over at about.....	325
20 per cent. distilled over at about.....	350

Other samples have shown a still more volatile character, evaporating at a temperature considerably lower than that stated above.

One volume of this oil is credited with the power of rendering inflammable or feebly explosive two thousand four hundred volumes of air. This mixture of petroleum-vapour and air can be set fire to by an electric spark, by a flame, or by any solid at a bright red-heat. As showing the necessity of thorough ventilation where the tanks are not filled and the man-holes perfectly secured, it may be stated that one gallon of oil will render inflammable no less than four hundred cubic feet of air.

The fatal explosion which occurred at Rouen on board the petroleum-carrier *Fergusons* shows in a most marked degree the fearful risks attendant upon the carriage of the crude oil in vessels not scientifically adapted for the purpose. The *Fergusons* in 1885 underwent structural alterations to transform her from an ordinary cargo-steamer into a petroleum-carrier. She was fitted with thirty-two tanks for holding oil, and in addition she had four regulating tanks. Unfortunately, however, there was between these tanks considerable spaces, and these formed a large reservoir, in which the vapour that escaped from the tanks accumulated. To minimise the risk of explosion, the vessel was fitted with electric light. But the faulty character of her electric apparatus no doubt led to the terrible explosion which destroyed the ship. To enable the tankmen to pursue their duties in the hold of the *Fergusons*, portable electric lamps were provided. The wires, however, conducting the electricity from the main cable to these lamps were not properly 'switched on,' and when contact was made or broken, a spark was caused quite sufficient, as the sequel showed, to ignite the inflammable mixture that had accumulated in the hold.

While the vessel was discharging at Rouen, no fires were allowed on board, even the steam for the pumping-engines being supplied from the

shore. In spite of these precautionary measures, however, a terrible explosion occurred when the vessel was half discharged : the mainmast was blown out of the vessel, and the after-part of the ship took fire. Shortly afterwards, another and still more terrific explosion followed, and the *Fergusons* became a total wreck. One man was never found after the explosion.

Such a disaster as this, melancholy as it no doubt is, has served to inculcate with very marked emphasis two truths to those interested in what may be termed the science of petroleum-carrying. These are, first, that vessels which admit of the accumulating of petroleum vapour in their holds, are unsuitable for the trade ; and secondly, that the electric installation and equipment should be of the most perfect and scientific character possible.

But this is not the only danger accruing from the carriage of petroleum. In the annals of every department of industrial science finality is not attained without much bitter experience, and the subject under discussion is no exception, to this rule.

Practical occurrence has demonstrated that petroleum-conveyance is fraught with other dangers than those alluded to above. It will be readily seen that the residue of crude oil which remains in the tanks of a petroleum-carrier after the major portion has been pumped into the shore reservoirs, will, as a marketable commodity, be practically worthless. Consequently, the custom obtains of discharging it into the sea by means of the pumps. The steamer *Wild Flower*, specially constructed for the petroleum trade in 1889, was capable of carrying in bulk oil to the weight of two thousand five hundred and twelve tons. This amount she shipped at Philadelphia, and discharged at Rouen. After discharging, it would seem that oil to the depth of a few inches was left in the tanks. Some of them were then pumped full of water, to ballast the ship.

She then proceeded to the Wear, where she came to anchor. Here the water was pumped out. The residual oil, by virtue of its lesser specific gravity, would naturally be the last liquid ejected by the pumps. It was observed that when the pumping was nearly completed, the liquor ejected from the pipes was of a brown colour, and floated in the form of an oily film upon the surface of the sea. This thin film was carried by the incoming tide up the river, and the adjacent river was surrounded by it. Soon a small body of smoke and flame was observed upon the water. This rapidly increased in area and intensity until the neighbouring ships were enveloped by it. So intense was the heat of the flame, that one ship had some twenty-seven of her plates so badly buckled that they had to be removed, while another had her mast, bulwarks, and paddle-box consumed. The combustion lasted for an hour and a quarter, and then became extinct, partly from inanition, and partly from the effect of the water played upon it by the various engines employed to subdue it. One man, in endeavouring to escape from one of the flame-encircled vessels to the quay, lost his life, the water where he sank being described by an eye-witness as being literally on fire. It is surmised that a red-hot rivet was dropped over-

board from a neighbouring vessel that was undergoing repairs, and this sufficed to ignite the oily film that covered the surface of the water.

Dr Dupré, the authority alluded to above, has placed on record his opinion that a gallon of oil would in a very short time cover an area rather in excess of two square yards to the thickness of one-tenth of an inch. Such a film would admit of the easiest possible ignition. After the lapse of a few minutes, the oleaginous film would have become much more attenuated, and would consequently be much more difficult to set on fire. It is just possible, however, that the thicker film, being fired first, would rapidly communicate the flames to the thinner portion, or that the oily coating might have above it concentrated petroleum-vapour, which, once ignited, would form a ready medium for the transmission of the flame to the oil itself.

It is manifest that the practice of discharging tanks which have contained crude petroleum into crowded water-ways is a highly dangerous one, and is fraught with the gravest risks. A perusal of the by-laws of the river Wear Commissioners now in force, relative to the discharge of this oil, under the Petroleum Act of 1871, reveals the fact that the present development of the petroleum trade was not anticipated. The laws deal with the 'barrels or other vessels containing the petroleum . . . being taken from the lighters at the landing-place,' so that it is more than probable that the recent disaster will lead to improved legislation on the subject. *Experientia docet* is no doubt a very true adage, but the lessons instilled under its auspices are frequently of the most costly character. It is, therefore, the interest of all other ports to protect themselves from the possibility of a disaster kindred to that which occurred on the Wear. The important issues dependent upon the petroleum and its attendant industries cannot be over-estimated, and statistics tend to show that in the immediate future its already phenomenal development will be still further extended.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE WHITE WILL.

WHEN Richard King turned on hearing the study door opened, he was riveted to the floor by the eye of the man that stood before him. He seemed to read some terrible fate in that intent and burning eye. Neither spoke, until the workman, perceiving himself in the wrong place, stood up and left the room.

Richard King's eyes followed the man, noticed him hesitate outside the door before closing it, and then he knew there was some other person there.

'Who is at the door?' he asked, with an effort that cost him much.

'Two officers with a warrant,' answered the vicar, without once removing those burning eyes of his.

'What do you mean?' he now demanded furiously, with a menacing step forward.

'That your hour has come, Richard King, when you must expiate to the uttermost farthing

the terrible wrong you have done to me.' The vicar spoke in a voice of suppressed passion. 'We now know who it was that forged the cheque and delivered it at the bank, with the awful consequence that I, a consecrated priest of God, was torn from the altar, and branded with the curse and infamy of a felon. But now your hour has come.'

'I believe you are mad,' answered King; and, assuming an appearance of indifference, added: 'Bring in your friends, whoever they are.'

Richard King tried to look the master of Yewle as they came in, but he did it very poorly. The two officers entered first, but remained standing at the door; then followed Mr Warwick, Mr Rintoul, and Francis Gray. When King saw the two lawyers come forward, neither of them offering him a hand or a glance of recognition, he felt indeed that something ill was in the air. He was for the moment staggered. Turn where he would, the vicar's burning eyes followed him, like fire. He turned to the study table, and seizing a decanter, poured out a quantity of brandy, and gulped it down with an effort, as if it choked him. Then, so fortified, he turned once more to his visitors.

'As master of this house, gentlemen,' he said, 'I thank you for the courtesy of this visit. In the same capacity, gentlemen, I shall thank you to withdraw when you have stated your business as briefly as you can.'

'Mr Richard King,' said Warwick, 'depositions have been sworn before the Mayor of Southeaster, proving beyond reasonable doubt that the forgery for which my client, the Rev. Charles King, has endured four years of deep suffering and undeserved obloquy, was committed by yourself, and that you were the person who, dressed as a clergyman, paid the forged cheque into the bank.'

The vicar's eyes were still upon him; and in spite of all he could do, his brow darkened, and he bit his lip.

'Very well,' he answered; 'you need not go into the depositions here, whatever they are. A court of law will be the proper place, and I am ready when you are. Anything more?'

Mr Warwick turned, and was about to address himself to the officers, when the door of the study once more opened, and a gentleman with a military bearing entered. It was Major Saverley, although the only man present who knew so much was Richard King. The Major's face was clouded, and an angry glare sat in his eyes. He hesitated for a moment when he saw the company that stood on the floor facing each other.

'I beg pardon, gentlemen,' he said; 'I am afraid I have interrupted your business. I only wish a few words with Mr Richard King, who will perhaps favour me with a short private interview.'

King moved as if to retire to another room with the Major; but the two officers draw themselves up between him and the door. He did not take any further notice of the matter, except that his face reddened suddenly, and he requested the Major to follow him to the other end of the room, where they stood together in an embrasure of the window. Here they conversed awhile in low tones, those of Richard King gradually becoming louder and more angry.

'What villain has done this?' he said, turning towards the lawyers. 'I gave my friend Major Saverley a cheque for three hundred pounds in payment of a business transaction between us, and when he presented it at my banker's yesterday afternoon, he was refused payment.'

Mr Warwick spoke. 'I can see, sir, that your letters of this morning still lie unopened on the table. If you had consulted your correspondence, you would not have required to ask the question.'

King rushed to the table, and looking hastily over the letters, selected one and tore it open. A few seconds were sufficient to give him the gist of its contents.

'A writ of attachment issued upon my bank account! Who was scoundrel enough to do this?'

'It is not necessary to use strong language,' said Mr Warwick in level business tones. 'I issued it. You were in possession of a large sum of money which belonged to a client of mine, and I had certain information that that money was being rapidly withdrawn from the bank. I felt it my duty to protect her interests, and so put a stop to your operations upon the account.'

The Major looked both angry and crestfallen. 'By Jove, King, you have done me this time. What do you propose now?—This, gentlemen,' he said, turning to the others, 'is not a business matter, as King said, but a debt of honour, and I call upon him to pay me at once.'

Richard King went close up to the Major and said in low tones: 'I am in trouble just now. Stand my friend for the present, and before night everything will be right.'

While all this was passing, the vicar had stood looking slowly round the room, as if recalling to himself the old associations which the sight of these familiar articles of furniture and adornment were calculated to produce. His eye lighted upon the safe. He approached it, and began, in a half-absent manner and as if merely mechanically, to turn the index on the door. Nobody noticed him, and he was unconscious himself of the light coming back upon his memory from that distant day on which the combination lock had been fixed in its place, and when his dead brother had given him the secret of it. 'No one shall ever be able to open it but you and me, Charlie,' he had said. And now, without knowing it, his fingers, directed by that memory, adjusted the index, till at last, turning the handle, with a sharp clang the powerful bolts flew back, and the massive door swung wide open.

Every eye was turned to the safe in a moment. On a shelf stood an object covered with faded velvet—its original colour no one could tell—and beside this, the precious casket, were several bundles of yellow papers. On the edge of the shelf, however, as if it had been hastily placed there, was a fresh white document, folded and loosely tied with a green string.

While they were all gazing with a kind of awe into the ancient receptacle, Mr Rintoul stepped forward and took out the white paper. A glance at the endorsement upon it was enough. It was the second will made by Rowan King.

Richard King observed the solicitor take the

paper with curiosity, and, striding forward, closed the door of the safe, without locking it.

'Is there anything more?' he demanded rather impatiently.

'A good deal more,' Mr Richard King answered Mr Rintoul. 'I have only recently discovered that there was a later will than that under which you have occupied this estate—and here it is!'

'I believe you are all mad,' cried Richard King, in a voice of passion. 'The will which left Yewle to me was made on the last day of Rowan King's life.'

'So was this, Mr Richard King. The same parties who witnessed the first will witnessed the second. They told me the first was written on blue paper, the second on white. I got the blue one. This, as you all see, is the white will, and it is the last one.'

'It's a forgery!' exclaimed King angrily.

'A forged will would hardly be found where we found this. And it is not a favourable one for you, Mr King. By this deed the testator revokes the will which he had that day "posted to my solicitor, Mr James Rintoul of Bedford Row, London," and bequeaths the whole of his property, real and personal, "to my niece Agnes King, daughter of my brother Charles King, of the vicarage of Yewle."—"But whereas," it goes on to say, "I premised my dear friend and cousin, Mary Gray, on her deathbed, to be a friend to her son Francis Gray, who now resides with me as my private secretary, I desire my said niece Agnes King to take the said Francis Gray into her generous consideration, and to make such disposition for his welfare and happiness as she may think proper."'

Francis Gray did not hear these words read, for, at a whispered hint on the part of Mr Warwick, he had shortly before gone hurriedly out of the room as if to fetch some one.

'The will,' continued Mr Rintoul, 'is witnessed by John Stokes and John Wilson, both of Yewle. It is a very clear and satisfactory will—once more illustrating the old saying, that second thoughts are best; and Mr Warwick will at once proceed to take possession of the house and estate in behalf of his client, Miss King.'

'Never!' cried Richard King, white with rage. 'Never! And before ever that is attempted, I, standing here, in presence of you all, charge that man there, Mr Charles King, with the murder of his brother. I say, him come here that night after dark, partially disguised in the dress of a groom. I saw him speaking to old Stokes the butler, and bribing him to silence by the gift of a bank-note. I saw him enter this room by the window, and next morning I saw his brother sitting in that chair, dead—with a knife at his heart. That man is his brother's murderer!'

The vicar turned pale to the lips, and staggered as if to fall. Francis Gray, who had returned with Stokes and some others while Richard King was speaking, sprang forward and assisted the vicar into a chair. He seemed about to faint; and Stokes, with the instincts of his calling, poured out a little brandy and put it to the sinking man's lips. For a few minutes the whole company was paralysed into silence.

Richard King's eyes glowed with the triumph he had achieved over the prostrate man, and he

turned boldly to Stokes. 'Stokes,' he said, 'you have still that bank-note, and I have its number here in my pocket-book. Produce it.'

'Stokes, as it were involuntarily, turned and looked at Francis Gray.

'Ah, it's there, is it?' exclaimed Richard King. 'He has it, has he?—Then, let us have it. It was one of a number of notes in which I had paid to Mrs King, on the afternoon before the murder, the quarterly allowance which she had from Mr Rowan King, and that note has never been returned to the bank. I demand its production.'

Francis Gray put his hand to his pocket as if to produce the note, but Stokes stepped forward.

'No, Mr Francis,' he said with great deliberation; 'it's my turn to speak now, and I am going to do it. I got a ten pun' note that night from Mr Charles; but that charge of murder will not stand law, for I heard the crowner's quest say in this very room that there can be no charge of murder laid against no man if the dead body was not found. And Mr Richard King here, though he sought as hard as any man can seek, never got no dead body of Rowan King. He wanted my master opened—that's what he wanted, but he did not manage it. If they'd agreed to open me, why, they might 'a done it; but no King of Yewle was ever yet opened, and I felt it my duty not to let my master, Mr Rowan, be opened by no doctor in England. How did they know he was dead? They'd 'a opened Mr Geoffrey, or any of the rest, the same way, and how would it 'a been then? I said, if they want to open somebody, let them open me, but my master they shall not!'

The old butler spoke with wonderful earnestness and fluency, and only at this point paused, as if forced to take breath.

'We know it quite well, Stokes,' said Mr Warwick kindly. 'No one knows your fidelity and affection to your dead master better than I. But this is an awful charge that has been brought against his brother: and though none of Mr Charles's friends could believe it possible, I only wish that Mr Rowan were resting among his ancestors, instead of being—we know not where.'

'Ah, that's it, Mr Warwick,' said the old man, with an eager look in his eyes, and speaking now almost in a whisper. 'It's that charge as has determined me to speak. Mr Rowan is where he ought to be, Mr Warwick—in his own coffin!'

A movement of sensation surged through the group of anxious listeners, and for a few minutes no one spoke. The vicar raised himself by his hands in the chair, and was heard to murmur, as if in prayer: 'Thank God—thank God!'

'And was it true, Stokes,' asked Mr Warwick solemnly, 'that your master had been murdered?'

'It was not true, but a black lie—nor was there no knife in the body.'

At this moment the old family physician, Dr Hayle, who had come in with Stokes, stepped forward.

'What Stokes says is true,' began the doctor. 'Mr Richard King, two days ago, horrified Mrs King and her daughter at the vicarage by making the same gross charge against the vicar that you

have now heard him make, and, as he had mentioned my name to them, they came to ask my advice. I had always had a suspicion that Stokes, out of devotion to his master, and from his knowledge of the peculiar cataleptic affection which had run through some generations of the Kings, had something to do with the removal and disposal of the dead body. Richard King had said to Mrs King that I believed Mr Rowan had been murdered. I must admit that I had a suspicion, from a dark stain which I saw on the waistcoat of the dead man, that there might have been foul play. In these circumstances, and in view of the poignant distress and alarm of Mrs and Miss King, I came to the conclusion that I must find Stokes and force him to tell me what he knew. He did so, after some pressure, and I at once procured a warrant from the Mayor to have the body disinterred. I and other two doctors made a careful examination of the body, and have sent in a sealed report to the Mayor. I may only here say, that there was no knife and no wound in the body, and that we were unanimous in the conclusion, from all the symptoms, that Mr Rowan King died a natural death. The stain which I saw on the waistcoat, and which had led to my suspicion of foul play, was easily explained. It was the result of the discharge of some coloured liquid on to Mr Rowan's clothes in the course of one of his many chemical experiments. The nature of the liquid—an ordinary chemical solution—is explained in our report to the Mayor. I can only thank, from the diligence with which Mr Richard King had sought to discover the body, that he had hoped Mr Rowan had been murdered; and he must have made that awful charge to the poor distracted wife and daughter to serve some vile purpose of his own. It was a lie!'

A feeling of relief pervaded all who listened to the doctor's statement, except perhaps Richard King. He stood quite still, but with a slight pallor on his face.

Turning to Stokes, Mr Warwick asked: 'Who assisted you in this business, Stokes?'

'Wilson and Varley and me did it, sir. We laid him in the coffin as had been prepared for him, and we said the burial service to the best of our abilities; for the last King of Yewle wasn't to be buried like a heathen, no more than opened. And we visited the vault every night and every morning, for eight days, but there was no signs of life, so we screwed him down, and com'd away. And all that time Mr Richard King was a tearin' and a searchin' all over the country, but never thought of going to the place as all the Kings was buried in.'

A slight twinkle came into Stokes's eyes as he said this, and something almost like a smile broke out on the faces of the company. Richard King, alone, only scowled the more, and became a little paler.

'Officers,' said Mr Warwick, turning to the constables, 'you had better do your duty.'

They approached Richard King, and one of them reading from his warrant, said that he apprehended him for the alleged crime of uttering a forged cheque on the bank of Prester & Co., London, on the 5th of May 18—.

'It is not true,' cried Richard King. 'I was not in London that day, and you cannot prove it.

I was fifty miles away from London. I was at the Staplehoe Races that day.'

'No, King, you were not,' were the words that came in a firm and decisive tone. It was Major Saverley who spoke. 'I do not quite know what all this is about,' he continued, half apologetically to the company, who had in turn fixed their eyes on him; 'but I have good cause to remember the 5th of May of that year. And as it seems that King here has been up to no good, there can be no harm to any innocent person if I tell what I know to be true. On the day mentioned I intended myself to have gone to the Staplehoe Races, but received a telegram that morning calling me to London to the deathbed of my daughter. She died that night; so I have sad reason to remember the day. I was passing Prester's Bank in a hansom a little after two o'clock, when I saw King coming out of the bank wrapping a muffler round his neck. He was a little oddly dressed, in a clerical-looking coat and an ordinary tall hat, and I was not quite sure of him at first. But at that moment I was particularly desirous that he should square up a little betting transaction with me, and so I stopped the cab and called to him. He seemed annoyed at being recognised, and made as if to pass on without taking any notice of me. But I persisted, and at last he came to me, and I asked him to jump up and I would carry him as far as the club. He did so, and I got the little cheque I was in need of. I do not know the outs and ins of this matter; but I know that Richard King was in London that day, and in Prester's Bank at the hour I mentioned.'

Richard King was very pale, but did not answer. He only turned to the officers and said: 'I am ready to go with you. But come with me to my dressing-room till I put on other clothing.'

The three quitted the study; and those left behind were moving about in that restless, aimless kind of way, in which each has much to say but nobody wishes to speak, when a sharp report rang through the house. Richard King, when he opened his wardrobe door, had taken out a revolver, and shot himself.

That was the end of him. And at the inquest held next day over his body, all the facts which we have narrated were established in evidence, and the Rev. Charles King was once more pronounced to be an honourable man, clear from all the grievous and painful charges which had been made against him, and for which he had suffered so much.

That same afternoon the vicar was once more sitting in his accustomed chair in the vicarage study, with wife and daughter on either side of him. The fire had gone from his eyes now—quenched with the sweetest tears that ever flowed from manhood's eyes. The iron was drawn from his heart. The agony was over, and the peace of heaven was in their hearts.

'Dearest,' said Mrs King at last, 'our friends are here. We must dress for dinner.'

'One moment,' he said. 'The truest friend among them claims our first thanks. Bring Francis Gray here.'

It was to his daughter this command was addressed, and reddening to the eyes Agnes stepped out. The two presently returned and knelt before him.

'Frank,' said the vicar, 'my brother Rowan has left you nothing; but he has commended you to the care of Agnes.—Now, Agnes, what do you propose to do with him?'

She fell on her father's breast and sobbed. Quietly disengaging himself, the vicar said, with his old sweet smile:

'Nay, then, settle the matter between yourselves.—Florence, my dear, come with me, and leave them alone to their discussion.'

It was a beautiful morning in autumn. The Sabbath bells were ringing out on the still air. Along the leafy lanes, that glowed with the hues of burnished green and gold, came the straggling lines of church-goers; for on that day the Vicar of Yewle was to be reinstated by his Bishop in the solemn functions of his holy office. Francis Gray and Agnes were in the vicarage pew, sitting together—the wearing a sprig of orange blossom. And the people crowded in from far and near, in tens and hundreds, for the vicar was to preach again for the first time. He did so simply, briefly, and with feeling; and not a few eyes filled with tears as he gave out the words of his text: 'All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.' Yet the Lord will command His lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THERE is every reason to hope that early in the new year communication by telephone will be established between London and Paris. The necessary works for accomplishing this very desirable result have recently been pushed forward with great energy. The line of communication is one which has been specially laid for the purpose, the new submarine cable finding its landing-place on this side of the Channel at St Margaret's Bay, near Dover, where so many of the old cables are joined to the telegraphic system of the kingdom. The overland wire reaches London *via* Dover, Folkestone, Ashford, and Maidstone.

An administrative Report of the Shan States gives a very interesting account of the methods by which iron is mined and smelted by the natives. The smelter himself wins the ore from the mine, and when he has obtained a couple of basketsful, he conveys it to his furnace, which is made of earth, and has two openings. In the meantime his sole assistant has prepared a quantity of charcoal from pine-wood. The charcoal is placed in the lower opening of the furnace, and a blast is obtained by means of bamboo bellows. The ore, broken into small pieces, is then cast into the upper opening together with powdered charcoal; and the operation, which results in the production of about ten pounds of metal from fifty pounds of ore, is complete in a few hours. After four days' work, the metal made is taken to the nearest bazaar, and at once finds an immediate sale. This primitive method of reducing metal from its ore forms a curious contrast to the gigantic means employed at our

large ironworks for bringing about the same result.

The *Scientific American* publishes an illustrated description of an improved water-cycle, the invention of Mr Joseph Korner. This water-velocipede has rather a curious appearance, but from its construction should be useful for navigation in shallow and still waters. It consists of two hollow cylinders about ten feet in length, above which is supported a seat for the driver, who actuates by treadles a wheel below him after the manner of an ordinary bicycle, only that the wheel is furnished with paddles. In front is the rudder, placed between the two pontoons, and this rudder can be turned to the right or left by cords which proceed to the handle above, so that really the machine is steered just in the same way as an ordinary road-bicycle is steered by its rider. It is stated that many trials of this water-cycle have been made, and it is found to be remarkably successful in practice; on one occasion a distance of more than a quarter of a mile being covered in four minutes up stream, and in a little more than half that time when travelling with the current.

Professor Langley and Mr Verrey have been making some curious investigations at the Alleghany Observatory, Pennsylvania, having for their object the discovery of the cheapest form of illumination, and they have gone to Nature in their inquiry, and have experimented upon that far-famed luminous insect which is known as the firefly of Cuba. We may remind our readers that these West Indian fireflies give out such a wonderful amount of radiance that it is customary for ladies to wear them as jewels in their hair; and they have often been employed for the illumination of apartments. The investigators named have been able, by means of very delicate apparatus, to measure the value of the light given by one of these luminous creatures, and they find that to obtain a similar amount of light by artificial means would involve a temperature of about two thousand degrees Fahrenheit. It is curious that in common with other luminous creatures this wonderful light should be emitted without any sensible heat. With regard to the actual cause of this luminosity, examples of which we find in all the three kingdoms of Nature, no scientist has yet been able to give a satisfactory explanation, although many theories have been formulated. There is reason to believe, however, that the strange luminosity is due to chemical combination, and if only its exact nature were discovered, we should soon be in a position to be independent of electricity, gas, oil, and all other agents which are called to our aid during the dark hours.

Sir Coutts Lindsey, the energetic art patron to whom the public owe so many interesting exhibitions at the Grosvenor Gallery, has suggested, or rather revived, a curious scheme, which may be described as a circulating picture society. The idea is, that the subscribers to the scheme should, by an annual payment, be entitled to the use or loan of pictures by celebrated living artists, and that just as in the case of a circulating library, the number of works that they would be permitted to use or hang in their rooms at one time would be according to the amount of their subscription. A list or catalogue of works at the

disposal of the society would be published at stated intervals, and from this list subscribers would be able to choose works which would afterwards be allotted to them. The scheme is no doubt calculated by its promoter to do good to both artists and their patrons; but we fear that it might act disadvantageously towards our painters by checking the sale of their works.

A new butter-making machine was lately exhibited at Kensington, London, in the presence of a number of experts; it is the invention of a Swedish engineer, Mr C. A. Johansson (of Stockholm), and it certainly represents the most rapid means by which milk can be converted into butter. The machine met with some attention at the Jubilee show of the Royal Agricultural Society, where it received the highest award; but it is now seen for the first time in England in actual operation. Like the centrifugal apparatus for separating cream from milk, its principal feature is a drum which rotates at a very high speed. This motion separates the globules from the skimmed milk, and while the latter is poured away, the thicker liquid is delivered ready for making it into butter at the bottom of the revolving drum. The machine described is capable of dealing with fifteen hundred pints of milk an hour, and the time occupied in making butter is exceedingly short—indeed, butter begins to appear three or four minutes after the milk is poured into the upper part of the apparatus.

At the recent Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain specimens of the newly-discovered method of printing on textile fabrics by means of Primuline—a coal-tar colouring matter—were shown. We have already in these columns alluded to this new method of photographic printing, and have remarked that the method might receive important applications in various trades. After seeing the excellent specimens of work shown at the Exhibition, we are more than ever convinced that the primuline printing process has a wide future before it. We may remind our readers that this is not a simple black-and-white process like most photographic printing methods, but all kinds of different colours are possible, and the specimens exhibited printed on muslin, cloth, velvet, and silk, consisted mostly of artistic patterns on various coloured grounds. In some cases the effect of contrasted colours was very soft and beautiful.

The many uses to which celluloid—or imitation ivory, as it is often called—has been applied has stimulated invention in a like direction; and now an imitation celluloid, called Lactite, has been patented by Mr W. Callender. Lactite, as the name suggests, owes its origin to milk, the solids in which are reduced to a partly soluble or gelatinous state by means of borax, and are then mixed with some mineral salt in association with an acid and water. The process by which this lactite is produced is as follows: the ~~casein~~, or solids, from the milk is incorporated with the borax, after which the mineral salt held in solution in acid is added. Acetate of lead and acetic acid are mentioned as being favourable agents to employ. After the mixture has been effected, the solids separate from the acid water which is drawn off, when the residue

is subjected to great p
remaining moisture, and a
by heat. The material
any form desired, and c
by the addition of suitab
the manufacture can be
cheaper by the addition of

A Report has been iss
condition of the river Th
inspection by the chief en
the London County Coun
report that although the
is much discoloured, it i
except slight effluvia in
and the foreshore of the
clean, and free from mud
whole, they consider that
is much improved by the
out during the current year.
expected, considering that m
hundred and sixty-six thousand
been shipped and discharged
1st of January.

The Thames, unfortunately
river in the neighbourhood
which is subject to pollution.
has lately been raised with
continued pollution of the riv
minor streams which flow thro
county of Surrey. Two of the
river, Guildford and Godalming
system, although in both towns
gress. But in addition to the
suffers from the discharge of
tories, particularly from a certai
leaves scum and oily substances
of the water; the stream in some
so offensive that horses will refu
waters, and large quantities of
many fine trout, have been poison
ment inquiry has lately been he
this important subject, and it is h
some means will be adopted to stop

About two dozen edible fungi, of which
has lately been published, were exhibit
in the market of Modena during the year 1889.
It is stated that most of these fungi are
natives of Britain, but owing to the general
ignorance upon the subject, they are
We all have a natural disinclination
experiments upon fungi that we are not
acquainted with, because it is known
that certain plants of the mushroom
kind are poisonous. The Berlin police have
reason to issue a caution to the public
bags of so-called 'dried mushrooms' which
appears are largely sold in that city,
often contain poisonous fungi. In this
it is stated that edible mushrooms when
preserve their white colour; but that the
varieties become blue in tint on being

Some important experiments have been
conducted at Sheffield at the works of
Messrs John Brown & Co with a new form of
which has been invented and patented
Serve. This 'Serve' tube, instead of being
like those in ordinary use, is ribbed, so
heat-absorbing surface is really increased
double what it would be in a tube of plain
It is obvious, too, that this result is brought

without increasing to any great extent the
of the tube. Two boilers for the experiments were
erected at the works referred to, one being fitted
with tubes of the old type, and one furnished
with 'Serve' tubes. As the result of these experi
ments, it was shown that the quantity of steam
was much greater with the new tubes, while this
increase was accompanied by economy of fuel. A
number of experts have visited the works to
watch these experiments, including representa
tives of the Admiralty, Lloyds, and others inter
ested in the question.

It is stated that soap in India is regarded
almost in the light of a natural curiosity, for
it is rarely if ever to be obtained of a shopkeeper
there. Of course it is sold in the larger towns;
but the amount used by the natives must be very
small, seeing that the total consumption of soap
in India last year was fifty five thousand tons.
This means that the amount used by each person
for the year was considerably less than one
ounce.

According to a New York scientific authority,
milk will keep better if aerated than when sub
mitted to a lower temperature than the atmo
sphere by means of ice. The method by which
the liquid is aerated is most simple, and consists
in allowing it to run from one vessel to another
in fine streams, as it might do through an ordinary
colander. This operation must be done out of
doors and where the air is perfectly pure; a good
arrangement being to place a number of perfor
ated vessels one above the other, and to allow the
milk to trickle from the topmost to the bottom
one in fine streams. In connection with this
matter, we may state that so-called sterilised milk
is, according to a German investigator, sometimes
very much fuller of germs than ordinary milk
fresh from the cow. This inquirer has, upon
examining a number of samples of milk from
different sources, found them charged with germs
to a very large extent. He has also found that
these germs increase at a wonderful rate. Many
householders now adopt the sensible plan of
boiling all milk before it is used.

Two improvements have lately been introduced
in diving apparatus. The first to which we refer
is the invention of Mr. A. Stowe, and represents
a new and simple method of joining the helmet to
the breastplate by a particular form of collar,
which is provided with a metallic ring-screw
threaded in sections. The helmet, which is screw
threaded in the same way, can be dropped into
its place on the breastplate collar, and, with a
slight turn, can be firmly locked with ease,
expedition, and safety, and without the screws, nuts,
and loose pieces which were formerly necessary.
This new modification of the diver's dress is in
use at the works of the Manchester Ship Canal.
The other improvement has been introduced by a
French engineer, who fixes a powerful glow lamp
to the top of the helmet as a substitute for the
light carried when necessary by the diver. By
this new arrangement the man's hands are both
at liberty for the work that has to be done. The
lamp is connected by insulated wires with a
batteries above water.

According to the report of a lecture by Dr W.
Richardson on 'Work in Relation to Health,'
which was delivered in Birmingham recently,
this eminent physiologist stated that mental work

is the least hurtful and wearing physical work alone comes next; and the mixed-work physical and mental—is the most severe of all. He holds that eight hours' sleep is necessary to any person, engaged in work of any kind, and is an advocate for eight hours' work, eight hours' relaxation, and eight hours' rest. Work is lightened, he tells us, by cleanliness, the wearing of proper clothing, and careful attention to food and drink. Although mental and physical work combined may be, as the lecturer states, injurious, it is very certain that many hard brain-workers find the greatest relief from alternating that work with heavy physical labour. We have a well-known example of this in the good health enjoyed by our octogenarian statesman.

It is stated that an effective remedy to prevent snow-blindness, which is such a trouble to the inhabitants of cold climates, is to be found in blackening the nose and cheeks below the eyes. Persons who are careful of their appearance might be inclined to consider the remedy rather worse than the disease; but in sparsely populated districts there could be no objection to its adoption.

A technical paper gives some useful particulars regarding the manner in which the quality of paper may be tested. In order to find out its resistance to wear, it should first be crumpled and kneaded between the hands, after which treatment a weak paper will become full of holes, while a strong paper will assume a leathery texture. Under such a test, the presence of much dust will show that earthy impurities have been mixed with the pulp; while, if the material should break up, it indicates that it has been overbeaten. If the paper when burnt should leave more than three per cent. of ash, this is a further indication that it is charged with clay, gypsum, or other mineral ingredients. The kind and quality of the material is further tested by use of the microscope, and it can be chemically tested with a solution of iodine, when a yellow coloration will indicate the presence of wood-fibre, and a brown tint that of linen, cotton, or flax.

A dispute has long existed among medical authorities with regard to the dangers of chloroform. Some, including the late Sir James Simpson and Professor Seme, soon inferred from experience that it was safer to push boldly on till the patient was in deep anesthesia than to keep him long in the stage of struggling and excitement. But other authorities, especially of the London school, never accepted this. Dr Kirk of Glasgow, who has made a special study of the subject for fifteen years, in a "New Theory of Chloroform Syncope," has offered a novel explanation of the problem. According to his views, the chloroform in the blood has nothing to do with the early syncope, which may come on even before the patient is anesthetized. It is the vapour in the lungs which he believes to be the cause of the occurrence; and it is not to its action there, but to the violent reaction which ensues when it is allowed to escape at an early stage, that he maintains the catastrophe is due. In deep anesthesia this reaction, he holds, is prevented by the chloroform in the blood. In view of the conclusions arrived at by the Hyderabad Commission, that the danger is from an overdose or from asphyxia, this new theory seems of the utmost importance.

If chloroform may kill an electric shock, or like lightning, there is no safety until every administrator knows and if Dr Kirk's new theory be true, it is an all the more dangerous it is for a man to administer chloroform to himself.

EMPTY BENCHES.

A POET may pretend to be satisfied with winning the suffrages of a small following; but an actor feels on no pleasure with himself or his audience if that audience is of the few-and-far-between order. Depend on it, a representative of Richard III., only to be seen at the tent scene, exclaimed: 'I'll first stand walk awhile;' and suiting the action to the word, crossed the stage, made his exit, and returned home to supper, leaving his comrades to perform the tragedy in the best way they could. During one night at Dorchester to a doleful number of people, Edmund Kean grew reckless, up, frightfully; and played his very worst; to let for he left the theatre, that among the audience that no less a personage than the Drury Lane manager, who had come expressly to see him. 'I've ruined myself for ever!' said he to his wife, when he got home to his lodgings. Fortunately for his future, on the night which was to make of him at Drury Lane, Kean was determined to succeed to be disturbed by heartening surroundings, and roused the sparrows to such enthusiasm that Hazlitt would show so much noise could be made by so few people. Later on, he was apt to treat a select audience a little scurvily, but was on his best behaviour when he visited Paris in 1828, for a magazine of the time we read: 'Shylock had, repeated by Kean, and received with the same demonstrations of enthusiasm, and the same beggarly account of empty benches. On the night he descended to be the representative of Brutus in Howard Payne's tragedy, the audience who scanty in number that many were appreciative of the effect the slight might have on him. Kean, however, never acted better, and a performance of surpassing power before the very few persons present.

When the mouth manager came with a long face to Murray as he was dressing for Virginia, and in answer to the tragedian's inquiry if it was a bad house, he replied, 'Bad house, sir—there's no one here yet.' 'What, nobody at all?'—'No, sir, except the Warden's party in the box, and one or two in the gallery and pit,' replied the manager. 'Are there five?'—'Yes, sir, already.' 'Yes, sir, there are five.' 'Then, my actor, go on at once; we have no right to give ourselves airs.' And in his own opinion never played Virginia better than he did to an audience he could count on his fingers. At a performance in 1807, for the benefit of the Theatre Fund, given at the Theatre Royal, when the curtain rose in front of ten people held in the gallery, and five in the pit, the entire takings reaching the sum of £100,000 shillings.

On a terribly bitter Tuesday night in January 1881, when few who could help it cared

to traverse the London streets, the combined audiences of all the theatres would not have made a decent gathering for the smallest of them. Mrs Bancroft felt she would have liked to ask the weather-beaten few who had battled their way to the Haymarket to forego what they came to see and take tea with her on the stage. Giving more practical proof of his sympathy, Mr Toole straightway invited his 'gods' and 'pitties' to take their ease in the stalls, and regaled them with hot spiced ale, whereupon they sang, 'He's a jolly good fellow!' and a merry evening was enjoyed on both sides of the footlights.

It is not easy to eclipse the gaiety of the Parisians; but in 1832 they voted the play was not the thing when cholera was ravaging the city, although publicly advertised, 'It has been noticed with much astonishment that the theatres are the only places—no matter how crowded—where not a single case of cholera has appeared.' One night the company of the Odon found themselves confronted by one man. This was too much, or rather too little for their patience, and they insisted upon his taking back his money. He stood upon his rights, and insisted upon the play being played. The law was on his side, and the actors were obliged to act; but they did their very worst until the audience hissed him hardest; then the manager handed him over to the police for disturbing the performance, and closed his doors. The manager of Wallack's Theatre disposed of the solitary patron who honoured his house with his presence on the night after a cyclone in a different way. Turning to one of the company, he said, 'Take him to the hotel at the corner; treat him, and give him back his dollar.' Putting a liberal interpretation on his instructions, the actor took the audience round the dinner, and after discussing several bottles of champagne, gave the enterprising gentleman his dollar and bade him good night.

Charles Mathews was wont to take things as they came. 'I have played to an audience of one,' said he to a friend. 'It was in the Sandwich Islands. I had advertised the play to commence at two o'clock. I had the scene set, and as I make it a rule never to disappoint the public, I determined to go on with the show. I came on and bowed to a man of colour, who, in a white hat, was seated in the stalls. He returned my salute with becoming solemnity. I went through the entire first act of *A Game of Speculation*, and that man of colour never once smiled—he never changed his position. At one time I was nearly sending the prompter to feel him to see if he were alive. I lowered the curtain on the second act, and he was, like the House of Commons, "still sitting." I felt bound in honour to reward persistency of this kind, and I gave him the third act, and all. A quarter of an hour after, my coloured friend was still in the same attitude, so I went round and told him the show was over. He shook hands with me and smiled, and asked me what it was all about.'

A sailor who had just come into port with a full pocket paid Stephen Kemble thirty pounds to have a performance of *Henry IV.* all to himself, with Kemble as 'the old boy with the round fore-castle, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching like a Spanish galleon in a heavy sea.' He chose the music to be played by way of

overture, saw the play through, and gave vigorous expression to his appreciation of the *Falstaff* of the occasion. Mr J. C. Foster, an American manager, taking his ease at his inn in Bucyrus, Ohio, was aroused by a stranger entering his room, playbill in hand, and accosting him with, 'You play *Richard III.* to-night. Now, I have never had an opportunity of seeing it, and, unfortunately, I must leave town this evening. How much money would induce you to play *Richard III.* for me this afternoon?' Thinking his visitor was joking, Foster said he would do it for twenty-five dollars. 'And how much for *The Rough Diamond* as well?' 'Ten dollars,' quoth the amused manager. He did not know whether he was amused or vexed when the stranger planked down thirty-five dollars, with the remark that the performance must commence at two o'clock sharp, and look his leave. Upon telling his company the bargain he had concluded, the notion of playing Shakespeare's tragedy to one man so tickled their fancy that they at once consented. Two o'clock came, and with it the audience. Choosing the best position in the hall, and placing his feet upon the back of the seat before him, he settled down to enjoy the tragedy, applauding heartily, and at the conclusion calling the *Richard* before the curtain. Then the farce was gone through with equal success, and the delighted audience left in time to catch the 6.40 train.

Disgusted with the reception awarded to one of his operas, Jean Baptiste de Lully ordered it to be played before himself only, when the opera went swimmingly, the music and its exponents being rapturously applauded by the final auditor, who rewarded the singers with a sumptuous supper. King Louis of Bavaria had a passion for grand opera, and rarely allowed a week to go by without indulging it; but he would not permit any one else to share the pleasure with him. When Madame Charlotte Walker appeared before him in *Narcisse* the performance commenced at midnight, the curtain rising immediately the king was seated in his box, seeing all, but seen by none, there being no lights but those on the stage. The curtain fell between three and four in the morning, the actors remaining silent on the stage, so that the reverie in which Louis always indulged after a performance might not be disturbed. At last a bell announced his departure, when they were free to do likewise.

The theatrical caterer has often to contend with outside influences over which he has no control, resulting in scanty audiences, or it may be no audience at all. A manager of the old Bower Saloon, seeing a friend one day near the Horse Guards, the latter inquired how he was getting on. 'Oh, we live, sir, we live,' was the reply. 'Well, I must be off,' said his friend. 'I'm in a hurry to see about seats at the Italian Opera next week.' 'What!' exclaimed the Bower manager, 'does the Italian Opera open next week? I'm very sorry to hear it!' 'Why, what call it matter to you?' cried the other. 'Surely you don't imagine that the Opera performances will clash with yours!' 'Won't it, though,' was the answer. 'My audience won't be inside Her Majesty's; but they will all be there—picking pockets!' and shaking hands, the dismayed manager went sadly on his way.

OUR WIDDING DAY

Our wedding day, dear heart,

Well I remember,

How crisp the hour frost lay

That chill December

I was a foolish thing

How my heart failed me,

Battle you knew or guessed

What 't was that ailed me

I had my doubts of you

Only just fancy!

Would you have thought it, Jack,

Of your fond Nancy?

People kept telling me

Men were deceivers,

Women most foolish folk,

Headless behavers

Would you be kind I asked,

And my heart fluttered,

True to the marriage vows

You, lips had uttered?

Ten years ago did I love—

How the time passes

Jack! drink my health again,

Fill up our glasses

Don't wipe my tears away,

They're not for sadness

My heart is full to day

Only of gladness

How true you've been to me

None can guess ever

Husband, stand by me still,

Never to sever

As o'er the frosty sky

Wintry clouds hasten,

Our joys in future Jack,

Trials may chide us

Still hand in hand we'll step,

Fearing no morrow

Wind flows the clouds away,

Love chases sorrow

Our wedding day is o'er—

Twelve the clock is striking

Look at me! I am I

Still trying to like 't

Don't say a word you choose,

Only remember

I love you still now

Than that December

L. F. TIDDEMAN

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END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME

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